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ART. I.—TRADE-UNIONS: HOW FAR LEGITIMATE.

First, Second, Third, and Fourth Reports of the Commissioners appointed to Inquire into the Organisation and Rules of Trade-Unions and other Associations. V. Y.

TRADE-UNIONS are on their trial. Large and increasing numbers of workmen have banded together to promote their common interests; they claim to represent the feelings and wishes of the artisans in each trade; they possess large resources, and have used their power with such effect that while they proclaim higher wages, lighter labour, and increased influence, as fruits of their exertions, they are denounced by numerous opponents as illegal societies, using outrage and intimidation to coerce men and masters, and as injuring commerce, without permanent benefit even to the members of these unlawful unions. The men say that they have found a plan by which they can, and do, better their condition, and they claim the right to put their plan in practice under the protection of the law. They are answered by the assertion that trade-unions are nurseries of disaffection, fatal to liberty, hostile to merit, and injurious at once to capital and labour. On all hands legislation is called for; each party awaits with impatience the report of the Royal Commission now sitting; the unions demand recognition as corporate bodies able to possess property and to recover debts at law; while their opponents press for the complete abolition of the system, or at least for such repressive and restrictive measures as shall break the power of these combinations.

The issues are of imperial importance.

Mistaken legislation in one direction may involve great detriment to our commercial prosperity; and errors of an opposite kind may alienate the great body of skilled artisans to whom the suffrage has just been largely intrusted. The loyalty of these men to our constitution as hitherto worked will in a great measure depend on the justice done to their demands by the expiring Parliament; and no worse effect could follow the extension of the suffrage than an attempt by workmen to use their new power to alter legislation in a sense favourable to their immediate interests, but adverse to those of the nation. The evidence received by the Royal Commission, and the questions asked by the members of that Commission, seem to show that even among those who are familiar with trade, with workmen, and with the handling of economical questions, the gravest errors are rife—errors indorsed without hesitation by the greater portion of the press. The claims and practices of unions are judged on no fixed principles, and their legitimate action is condemned with almost the same rigour as is justly displayed in branding the foul crimes which they have fostered. The wishes of workmen are misunderstood, their habits are unknown, and they are pitied for hardships unheard of from the mouths of artisans, but mercifully vouched for by master builders.

The principles of political economy, though often quoted, are little understood; we propose—*first*, to discuss those principles as affecting trade-unions; *secondly*, to consider the right to combine; *thirdly*, to describe unions as they exist; and *finally*, to examine what legislative action is required. Before entering on these four subdivisions of our task, we will state briefly the general features

of the case for and against trade-unions, and for the latter purpose shall draw largely from an article in the *Quarterly Review*.

This article begins with the assertion that unions are not economically beneficial to their members; that they do not, and cannot, raise wages permanently. It is not denied that wages have risen since the establishment of unions, but this rise may have been due to large profits made in trade—not to the unions at all. When profits are large the demand for labour will be great, and wages must rise. When profits are small in a given trade, capital will be driven from that trade, and wages will fall. The action of trade-unions cannot, it is said, increase the wages-fund or capital out of which the workmen are to be paid, nor do they diminish the number of the recipients, though they may prevent the increase of that number by arbitrarily limiting the number of apprentices. Now, wages depend simply on the ratio between the capital employed as wages and the number of persons to be paid; and unless by augmenting the capital or by diminishing the number, in other words, by augmenting the demand or diminishing the supply, no permanent alteration in wages can be effected. The question for those who wish to raise the wages of labour is, not how to divide the existing wages fund in a manner more favourable to the working man, but how to increase competition for his labour among employers; in other words, how to increase the wages fund. Trade-unions, far from even aiming at this end, drive capital away from trade by harassing employers, diminishing profits, and increasing risks. Therefore, in the long-run they tend to diminish wages, and though for a little while they may obtain an increase from an employer working, for instance, under a penalty, the increase is only temporary, and is little, if at all, short of a theft from that employer. But while they fail to increase wages, they do increase the cost of production; they do therefore injure all consumers, themselves as well as others. By excluding competition, they may raise their own wages, but this exclusion constitutes a tyrannous monopoly which cannot be permitted for a day; and even this monopoly can never raise the wages of working as a whole. The main aim and object of trade-unions being to raise wages, the above arguments lead to the conclusion that this object is a delusion based on an obvious fallacy, so that unions are, so far even as concerns the interest of their members, an enormous blunder. But worse than this, they are injurious to the country at large, and their existence is irreconcilable with public policy.

They injure the quality of all articles produced, by diminishing competition among artisans; they are hostile to excellence among workmen, discouraging piece-work and over-time, by which the skilful man may hope to better his condition; they oppose machinery, and foster dissension between employers and employed; they limit the quantity of wealth produced, by limiting the number of producers;—by all these means, without benefit to themselves, they banish trade, and increase the cost of produce to consumers. Worse still, they are not even honest, nor do they represent the true feelings and wishes of workmen; they are governed by glib democrats, who resort to force and outrage to establish their power; they are secret societies, and therefore odious; they have been established by fraud, on the pretence of being benefit societies, for which purpose they are even now bankrupt; the savings which should have been invested to provide for the benefits have been squandered in futile strikes, and even had every sixpence been profitably invested, the subscriptions are inadequate to provide for the payments promised. It is really a comfort to think that such monstrous organizations are even by the present law illegal, and we must readily grant that the only remedy practicable is total abolition. Here and there we have reinforced the *Quarterly* argument by extracts from the evidence of Mr. Mault and others; and assuredly this impeachment, supported by evidence of murder, theft, and outrage, can be met by no light denial.

Let us now hear what men in unions claim to have accomplished, what objects they avow, and how they answer the accusations against them. As to wages, the men say:—“We *have* raised wages; if political economy says that this is impossible, so much the worse for political economy; we know that unions do raise wages, and our employers know it, and this is one reason why they are hostile to unions. Our opinion is no conjecture, but based on evidence collected for years from all parts of England,—evidence which we lay before you. The cry used always to be that strikes could not raise wages; now it often is that wages have by unions and strikes been raised so high that trade is banished to other countries. Not only do we raise wages, but by the establishment of working rules, by the collection of information as to the want and excess of labour in different towns, by the selection of good and exclusion of bad workmen, by discouraging piece-work and over-time, noxious practices both, we have greatly benefited our members, and at the same time we have bene-

fitted both our employers and the consumers of the wealth we produce. By the establishment of organized bodies with whom employers can treat and argue, we have diminished the number of strikes, and facilitated arbitration; our unions supervise the conduct of their members, and we have notably raised the social position of the artisan; by our benefit funds we encourage frugality, and have banished pauperism from among us. Your calculations as to our bankruptcy are based on a misconception of our rules; we do not discourage excellence; we do not oppose machinery; we are not governed by democrats; we no more injure trade by refusing to work for less than 36s. per week than a capitalist injures trade by refusing to invest his money for less than 10 per cent. The unions are popular even among non-members, and are recognised by the whole working class of the country as acting in their interests, and we so love our unions that we will emigrate or starve rather than abandon them. We admit that the great power given by unions has been abused by the ignorant in certain trades; we admit that even the best unions have from time to time made mistakes, and that the worst have incited men to murder and outrage; we will second every endeavour to prevent the recurrence of such crimes, but we contend that such great power has never yet been wielded by single men or by large bodies with less abuse of that power; we claim to have our rights recognised by law; we will cheerfully submit to those restrictions of our power which are required for the general good, but if you determine on abolition we will use our whole political power to reverse your decision."

The answer reads tamely after the accusation. Here and there it involves direct contradiction as to facts. It does not meet the case as to limiting the number of competitors, and it could only be honestly delivered by members of the best unions; but before examining any of the minor contradictions, we must endeavour to settle the first question at issue, Can or cannot unions raise wages? This really is a fundamental question. If unions cannot raise wages, it is futile to discuss whether they should be permitted to try; they certainly cause great annoyance and loss by their endeavours, and also suffer much themselves; if they cannot raise wages, neither can they obtain other indirect benefits, such as shorter hours, equivalent to increased pay. The one argument in favour of permitting combinations of workmen to bargain with their employers is that these combinations do enable men to make a more advantageous

bargain with the capitalist. If this be not true, the policy of allowing an apparent but unreal privilege would be dishonest to the workman and unjust to the capitalist. It could only be palliated on the ground that we dare not interfere with the ignorance of the workmen, and must deceive them to keep them quiet. Let us, then, examine closely the arguments in favour of the proposition dinned daily into our ears, that no combination of workmen or of masters can alter the rate of wages.

These arguments take two forms, different in wording, but the same in essence, and are enounced as the doctrine of the Wages Fund, and the Law of Demand and Supply. Mr. Mill writes of the wages fund as follows:—

"Wages depend, then, on the proportion between the number of the labouring population and the capital or other funds devoted to the purchase of labour; we will say, for shortness, the capital. If wages are higher at one time or place than at another, if the sub-sistence and comfort of the class of hired labourers are more ample, it is and can be for no other reason than because capital bears a greater proportion to population. It is not the absolute amount of accommodation or of production that is of importance to the labouring class; it is not the amount even of the funds destined for distribution among the labourers: it is the proportion between those funds and the numbers among whom they are shared. The condition of the class can be bettered in no other way than by altering that proportion to their advantage; and every scheme for their benefit which does not proceed on this as a foundation, is, for all permanent purposes, a delusion."

Very clear, and very true. When you know the number of recipients and the sum to be paid them, divide the number of shillings by the number of men, and you obtain the mean wages. If 1000 eggs are sold daily, and 1000 pence are daily spent on eggs, the mean price of eggs that day will be a penny a piece. The price of eggs depends on the egg fund, it seems. Diminish the number of men, diminish your divisor, says Mill, and your quotient will be larger. Sell only 500 eggs, and the price will be twopence, if the egg fund remains the same, which it will not. Still, we do not deny that by restricting the number of eggs for sale, and of labourers applying for employment, the price of eggs and rate of wages will rise though the wages and egg funds will fall. But we seem now to be leaving the clear and beaten path of simple division: apparently this same wages fund is not a constant quantity. It may diminish, it may increase. This becomes interesting to our labourers, who cannot readily diminish their numbers. Cannot this same wages

fund be persuaded to increase for their benefit? How does it happen to be exactly the amount it is? What will make it rise? what will make it fall? The stock answer is, "My poor fellows, do not delude yourselves; the wages fund depends on the profits of capital; if profits are large the fund may increase, but everything tending to diminish the profits diminishes the wages fund, so if you or some of you for a little while get increased wages, diminishing our profits, the fund to be divided among you next year will be smaller; and so, however much we may regret it, you will infallibly get less than you do now; what you are now getting is the market price of your labour—the laws of political economy say so." Workmen do not always believe this, and sometimes do get an increase of wages; but the argument of the economist is elastic—they say the wages fund has increased; your new wages are now the market price of labour; you would have got it without asking. But all workmen are not quite sure that this is true, nor are we. The fallacy lies in the premiss that everything which diminishes profits diminishes the wages fund, or the saving which the capitalist applies to the purchase of labor. Of course the tendency in that direction must be admitted, but the motion of a body is not determined by one force only; to deduce its motion by calculation from the forces in action, we must take all the forces into account, all the tendencies; and we venture to say that in a large number of cases diminished profits on capital may cause an increase in the saving applied to the purposes of production. Take a concrete case first. A manufacturer having a large fixed capital in the form of a factory, has for some years cleared as gross receipts £100,000; he has paid as wages £80,000 per annum; for simplicity's sake we may assume that he pays for his raw material and tools in wages only; he has spent £20,000 per annum on his personal establishment. Under pressure from trade-unions he has thought it wise to give an increase of wages to his workmen for one year, though they have neither diminished in numbers nor have his profits increased; he would rather not face the loss entailed by a strike. Such things do happen. That year he pays his workmen £90,000, and finds he has only £10,000 clear profits. What will this man do? Will he next year pay a smaller number of workmen, employing say only £50,000 in wages at his original mill, and diverting the balance of £50,000 to increase other investments or his personal expenditure, or will he curtail his expenditure, and provide

£90,000 as wages for his workmen next year too? As a matter of observation, many manufacturers will continue the production to the extent of £100,000 per annum, and will increase the amount paid as wages. Their gains do not represent the profits on the wages fund alone, but on the fixed capital as well. If they diminish the rate of production in their factory by investing a large portion of their gross annual receipts elsewhere, they greatly diminish the returns on their fixed capital, so much indeed as to outweigh any moderate advantage they can obtain by investing annual receipts more profitably. This consideration will often lead a manufacturer to continue his business with increased wages and diminished profits. No manufacturer has come before the Commission to say, "I have always, or generally, diminished my business whenever I have had to give increased wages;" and yet, whenever a man does continue his business at the original rate of production, with increased wages and constant, or nearly constant, receipts, he is increasing the wages fund or his circulating capital in the face of a diminished profit. Should he obtain an increase of price from the consumer, our argument is strengthened.

The greatest portion of the circulating capital of a country constituting its wages fund is of this nature. Year by year the savings of other classes add to this fund, but it is mainly composed of the price received by the manufacturer for his produce, a portion of which he habitually re-invests in the payment of labour without any conscious effort to save. We now assert that the proportion which he does so re-invest is not necessarily smaller because wages are larger or profits smaller. A manufacturer will generally work his mill or factory to the utmost so long as he does obtain a profit; he does not voluntarily set aside a certain sum for wages, diminishing and increasing that sum according to profits, but he employs as many men as he can, and pays them what he must. How this "must" is determined, shall be considered further on. Obviously there is a limit to action of this sort. Any conscious savings he will generally invest in other undertakings, and if his profits fall below a certain point, he will endeavour in all ways to divert the use of his fixed capital to other objects. He may be unable to control his personal expenditure; and so, if wages rise and profits fall beyond a certain point, his contribution to the wages fund will diminish, and possibly disappear, owing to his ruin. But how is this certain point to be determined? Are all manufacturers habitually carrying on their business at such profits,

that should these diminish they will diminish their annual payments in wages? We think not, and if not, the wages fund may increase in the face of diminished profits.

Let us turn to the second class of capitalists, men who, not being manufacturers, save to invest money, with the object of obtaining an assured income as the reward of their saving. A portion of each new saving will find its way into the wages fund. Will these savings be increased or diminished as the rate of interest is high or low? On the one hand, a high rate of interest is a greater temptation to investment than a low one; but then with a low rate of interest a much larger sum must be invested to return a given income, and a given ideal income, of say £1000 per annum, is generally the object of investors of this class. Is it clear that the saving for investment in countries with a high average rate of interest, is greater in proportion to the incomes than in countries where a low rate of interest obtains? We doubt it extremely; indeed, we entirely disbelieve that saving increases in proportion to the rate of interest to be obtained. We do not believe that men determine if they can get 10 per cent. that they will invest £1000, but if they can only get 5 per cent. they will spend it. The contrary proposition is more nearly true: if men can get 10 per cent. for their money, they will consider they have made a sufficient provision for their family by investing £10,000; if they can only get 5 per cent. they feel compelled to invest £20,000 before retiring from business. In fine, both with the manufacturer re-investing old savings in his own business, and the professional man investing new savings, diminished profits on capital lead to diminished expenditure, and not always or generally to diminished saving. The reason why this fact is very generally denied may probably be, a confusion between profits and the fund out of which savings are taken. If, it is said, the profits from which savings are made for re-investment diminish, how can we expect savings to increase? But the renewed savings for re-investment which constitute the great bulk of the wages fund do not come out of profits, but out of gross receipts. Our typical manufacturer does not annually obtain the £80,000 or £90,000 used for wages out of his profits of £10,000 or £20,000, but out of his gross annual receipts of £100,000. So that diminished profits do not entail a diminution in the fund from which renewed savings are made. They do diminish the fund from which new savings are drawn, and no one will deny that in face of falling profits and rising wages new investments in a particular trade will be checked.

Hitherto we have assumed that notwithstanding the increased cost of production consumers would pay no more for the produce. If they do pay more, the fund from which the renewed savings are drawn will increase also, and the wages fund will or may be increased still further. We took the other case first, as more unfavourable to our views.

But, it may be urged, the argument as to a possible increase of the wages fund notwithstanding diminished profits, cannot hold good in those employments which require but little fixed capital. Undoubtedly the more easily capital can be transferred from one business to another, the sooner will any possible increase of wages fund applicable to that business reach its limit; but this transfer of capital is by no means an easy matter, as any manufacturer or man of business will tell us.

Some persons in speaking of the wages fund seem to imagine that there would be a material as well as a moral difficulty in paying increased wages. They reason as if wages were limited by the amount of cash which manufacturers hold. It is of no use, they say, that the manufacturer may be willing to pay increased wages, if he has not already saved money enough for the purpose. A man cannot give what he has not got. A man who will open his eyes and will look at the way in which wages are paid in practice, will never be deceived by this fallacy. There is a very considerable available sum in the hands of all solvent persons and manufacturers, used to provide against irregularities in receipts and payments. This fund in money, or in assets easily convertible into money, forms a kind of distributing reservoir, and might be called the reservoir fund. If it were not for a fund of this kind the richest man might be in continual straits for a few pounds because receipts do not arrive daily, but at intermittent and at more or less uncertain times. No solvent manufacturer (except in times of panic) would have any difficulty in doubling the wages of all his workmen next week and for many weeks following (though he might ultimately be ruined by the process), any more than a solvent consumer would have any difficulty in doubling his weekly expenditure, though he might ultimately leave himself without a penny. All money received by a manufacturer is first paid into the reservoir fund; from that fund it may pass into four distinct channels: it may be spent, it may be invested in fixed capital unproductively, in fixed capital productively, or finally, in circulating capital out of which wages are paid. If the manufacture is profitable, the receipts paid into

the reservoir fund continually exceed the sum returned into the circulating channel; an increase in the wages of the workmen increases the sum to be returned, and diminishes the sums flowing into the three other channels. Even if the trade is not profitable, wages may be increased, but only by drawing back through the second or third channel sums previously invested, until the manufacturer is wholly ruined. To allow this last re-absorption, savings made by some other person are certainly required, and in hard times these savings may not be forthcoming, so that in common language our manufacturer cannot realize his assets. He will be all the sooner ruined in this case by unprofitable trade; but so long as trade is profitable, in order to pay increased wages he need only divert out of the reservoir fund what, up to that time, he has habitually spent or consumed as income. Thus there is no material obstacle to an increase of wages, so long as any profit whatever is made by trade.

Having sifted the wages fund argument, we find that it tells us nothing as to the possible price of labour, because it does not tell us how the wages fund itself is determined. It may increase by obtaining a larger share of the gross receipts from the sale of produce, though profits may be less; it may be swelled by the increased savings of the community made in the face of a diminished average rate of interest; it may rise by an increase in the gross receipts received by the maker from the consumer, and the want of specie opposes no obstacle to an increase of wages so long as produce will sell for more than its cost. We see that in some uncertain way the wages fund is affected by the security of property, the effective desire of accumulation, profits made on capital, the number of labourers, peace or war, but we have found no better way than mere observation of determining whether a given change of circumstances will or will not augment the fund. One class of economists believe they can give a definite rule by which the price of labour may be determined, or at least by which any permanent change in that price is regulated. This rule would, therefore, if true, allow us to calculate either the wages fund or the change in the wages fund due to altered circumstances. This rule they name the Law of Demand and Supply. We will again take our definition of the law from Mr. Mill, who says—

“The idea of a ratio as between demand and supply is out of place, and has no concern in the matter; the proper mathematical analogy is that of an equation.

“Demand and supply, the quantity demanded

and the quantity supplied, will be made equal. If unequal at any moment, competition equalizes them, and the manner in which this is done is by an adjustment of the value. If the demand increases, the value rises; if the demand diminishes, the value falls; again, if the supply falls off, the value rises; and falls if the supply is increased. The rise or the fall continues until the demand and supply are again equal to one another; and the value which a commodity will bring in any market is no other than the value which in that market gives a demand just sufficient to carry off the existing or expected supply. . . . This then is the law of value with respect to all commodities not susceptible of being multiplied at pleasure.

“There are commodities of which, though capable of being increased or diminished to a great or even unlimited extent, the value never depends on anything but demand and supply. This is the case in particular with the commodity labour.”

Well, as Mill says labour and commodities not capable of being multiplied at pleasure have their value fixed by demand and supply alone, let us first see what that law means as applied to some given commodity.

A thousand equal diamonds are offered for sale; a thousand purchasers equally desire them: what will be the price of diamonds? A thousand eggs have been imported to a henless island; a thousand islanders would like to have them for breakfast: what will be the price of eggs? No economist has hitherto stated the law of demand and supply so as to allow this calculation to be made.

Let us examine more nearly what is meant by “demand” and “supply.” The word *demand* is used in two distinct senses, and the confusion arising from these two meanings lies at the bottom of much bad reasoning. *Supply* is almost always used to signify “the quantity offered for sale,” and can be expressed or measured by a number. Thus the supply of eggs is the number of eggs; the supply of land the number of acres in the market. When the demand is said to be equal to the supply, men mean that all of the commodity offered for sale is bought, and that no more would have been bought had it been offered. In this sense demand also means a quantity measured by a number; as Mill says, “A ratio between demand and supply is only intelligible if by demand we mean the quantity demanded.” But the word *demand*, as popularly used, signifies a desire; and when 100 eggs are sold each day at 2d. each, instead of 1d., the demand is said to have increased; and so correct would this language be in any other than in a highly technical sense, that correct reasoning will be impos-

sible so long as this ambiguous word is used to signify the quantity demanded. The quantity demanded depends on the price at which the goods can be purchased; and the demand in the sense of a desire may be measured by value as expressed in money. Thus, in a place where 1000 eggs per diem are sold at 2d. each, the desire for eggs may be said to be twice as strong as in a place where 1000 eggs will fetch daily 1d. a piece only. Again, the number supplied, popularly called the supply, must not be confounded with the readiness to sell the commodity in question. We may say that the people who sell the 1000 eggs at 1d. are twice as ready to part with or supply eggs as those who sell them at 2d. The equality between demand and supply means equality between the number demanded and the number supplied at a given price; and to signify these numbers we shall use these words, and not the words demand and supply. No equality or ratio can be said to exist between the desire to buy and the readiness to sell. When our 1000 eggs are sold at 2d., the desire to buy was clearly greater than when they were sold at 1d., but the readiness to sell was less in the former case than in the latter. A high price indicates a great demand and a small supply, in the sense of readiness to sell. If the desire be measured by the product of the number sold and their price—in other words, by the whole sum spent,—the readiness of a community to sell, being inversely proportional to the price, might be measured by what is called the reciprocal of that number, or by the quotient of the number supplied by the money spent. Measured thus there is no equality or constant ratio between desire to buy and readiness to sell. The two may increase together, as when a larger number are sold at a constant price, or either may increase while the other diminishes, or both may decrease together. There is, indeed, an equality between the wish to buy and the reluctance to sell each individual thing, but this means no more than that the purchaser and seller must agree on one price before a transaction can take place. Still, as reluctance to sell is measured by the price demanded, we might state that when prices are constant, the desire to purchase is equal to the reluctance to sell, measuring one by the money spent and the other by the money received. These two equations, first between two numbers, and secondly between two values, are both true, and can one be deduced from the other; but unfortunately, because the number demanded has an effect on the reluctance to sell, and *vice versa*, people speak as if the equation lay between

the number demanded and the readiness or perhaps the reluctance to sell—which is nonsense. Any increase in the number demanded at a given price indicates an increase at the time in the whole desire for the thing wanted; but it is not true that an increased total desire for the thing wanted necessarily indicates an increase in the number demanded. At one time in a given town 1000 workmen may be wanted at 20s. per week, and at another time only 800 workmen at 30s. If the value of money has remained constant with respect to other commodities, the total desire of the community for that particular kind of labour may be said to be greater in the second case than in the first, though the number of labourers wanted is less. Again, if at one time 1000 are willing to work at 20s., and at another time none, or say only 100, will work at 20s., while 900 are willing to work for 25s., the readiness to supply labour will have diminished, though the number of labourers remains the same. To avoid confusion, we will avoid the equivocal words *demand* and *supply* altogether, and speak only of the number or quantity demanded and supplied as one pair of corresponding ideas, and the desire to purchase and reluctance to sell as a second pair of comparable magnitudes.*

* We may now try to write the equation indicated by Mr. Mill. Let the quantity demanded be called D , and the variable price x . We know that D is affected by the price, diminishing as the price increases, and may therefore write $D = f \frac{1}{x}$, where

f is not a simple factor, but is a mere symbol, indicating that D increases as the price diminishes, and is affected by no other circumstance, an assumption which on any given market-day may be true. Next, let S be the number which at the price x will be supplied during the same time that the quantity D is bought. S will also vary with the price, but it will increase as the price increases. We may therefore write $S = Fx$, expressing the assumption that S is a function of the price, and is affected by no other circumstance. When D is equal to S , we

have the equation $f \frac{1}{x} = Fx$, by which the price x could be calculated, and would be determined, if the quantities demanded and supplied varied according to any constant law, and merely in consequence of variation of price. There would then be only one natural and invariable value or price for each article. But this equation does not express all that Mill says. If the desire for the article increases, the value tends to rise. The quantity demanded then is not a mere function of the price. D must therefore be considered equal to some more complicated expression, such as $f(A + \frac{1}{x})$, where A

is some unknown variable quantity. Again, the readiness to sell at a given price may diminish, and so diminish the quantity supplied, which is therefore not a mere function of price. To express this we write $S = F(B + x)$, where B again is an un-

We assert that the number of things bought and sold may remain perfectly constant and yet a considerable change of price take place. Not only may the number remain equal at very different prices—this no one denies; but a thousand transactions may take place this year at one price and a thousand transactions may take place next year at double the price without any variation whatever having taken place in the demand or supply, as measured by the number of goods supplied and sold. What is necessary for this result is simply that while a disinclination to supply the article at the old price arises, an inclination on the part of purchasers to buy at a higher price shall also arise. So long as the total desire for the article and reluctance or readiness to sell it, are unaltered, the price of the commodity remains fixed. Competition between both buyers and purchasers brings back the price

known variable quantity; thus when D is equal to S , we have the new equation, $f(A + \frac{1}{x}) = F(B + x)$,

—an equation in which, so long as A and B and f and F were all constant in value and form, x would remain constant, and would be fixed in terms of these magnitudes. If x were to rise by what we may term an accident for a day or two above the value determined by the equation, the first number would be smaller than the second, the quantity supplied would be in excess of that required, competition would therefore at once lower the price to its true value, as determined by the above equation, so that all the goods supplied might be sold. The consequence of a fall in price diminishing the second member would be to raise the first. The increased quantity wanted would bring back x to its true market value. Again, suppose that the desire to possess the goods increases by an increase of A ; if B remains constant then x must rise to maintain our equation. If the readiness to sell increases by an increase of B , x must fall. Our equation thus expresses every relation between value, demand, and supply, which Mill states as expressing the law of value with respect to all commodities not susceptible of being multiplied at pleasure. But there is nothing in this law to prevent A , f , F and B from varying any day or any hour, from motives of the most opposite kind.

When the quantity demanded at a fixed price increases, A is increased. If B varies at the same time to a corresponding extent, we may have x the same as before, but a brisk trade instead of a slow one. If, on the other hand, B diminishes while A is constant, the price will rise while the number of transactions will become more limited, but if A rises while B falls, we may have a new and higher value of x , with a constant number of transactions; this is the conclusion to which we especially wish to draw attention. A diminished supply conveys to the minds of most persons the idea of absolutely fewer things for sale; but when an exact definition is sought of the number of things for sale, the idea of price is necessarily added; the things must be for sale at a given price, and an increase in the price at which a given number will be supplied produces many of the effects due to a diminution in the number supplied at a constant price.

to this fixed amount whenever any accidental deviation occurs. This is the law of demand and supply, as usually understood. The price is no more fixed by competition than a weight is fixed by a balance and scales; but the balance and scales serve to measure weights, and competition brings the price to the amount fixed by other considerations, which, in the case of a limited article, may be infinite in number, including everything capable of increasing the desire for the commodity, or the reluctance to part with it. The action of the law as usually described is true, but partial; the effect due to a disinclination on the part of purchasers to sell at the old price is admitted as a virtual diminution of supply, but this increased price will, it is said, diminish the demand, meaning the number demanded, and so the price may rise, but the number demanded, as well as the number supplied may fall; on the other hand, the demand, meaning either number demanded or desire to purchase, may rise; this they say will increase the number supplied under the stimulus of an increased price, and the price will rise with an increased number of transactions. No one has ever denied these two actions, both tending to an increase of price—but one with an increased trade, the other with a diminished trade. How is it that we are not equally familiar with the third case, where the demand, meaning the desire to purchase, increases, and the supply, meaning readiness to sell, diminishes at the same time, so that as before we have an increased price, but this time with neither an increase nor a decrease in the number of transactions? * A change of price at any time may be due to increased desire for possession, or increased reluctance to sell; the increased reluctance to sell may increase the desire for possession, or it may diminish this desire; the action in any one case can only be determined by experiment. If the holders of a thousand diamonds refuse to sell except at an average increase of 20 per cent. in price, no one can tell except by experiment whether more or less money will be spent in diamonds next year, nor even whether more or fewer diamonds will be bought.

To apply this reasoning to labour:—Wages, it is said, can only increase by an in-

* The omission of this case from consideration tends to obscure the fact, that a great change in price may accompany a very small change in the number of transactions, and indeed that change of price has no invariable connexion with a change in the number of transactions, unless on the assumption that the quantities A , B , f and F all remain constant, which will be sensibly true during any short period. These quantities in the long-run all may, and do vary, for every commodity.

crease in the demand or by a decrease in the supply; and decrease in the supply is always interpreted to mean decrease in the number of men in want of employment. Now, an equivalent effect to that produced by a decrease in the number supplied is produced whenever a given number of men who were yesterday willing to work at 30s. per week are to-day unwilling to work at that price, and require 31s. instead of 30s. If while the readiness to sell labour is decreased the desire to purchase it does not increase, we allow that to re-establish equality between the number demanded and the number supplied, the number demanded or employed must fall as wages rise; but if the diminished readiness to work be accompanied by an increased wish for labourers, wages may rise, and the number employed remain the same, though the demand and supply, as measured by the number demanded and supplied, would remain constant. Really it seems ridiculous to take so much pains to prove the self-evident proposition that if men want higher wages, and masters see that it is their interest to give those wages, the transaction may occur and all the men remain employed.

A second effect which may follow, and perhaps most generally does follow, the unwillingness of men to work except at increased wages, is this: the number employed may actually diminish, and yet the desire for labour, as measured by the total fund spent for labour, may increase; so that the reduced number, with augmented wages, may receive more than the larger number at lower wages; in this case it may be the interest of the workman to support his fellows out of work by a contribution from his gains, rather than, by a reduction in his own requirements, to allow them to find employment. We have reasoned so far on the assumption that the workmen act as one body, as is sensibly the case where unions are strong. We have therefore neglected the effect of competition among workmen. When competition can occur, it weakens the effect which an increased reluctance to sell their labour on the part of some workmen can produce in increasing the total desire for their work. The smaller the united body which refuses the low wages, the less their power; but whatever their size and importance, the tendency of their action remains the same.

It may here be argued, that the increased desire or demand on the part of the masters would have given a rise of wages independently of any action on the part of the men; but it by no means follows that without the diminished willingness on the part of the men the increased desire would ever have

arisen. The master builders of London want for their present work 2000 men. They are paying them 30s. a week; there may be no reason why they should want an increased number, and still less reason why *proprio motu* they should wish to give them 36s.; but let the men decline to work for less than 36s., the masters, if making a good profit, will still want 2000 men to do their work, and may therefore agree to advance the wages. The demand, in the sense of desire for labour, may thus be said to have increased, but it has increased solely in consequence of the diminished willingness to sell. On the other hand, if trade is bad and the workmen are unwilling to work, the masters will not care to give 36s., and so the diminished readiness to sell labour may diminish instead of increasing the desire for it; and if the men are obstinate, some may get employment at 36s., for urgent matters, but the whole desire for labour and number demanded will both diminish.

An antagonist might still urge this argument: When trade is so good that masters can afford the advance of wages, they would naturally extend their business, and would want more hands; it is this potential increase in the number of hands wanted that really determines the increase of wages—not the refusal of the men to work for less than 36s. This need not always or even generally be true, but even in this case the action of the men in demanding more wages determines a rise of wages instead of extension of employment.*

Our argument is briefly this:—Wages, like the price of all other limited commodities, depend on a conflict between the desire for the commodity and the reluctance to sell it. Anything affecting either feeling as to labour will alter wages. The total desire measured by the total sum paid for wages, may increase in consequence of large profits leading men to wish for an extension of trade, but it may also increase owing to increased reluctance on the part of the labourers to sell, leading the purchasers of labour and produce, one or both, to pay more, lest they should lose wholly, or in part, their profits, or the enjoyment of their produce. Competition is the process by which the price is ascertained at which the desire for the com-

* To return to our equation: Under the influence of good trade A may rise and B fall, raising the value of z , and leaving the numerical value of each side of the equation unaltered. Or, on the other hand, A and B may both rise, while z remains constant. The action of the men determines the former change corresponding to an increase of wages, in distinction to the latter change, indicating an increased number employed.

modity and the reluctance to sell it are equal, but in no way can be said to determine the price.

We have come to a point where the identity of the wages fund argument with the demand and supply argument is obvious. The wages fund is the desire for labour, as measured by the total sum paid for it. That desire may increase or decrease in consequence of the increased reluctance of men to sell their labour. The increase of the fund invested by the capitalist may be due to increased payments he receives or expects to receive from his customers, or it may be directly due to a relinquishment of profits. It is wholly impossible to say when this will or will not be the case; it is impossible to fix any one given rate of average return on capital which may be taken as a kind of standard towards which, in all times and places, the profits tend. By the joint action of capital and labour, profits are made; that is to say, produce results from their action which exceeds the value of produce consumed by them in the process. Each claims a share in the profits; each must have some share, or each will refuse his aid. How much must each have? in what proportion shall the profits be divided? We apprehend that this is purely a question of bargain, and that the share each receives will vary, and may legitimately vary, within very wide limits. The capitalist may not force the labourer to work; the labourer may not force the capitalist to invest savings productively; each must tempt the other, and it is entirely a question of experiment how much temptation will in each case be required. It is quite possible that the temptation which was sufficient yesterday will not be sufficient today. Those who misapply the doctrine of demand and supply, or the wages fund argument, assume that the sum available to pay the workman is fixed beforehand, or, if not fixed, must be diminished by any increase of wages. To assume this is to beg the question. Every effect which is distinctly seen to follow on changes in demand and supply, as popularly understood, will follow without this wholly arbitrary assumption of fixed wages for a fixed supply of workmen; and these known effects are not inconsistent with the fact that workmen, by bargaining, may in certain cases raise their wages. When more workmen are wanted than can be found, undoubtedly wages will rise without any bargaining; the competition among masters for workmen in that case indicates the increased desire, it does not create it; and when more workmen want work than are wanted, wages will fall in spite of bargaining; the competition among workmen indi-

cates their increased readiness to sell; but when the number wanted and the number able to work are not very different, bargaining may raise wages or prevent a fall; and in the two other cases it may increase a rise and diminish a fall—a conclusion surely not far removed from common sense. The contrary view, that somehow wages or prices are fixed by a law is something like the idea that the strength of a beam is fixed by an equation. We can imagine a party of wisacres who should meet the proposal of an engineer to cheapen their bridges by saying, "Pray, don't be so foolish; you ought to know that the strength of a beam is determined by mathematics;" and our primitive engineer, guiltless of algebra, might say, "So much the worse for mathematics; I know I can make beams lighter and stronger and cheaper, and I've done it." At first, this would be shortly denied; but at last one of the party would find out that the mathematics were all right after all, the equations for the strength of a beam perfectly correct, only, that as some of the terms were variable, it was quite consistent with algebra that beams should be made stronger by a better distribution of material. Even so economists who know that the equation exists, determining prices, should remember that there are other variables in the equation besides prices, and that the law only determines the price in terms of these variables.

If it be granted that bargaining does affect wages, it will readily be allowed that an association with savings enables its members to bargain more advantageously than isolated workmen could do. If the alternative before the labourer is work at the wages offered or starvation, he will be much less resolute in his views as to his worth, than when the alternative lies between work at high wages and mere privation; and a large mass, acting in concert, finds support in the mutual approval of its members. Joint action also causes greater inconvenience to the capitalists, and forces them to make up their mind at one given time. This point requires no elaboration. Many persons think the unions ought not to be allowed to exercise the powers they possess, but few, if any, will deny that if wages can be altered by bargaining, unions can drive the harder bargain.

We have so far, with Mill, assumed that labour is on the same footing as to value as commodities of which the quantity cannot be increased; but the grounds of that assumption should be understood. The cost of articles which *can* be multiplied at will is rightly supposed to depend ultimately on the cost of production. Why? Because

there is no room for the exercise of any unwillingness to sell, such as may occur in the case of holders of a monopoly. If one set of holders will not sell without a profit above the average, new makers will produce, and by their competition soon reduce the cost to that which represents an ordinary profit on outlay.*

The *prima facie* reason why labour cannot be included in this category of objects is, that the quantity for sale cannot be increased or diminished quickly enough. The cost of manufacture of labour is (neglecting previous outlay on education) the cost of the weekly sustenance of the labourer, who has to go on producing himself, and however small his profits on his absolutely necessary outlay may be, he is forced to sell or die; but then he has the great advantage that by eating twice as much he cannot do twice as much work, so that at any time when he is all wanted, he gets the benefit of being a limited article, and may get more than his prime cost; but when he is not all wanted, and must sell his labour, he may be driven to cheapen his prime cost to starvation wages, or wages at which he can barely exist; whereas other articles, if the profit falls too low, are simply not produced. Mill points out, very justly, that if time be given for adjustment, the labourer comes into the category of unlimited articles; for though he will not avoid daily producing himself by eating, he may avoid reproducing himself in children, and will avoid doing so if his profit as a labourer be below a certain amount. This certain amount depends on what the labourer considers the minimum at which it is worth while to exist. The natural price of labour is fixed in this manner quite as the natural price of any unlimited commodity is fixed by the cost of its production, including in that cost the current rate of profit in trade. So far, therefore, it would appear that, after all, granting time, we might bring wages into the second category, in which bargaining avails nothing; but there are here one or two remarks to be made. If the standard of

comfort be so raised that our labourer positively will not work unless he has more food and better clothes than last year, his prime cost is raised; but, considering the objection that men have to starvation and the work-house, it is impossible that his standard should rise, unless he has some saving or fund to prevent his starving or to allow of emigration. This increase in the standard of comfort held by the labourer is analogous to the rate of profits expected by the manufacturer. If manufacturers, as a body, determine that it really is not worth while to produce goods except at an increased profit, the prime cost of their produce will be increased. Manufacturers could not act up to this determination unless they had savings—unless they combined, and unless they could prevent competition. The workman can only raise his price on precisely the same conditions, but he is fortunate so far, that competitors cannot readily be produced for any skilled employment. Ultimately, whenever population increases at such rate that competitors are practically unlimited, and where this population can flow without check into any skilled employment, wages must fall to such a point that no further competitors will enter the lists. But this increase in the number of competitors, and fall in the standard required as an inducement, both depend on man's own choice and on the standard of comfort once established. Whether, therefore, we look on wages as determined at any given time by the law of demand and supply, or as determined in the long-run by the cost of living, we find that the standard of comfort expected by the men, and the possession of savings sufficient to ward off starvation, may exercise great influence on the value of labour.

Much has been said on the identity of the interests of capital and labour. Well-meaning but fruitless attempts are made to teach workmen that capital and labour are never in antagonism. No one can deny that each needs the other; but they have a common interest only as the horse and his rider have a common interest. If the horse starves the rider must walk; if the horse jibs he must go to the knacker. So the rider feeds the horse, and the horse carries the rider. So far they have common interests; but it is none the less true that they have opposed interests, inasmuch as the horse would like to eat plenty of corn and do as little work as possible; while the rider, on the contrary, would be better pleased the less his horse ate and the farther he trotted. Workmen are all the less likely to see the common interest, if they hear the antagonism persistently denied with what

* Returning to our equation, there is no room for B ; the number supplied can only depend on Fx ; but if the variable B disappears, A , as an independent variable, disappears too; for A could only vary in our equation without a change in fx or Fx by the variation of B . We then find that the price of a commodity such as this is absolutely fixed once for all, so long as the ratio between f and F remains constant. Now, the number supplied at a given price will increase precisely as the number wanted increases. So long as the profit remains unaltered—in other words, $F = fz$, where z is a factor or function depending on the cost of manufacture—hence the ratio between F and f can vary only from a variation in the cost of manufacture, in which one possible variation is a change in the average rate of profit expected by the maker.

seems to them hypocrisy. They think it monstrous that one of two parties to a bargain should be told to shut his eyes, and open his hands and take the wages fixed by Political Economy, which allegorical personage looks very like an employer on pay-day. On this ground of a common interest the workmen might as well require that all profits should be paid to them, and that employers should thankfully accept the share Political Economy, in the shape of a union secretary, might think fit to award them.

Let us openly face the fact, that wages and profits on capital are matters of bargain between men and master, and then we shall be prepared to consider under what conditions that bargain may be most advantageously made in the interests of the whole community. Revising our argument, and confining its application to a stationary community, we find that annually, in addition to fixed capital employed in production, a certain circulating capital is employed in the payment of wages to productive labourers. Annually the capital and labour produce wealth of more value than the circulating capital. This new wealth may be divided in an infinite variety of ways. The same sum as before may be spent as circulating capital in the shape of wages, and the whole excess of the wealth produced be consumed by the capitalist as his reward for saving. But this constancy need not be maintained; it is equally possible that the wealth may be divided in other proportions. What does in practice determine the proportions? We answer, the will of the capitalist and of the labourer. The exercise of this free will is subject to the heaviest penalties. The capitalist may refuse to re-invest so large a proportion of his wealth, and may diminish wages. His penalty may be that fewer workmen will work—perhaps none; his profits next year may diminish instead of increasing, he may find no profits, and have to live by consuming the capital he would fain invest. Again, if the workmen demand a larger share, they do it at their peril; they may get a smaller share, they may get none. Thus a perpetual and inevitable strife arises as to the distribution of the wealth produced by the conjunction of labour and capital; each party declares their share to be the smallest they can possibly accept. "I will starve or emigrate rather than take less than 36s. per week," says the workman. "I will spend my wealth, or invest it abroad or in non-productive investments unless I get 15 per

cent.," says the capitalist.* The sincerity of the two parties to the bargain cannot be tested except by the practical test of a refusal to work, or a refusal to employ workmen. It cannot be contended that the proportions of distribution once fixed will be constant, or that any natural proportion whatever does exist. No man by reasoning beforehand can discover what rate of profit will reward a man for saving, or in other words, what is the natural interest on capital. No man by reasoning *a priori* can determine what food, lodging, raiment, amusement will be sufficient for an artisan, or in other words, what are the natural wages of that artisan. Both the necessary reward to induce saving, and the standard of comfort, will vary immensely with custom, education, government, climate, and indeed with every circumstance which affects man's desire for wealth.

In the assertion of their determination, the capitalists stand at a great advantage when compared with an individual labourer who has no accumulated savings. He must work or starve, or break into open rebellion. When he has saved money, he may emigrate or change his occupation, since he will have time at his command. If many workmen at once determine not to work below a certain standard, and if they have accumulated funds, they stand more or less on an equal footing with the capitalist. They can wait, and he can wait; they suffer, and he suffers; the force of their determination is tested by the time during which each will endure the loss entailed. The capitalist sees opportunities of profits lost, he sees rivals supplanting him in trade; if his capital has been borrowed, he may see ruin impending. The workman sees his savings vanish, he endures privation at his home, he sees a rival workman at his bench, he must face unknown changes, starve, or live on charity.

This torture soon settles whether really the capitalist will be content with 14 per cent., or the workman with 30s. Nor is there any other test by which the proportion required to induce investment and to induce work can be settled. Workmen will continue to think it outrageous that the capitalist will not be content with less than 15 per cent. Masters will continue to think it monstrous that workmen who live uncommonly well on 36s. will not work for less than 40s. In truth, the master has no moral obligation to save or invest capital in consideration of any particular rate of interest, nor is it the duty of the workman

workman openly states his claim for so much a week; the employer does not state his profit, nor can be expected to do so.

* There is no means in any one case of knowing what profit an employer really does make; the

to work at any given rate of wages. Capital and labour *are* antagonists, they must fight for the spoil, but they fight under this singular condition, which should put buttons on the foils—if one kills the other, the victor cannot long survive; nay, each feels every wound he gives his foe.

We have now completed the first branch of our inquiry, and, assuming that trade-unions can and do materially increase wages, will proceed to consider whether combination for this and analogous purposes ought to be permitted, and if permitted, under what restrictions, both as to the objects sought and the means employed to compass those objects; in brief, what are or what ought to be the rights of trade-unions, taking for our guide the interest of the community and the laws of positive morality.

Writers who admit that unions do and can raise wages, rarely contend that any legal restriction should be put on what they call the *right* to combine for the purpose of raising wages. Even the *Quarterly*, before venturing to recommend the abolition of unions, undertakes to prove that they do not benefit the workman by increasing his pay. Workmen generally hold the most decided belief that they have a *right* to combine with this object. So they have, while the law remains unaltered, but (we are almost afraid to write such heresy) they do not come into the world clothed with any natural right to combine, and the utility of these combinations to the nation is not so clear as they think. Granting that the law forces no man to sell his labour except on such terms as suit him (with exceptions which do not vitiate the reasoning), it does not follow that the law must and ought to grant a right of combination. How that poor word "*right*" is misused! It is perhaps hopeless to try to explain in a few words to those who do not know it already, that a "*right*" has any other meaning than something which is thought nice by the person using the word. We will, however, quote a passage from Mr. Austin's work on the Province of Jurisprudence:—

"Every right supposes a duty incumbent on a party or parties other than the party entitled. Through the imposition of that corresponding duty, the right was conferred. Through the continuance of that corresponding duty, the right continues to exist. If that corresponding duty be the creature of a law imperative, the right is a right properly so called. If that corresponding duty be the creature of a law improper, the right is styled a right by an analogical extension of the term. Consequently a right existing through a duty imposed by the law of God, or a right existing through a duty imposed by positive law, is a right properly so

called. Where the duty is a creature of a positive moral rule, the nature of the corresponding right depends upon the nature of the rule. If the rule imposing the duty be a law imperative and proper, the right is a right properly so called. If the rule imposing the duty be a law set by opinion, the right is styled a *right* through an analogical extension of the term. Rights conferred by the law of God, or rights existing through duties imposed by the law of God, may be styled *Divine*. Rights conferred by positive law, or rights existing through duties imposed by positive law, may be styled emphatically *legal*. Or it may be said of rights conferred by positive law, that they are sanctioned or protected *legally*. The rights, proper or improper, which are conferred by positive morality, may be styled *moral*. Or it may be said of rights conferred by positive morality, that they are sanctioned or protected *morally*.

No one will contend that Divine law enforces the duty of permitting or aiding trade-unions. Positive law may or may not, as it pleases Parliament. The whole question then as to the right of combination depends on the question whether there is a positive moral law imposing the duty of allowing or sanctioning trade-unions. Positive morality is unfortunately less well defined than Divine and positive law. We, for our part, cannot admit that any positive morality sanctions such combinations if they are injurious to the country, but will freely grant that so far as they are beneficent to the community they have a sanction. What we wish workmen would understand is, that they have no rights other than are sanctioned by Divine law, the law of their country, and positive morality; and that whether a supposed right has or has not the sanction of positive morality is a fair matter for argument, not to be settled by doggedly repeating a set phrase that every man has a right to vote, or a right to combine, or a right to be comfortable, etc. etc., but to be proved by showing that the exercise of this right benefits the community. Especially this right to combine is no clear matter, and always has been and ought to be conferred with great caution by positive law. For instance, almost every man has a right to walk up and down in the streets of London, but it would be intolerable that any 500 men should be allowed to combine, and all walk one way, blocking up the street: when the right to combine is granted, as to Volunteers, the right of walking about in any direction they please is restricted. Any one may go into Trafalgar Square; but a right to combine, even to hold a meeting, is quite another matter. Any one may carry on a trade, but if several people combine to carry on trade, the right to combine, whether as partners, as a joint-stock or

limited liability company, is conferred with restrictions devised in the interest of the community. People may think the laws affecting the joint-stock companies bad, and may wish to change them, but no one complains that the great powers of those companies are regulated by positive law. If joint-stock companies were clearly injurious to the community, they might be and ought to be abolished to-morrow, for there is no positive moral right to combine for the purpose of trading, nor is there any positive moral right to combine for the purpose of selling labour. Those who support trade-unions must therefore argue thus: These unions raise wages; they so far benefit the community by benefiting that section of it which is most numerous and least well off. Diminished profits to capital cause an evil which does not outweigh the good of increased wages, especially as there is a limit beyond which, if wages rise, the whole payment to the working classes will diminish, so that they will learn by experience at what point consistently with the good of the community their wages must cease for the time to rise. Their opponents, granting, as some do, that the unions raise wages, contend that by doing so they injure the consumer, first, by the direct increase of cost of the goods which he buys; and secondly, by the indirect decrease of production likely to result from diminished profits to capital. Unions raise prices and restrict trade. If the prices of produce rise in all trades, the purchasing power of the wages will remain the same, and the nominal benefit to workmen will confer no real benefit, while the loss to capitalists and annuitants will be doubled. It must, we think, be admitted that if unions become very general and the wages of the whole working classes rise, the purchasing power of the wages will not increase so much as the nominal value of the wages. But as the cost of produce does not wholly depend on the wages paid in this country, nor wholly on wages paid anywhere, but partly on the profits of capital, it must equally be admitted that the purchasing power of the wages will rise with their nominal amount, though not equally, and there will result, therefore, a tangible gain to the workman, and a loss to capitalists and annuitants. Looking at the relative position of the rich and poor, we do not think that the permission to combine should be withheld because it tends to diminish the present inequality of condition. Great inequality is necessary and desirable, but it is at present great enough to admit of some reduction. The accusation that unions do restrict trade is also well founded. No rationally con-

ducted combination will so restrict trade as to diminish the total wages fund, but a rational combination may diminish the rapidity of its extension, by diminishing the profits of capital. The inducement to save, and the fund out of which new savings are made are both diminished; and though other reasons, such as the desire for a given income, may tend to increase capital, still observation seems to show that trade will extend faster with large profits and small wages than with small profits and large wages. Is the rapid extension of trade a permanent good? Is it better that there shall be a working population of twenty-five millions with small wages, much pauperism, and great total wealth, or a population of twenty millions, less total wealth, but good wages, and little pauperism? To put the question is to answer it. If unions raise wages and the standard of comfort, the mere restriction to an increased trade will be no evil, provided the increased standard of comfort leads to a corresponding restriction of the increase of population. If it do not, then indeed the temporary gain to the fathers will be fatal to the children.

At one and the same time to diminish the increase in the production of wealth, and increase the number among whom the wealth is to be divided, is to insure a future generation of paupers. Trade-unions may for once increase the share of the workman in the profits on production, but they can only do it once, and so soon as the limit has been reached beyond which the wages fund under their action will decrease instead of increasing, they can no longer benefit the workman further than by maintaining the good they have won. When that wages fund has reached its maximum ratio to the total produce of the country, then every word said by Mill on the subject of the necessary limitation to population is applicable. Trade-unions could not maintain themselves in the face of paupers clamouring for employment, and perhaps the clear perception which those unions produce of the necessity of limited competition to the wellbeing of competitors for bread, may lead even the English workman to act on the precepts of Mill, as well as to vote for him and cheer him. Meanwhile, simple restriction of the extension of trade is not *per se* an evil, and none of the pleas against trade-unions founded upon it will hold water. When the Bank of England raises its rate of discount to 6, 7, 10 per cent. it restricts trade—unsound trade, you say; but is not trade unsound which requires for its success that the workmen shall be *quasi* paupers? The laws on joint-stock companies, the standing orders of the House

of Commons, the determination of any board of directors not to invest money in an undertaking which promises to return less than five per cent., taxes, wars, Factory Acts—all these things are restrictions on trade, some wise, some inevitable; thus, we cannot forbid actions simply because they restrict trade, and we can see no reason why combinations of capitalists should be permitted to fix the rate of interest at which they will invest their money, and combinations of workmen forbidden to fix the rate at which they will sell their labour. They no more restrict trade by demanding high wages than capitalists do by demanding high profits. The same reasoning answers the allegation that trade unions drive away trade. Unquestionably, if the workmen are sufficiently foolish to persist in their demands for wages which the trade cannot afford, they may drive away the trade; but again, if capitalists are so foolish as not to sell unless at a profit so great as to prevent successful competition with other countries, they may lose their business, ruining themselves and their workmen. We do not, therefore, prescribe a given rate of profit as a maximum, but trust to self-interest as the strongest of motives to prevent such suicidal action. Workmen in practice may be found less sensible than employers, but there is much evidence in the Blue-Books to show that the unions do look very keenly into the possibility of foreign competition; and in an ideal union it is clear that information among the men that the trade was being lost would lead them to abate their demands.

An odd fallacy has been mooted lately, chiefly by Americans, to the effect that free-trade and high wages are incompatible—that, in effect, free-trade tends to lower wages, and that if the unions raise wages free-trade must be abandoned. The effect of free-trade at any place is to reduce the price of articles which cannot advantageously be made there, but it increases the price of articles which can be advantageously made there; and as under perfect free-trade no article would be produced anywhere but where it would be advantageously produced, it raises the price paid at each place for those articles, and raises the fund out of which wages arise. Free-trade, therefore, not only increases the purchasing power of fixed wages, but actually tends to raise wages. Thus, supposing wine can be more advantageously made in France and beer in England, under free-trade the average price of beer in the two countries will be higher than it was in England when excluded from France, and wine with free-trade will be dearer in the two countries

than wine in France when excluded from England. But the average price of beer and wine in France and England will, with free-trade, be lower than without it. The Frenchman, if he sets his heart on alternate bottles of Bass and Beaune, will be able to purchase them for less than before; but the brewer of Bass and the grower of Beaune will get more money with free-trade than without it, and will be able to pay higher wages, until, of course by competition his profits are brought down to the average rate. Free-trade can only depress wages of those commodities which were already made at a disadvantage in any given place. If this disadvantage be due to excessive wages, it will depress wages; but unless the manufacture can bear the average rate of wages, it ought not to be carried on in that place. The workmen, have, therefore, in such a case to decide whether they prefer to abandon their trade or to work for lower wages; but here again they are simply in the same position as the employer. Free-trade tends to diminish profits on all articles which cannot be advantageously made in a place, and so a producer of such articles must either abandon his trade or be content with small profits. Free-trade is good for both capital and labour when applied to proper objects; it is inimical to capital and labour when improperly, that is to say wastefully, employed. It is found expedient to allow the capitalist to consult his own interest rather than prescribe his course of action by law; and we think it will be found equally expedient to allow the workman to consult his interest, and to make no attempt to keep down wages by preventing the combination necessary to allow workmen to make a bargain.

When the right to combine is granted, it can only be granted in the interest of the whole community, not in the interest of the members of any particular combination. Joint-stock companies are allowed not in the interest of their shareholders, but because joint-stock companies are supposed to benefit the nation. The law granting the right ought therefore to impose limits on the action of the combination wherever that action is hurtful to the community, as in the case of a company, by imposing a limit to the profits it shall divide among its shareholders. The very first limitation to the powers of a trade-union should be aimed at preventing any violent or sudden change in the labour market. A sudden refusal to work causes much greater inconvenience than a refusal to work at a future time; it may cause great suffering to the community, as when all cabs are withdrawn, or when

engine-drivers strike suddenly; and it may extort wages for a time which the capitalist would never have given, if he had been aware, before entering on a certain course of action, of the demand his workmen would make. This can create no permanent rise of wages, and it does harm both to public and to employer, driving away capital without any advantage to the workman. No law could permit all the bakers one day to declare that they would not sell bread under double or treble the price charged the day before, or to declare that for the next month they would make no bread. No law could permit all the railway officials round London to declare that to-morrow they would not work. We need not, however, deny to bakers and railway officials the right to combine. Let them give six month's notice, and the public can provide against the threatened loss or inconvenience. Any employer receiving a six months' notice will be free to choose whether he will enter into new engagements; if so, on what terms; and though he may still be fettered by old engagements, a six months' notice will generally extricate him from any serious embarrassment.

This simple restriction, which apparently would be accepted readily by the unions, is far from being the only one required. A combination permitted with the object of raising wages inevitably uses its power to obtain collateral benefits, generally equivalent to increased pay, though differing in form; in fine, they bargain not only as to wages, but as to all the conditions of the contract between man and master.

All arguments in favour of permitting bargains for money apply to bargains for other privileges, such as a diminution of the hours of labour, the notice to be given before dismissal, the allowance to be made for travelling, etc. But as some conditions are illegal in any contract, we are at liberty to consider what conditions shall be declared illegal in this particular class of agreement between employer and workman. We assert that *the contract must contain no provision in virtue of which the workman or the master shall undertake to injure a third person who is no party to the contract, and that all other conditions may properly be made a matter of bargain.* This principle will serve to distinguish the right from the wrong action of unions, when in the next division of our subject we consider their actual practice, as explained in the evidence before the Commissioners. Observe, we do not say that workmen must not combine to injure other people. Masters might say that by combining to make them pay high wages unions injured them. Con-

sumers might complain of high prices as an injury. Fellow-labourers thrown out of work by a strike may complain that they suffer by the action of the combination. Yet if a bargain is to be allowed at all, these injuries must follow. We say that the workmen and employers must not be allowed to agree on terms one of which is the injury of a third person. If a contract of this form is entered into, the workman is bribing his employer to injure this third person. The employer wants work done; the workman says, "I will do it on these conditions:—1st, You shall pay me 30s. a week; 2d, My working hours shall not exceed 56 in each week; 3d, You shall turn off John Smith." Wherever, as in this case, one condition of the agreement is that a third person shall be injured, the agreement is contrary to the laws of positive morality, it is and should be not only illegal, but subject to a penalty for both the parties to such an agreement. We need hardly have recourse to first principles to prove this, and shall assume it as self-evident; our only care will be to prove that if enforced, it is sufficient to restrict the action of trade-unions within harmless limits.

To resume: We find that although combination to raise wages and guard the other interests of workmen is no natural right, it may be permitted consistently with interests of the community, provided sudden action be prevented, which might both derange the necessary machinery of daily production and traffic, and also unnecessarily harass the capitalist engaged in production; and we further declare that the legitimate field for the action of the combination in driving its bargain is defined by the principle that no injury to a third person shall form any part of that bargain.

We turn now to the description of trade-unions as they are; and assuming that the general scope and action of unions is sufficiently known, we shall forthwith discuss those rules and practices which are either certainly pernicious, or are thought so by many writers.

The atrocious outrages detected at Sheffield, and among the Manchester brickmakers, require little comment here; not, indeed, that too much can be said to show the execration in which such crimes are held: they are only possible in societies where the criminal is conscious of the support and approbation of his associates—where the opinions of men are vile, and their conscience degraded. It is therefore most necessary that the thieves and murderers should know that beyond that depraved circle they are known and loathed as simple thieves and murderers. We do not pass by these outrages quickly,

as of small account, but because there is no question but that they are outrages, that they deserve the heaviest penalties, and that further legislation is desirable for their better prevention, detection, and punishment. By and by we will discuss the remedies and safeguards against these crimes; but now, when about to discuss the merits of various rules and practices, it were waste time to prove that assassination, arson, theft, and the destruction of property must remain crimes, even if committed by members of a trade-union in the interests of what they call the trade.

Unions wholly free from outrage, and whose members neither practise personal violence nor even intimidation, do nevertheless interfere with non-society men—knobsticks, as they are called by engineers. The wretched knobstick need not fear that he will be murdered or even beaten, but he is persecuted nevertheless; he is jeered at and snubbed on all possible occasions; he is betrayed to foremen for peccadilloes; he receives none of those little aids by which the other men lighten one another's labour; apprentices fetch him no beer; he is generally rather an inferior workman, and his work receives its full due of criticism; he is an outcast, a pariah, and fear of personal violence is not required to render this position a wretched one. Some societies will not allow him to work in the same shop with their members, even as though he tainted the air; and upon the whole, perhaps, these societies are the most merciful. Workmen in general cannot be brought to see the wickedness of their conduct towards the poor knobstick. They reason thus: "If he is a competent workman, and will pay a very moderate subscription, we will receive him among us; if he is not with us he is against us; and while he acts as our enemy, he receives great part of the benefits we painfully gain for ourselves by self-denial and privation; we strike, we starve, we gain the victories, and then this fellow, who fought against us, shares the spoil. Our wages rise, and so do his, unless we can prevent it, as we certainly will if we can by any means within the law." Odd as it may seem, the knobstick takes much the same view of his own position; he feels himself a sneak, who for money betrays his fellows; he looks on the union with fear and longing, but with reverence. He is unskilful, poor, weak, and a traitor; they are skilled, rich, strong, and noble; yes, even when they morally kick him; for *they* serve a common cause, *he* stands alone an outcast; he wishes he could work better, could scrape that entrance-money together, and pay the fine standing

against his name. Sometimes he does, and feels himself a free man at the very moment when he would generally be described as entering into slavery.

The above description is drawn from experience among the engineers. In trades where the union is weaker, non-society men may meet with less contempt, and greater facilities in joining are often held out; and again, there are unions which treat them much worse, refusing to work in a shop where a single non-society man is employed. With the engineers, every man would belong to the union if he could. In other trades there are doubtless men who disapprove of the conduct of the unions, and would much rather not belong to them or acquiesce in their proceedings, but who are nevertheless driven into the unions by the harassing conduct above described; but we believe this to be a small class. In considering the treatment which the knobsticks receive, and which is cruelly wrong, we must remember how natural that particular form of cruelty is to man, and how society is pervaded from top to bottom with a similar feeling. The knobstick is the *parvenu*—the man who has not entered the profession by the right gate. A saving clause generally exists in favour of great merit; and it does take *great* merit to overcome the barriers erected by the actual possessor of any patronage or privilege. Men can get into the Artillery or Engineers by competition; does any one think a snob could stop in those corps? We remember very well the case of a young man who had served his apprenticeship as pupil to a very eminent mechanical engineer, but who was told by a civil engineer, that whatever his merits or knowledge he must not look forward to the position of a resident engineer on a railway, a position worth from £250 to £400 per annum, because he had come into the profession by a wrong gate, *i. e.* through a mechanical engineer's office, not through a civil engineer's office. Be it in law, physic, church, army, or navy, the man who does not come in at the right gate will be looked upon with an evil eye. We fear the feeling is too deep-rooted in our English nature to be met by any law to the contrary. Great merit of course overcomes the feeling, and wins regard in spite of all restrictions, and this more readily among cultivated than uncultivated men; but shall we not feel greater indignation at the physician who refuses to attend a case where a midwife has been employed, than at a workman who declines to work beside a knobstick?

While we frankly allow that there is no hope of obtaining full justice for the non-society man wherever unions are strong, we

can point out one great distinction between the cases of oppression among gentlemen and those among workmen. The social indignities heaped on the victim are the same in both cases; but the workmen often go further—they make a bargain with their employer that he shall join in the persecution, that as one consideration received in return for their labour they shall be able to shut the door against their weak competitor. They thus bribe the employer to deprive workmen of the wages they could otherwise gain. This action falls distinctly within the rule which we laid down, that no compact should be allowed, one condition of which was the injury of a third party. Neither master nor man should be suffered to agree to a rule excluding the knobstick; we fear he will be excluded by the system of contumely, after all has been done that can be done for him, but we can at least protect him against positive enactments.

The case of labourers employed to do the work of skilled artisans is closely analogous but not identical. Perhaps some of our readers may not be aware of the great distinction in social status between the artisan and the labourer. In works on political economy the labourer means a man who lives by the labour of his hands, but in workmen's language a labourer means a man of wholly different and much lower standing than the skilled workman. The labourer in each trade does the work requiring comparatively little skill, but much strength and hard work, and in workshops the line between labourers and artisans or mechanics is as clear and as strongly drawn as that between employers and workmen. Not that a labourer is necessarily or generally a mere beast of burden without any skill; on the contrary, an engineer's labourer or a bricklayer's labourer requires considerable training; and so it is in each branch of trade. Custom has partitioned the work between two classes, one receiving nearly twice the wages of the other, and consisting of men with some education, men who dress in a good black coat on Sundays, and who look on the other or labouring class as one with whose members they cannot associate out of the workshop, while in the workshop the labourers are treated as servants. Labourers have sometimes foremen of their own; they have unions also, in emulation of their betters; but the labourer and mechanic are as different as the mechanic and the gentleman. This being the relation between the two classes, it is a mortal sin in a labourer to presume to encroach on the field which the mechanic arrogates to himself. Of course labourers, by seeing mechanics con-

stantly at work, are frequently able to do the simpler parts of the work as well as they. Woe to the labourer who is caught doing the work of his betters; he will not be beaten, any more than a gentleman's servant wearing his master's clothes will be thrashed, but he will not long keep his employment. The subdivision of the work into two categories has come about in the interest of all concerned. It has analogies in the distinctions between apothecaries, general practitioners, and physicians, between solicitors and barristers. It would be very inconvenient in any workshop if the labourers were generally looking to promotion as mechanics, nor will they ever desire it as a body; but precisely as there should be no legal impediment to a practitioner who wished to become a physician, or to a solicitor who wished to become a barrister, so there should be no legal, or rather illegal, disabilities preventing a labourer from changing his condition or work. Few of the unions, we imagine, would object to this; they object to a labourer who remains a labourer, but does odds and ends of their work. The objection will never be eradicated, but judged by our rule the men would not be justified in striking against the employment of one or more labourers in ways of which they did not approve.

There is yet one more form of interference with competition: those who will not work on certain conditions, who are on strike, bribe other men who are willing to work, not to do so. This is indefensible, according to the rule laid down. The union must not contract with any man, or body of men, to the injury of a third person—the master. If this simple rule could therefore be enforced against men and masters, it would prevent strikes against non-society men, and against the employment of labourers to do any special class of work. It would remove the disabilities which, under unions as they are, do weigh on labourers and similar competitors in the labor market, and it would abolish the system of buying off competing workmen during strikes. The coercion of non-society men by what are sometimes called moral means would remain; but against this society at large is powerless in all ranks; and we warn all those who fancy that the unions are oligarchies ruling tyrannically a disaffected multitude outside the pale, that the competition of outsiders against the societies will not be much more active than at present, when all coercion is at an end; for, incredible as it may seem, trade-unions are looked up to by the mass of workmen of all grades as the champions of labour, whose rules may injure individuals here and

there, but on the whole benefit the great majority.

From what precedes it is already apparent that, in bargaining as to wages, unions think it their business to settle many collateral conditions; and, in fact, no relation between employer and employed escapes their vigilance. At first sight, all men who pique themselves on being liberal, are disposed to concede to workmen the right of refusing to work unless the conditions of the employment suit them as well as the wages; but a little consideration has already shown us that we cannot allow men to stipulate for any conditions whatever. We will now point out some of those conditions which are indefensible, but which have been claimed, ay, and established, by the workmen.

Sometimes the societies choose the materials the masters shall employ, such as the size and make of bricks, or the quality of stone to be used. Sometimes they choose the place where the materials shall be prepared for use, as when they refuse to set stones worked at the quarry instead of at the building. Sometimes they refuse to allow the employment of certain machinery. Sometimes they claim the right of dismissing their own superior officers, as their foremen. Sometimes they even choose the means of transport of the materials to be used, refusing to fix bricks brought on a given canal, or by a given carter. They even claim a veto over contractors, and sometimes architects. In fine, it is hard to say in what matter affecting their employer they will not occasionally interfere, when it is their interest to do so.

These claims are selected from isolated instances in special trades; they do not represent the general conduct of unions, and it must be singularly galling to workmen to find every instance of unjust action discovered in any petty branch or trade attributed to the general policy of their societies. On the contrary, many skilled artisans will not hesitate to denounce interference in every case above cited as unjust and intolerable. The difficulty is to show this to the more ignorant workman, who replies doggedly, "I have a right to do what I please with my own labour, and will not work if you get bricks from Jones less than four inches thick, or stones ready dressed from Robinson's quarries, or if Smith cuts them, or if Green is to be foreman, or if you use barrows instead of hods." We answer, "O dogged objector! you have not a right to do what you please with your own, but only to do that which is lawful, and it shall not be lawful for you to use your labour as a payment to your employer for injuries which you wish

to inflict on Brown, Jones, Robinson, Green, and the customer who wants 2½ inch bricks. You must not spend your money standing outside your grocer's door, and paying all who come there sixpence each, on condition that they shall deal elsewhere. A bargain between two people to injure a third is a conspiracy, and you shall not sell your labour on those most objectionable conditions." The ground commonly taken against these and similar conditions, that they are contrary to free-trade and injurious to customers, though true as far as it goes, is insufficient. Our dogged bricklayer asks if he and his employer are not to be free to agree on any conditions they please, and calls that free-trade. It is true that we cannot pretend to prevent everything injurious to customers. High wages and high profits are injurious to customers; we do not interfere with these in general; but from the principle of preventing a contract between two parties, containing a condition injurious to a third party, the impropriety of all the above claims follows as a simple consequence. If our bricklayer does not see it, he must be made to see it.

The case of one trade striking in support of another, as masons in support of bricklayers, offers greater difficulty, supposing the original strike to be for a legitimate object. If the support were bought by one trade from another, the action would be illegal. The masons' union must not contract with the bricklayers' union to injure the master for a consideration obtained from the bricklayers; but if the masons received no consideration, specified or implied, we do not see that they could be prevented from supporting their colleagues. So far as their contract with their employers is concerned, they are at liberty to make an advantage to a third party one of the conditions of the contract. They may say to the employer, "You shall pay me five shillings a day, and that mason one shilling extra, or I will not work for you." The hours of labour, the conditions on which notice of dismissal shall be given, the regulations as to lost time, allowances for walking, for travelling, are all proper subjects for negotiation, and may fitly be included in any contract.

The rules of a workshop include all these matters, but they include others which are uncondemned by the principle hitherto employed to distinguish good from evil. These are the rules as to over-time, piece-work, and the standard rate of wages—all vexed questions. The standard rate of wages is differently interpreted by men and masters. The men say "it is a minimum below which no one of our members shall work, and we

will take care to have no members much below the average. If we do not carefully select our members as competent workmen, they will not find employment at all at our standard rate. We shall then have to support these incompetent members out of our own funds; we are therefore bound, under a very stringent penalty, to admit none but competent workmen." The masters, on the other hand, declare the so-called minimum to be virtually a maximum, fixed so high that they cannot afford to give the best workmen more than the standard rate, because they have to pay the inferior men more than their value. They also allege that the men interfere to prevent skilled workmen obtaining higher wages. This the men deny, we think with truth, alleging that masters are not at all in the habit of offering superior men higher wages. The masters allege that they would more often do so if they were not afraid that the rise would be made a pretext for a demand for an increased standard rate; they also express great compassion for the inferior workman, who, not being worth the standard rate, cannot get employment at all. On this last point all grievance would cease if there were no coercion against non-society men. The inferior workman would simply not join the society, and the master could then pay him what he pleased. We doubt whether the best masters would be very anxious to see him in their shops. We think the men have here the best of the argument, and that the masters are hardly candid in speaking of bargains with individual men. Such bargains never have been common. New workmen are almost always engaged at the current rate for average workmen, and either kept or dismissed without material change in those wages, unless the rate changes. Mr. Smith in his evidence, in answer to a leading question, says, "he" (the employer) "would not bargain with each individual man," but points out that if he wanted more workmen he would instruct his foreman to offer 6d. a day extra, that is to say, over the current rate of wages. Even Mr. Mault, who acted as a kind of advocate, with a brief against the unions, speaks of the "current rate of wages." The separate bargain with each man, except in extreme cases, has never obtained, and never will. No satisfactory evidence was brought showing that men of extra skill did receive higher wages without unions than with unions, and the case against unions as levelling the men broke down, though urged almost with importunity by the Commissioners. No workman came forward to say, "I should have 5s. a week more but for the unions." There

is good evidence that highly skilled workmen in unions do receive more than less skilled workmen.* This point would be a small one if no coercion were used to non-society men, as these ambitious workmen would quit the union if they thought it retarded their progress; but it is certainly to be regretted that all the unions do not act upon a simple principle involved in the carpenters' and joiners' trade-rules, recently adopted at Birmingham: "The ordinary rate of wages for skilled operatives of the various branches to be 6½d. per hour. Superior and inferior workmen to be rated by the employer or foreman."

The middle-class public greatly misapprehend the question of extra skill. In such professions as the law or physic extra skill has an enormous extra value. The best advice may be worth 100 guineas, when the average advice is only worth one. The difference in skill between workmen is not at all after this manner. If the average workman be worth 35s.; the very best will not be worth more than 40s. The difference in wages usually given does not generally exceed a shilling or two per week. The great advantage given by skill is certainty of employment. The highly skilled workman is always spoken of by middle-class writers as a man anxious and likely to rise in the world. This is untrue; the men who rise do not rise in virtue of their skill as workmen, but because they possess other qualities far more valuable, and which, in fact, are rarely found in combination with extreme skill at the bench. The evidence given before the Commission has failed to show that skilled workmen think themselves aggrieved, or that the unions have prevented workmen from rising. In general, all allegations on the part of masters that unions are baneful to their members must be received with great caution. The members of unions are extremely well satisfied with them, as any one mixing with workmen will soon discover.

* The assertion that unions wish to reduce good and bad men to one level is continually repeated, but we find no corroborative evidence anywhere. Masters say that they are afraid of giving good workmen extra wages, lest this should lead the men to expect a general rise. They also say, they cannot afford to give extra pay when the general rate is high. Neither statement bears on the workman's wish for equality. Neither with nor without unions is there any machinery of competition by which the man of extra skill can enforce full extra payment, because of the understanding between masters that one shall not entice away the other's best hands. The objection to piece-work is due to no objection to skill; if there be any such objection, it can only exist in some local or small trades, and we are really curious to know how the cry arose.

In fine, if unions are to bargain, they can only bargain for the standard rate of wages; they may refuse to allow their own members to receive less, taking the risk of having to support incompetent members. It is wrong that skilled workmen should be prevented from gaining in unions as much as they would out of the union, and this is, in fact, not practised; if it were, and if the highly skilled men chose to remain in the unions without coercion, we fail to see how we can interfere to prevent their working at less wages than they are worth. The complaint that unions made men indolent seems also based on misconception. Many masters complain that men are lazy, and declare that unions make them lazy. It is undeniable that men who are tolerably certain of employment will not work so hard as men to whom loss of employment means pauperism. If, therefore, unions have made and do make men more independent and less liable to starve, they probably do make them less industrious; but though hard work is good, we doubt the propriety of keeping men poor in order that they may work the harder. As a proof of indolence, masters cite the general dislike of over-time avowed by trade unions.

The question of over-time is thoroughly misunderstood by the general public. By refusing to work more than ten hours, or even eight hours a day, a man may put his employer to some inconvenience; he may make less money than if he worked fourteen or sixteen hours per diem, and indirectly he may increase the cost of articles to the consumer; but surely if he can by working eight hours each day gain as much money as he requires, society has no right to ask him to work longer; when he bargains with his master that he shall not be made to work longer, this condition, so far from being directly injurious to any third party, is beneficial to his fellow-workmen, since more of them will be employed than if he worked sixteen hours each day. But, says the Press, he ought to be energetic, hard-working; he ought not to be satisfied with what he can earn in eight hours. Why not? Is contentment so great a crime? The country will never progress if our workmen become indolent, it is said. True enough; but what is indolence? Do you for the progress of the country desire that workmen shall work eight, ten, twelve, or sixteen hours each day? Is it not perhaps quite as well that 1000 men should work hard for ten hours a day, as 800 should work for fourteen, or even 700 for sixteen hours each? "Ah! but," says the middle-class lawyer, "where should I have been if I had not worked late every night for years;

and what a shame it is to prevent the ambitious workman from pushing his way by hard work too; or suppose he has a large family, as I have, what an atrocious thing is this that a trade society shall tell him No, you must not work extra hours to gain enough to support and start your sons and daughters in life. These trade-unions are levellers, foes to merit and progress." Gentlemen who reason thus know neither the objects nor the habits of workmen. If any individual who pleased could work over-time without entailing equal work on all his fellows, there would be little or no objection to over-time; but if over-time is made at all, it must be made by a large proportion of the men employed in a shop. The engine must be at work, the gas burning, the time-keeper at the gate, the foreman present; and does any one suppose this can be done for an odd man here and there, who wishes to get on, or earn extra pay? No; the rule in a shop is, that all or none work over-time. Of course, one branch of the shop, as the pattern-makers, may not be working extra hours, though the erecters are; but the work in any branch of the shop where over-time is made must be in full swing, or over-time will not pay the masters. Over-time, gentlemen, means this:—You are engaged at a salary to work in an office from 9 to 5, which most of you think long hours. One day your employer comes into the office and says to you, "For the next six months you must all come back after dinner and work from 7 to 10 every evening; of course you will be paid for your extra hours at an increased rate." The consternation in the office would be great; here and there one of you would like it, but to the mass it would be intolerable. They could not go out to dinner or to the theatre; they would have to give up their reading at home; they could not see their friends; and if this sort of thing were to go on year after year, and become the rule, not the exception, most of you would look out for lighter work and less pay. Over-time, habitual over-time we mean, is due to the simplest possible cause. It allows employers to make more money, with a given fixed capital. Suppose that their works are large enough to turn out 50 locomotives per annum, with men working 10 hours a day; then if the men work 14 hours a day, the works may perhaps turn out 60 or 65 locomotives per annum. The profits on the capital invested will therefore be so much increased, that for the extra hours wages can be profitably paid at a higher rate—at time and a quarter, or time and a half, in technical language. Masters say, as Mr. Smith says in his evidence, their works are not elastic, and if they get extra orders they

must work extra time. As brick walls are not elastic, they stretch flesh and blood, and it being, as we have shown, clearly their interest to keep their productive powers at a maximum, they keep flesh and blood somewhat tightly stretched, so that in many works the habitual hours are from 6 in the morning to 8 at night, and in some from 6 to 10. Unions have opposed this, and most properly so. It is better for the men and better for the country that a larger number of men should be employed for the smaller number of hours. Never mind how the men employ their leisure; we will neither assume with some that they pass it in laudable courses of study, nor with others that they pass it in the pothouse; independently of all these really irrelevant arguments, we say there is no reason why workmen as a body should not decline to work more than a given number of hours, provided in those hours they can make the wages they require. It may be inconvenient to a few of their number not to have the opportunity of making more, but it would be intolerable that a large mass of workmen should, night after night and year after year, have all of them to work till 10 o'clock, in order that one per cent. of their number should rise to be a master, or that even five per cent., with extra large families, should be more at their ease. In truth, the middle-class mind is so imbued with the one longing to *get on*, that they cannot conceive a healthy state of society in which the members are actually contented with their position. Your middle-class man must make his way and end his days with greater means, and in a higher rank of society than his father, or he has failed. Nay, such is the struggle, that unless he steadily strives to advance he will recede, and, falling back, will come to real ruin and privation. Failing to perceive the happier condition of skilled workmen, who need not struggle at all, and who scoff at the idea that to become a draughtsman or a clerk is an advance, the middle class think, as Mr. Gladstone said at Oldham, that the best condition of things for the labouring classes is that in which it shall be easiest for the able or the diligent man to rise out of it. What a blunder is this! On the contrary, the best state for the working man is that in which he can be good, happy, and well off, remaining in that state. Not one in a thousand can ever hope to rise, and we must not legislate for this unit, but for the 999 who desire no better than to do their duty in the condition of life in which they were born, not out of it,—which last is the whole aim of the educated Englishman.

We have spoken of habitual over-time; as to occasional over-time in the face of a

real emergency, no union ought to object to it, and we think few do, unless there be some standing quarrel. We have known a gang of a dozen shipwrights work thirty-six hours on a stretch, ay, and work hard too, and be back at their work after one night's rest. No indolence this, nor any uncommon case; but then the men must feel that there is a real occasion calling for extra exertion.

Piece-work is no better understood than over-time. In some places, and in many trades, as at Birmingham in the hardware trades, the men *will* have piece-work, and decline to be paid by the day. There some masters deprecate piece-work. In other trades and other places, the men set their face against piece-work, and there the masters uphold it. This is no accusation against either party; what answers best for masters does not always answer best for the men, and *vice versa*. Unlike over-time, piece-work has its good as well as bad points. The clever, hard-working, and ingenious workman, who contracts to do a given piece of work for a fixed price, will work harder and make more money than a man working by the day. His invention is also called into play, and various clever devices in aid of work are continually invented by men working by the piece. They make tools specially adapted to the job, and getting handy, often turn out the work, done well, and with surprising quickness. A master will then often diminish the contract price; the man grumbles a little, but submits, so long as it is his interest to do so; and in good workshops, there is a kind of honourable understanding that men at piece-work shall be allowed to make time and a third; that is to say, at the end of the week their profits will not be considered excessive if they receive one-third more than men in receipt of daily wages. So far, piece-work is distinctly beneficial. Men working by the day do not like it, for it makes them seem lazy; they therefore urge against it, that it tends to make men scamp work, *i.e.*, do it only just well enough to pass, and that where work cannot be thoroughly inspected this scamping is carried very far. This is probably true, but it would apply to all contracts; and with all submission to the workmen, we do not think that their zeal for good work would lead them to oppose the practice very resolutely. No rules against using inferior kinds of iron or unseasoned wood appear to be issued by the societies, and the secretaries would no doubt say these matters rested between the employers and their customers, so that zeal against the bad work due to a particular plan of payment seems uncalled for. In truth, piece-work has some tendency to diminish wages in certain trades,

and also tends to make men work harder ; and as the average man dislikes low wages and hard work, he opposes piece-work, to the detriment undoubtedly of the skilful hard-working man. This is much to be regretted, and might drive the skilful man out of the unions, if there was no moral coercion keeping him in. We do not see how legislation can force a body of men to take contracts rather than wages. We can only provide legal protection for those men who prefer a contract to a salary. No general rule about piece-work can be laid down. Where articles are made by thousands, not by tens, piece-work tends to raise wages. Men become very expert so that their labour is worth more ; they do work at home also, and keep their tools and inventions secret ; and the master well knows that paying by the day he would get less for his money, even if the earnings of the workmen were less per week. In these cases piece-work is the rule, not the exception ; and yet it has some very bad effects. It prevents any modification in the design and pattern of the articles produced. The workmen either flatly refuse to make the new design, or finding by a few trials how much longer it takes them to make than the old form, they demand such an exorbitant price that the manufacturer prefers to keep in the old rut. Birmingham is, we believe, losing her pre-eminence in the hardware market partly if not mainly in consequence of this vicious system of payment restraining invention and progress, while both in America and on the Continent the quality of work and the patterns used have greatly improved. Thus in laying down the law about piece-work, general rules must be avoided, and the attention directed to the special customs of each trade.

As an instance of misconception due to ignorance of special customs, we may remind our readers of a paragraph which went the round of the papers, stating that the union of engineers had a rule under which a man making any extra profit by piece-work was forced to share that profit among all his mates, though they were simply receiving daily wages. What a picture this raised of a hard-working man who, before he could make one shilling for himself, had to gain a pound for twenty other idle people ! The explanation turns upon a special form of contract, devised for the convenience of men and masters, and applicable, for instance, to the erection or putting together of a locomotive engine, the parts of which have been prepared in the fitting-shop and boiler-shed. A gang of half a dozen men may be employed to erect the engine, and these work under a leading hand. The employer finds it his interest to let the

erection of the engine as a contract to this gang, who undertake to finish the work for a fixed sum, say £50. The contract is not, however, made in form between the half-dozen men, who have no corporate capacity, but with the leading hand as their representative. As it would be very inconvenient to the men to wait for the completion of the job before receiving payment, they are each paid the usual weekly wages, and the balance due to them when the work is done is paid to the leading hand for distribution. He is sometimes, indeed generally, allowed by his mates rather a larger share than he would get if the division were made strictly according to the wages at which each man is rated in the shops. It appears that some leading hands took it into their heads that they might keep the balance to themselves, as probably at law they might have a right to do. The union very properly stopped this. All the men are working by the piece, and all should make like profit. If any one of them skulked his work, the others would either force him to quit the gang, or at the least would take care never to work associated with him again. This was explained to the Commission by Mr. Allan, but it was apparently not very clearly understood.

The limitation of apprentices is a common but not universal rule among trade-unions—the object being to keep up wages by preventing competition. This condition directly injures all apprentices who are excluded under it, and we think it therefore an improper condition in the contract between master and man. It is highly valued by the men as a very powerful means of raising wages ; and while they admit that this is the general scope of the rule, they defend their conduct by several arguments which deserve consideration. First, they say that they are willing to enter into a bargain to work for their masters, but not to teach ; that they do not, in fact, impose this condition injurious to a third party, but simply refuse to enter into a special subsidiary contract to teach, that being no essential part of their business. This is so far a sound argument, that we think it would be unanswerable if they would allow masters to employ apprentices in distinct rooms, taught by workmen who did not share this objection to the education of competitors ; but neither masters nor men will look at this as a practical issue from the difficulty. Unless, therefore, the men allow apprentices to work along with them they do exclude young men from the trade, and make their injury a condition upon which the society man will work. Another argument is, that if no limitation were imposed wages would fall so rapidly that really the benefit

to those admitted into the trade would vanish, and that the union is acting kindly in preventing lads from embarking in a trade in such numbers as would prevent them from ever earning a comfortable livelihood. Specious this, but false—as most arguments are which attempt to prove that a rule devised for your own benefit really benefits the person against whom it is aimed. It would no doubt be pleasant for skilled workmen to possess a monopoly of their trades, and only to admit such numbers as would keep their wages at a comfortable rate. Administered with a little good sense, such a rule as this would insure the existence of a class of well-to-do artisans;—but how about those excluded? No monopoly can be allowed for the benefit of a privileged class of workmen who are to administer the patronage as seems good to them, regardless of the poverty of all applicants whom they refuse. Workmen compare their trades to ships, which when full can receive no more with comfort; but if a ship's crew, finding a crowd of famished creatures on an island, told them, "Really, good people, we should be most inconveniently crowded if you came on board; why, we should have to be put on short rations, and you know you would not like that yourselves;" the answer would be—"Have pity on us; short rations are not starvation, overcrowding is not abandonment;" and the crew would deserve hanging who left the wretches behind rather than sacrifice some comfort. A low standard of comfort, implying low wages, is an evil, and a great evil; but it is a worse evil to create an artificially high standard among the few, to the detriment of the many. Of course, rules which simply prevented the accumulation of an undue number of lads in one shop would be defensible enough, and educational restrictions might also be permitted, analogous to those which fence round most of the learned professions. These restrictions do limit competition; but the members of the several professions do not simply select *proprio motu* who shall and who shall not be free to enter these professions. Mr. Roebuck told at Sheffield a pitiful story of an orphan lad * supposed to have suffered exclusion under one of these arbitrary rules determining who may and who may not become an apprentice. It is a pity he should have used an argument so easily answered. All rules, all laws, however beneficial on the whole, work hardly in individual cases, and workmen know this as well as Mr. Roebuck ought to know it.

We have now discussed the main rules of

trade-unions—some bad, some indifferent, some good. There are minor regulations about which a great fuss has been made. Here and there a rule is found that members shall not speak to employers, which simply is an endeavour to stop talebearing; there is here and there a rule against *chasing*, which means that some men have been suspected of maliciously, or for extra pay, driving their mates to work harder than was pleasant, by showing what they, the chasers, could do;—wrong, no doubt, and meaning that workmen squabble sometimes in an undignified manner, but having no reference whatever to the really skilled workman, who is honoured in and out of unions by all men. Then there are lists of black sheep here and there. Some masters copied this practice by the way, but explained that their black sheep got white in time, whereas the men's black sheep were dyed in grain; but the men explained that their black sheep would be bleached by the payment of a fine; and indeed, that these portentous lists mean that if a sinner is repentant, he must pay a fine varying say from 2s. 6d. to £2, according to the enormity of his offence, before he can once again be admitted as a lamb into the fold—many of those fines being simply safeguards against the intermission of the weekly payments whenever the said sheep preferred not to pay them. It is preposterous to make a fuss about these trivial matters. Let us settle, on some rational principle, how far the action of unions may extend on really important points, and leave the management of bricklayers' etiquette to bricklayers, and smile rather than frown when we hear that a man may be fined 6d. for tattling.

Passing from the examination of the rules, with their merits and demerits, we will say a few words as to their administration. On this point there is as great a difference between the practice of various unions and various trades as between man and man. Such societies as the Amalgamated Engineers or the Amalgamated Joiners and Carpenters fight with courtesy when they think they must fight, and enforce their rules against peccant brethren with justice and without rancour. Of course where there are opposing interests there will be disputes, and where there are disputes there will be some re-primination; but after reading Mr. Mault's attack and Mr. Applegarth's reply, we conclude that masters have little cause to blame these unions of superior workmen. The executive council and secretaries are really superior men, and prevent instead of fomenting strikes. The masons do not stand so high; bricklayers lower still; with them may be classed plasterers; and when we

* It so happens, the lad was not excluded, but the union did ask for his exclusion.

reach bricklayers' labourers and brickmakers, we reach the realm where violence and outrage are used as the sanction of trade rules. In the better societies, moderate fines or exclusion from the society are ample securities against any infraction of the laws. It is not till we reach Sheffield and the grinding trades that we find the payment of arrears enforced by maiming and murder. The wretches do not see that when they whine a complaint that they are driven to it; having no legal redress against defaulters, they pronounce the condemnation of their unions. Exclusion should be and is the bitterest punishment in the better unions, even though exclusion is followed by no necessary loss of work. The grinders dare not exclude their members. A club or an insurance office need never sue for arrears. Expulsion is a very simple remedy, entirely in their own hands; and unless expulsion be felt as a punishment, the club is of no benefit to the member. There is evidence to show that the better class of unions facilitate arbitration upon disputed points, and settle rules with the masters more easily than can be done when the workmen are disorganized. It is natural enough that masters should resent having to settle any rules at all, and having to meet the unions as their equals, with whom they are to bargain, discussing every condition of the contract, as if with a brother capitalist. They naturally regret the good old times when the workman was a servant, often a trusted and devoted servant, but still a servant, who must do as he was told. That is past, and the world will not turn back, so it is useless to discuss whether or not a reverse motion would, on the whole, be profitable. The old form of good feeling as between master and dependant is gone, but it is quite possible that good feeling in a new form should grow up. We hope and expect that it will; but so long as masters try to crush the unions, and to detach men from them, this new kind feeling is impossible. The sincere attachment of men to their unions admits of no rational doubt. Over and over again employers have tried to put an end to unions by declaring that they would employ no union men; as often unions have come out of the struggle more vigorous than ever. Men will starve, they will emigrate; they have starved, they have emigrated, rather than abandon these institutions. Men trust in them, as they trust in themselves, with a thorough British self-reliance. A Frenchman clamours for work and protection from his Government, or from his master. They look for their benefits from the head of the establishment as they look for benefits at the

hands of the Government. Englishmen are too self-reliant to follow any similar course of life. The English workmen ask nothing but wages and respect from their employers; and from the Government they ask leave to be allowed to manage their own affairs. They organize themselves and govern themselves on a small scale, as Great Britain at large is governed on a large scale; and when organized, they say little about the rights of man, or communism, or principles of any kind. They want good wages, and where the shoe pinches they try to ease it. They have done so with so much success, and have had so much pleasure in managing their own affairs, that they feel a loyalty to their unions akin to that felt by the middle classes to Parliament. To deny this feeling shows ignorance, to ignore it folly. Would that the workmen felt towards our Government what they feel for the unions; they may come to feel this, and if they do England will be stronger than she is now. It is the fashion to speak of the workmen as tools in the hands of secretaries and delegates, who foment strikes to their own profit. Among the lower trades the men may be in the hands of low men, though probably even there the governor truly represents the governed. The large unions are no more in the hands of their leaders than England is in the hands of Parliamentary leaders. The unions have their Gladstones and Disraelis *in parvo* no doubt, but these are representative men; and the constitution of a union is singularly well suited to secure an accurate representation of the feelings of a majority, and a full expression to the opinions of a minority. The officers are elected by universal suffrage, and all decrees are passed in the same manner. This, we allow, affords small guarantee for a true expression of feeling. Shareholders may all vote, but directors govern; fellows of learned societies elect, but the councils choose. But why? Because of the great difficulty in organizing any opposition, in finding a nucleus round which discontented members can rally. But trade-unions are divided into many branches, each with a committee and local secretary, each holding a separate meeting, generally in a separate town, before any vote is given. Thus the carpenters have 190 branches, the engineers 308 branches; and any discontented branch can express its opposition, and can make known its feelings to all other branches, while the executive council or committee can never personally explain their motives, or personally influence more than a very few branches. No better plan could be devised against the growth of dictation; and except in small local societies, we see no

signs of dictatorship. In the large societies the accounts are regularly printed, distributed, and scrutinized by every branch; and each one has a direct interest in preventing a misapplication of funds by any of the others. The incomes of six of the societies concerning which evidence was given before the Commissioners, ranged from £2700 per annum to nearly £87,000 per annum. Is not the collection and successful administration of these funds a very striking proof of the powers of self-government possessed by workmen?

Not an instance of malversation in these societies was brought before the Commissioners; no workmen appeared to complain that they were defrauded; no complaint was made of any difficulty in collecting the funds. The accounts appear to be well kept, and the expenses of management were not shown to be excessive. (The small local societies, such as those in Sheffield, differ *toto caelo* from the account just given.) The monthly circulars published by the leading societies are very creditable documents. They record the votes given on all questions by all the branches. They contain the reports from all branches of the state of trade in the several districts; also the number of sick and the number out of employment in each place, with the amount of relief distributed from the funds of the union. The decisions of the executive council and resolutions of branches are also printed. A number of the circular or report issued by the Amalgamated Joiners and Carpenters, taken at hazard, contains, besides the above official matters, an account of the presentation of a testimonial to a gentleman who had rendered assistance in courts of arbitration; a suggestion that technical education might prove one of the benefits of trade-unions, with a resolution of the executive council in support of the suggestion; a report of a speech by Mr. Greenfell, M.P., on trade-unions, urging the stock doctrines of political economy; a portion of a paper on trade societies and co-operative production, by Mr. Ludlow; some short account of co-operation in America; reports of the proceedings at branch anniversaries, with the accompaniments of loyal toasts, evergreens, and allegorical designs, such as Justice trampling outrage under foot, and holding a balance with a scale, on which the word "Arbitration" is inscribed. Next comes a letter from the operative bricklayers of Burslem, who mean well, though the style of their secretary is cloudy. He says of trade-unions:—

"Although they may in some instances have

exceeded the bounds of discretion, and perhaps acted tyrannically, yet, as a body of men, they must execrate the conduct of such officials as those of Sheffield and Manchester, believing that education (compulsory or otherwise) would have prevented such a state of things—as witness those trades where the greatest amount of it exists."

Inarticulate this, but good. The report concludes with an open column, containing letters from their members. One letter suggests a plan for a co-operative society: one advocates a reform in the method of voting; and one calls for a trade directory. We are tempted to give this last letter *in extenso*. The style of the joiner differs considerably from that of the bricklayer.

"BROTHER MEMBERS,—At a time when trade is generally in a very depressed state throughout the country, it may not altogether be out of place to consider whether we cannot afford some additional facilities of those of our members who are unfortunately compelled to search for employment.

"I have heard many members state the difficulty they have experienced in finding out the workshops whenever they have ventured into a locality with which they were not well acquainted. This is not to be wondered at in London, where many of the shops are situated in some court or alley, so that a man might pass by every day for a month without once dreaming that a joiner's shop was to be found in the immediate vicinity. And I am quite sure that many of us who reside in the north of London would be nearly as much at a loss in looking for a job in Lambeth or the Borough, as we should be in Birmingham or Manchester. This state of things is not, I believe, confined to the metropolis; it prevails also in other districts.

"To supply the want which I consider at present exists, I would suggest that schedules be issued from the General Office, on which each Branch could forward a return of the names and addresses of all the building firms in the vicinity. A committee might be appointed by each Branch for the purpose of filling up the schedules, and the result of their labours might be read over to the Branch for final approval, and signed by the officers, before it is forwarded to the General Office. From these returns a Trade Directory might be compiled, and issued to the Branches; a copy might be kept with the vacant book of each Branch for the use of any member who might require it, whilst those who might desire a copy for private use could be supplied at a reasonable price. The returns could be revised and a new edition issued whenever such a course might be deemed necessary.

"If this plan were adopted, I believe much time and trouble might be saved which is now needlessly expended, as a member when signing the vacant book might copy on a slip of paper the addresses of any firms he might wish to visit. A member seeking employment in a

strange town would be especially benefited by such an arrangement.

"The policy of our society, as I understand it, is to endeavour to remove as much as possible of our surplus labour into those districts where trade is brisk, and where it may find profitable employment. With this view we publish a monthly return of the state of trade in each town where a Branch of our Society exists. Would it not also be a step in the right direction if we published a Directory which would furnish valuable information to members on travel, and to many others in want of employment?"

"The adoption of this suggestion would involve very little expense, and might easily be carried into effect by the Executive Council, should it meet with the approval of the members. I therefore take the liberty of soliciting the Branches to express their opinions thereon by resolution in the usual way.—Yours fraternally,

"JOHN D. PRIOR, Islington Branch.

"5 WAKELING TERRACE, BRIDGE STREET, N.
"January 4th, 1868."

Remark, that in the above report there are no leading articles, and no matter but what strictly bears on the union and the interests of its members.* In a society conducted upon this plan, we cannot doubt that any course of action decided upon does truly represent the wishes of the members. Yet, when men refuse to work for certain wages, a portion of the press invariably deplores the unhappy fate of the poor men misled and duped by secretaries and delegates who are supposed to find their account in ruining the societies they serve. Lately even, the leading journals have deplored the blind obstinacy of the shipwrights at the east end of London, who will not consent to a reduction of wages. We are told that it is intolerable that men who will not work for six shillings a day should be supported by the poor-rates and by charity. Only as a matter of fact, we believe that none of the union shipwrights have received anything either from charity or the poor-rates. Other papers say the strike is supported by contributions from distant branches, whose members force the Millwall men to refuse reasonable wages. The Millwall men remark that there is no strike, and that they are living on their savings, and are not supported from the union funds. Probably this assertion would require some qualification before it expressed all the facts; but we believe the Millwall men to have been hitherto quite as much in favour of refusing to submit to

any reduction of wages as the other branches or unions. They may be wise or foolish; it may be better for them that few or no ships should be built at Millwall, or it may be a great loss. If, owing to the dearness of provisions and cost of transport, ships are built in the Thames at a disadvantage, it will be better for the whole country, in the long-run, that shipbuilding should not be practised there. That is the true free-trade principle. But whatever be thought of these questions, we cannot refuse men the right to decline twenty shillings a day, so long as they support themselves or one another, and do not hinder competition. But "think of the distress they occasion among the labourers, and other trades who would take lower wages, but who cannot work without shipwrights." Poor fellows! they do suffer sadly, but to force shipwrights to work at wages they will not voluntarily accept is equivalent to confiscation of property. Vast misery is caused when a capitalist, finding that he can invest his money more profitably elsewhere, closes a mill. We do not compel him to be content with two per cent., when he will not invest without the profit of ten. People are amazed when they hear a man declare that he cannot bring up his family if he has less than seven shillings a day, and point to labourers who support large families on three shillings a day. The shipwright may very properly plead that his standard of comfort and education is wholly different from that of the labourer, and that what he means is just what a gentleman means who says he can't marry under five hundred a year. A high standard is very far from an unmixed evil; it is almost an unmixed good.

There is much discrepancy between the various estimates of the proportion of men in each trade who have hitherto joined unions. Mr. Mault, for the building trades, puts the number as low as 10 per cent., and tries to convince us that these 10 per cent., being organized, do lead and govern 90 per cent. disorganized; though the latter are backed by the masters and Colonel Maude. Mr. Applegarth thinks about half the men in the building trade belong to the unions, and that in large towns this proportion is far exceeded. Mr. Mault includes as in the trade, the boys, the labourers, and all the little country workmen, taking his gross numbers from the census; his estimate is, therefore, obviously very incorrect, and we do not think many masters will indorse his estimate from practical experience. According to one estimate 700,000 men are now enrolled in trade-unions. The large societies are increasing very rapidly; most

* The Annual Reports of large societies contain detailed statements of expenditure, receipts, funds, etc. The Engineers' Report for 1867 has 429 pages, that of the Carpenters 159 pages.

of them increased by about one-fourth during last year. The Engineers' Society, with 33,600 members, an income of £86,885, a reserve fund of £140,000, and 308 branches, stands far ahead of all others, but it increased by only 3300 members last year. If, as some think, it already includes 90 per cent. of all the men working at the trade, no further very rapid increase is possible. No masters came forward to give evidence against this society. Nor did Mr. Allan, the secretary, complain of the masters. Such disputes as have occurred in this trade of late years seem to have been of a very trifling character. The engineers did not go to Geneva, nor take part in the great trade conference with which Mr. Potter was connected.

The Amalgamated Society of Carpenters and Joiners, numbering 8261 members, with an income of £10,487, £8320* in hand, and 190 branches, is very similar in organization and in general conduct to the Engineers' Society. Both of these unions are benefit or mutual benefit insurance societies as well as trade societies. They have an allowance for the sick, a superannuation allowance, a payment for burial expenses, and they give £100 to any member who is so disabled by an accident that he cannot follow his trade. Most of the unions have some benefits, and partake in some degree of the nature of friendly societies, but the superannuation payment is generally omitted. These benefits are sometimes most unjustly described as mere traps, to entice prudent men into unions. It is far more true that the trade-unions have taught to be provident. The benefits, great or small, are so unmixed a good, that the opponents of unions have endeavoured to show that after all they are, as benefit societies, mere swindling concerns, that the subscriptions from members are quite insufficient to provide for the benefits promised, even in the great Engineers' Society, with its £140,000 of capital. These enemies to unions have got an actuary, Mr. Tucker, to come and pronounce the curse of bankruptcy on unions from this point of view; and he has been generally acknowledged a true prophet by writers. Mr. Allan holds up facts in the face of Mr. Tucker's calculations which he does not attempt to reconcile with his deductions, and the facts seem to contradict the figures.

The following table shows the payments which, according to Mr. Tucker, would be required to provide for the engineers' benefits.

Now, as the actual subscriptions of the

Age of Entry.	MONTHLY PAYMENTS.			Total.
	To provide 10s. per Week in Sickness, up to 65.	To provide Superannuation Allowance.	To provide for a Payment of £12 at Death.	
25	s. d. 1 1	s. d. 2 2	s. d. 0 4½	s. d. 3 7½
30	1 3	2 10	0 5½	3 6½
35	1 3½	3 10	0 6½	5 7½
40	1 5	5 5	0 7½	7 5½
45	1 7½	6 10	0 9½	9 3

members amount to only 4s. 4d. per month, it seems clear that the society, spending about half its income on trade purposes and management, must be bankrupt.

Mr. Allan in reply says, We have paid all calls upon us for sixteen years, and our funds in hand increase rapidly. We had ten years' experience in an older society, and may therefore count twenty-six years' experience against your calculations. We have also many sources of income that you do not count. Mr. Tucker rejoins, saying, Your members have increased so rapidly that your soundness has never been put to the test. Mr. Allan hands in statements showing for each year the payment under each head, and points out that one-third of the members leave before dying or receiving superannuation allowance, and Mr. Glen Finlaison has been called in to advise the Commissioners further.

On looking over the figures it is clear that the statistics on which Mr. Tucker reasoned do not apply to trade societies. Thus from 1858 to 1866, the amount paid by the engineers for sick benefits amounted on the average to 8½d. per month per member, and this payment per member was sensibly constant during those nine years, being 8½d. for 1858 and 7½d. in 1866. During the seven preceding years the benefit was a little smaller, and the average per month per member was 6½d., presenting the same stationary character. These amounts are about half what Mr. Tucker would make a man of thirty pay. The difference is partly accounted for by the fact that the 10s. per week is reduced to 5s. after twenty-six weeks' illness; but it must be chiefly due to the supervision under which every such member lives—a supervision of great service to the really sick, but fatal to malingering. Mr. Allan in fact here completely refutes the calculations, and the constancy of the payments year by year proves that their small

* In 1868 the fund is £14,171.

amount does not depend on any exceptional youth on the part of the members. The superannuation allowance, on the other hand, has not reached its maximum among the engineers; it has increased from $\frac{3}{4}$ d. per month per member in 1852 (and 0 in 1851) to 3d. in 1865 and 1866—still very far from the 2s. 2d. which Mr. Tucker would relentlessly exact from every subscriber. This enormous discrepancy is due to three causes:—

1. The maximum has not yet been reached.
2. No man has a right to the superannuation allowance at any given age, but must continue to work so long as the society can find employment for him, so that a very large proportion of the men work till they die.
3. One-third of the members fall off before becoming entitled to the allowance.

Mr. Glen Finlaison will in course of time tell us how much all these circumstances ought theoretically to diminish Mr. Tucker's estimate.

The payment per month per member for the burial benefit shows a gradual increase, rising from $1\frac{1}{4}$ d. to 3d. in the sixteen years, but during the last nine years the increase has been very slow, being $2\frac{1}{4}$ d. in 1858, and 3d. in 1866. Out of every 100 men in the society at a given time, 33 do not die at all, but retire; this ought therefore to diminish Mr. Tucker's estimate by one-third; but these men who never receive the funeral benefit contribute to the fund from which the others are paid, and diminish by so much their contributions. The longer they stop in the society the greater is this action; without any very complex calculation, we see that from this one cause Mr. Tucker's estimate must be diminished by considerably more than one-third, nearly by one-half—in which case the actual payments of the engineers will, even from Mr. Tucker's table, have nearly reached their maximum. If the average age of members, as would appear from this, has reached a constant maximum, the superannuation allowance is also nearly a maximum, in which case $8\frac{1}{4}$ d. for sickness, with 3d. for superannuation, and 3d. for funeral, in all $14\frac{1}{4}$ d. a month, will really be sufficient to provide for benefits which would cost in the actuary's estimate 3s. $7\frac{1}{4}$ d., even on a preposterously favourable assumption as to the youth of members when they join the society. The question turns chiefly on the superannuation allowance. We wait with curiosity for Mr. Glen Finlaison's report; but even this gentleman can have no statistics as to the number of mechanics who are unable to support themselves in old age by their craft, and how long infirm men live

after stopping work. Meanwhile, we venture to remind Mr. Tucker that, for trade purposes, and expenses of management combined, the Engineers' Society does not spend so large a proportion of its receipts as the St. Patrick's and some other friendly societies spend on management alone. Moreover, if the funds do fall short of the calls upon them, trade-societies can call upon their members for extra payments.* Sir Daniel Gooch and others suggest that these calls will not be met. No such case has yet arisen, nor in a mutual insurance society do we think it likely to arise, but of course with long practice workmen may emulate the financial morality even of railway directors. Meanwhile, let it be well understood that not a single case of repudiation has been discovered among any of the larger societies. Even Assurance Companies have met their liabilities with less certainty than trade-unions; between 1844 and 1866, 308 Assurance Companies have ceased to exist; of these, 59 are winding up in the Court of Chancery. In 1867, the total number of companies was 204, so that the failures form a considerable percentage of the whole number.

Reviewing, as a whole, the conduct of trade-unions, we find that they differ one from another as man differs from man. Among small unions of ignorant uneducated men we find organized villany of the grossest stamp. In larger unions of better workmen we find narrow views enforced with blind selfishness, but without violence. In the largest unions, formed by the most skilled artisans, we find few objectionable rules, and few disputes between master and man; while the struggles that do occur are carried on with little bitterness and absolutely no violence. These last unions comprise benefit societies of great value. In all cases we find an intense attachment of workmen to the union, joined with dislike of those who cannot or will not join the society,—a dislike which in the better trades involves social discomfort, and in Sheffield the risk of assassination. We find the cries about piece-work and over-time to be founded on ignorance; that the indolence complained of arises not from unions, but from the natural slackening which results from increased comfort and diminished risk of want. We find the accusation of levelling unsupported by the evidence of any levelled workman, and wholly denied by the unions. We find that the government of unions does truly rep-

* The ironfounders are now being severely tested, but they have survived many tests during the last fifty-seven years.

resent the wishes of their members, that they do assure those members against want, and that they do increase the wages of the working classes. Let us not reason of an imaginary working man, ground down by the tyranny of a secretary, secretly loathing his oppressor, losing the substance of wages while grasping at the shadow, and using violence to coerce a majority whom he cannot convince, and with whom he secretly agrees. Let us not seek with middle-class complacency to patronize the oppressed being, and deliver him from his thralldom. So doing, we shall seem but wretched hypocrites to workmen blindly unable to comprehend our blindness. No; it is the wearer who knows where the shoe pinches. Masters hate unions; workmen love them. Let those who feel them to be adversaries destroy them if they can; the workman will fight hard, but in the great trades they have used and will use no foul weapons, and will feel like bitterness to open opponents.

We prophesy no dismal revolution, no war of fustian with broadcloth, no violence of any kind, if the attempt be made to abolish unions; we only expect then shortly to see candidates of the highest respectability on the hustings swallowing unwholesome pledges to support the worst rules trade-unions have yet devised. Now is our opportunity. If we show that we can govern wisely, workmen may consent to be governed. If we act with folly we must soon learn to follow our new masters. Educated Englishmen have hitherto known how to lead, and we therefore dismiss the question whether workmen shall still be permitted to combine, and consider only what remedies shall be applied to the gangrened spots found here and there, and what restrictions are really necessary in the interests of society and in protection of the rights of the minority.

Admitting that total abolition is out of the question as impolitic, undeserved, and impossible, we must insist that the great power granted to the bodies of workmen shall be administered under stringent regulations, clearly defining the rights and duties of the workmen, securing masters against extortion, independent workmen against coercion, and individual members of the unions against fraud or oppression by the majority. The better unions may complain that they have deserved no penal enactments, but laws are made for good and bad alike, the good man differing from the bad, not as living under a different law, but as never incurring its penalties. In treating of the legal action required, we have to consider simply how to prevent these crimes

and misdemeanours which some unions have been shown to foster.

First, it will be necessary to give the unions a corporate existence, enabling them to sue and be sued; not but that the better unions are almost indifferent upon this point, finding expulsion an ample remedy against defaulting subscribers, as is the case with clubs; nor yet is a corporate existence necessary to allow the unions securely to possess property—the device of trustees would meet, and has met this want. Giving a legal remedy against debtors will remove that shadow of justification which has been quite falsely pleaded in extenuation of rattenning (*i. e.* coercion by theft), in the case of the grinding trades; but removing the excuse will not prevent the crime. We advise legalizing not on the above grounds, but in order that the whole body of workmen may be responsible for their conduct to individual members and to society; in order that any benefits promised may be secured; in order that no unjust expulsion or illegal levy of funds may be enforced by an irresponsible body, and in order that the unions may suffer as a body when they transgress the law. There is so clear an agreement between all parties on this point that arguments in support of legalizing are unnecessary, and we need only discuss the conditions under which a corporate capacity may be granted.

The conditions on which unlimited joint-stock companies are allowed to exist need not be very widely departed from in the case of unions. The Government ought no more to interfere as to the sufficiency of the payments by members to meet the benefits promised, than they ought to declare publicly whether a given joint-stock company is sound or unsound; but they may properly insist that the liability of the members of the association shall be unlimited, so that no member subscribing on the faith of mutual assurance need be without a legal remedy against the body and the individuals for any sums which may become due to him. The names of all members should be made public, and every change of membership, by death, expulsion, or withdrawal should also be published, with the cause of the change, and a legal appeal against expulsion should be established. The rules of the union should be the articles of association, providing for their own modification, and for the passing of bye-laws within certain limits. The duty of the registrar should be confined to certifying whether the articles of the association contained any illegal provisions, and no society should be permitted to exist except in the form now sketched. We

would leave the widest possible scope to legal societies, and would forbid secret societies under heavy penalties. Of course the accounts of these societies should be audited, but we attribute little virtue to the system of audits. We do not see how an auditor, even if he examine a voucher for every payment, is to discover whether or no the voucher be forged; if a dozen men, when a branch wishes to misapply funds, sign receipts, say for payments during sickness, and the secretary duly enters these payments in his book, how can any auditor, however appointed, discover that these men were not sick, but that the funds have been misapplied? In cases of crime paid for out of union funds, a bungle in the accounts might assist detection, but simple misappropriation of funds will not be detected by auditing. Again, suppose it to have been detected, the auditor refuses to pass the accounts. If the union approve the misappropriation they have only to subscribe the amount, recoup the peccant branch, and the accounts must pass. This is no punishment for misappropriation. If £10 are misapplied without detection the union will possess a balance of say £90. If detected they will have to subscribe £10, but they do not lose this, they simply raise their balance to £100. This form of punishment would be as sensible as though a judge were to condemn a prisoner to pay out of his pocket a fine of 40s. to his own bankers. The simple refusal of an auditor to pass accounts will be no punishment, and will not even cause temporary inconvenience, unless the misappropriation has been very large. What can follow a refusal to pass the accounts? In a joint-stock company no dividend can be declared; but are we prepared to say that in a union no benefits shall be paid while the accounts remain uncertified? No; there is no magic either in the word audit nor in the thing, and if the auditor is to have any power to enforce correct accounts, he must have the power of inflicting penalties for non-compliance with the regulations. He will be of little use as a protection against the action of unions, but may be useful in protecting the interests of members defrauded by their officers.

What rules shall be legal, what rules shall be illegal? We propose that the union should be treated as a single body, existing for the purpose of contracting for the sale of labour, and that no contract shall be allowed which, by any of its conditions, requires the injury of a third person or body, not a party to the contract. No rules permitting or enforcing such contracts should therefore be legal, and we see no other restriction which has been shown by evidence

to be necessary. This principle would render illegal, strikes against outsiders; against machinery; against any special materials, any given contractor; against the limitation of apprentices. It would leave the union the fullest scope to determine the conditions on which its members would sell their labour, so long as these conditions were within the competence of their employer and of themselves.

Our principle would allow all bargains as to hours of labour, the amount of wages, the time of their payment, the conditions of dismissal, the penalties enforced in workshops against workmen, the acceptance or refusal of piece-work, the establishment of courts of arbitration, and the time during which any given set of rules, forming part of a contract, shall be binding. No special provision is wanted against murder, theft, intimidation, or violence. All these things are illegal. A provision against threats might be found useful, and is suggested in the proposed Act drawn up by the conference of amalgamated trades.*

In addition to the above restrictions, we would forbid all sudden strikes; that is to say, we would require that no contract should be terminated suddenly either by masters or men, but that a notice of from three to six months should always be required. By this we do not mean that a master shall not be at liberty to discharge a workman, or a workman to leave his master, with any notice agreed to under the rules; but that when given rules are accepted by masters and men, neither party shall be at liberty to require a change without a notice of from three to six months. The above restrictions should all apply to associations of masters, or to single masters, treated as the purchasers of labour. Thus they would be prevented from stipulating that union men should not work for other masters who might happen to be obnoxious to the leading employers; and the penalty for any illegal agreement should be equally enforced against master and man, whether proposed in the interest of the former or of the latter.

What then shall be these penalties? We answer without hesitation, Fines levied on both parties to the illegal contract, if this has been completed, and levied on the party proposing the illegal contract, if this has not been completed. To fine a single workman

* This Bill aims at protecting the funds of the Societies, and freeing them from liability under the law of conspiracy; it contains a provision as to the selection of juries in cases of offences committed by Trade-Unions which the men had better abandon forthwith.

is a farce. To imprison him is a hardship, unless he has committed a crime or misdemeanour, for which, by the law as it stands, he would be personally liable. Nor do the unimprisoned 999 suffer very much from the imprisonment of their herald or representative; they feel very angry, subscribe large sums for him and for his relations, but vicarious suffering touches them little. If unions are to be restrained as a body, they must be punished as a body. The fines may be equal for masters and men, and should be heavy enough to be really felt. It will be said that the unions will never take any collective action in wrong-doing, but will use some scape-goat of a man to commit illegal actions, and that thus they will escape any joint responsibility. The evidence before the Commissioners, except in cases of outrage, does not show this. It is the union which strikes; it is the union which demands unreasonable and improper conditions. Facts will show whether the union has or has not supported a particular demand on the part of a number of its members. There may be some attempt hereafter at equivocation; but if all members of a union are withdrawn from a given shop, the motive of the strike and the attendant facts will not be easily concealed from a jury. The case of outrage and crime committed by one member of a union, in its interest, will always present greater difficulties, just as the detection of a criminal who has committed murder is always more or less difficult. But even in this case we strongly advocate a punishment for the union whenever complicity of the main body with the criminal can be established to the satisfaction of a jury. We might then obtain informers without indemnification as to the whole union; and we should be spared the degradation of discovering great crimes only on condition of allowing them to pass unpunished. Of course occasionally this would lead to the punishment of some innocent persons along with the guilty; but if innocent persons belonging to an association by their supineness allow the commission of crime or folly by their associates, they must suffer, and ought to suffer, precisely as the innocent shareholders of a mismanaged company must suffer, and ought to suffer, by the misconduct of secretaries and directors. If they fear this, they need not join these associations at all. These involuntary accomplices should have their remedy against single branches of the society, secretaries, or others who may have involved them without their consent.

Our recommendations are briefly, Turn trade-unions into legal associations, with

power to contract for the sale of the labour of their members; declare what contracts are illegal, and punish the association as a mass for any illegal transaction it promotes, threatens to promote, or sanctions; require publicity, and enforce regular accounts; punish individuals for misconduct as individuals, and punish the body for misconduct as a body.

We have said nothing about arbitration—a pet plan with many well-meaning persons. Compulsory arbitration is a contradiction in terms. Voluntary arbitration is an excellent method for settling small points and avoiding quarrels upon matters of sentiment, which are by no means the least serious quarrels; and courts of arbitration or conciliation will come naturally to be established wherever unions and masters are animated by good feeling; indeed, they have been established, and have worked well. As a means of determining wages, or any of the main conditions of a contract, they are quite useless, except within very narrow limits. Mr. Kettle arbitrated as to wages by the simple plan of finding out what wages were given in the neighbourhood—a very good plan, but hardly applicable on a large scale. Arbitration cannot fix the average price of sugar, land, or labour, though it may decide whether the average price of the day has been offered for any small quantity of these commodities. Until bargains in the market and on 'Change can be replaced by arbitration, arbitration will not replace strikes as a means of determining the market value of labour.

A much more mischievous suggestion has clearly taken deep root in the minds of some of the Commissioners—namely, that trade societies should not be allowed to exist as benefit societies. In the interests of the community, no less than those of workmen, we earnestly trust that the impolicy of this proposal may be seen in time. It has been put forward, as though in the interest of the workmen; but the suggestion came from no working man. No man has complained of not receiving the benefit to which he was entitled. No man has complained that to meet such payments to others he has submitted to vexatious exactions exceeding the subscriptions he undertook to pay. The men are thoroughly satisfied with the mutual assurance system which has grown up. Englishmen of the lower classes find much difficulty in setting by sufficient sums out of their earnings to provide against sickness, accidents, or old age, while retaining command of the capital saved. The recklessness and improvidence of the Englishman is too well known; but in the form of subscriptions

to benefit societies they do and can save, being unable to withdraw their deposits. These trade and other benefit societies have induced thousands to save thus, who would never save in other ways; the best unions wholly prevent pauperism among their members. These admirable provisions are to be destroyed! and why? Because, forsooth, the accumulation of funds destined to provide these benefits is supposed to be a temptation to extravagance in striking. In other words, the capitalist is supposed to be more ready to peril his position than the spendthrift or needy man. The evidence is wholly against such reasoning. The societies with large benefit funds are the most reasonably managed. If a large fund is accumulated for trade purposes only, it forms an irresistible temptation to strike. How else can it be employed? Masters would at least have the melancholy satisfaction of being able to foretell when a strike was imminent, by simply watching the accumulation of the trade fund. But a subscriber to a benefit society, who sees the fund applied to trade purposes, knows that he must make good every farthing wasted. The fund that goes is his fund; either he will some day share it, or if it goes he must some day replace it, by extra payments. You say the men are too stupid to understand this; but you are wrong. The men do understand it, and even the dullest are taught when, after a strike, whips and levies come week after week to enable the union to meet its liabilities. They will repudiate, you say; they have not repudiated, and little good is to be got by repudiation when the assurance is mutual. To provide against the conceivable case of all the young men of a trade repudiating a debt mainly owed to old ones, the dissolution of a company or withdrawal of members may properly be subjected to some restriction, though it seems hardly worth while to provide for a contingency which is highly improbable. So strongly do we feel on the subject, that we would rather urge that no trade society should be allowed to exist without certain benefits. No better guarantee could be obtained for a prudent administration of the funds. This is no theory, but a fact. Separate trade and benefit societies involve separate expenses of management, separate governing bodies; if restricted to a given trade, the funds will infallibly be improperly used for trade purposes; if they are unrestricted to one trade, the supervision of each member by all the others, allowing benefits to be cheaply purchased, would be sacrificed. You also sacrifice the *esprit de corps* which brings in the thoughtless lad as well as the sober middle-

aged man. In a word, let those who advocate the separation say distinctly in whose interest they desire it. If for the workman, believe that he knows best what he wishes, and wait for complaints before you force your aid upon him. If you desire the separation in order to weaken unions, say so. It may weaken them, but it will force them to be aggressive, and diminish their responsibility. A precious plan this to avoid quarrels! you give a man money which he can spend in no other way than in fighting, and then prevent him from accumulating other property, so that he can lose nothing in the fray! Of all the folly talked about unions, surely this is the most mischievous, supported though it be by men of real benevolence, who prate of widows and orphans as though hundreds such had been defrauded, as has truly been the case in some of the very friendly societies they so strongly advocate in opposition to trade-unions, which have hitherto everywhere met their engagements.

In conclusion, we have only to urge that before men are condemned for practices which at first sight may seem unreasonable and even unjust, care should be taken to understand the practices, and the arguments should be heard which the men have to urge in their favour. When we speak of the men, we speak of the secretaries or others among them who have the gift of speech. Many English workmen, not dull of understanding, cannot explain themselves, and what is more, they will not do so, in answer to avowedly hostile inquiries. The Press, in notices and articles written for the middle classes, and written by men ignorant of workmen, has so very generally misunderstood and misrepresented the action of unions, as to have raised a feeling of angry contempt, preventing even wise and reasonable advice from being listened to. Above all, let us beware of believing that the men are suffering from hardships, of which masters draw a harrowing picture, but of which no artisan complains. Workmen are wedded to the system of unions from no irrational motives, but because they have by their aid obtained great benefits.

The members find great pleasure in the management of their own affairs, and boast of the kindly feeling and enlarged sympathies which co-operation induces, at least within the pale.

The artisan enrolled in one of the great societies may with some truth speak as follows:—"To unions we owe increased wages, diminished labour, freedom from care; in hard times, and in sickness, from want of work and want of bread, the union protect us; neither by accident nor in old

age shall we or ours be paupers; we ask no patronage, receive no charity, fear no oppression; we live as free men, owing our welfare to our own providence, and we shall maintain our power by using it with prudence." There is indeed a sad reverse to this pleasant picture. The best things may be misused, and trade-unions have been misused; but were we to abolish all institutions misapplied, all rights abused, all customs warped from their true aim, what fragment of society could we retain? Let us neither seek to destroy trade-unions, strong as they are for good and evil, nor yet fear with a firm hand to set a legal limit to their power. With good laws and sound teaching these bodies may yet become the pride of our country, affording one more proof of the great faculty Englishmen possess of self-government. Under bad laws, ignorant dislike, and unsound advice, they may indeed turn to a curse, fostering disloyalty and outrage, fatal to trade, and to the well-being of all classes. God grant that we may be wise in time!

- ART. II.—1. *L'Idée de Dieu*. Par E. CARO. Paris, 1864.
 2. *La Philosophie de Goethe*. Par E. CARO.
 3. *Etudes d'Histoire Religieuse*. Par ERNEST RENAN. Paris, 1862.
 4. *Essais de Morale et de Critique*. Par ERNEST RENAN. 1859.
 5. *Averroës et l'Averroïsme*. Par ERNEST RENAN. 1861.
 6. *Revue des Deux Mondes*. Second Series.

To know the best that is known, and to say it—that is the definition of criticism which an ambitious English critic has founded upon the practice of France, for the use of his countrymen. Mr. Arnold continues the tradition of Dryden in sending us to school across the channel, but Dryden did not consider the journey indispensable. He was a good critic, but a better poet, so he boasted of the native riches which only needed to be set off by foreign art: Mr. Arnold, a good poet but a better critic, points to the foreign riches which may relieve our poverty. True, he may urge that times are changed. We are in a fair way to accept his definition; yet it would have astonished Boileau as much as Addison, La Harpe as much as Jeffrey. Those estimable critics never imagined that an author was a sort of literary jackal or lion's provider to the critical appetite; they never reflected that second-hand omniscience would be the proper function, or the reasonable aspiration,

of a fortnightly review. Perhaps, if they had heard that this ideal was realized at Paris, they might have thought Plato's contemptuous simile of the man with the looking-glass more applicable to the repetitions of criticism than the creations of poetry; perhaps it might have strengthened their suspicion, to find the first of French critics modestly stating the result of his inquiries among mathematicians, about the character of M. Biot's mathematical talent, or making up his mind on Buffon's scientific rank, in reliance on M. Flourens's edition of his works.

But though modern French criticism may appear to outsiders what Aristotle's metaphysics appeared to Bacon, "a depredation of other sciences rather than a true province of knowledge," yet criticism in France has a character and an inspiration of its own. Knowledge changes its character in passing through the critical alembic. To the critic, knowledge is not a systematic whole growing day by day till it becomes co-extensive with the universe; it is a collection of methods and results, rather than of facts or laws. Ethics is the science of motives and circumstances rather than of duties; history is the record of tendencies rather than of actions; art is to be studied in its temporary conditions rather than in its universal aims. A philosopher may proclaim his opinions, a critic detects his wishes in confessing his own; when controversialists are weary with debating doctrines, a critic professes to narrate their history. In a word, criticism, in the modern sense, is the result of the failure of many efforts, the exhaustion of many careers, the decadence of many institutions. People examine the mechanism of society, because ambition is impracticable; the results of physical science and even of psychology seem more indisputable, because philosophy is impossible. That is why French criticism is disinterested, subject to two rather important drawbacks—it has to vindicate its own freedom and its own security. It would be condemned, if any dogmatic authority were to conquer society; it would be silenced, if any dogmatic passion were to invade society. It is more than an accident, that far the ablest organ of French criticism is also an organ of the Orleanist party, one of whose ablest politicians has discovered that Christianity is a valuable bulwark against socialism, because it is the only system which gives a meaning to misery. The house of Orleans represents the emancipation of the literary class, and it represents the disappointment of the expectations which menace the security of the classes on whom literary men depend for a

public. Hence, side by side with *exposés* of the extravagance of Imperial finance, we have querulous articles on our own Reform question, where, though we may miss something of the sparkling vigour of Mr. Lowe's denunciations, the intelligent foreigner supplies us with other grounds of alarm: for it would never have occurred to the most timid native that the *wealth* of the Trades Unions made them as formidable to our civilisation as the monasteries. This is worthy of the ingenious observer who sets forth the effects upon the rural population of the austere ritual of the Anglican Church, where the clergyman kneels down to pray and change his surplice at the foot of the pulpit stairs. Side by side with elaborate expositions of the last results of comparative philology, we have now some gorgeous cloud-castle of M. Renan, built on the transformations that humanity may effect in the visible universe; now a slightly ponderous tribute to M. Guizot's defence of Christianity; or a protest against Hegelianism, or materialism, from one of the indefatigable writers who are always rediscovering the theism of Descartes, sometimes with, and sometimes without, his doctrine of the immortality of the soul; but, in any case, without the least suspicion that they are condemned to the hopeless labour of the daughters of Danaus. For the *Revue des Deux Mondes* is not exclusive; there is nothing which an able writer may not advocate in its pages, except the merits of Imperialism, or the *Vie de César*, or perhaps the temporal power of the Pope. There is a reason for these exceptions; the jurisdiction of a préfet, or a bishop with an influence on a préfet, is apt to press rather hardly on the educated classes, who have plenty of property and plenty of intelligence, and who only need to be left to enjoy them at their own discretion. It is to such an order that civil and religious liberty is important for its own sake; to the immense majority of the population a good despotism is the best of governments, until they are ready to assume power themselves.

There we find instalments of M. Mignet's history of Francis I. and Charles V., side by side with instalments of M. Caro's indictment against Goethe for the essentially Spinozistic character of the philosophy which underlies all his contributions to both poetry and science. Mr. Caro is himself an interesting figure; it is impossible to imagine a greater contrast in controversy than the manner in which he and Mr. Mansel attack the same opponents. The Bampton lecturer is never content with a bare refutation. M. Caro is argumentative, but not contemptuous. Mr. Mansel is impatient till every

form of rationalism is an object of public loathing and contempt: M. Caro seems to be afraid to betray a Parisian Antichrist except with a kiss, though there is no real danger of his courage failing before the crucifixion is complete. An unfriendly critic might suspect that there was something of timidity in his courtesy; and the suspicion would be confirmed by the pathetic enumeration of the perils to which the slightest serious protest in favour of a spiritual philosophy exposes a literary Frenchman under the Second Empire.

Whether danger can excuse cowardice, or self-pity heighten heroism, our readers will be in a better position to judge after reading a few extracts from M. Caro's alarming description of the partisan liberalism of France, which thinks that civil liberty is never secure and modern civilisation is never guaranteed against the ghosts of the Middle Ages while Christianity is still erect in our midst as a perpetual insurrection against modern society. According to him, another La Bruyère is needed to paint this liberalism as it deserves:—

"It is an inverted fanaticism, a back-handed intolerance, for free-thinkers can be intolerant too, and their intolerance is the most odious of all, for it is aggravated by a lie. Those delightful liberals never suspect that liberalism implies a love of liberty, even the liberty of antagonists. You may affirm that you would maintain all the conditions and guarantees of lay life, all the rights of free thought, all the principles of civil society, and the independence of Church and State. That is not enough. This jealous keen-sighted party suspects not only all Catholics whatever, from such absolutists as Bossuet to such liberals as M. S. de Sacy; but also every Protestant who does not subscribe to every apotheosis the party may decree, every philosopher who makes profession of Christian spiritualism. The day that M. de Pressensé took up his pen to refute M. Renan, another Protestant was put on the list of suspects, where M. Guizot has long figured since he declared his faith in the supernatural. People talk of the sensitive despotism of orthodoxy; I know no orthodoxy more sensitive or more despotic than this which I have endeavoured to describe.*

It will be seen from these specimens, and many more might have been added, that criticism, which sometimes claims to be the modern representative of the mediæval clergy, has emancipated itself completely from the spirit and letter of the mediæval maxim, "*Clericus clericum non decimat.*" We are not sorry for the change, for if critics were not to be subject to criticism in the first place, our vocation would be gone, in

* *L'Idée de Dieu*, par E. Caro, p. 163.

the second place, we should have no fellow-labourers; and in dealing with a writer like M. Renan, it is a peculiar advantage to be able to avail ourselves of the criticism of his countrymen. In England, we do not think of dwelling on the personal history of living English writers, and M. Renan is an author whose personal history has exercised an unusual influence on his thought. In England, again, we are in danger of forming our opinion of him too exclusively from the *Vie de Jésus*, a work which it is impossible for us to criticise, since the necessity of the subject seems to convert every reader into a conscious opponent, or an unconscious partisan of the main positions of the book. The peculiar conditions of French life, to which the work itself is adapted, enabled M. Sainte-Beuve to review it without involving himself too deeply in earnest controversy. He tells us very precisely what three of his friends thought of it; he tells us rather confusedly what *he* thought of what *they* thought, and leaves us with an impression that the book is stronger than its critics, and weaker than its subject. We learn also from him that M. Renan is the youngest of his family—twelve years younger than the sister, who relieved him from material cares, when he severed the ties which bound him to the Catholic Church, and whom he lost on the oriental pilgrimage in which she accompanied him. From the repose of a Breton fireside, he passed to a little school kept by ecclesiastics—country priests of the old stock—grave, well-instructed men, who taught polite literature solidly and sensibly; men too old to be affected by the encroachments of the neo-catholic or clerico-romantic party. M. Renan, we are assured, has always been very grateful to their memory. His studies there were so successful that he was promoted to a seminary, then under the control of the present Bishop of Orleans. There he entered upon a new world, and came in contact for the first time with the worldly Catholicism of Paris, which was born in M. Sainte-Beuve's lifetime, and has been growing under his eyes in strength and pomp from day to day; a Catholicism at once agitating and agitated, superficial and material, always feverish, always in a hurry to profit by every cry, every reputation, every fashion of the day, and all the latest machinery for combat and enjoyment, losing no opportunity for firing the brain or the liver; the Catholicism which has produced the rising generation, that one contemplates with admiration at its work in France,—which, we may add, has crossed the channel, though for the present it halts at the Tweed. After three years of this training, he was admitted to Saint Sul-

pice, and commenced his philosophical studies at the establishment of Issy, where he found again, for two years, the repose and solidity of his early Breton training. In a graceful and tolerant essay on Lamennais, M. Renan speaks highly of the intellectual benefits of the routine of ecclesiastical training:—

“The education of the clergy, which has serious drawbacks as a training for civil and practical life, acts admirably in awakening and developing intellectual originality. There may be more system, more depth, more discipline in the training of the University, but it is subject to the drawback of being too uniform, leaving too little place for the individual taste of pupil or professor. The Church, in literature, is, after all, less dogmatic than the University. Her taste may be less pure, her methods not so strict, but she does not idolize the literature of the seventeenth century. Perhaps with her substance is less entirely sacrificed to form; if her training is more declamatory, it is less rhetorical. This holds especially in the higher training. In the absence of all inspection, all official control, the intellectual *régime* of the large seminaries is that of the most complete liberty, as nothing, or next to nothing, is required of the pupil as a rigid obligation; he is left in full possession of himself. With this, and with absolute seclusion, and long hours of meditation and silence, and incessant preoccupation, with a goal above all personal desires, it is easy to understand that such houses must be an admirable scene for the development of a faculty of conscious thought. Such a mode of life crushes the feeble, but gives singular energy to such as are capable of independent thought.”*

Nevertheless his first doubts were awakened by the study of natural science, though they were not yet too strong to be relieved by Malebranche, and the young Sulpicien could still rest at one of the intermediate stations, where the great Oratorian had spent a lifetime. The doubts that had been aroused by the study of nature were deepened by the contrast which he believed he found between the facts of history and scholastic orthodoxy: he observes himself that it is hard to say how many have been introduced to heresy by the *solemnur objecta* of theological treatises. This suggests a reflection which we believe to be important in these days of controversy. In many sciences, such truth as is accessible gains by collision with error. Neither Mr. Mansel's disciples nor Mr. Mill's would value the doctrines for which they contend, unless they had to contend for them; we get a clearer notion of Greece from Mr. Grote than from Bishop Thirlwall, just because he is more combative.

* *Essais de Morale et de Critique*, p. 148.

Probably no one without a genius for grandiloquence could long derive intense enjoyment from a liberty which he had not to conquer or defend. About art the case may be doubtful. Few have an organization sufficiently sensitive to enjoy it for its own sake, in perfect repose: a protest against a consciously realized error,—an avoidance of a consciously realized fault makes our interest more lively though less pure. But about religion, not even the example of Spain can make us hesitate. The perfection of faith and devotion is only for those who turn their backs on other things; who are content to live in a pit, and see the stars. In one sense a doctrine is profaned even more when it is defended than when it is attacked: a pious opponent takes his tone from the splendour and pathos of the ancient creed, but the reply is thrown in part at least into the form of a *reductio ad horribile*, and takes its tone from all the worst parts of the attack. M. Renan's taste did not suffer in creating his impossible and fascinating Antichrist, but even Mr. Browning becomes vulgar, when he condescends to meet such sophistries on intellectual grounds.

But we have wandered from M. Renan's history. In the second year of his residence he learnt Hebrew, and was himself appointed to deliver an elementary lecture to his fellow-students. Meanwhile he read Herder, which furnishes M. Sainte-Beuve with an opportunity for eulogizing the sciences which Germany has created, and France has hitherto neglected to adopt. These studies had a very tranquillizing effect on M. Renan, who learnt that it was possible to be eloquent in honour of Christianity, without believing in it; and that if he had lived in Germany, he might have found a situation where it would have been possible to pursue his investigations freely, yet not defiantly, without breaking with venerable things or names. In France this was impossible; the sympathizing biographer, who obviously values intellectual liberty more than truth or sincerity, says, "However, our intellectual precision, our arid forms, our crushing rules, forbid such indecision, though it is often fruitful and salutary, we are compelled to choose between *yes* and *no*."*

In his transition from Christian faith to an exclusively scientific career, we are told that there was nothing of the convulsion which preceded the revolt of Lamennais. M. Renan was yet unpledged, and had fewer ties to break: moreover, Lamennais had thrown himself into a great cause, in which he believed the interests of humanity to be at

stake; M. Renan desires nothing better than to leave humanity to cherish its old beliefs, slightly eviscerated, while he and those who sympathize with him philosophize at leisure under their breath. So he came out of the conflict without a scar, though with wounds, which he would have us believe still bleed inwardly; he came with the tastes of a priest, the creed of a *savant*, and a conscience of his own. He cares little or nothing for secular progress, or the omnipresent ideas of 1789, he cares little for industrial displays like those of 1855 or 1867. He can scarcely be said to care for truth, unless to think it too precious to be attained and too sacred to be communicated is a trustworthy evidence of sincere devotion. When we try to ascertain what makes life valuable to him, we find it is something like the spiritual selfishness which is wrongly attributed to devotees. For an enlightened devotee is sedulously on his guard against letting his delight in his own feelings take the place of the object which gave them birth; in the eyes of M. Renan there is something illusory in all objects of devotion, and the only reality worth having is to be found in the luxurious and elevated sensations which such illusions serve to cultivate. He has told us in his latest work, that if the human race were ten times as intelligent, it would be a hundred times as religious, and that if its intelligence were raised to a still higher power, it would plunge from one ecstasy to another through the voluptuous languors of eternity. We do not know whether Comte might have approved of this devotional ideal; we are certain that Saint Theresa would have condemned it even more severely in the name of religious sincerity, than Jeremy Bentham in the name of practical utility.

When his emancipation was completed, M. Renan sought a new career in the University. At that time M. Cousin and his philosophy were supreme; but he was too generous to throw obstacles in the way of a student whose opinions differed from his own. But the style of teaching at the University was too dogmatic and too unhistorical to suit M. Renan. In France, neither philosophers nor the public have any idea of more than two forms of philosophical teaching: one where all lecturers repeat and enforce the official doctrines; another where every lecturer is free to propagate his own. The first process is naturally rather barren, and reduces philosophy, as M. Taine suggests, to a safe tepid bath for young boys; the second is not only unsettling, but, we are assured, intolerably irritating to the sensitive ears of a French audience. As it would be too much to hope that French professors should

* *Nouveaux Lundis*, ii. 388.

confinè themselves in their lecture-rooms to the history of opinion, and adjourn the discussion of absolute truth to university sermons, it is probably as well to surrender all philosophical teaching on the ground that some questions are better evaded than answered; for there is the respectable authority of Goethe's wise men for affirming that questioners are by all means to be avoided. When the University had failed him, he naturally took refuge in literature; and for a year or two, we are told, his writings bore traces, since effaced, of resentment against the yoke which he had worn. But however sedulously he might cultivate a purely literary spirit, and however successfully he might develop his literary aptitudes, his own theological pre-occupation, and the sensitive vigilance of the religious world, were too much for his peace of mind. The public could not understand M. Renan's delicate and plaintive protests, that he had not the slightest wish to disturb the belief which he incidentally disproved; so perhaps he judged wisely in abstaining from a formal defence, and taking refuge in flowery ambiguities. This course gave friendly critics an opportunity for insisting on the ethereal resignation, whose only reply to calumny was to soar to still loftier regions, and disappear in the golden cloud of poetry.

The scheme whose normal development was thus disturbed, was too extensive to have been adequately executed; for it was nothing less than an harmonious series of contributions to the religious history of mankind, in which every essay presupposed the first principles of a science which will never exist. To crystallize every character, every nation, every epoch, in the appropriate formula, to ascertain the significance of each as making up the common stock of human thought, is a task simply too difficult for the human mind. When we endeavour to form a complete conception of a single character, we do not encounter the same preliminary difficulty as when we try to conceive an ultimate point of space; the attempt is not simply unmeaning, it fails from the number of details we have to consider; from the difficulty of deciding which of them shall be regarded as a key to the rest. It is a rare triumph when a critic can succeed as M. Sainte-Beuve has succeeded in his subtle account of Madame de Krüdner, in representing one hemisphere so completely as to suggest the existence of another. He shows the devotional side of her worldliness, the worldly side of her devotion; how she went into raptures of pious astonishment at the success of her manœuvres to take Paris by storm; how after her conversion, she found the principal proof

of the Divine mercy to mankind in the excitement which attended her preaching; he quotes Saint Evremont to prove how fashionable ladies take to religion as a *pis aller*; in a word, he gives a complete picture of her life from a secular point of view, and he lets you see that another point of view is possible, while he exposes the incongruities which result from the attempt of her biographer to blend the two in one tableau. It is impossible to formulate a single character; it is obviously yet more impossible to formulate the character of an age. A tendency which is obscured in an individual, may become plain in a society; but of two impossibilities, it is easier to ascertain how far Cromwell obeyed his conscience, than how far Catholicism really controlled mediæval life. Again, when we come to the transition from one age to another, what various explanations have been given of the Reformation! It has been considered a glorious triumph of Divine grace; a horrible caricature of one or two Christian doctrines, to the destruction of the rest; a mere reaction against the corruptions of the fifteenth century; a mere incident of the Renaissance; a movement towards liberty of conscience; a movement towards freedom of thought; an aristocratic movement; a democratic movement. If we ask which of these conceptions is true, it requires a knowledge of all ecclesiastical history to answer; and yet the answer is a step to a complete knowledge of ecclesiastical history. Nevertheless the problem of the Reformation is one of the easiest which M. Renan has to solve in constructing his religious system of humanity, for the data are not ludicrously inadequate. There is one postulate, however, which gives an illusory stability to such cloud-castles.

Long before Germany had invented the sciences which M. Sainte-Beuve wishes to see imported into France, or kept in quarantine beyond the Rhine, Pope had enunciated the pompous falsism, 'Whatever is, is right.' To this talisman every lock flies open. It is as easy to justify one epoch as all; the world has been in travail since the creation to bring forth the magnificence of to-day. Nothing valuable has been lost; there is no such thing as accident; the wilful folly of mankind cannot destroy what is worthy to survive. Whatever has perished may be disregarded; it perishes because it cannot endure as opium produces sleep by a soporific tendency. It is a curious proof of the insatiable curiosity which prefers any theory whatever to the confession of ignorance, that the only serious opposition which is made to this arbitrary and oppressive fatalism comes from the cynicism of such writers as Pascal, who make the fate of the universe depend on the

length of Cleopatra's nose; or the flippant humility, which is quite as anxious to disclaim responsibility as to acknowledge weakness, and shelters itself from the pedantry of general laws in the Memoirs of Cardinal de Retz, and the adventures of Gil Blas. An orthodox writer like Guizot is a more persistent offender than a heterodox writer like M. Renan; just because he has a more definite object to glorify, since a semi-Calvinist Providence is a less fluctuating ideal than the consciousness of the human race. Accordingly, his subtle analysis of the actual course of events, which frequently succeeds in explaining the 'how,' is supplemented by barren formulas which profess to explain the 'why.' Such phrases as 'it was too late,' 'the time was not yet come,' really tell us very little. They are intended to show why what many people desired remained unexecuted, but unless we are too proud to use them, authorities will never be wanting to prove how much accident and caprice can do to stifle or paralyse desires widely felt, worthily represented, and adequately supported.

In M. Renan this solemnity of assumption is connected with his sacerdotal instincts; he wishes for an elaborate ideal which may wean its worshippers from the interests of every day, and he is not sorry that his ideal should be a little arbitrary and baseless, in order that its worship may breathe a counsel of perfection for the few, than an obligation for the many. Hence, too, his laudable aversion to one whole side of French literature, which we may as well describe in the words of M. Sainte-Beuve:—

"At every period the bent of French genius has been towards gaiety, levity; good sense always ready, but petulant, imprudent, contemptuous, and turbulent; towards malicious satire; and one must add towards indecent jests. If this element were to rule alone and unchecked, what would be the fate of our language and literature? Nothing would be lost in cleverness, but would they retain their grandeur, their elevation, their force, their majesty, in a word, their tone? For what is called tone, can only result from the combination of opposite qualities and elements, which sustain and counteract each other."*

The contrast may be traced from the early epics, and the licentious Fabliaux, through Bossuet and La Fontaine, Saint Juste and Camille Desmoulins, to Lamartine and Royer Collard on one side, and Béranger on the other. There can be little uncertainty on which side M. Renan is to be reckoned. If the general tone of his writings left any

doubt upon the question, he has determined his own place, by his fervent denunciations of the farce of *Patelin*, as well as by his depreciation of Molière and Béranger, who preach as the perfection of the natural law, wine, women, song. Apparently this austerity is almost too much for his friendly critic, who evidently suspects that the world would be rather dull if the supernatural were banished, and all the restraints it once imposed retained; to say nothing of the chance that the perpetual elegy of M. Renan might become as wearisome as the perpetual dithyramb of M. Quinet. Accordingly, M. Sainte-Beuve takes shelter under a dictum of M. Renan himself, that to avoid a conclusion is often a mark of subtlety, and subsides into the safe propositions that M. Renan and Béranger are both necessary to complete the French character, and that as the predilections of the former run counter to the national bias, it is fortunate that he can recommend them by a graceful style. One might fancy that the same temperament which makes M. Sainte-Beuve loth to surrender the rank luxuriance of national life, where so many flowers grow among the weeds, makes him anxious to retain the protecting shadow of a superintending Providence. So at least we are inclined to explain his evident eagerness to find a theist in M. Renan. Probably few of that writer's admirers are doomed to total disappointment, all will find in him what they seek, *quemvis hominem secum adtulit ad nos*. It is certainly difficult, as M. Sainte-Beuve points out, to discover a meaning for duty, unless the Highest Good be an objective reality which will rebuke prosperous and contented self-deceivers when they see it face to face. In the same way, progress seems to imply a definite external goal, to which mankind are gradually approaching, for otherwise it is hard to decide between the conflicting claims of several divergent tendencies, each of which gathers force as time goes on, to represent the main current of humanity. M. Renan himself is not insensible to the danger, that the analysis which he applies to spiritual facts may be applied by others to spiritual ideas; and it is difficult to think that the obstinate scruples on which he relies are not due to the education against which he rebelled; for whatever M. Renan may be inclined to suppose, there is nothing in the nature of the case to make rooted wishes and traditional reverence better reasons for faith in the ideal, than for faith in the Gospel, or to make the matter-of-fact style of argument with which the Resurrection is assailed less effective when turned against the supremacy of a beneficent Creator. On this latter point M. Renan abstains from definite

* *Nouveaux Lundis*, ii. 381.

statement, but the assumption that the work of humanity is holy implies an independent guarantee of its perfection—a God in fact—more strongly than occasional invocations, which sometimes sound too sentimental to be serious.

Whatever doubt there may be as to the precise object of the worship of which M. Renan has constituted himself the priest, there can be none as to the sacrifice which it requires. The present Emperor of the French has been suspected of a desire to confine the Romans to a cultivation of ruins, which, to be sure, yield a better harvest than revolutions, but he never approached the lyrical unction of the following extract from M. Renan:—

"For my part, I tremble to think of the day when this sublime mass of ruins shall be penetrated anew by life. I cannot conceive Rome except just as it is, a museum for all grandeurs which have fallen, a *vendeuse* for all whom this world persecutes, for the sovereigns it has dethroned, the politicians it has deceived, for all whom it has sickened and disgusted; and if ever the fatal tide of modern commonplace threatened to pierce through this barrier of consecrated ruins, I could wish to have priests and monks paid to preserve it, to maintain misery and gloom within, desolation and fever around."*

Surely this is an echo of the famous prayer of Torquemada, that God would come down to help him in his holy warfare against the pravity of relapsed Jews. It is idle to explain away such fervour as a mere recoil from vulgarity, such as preserved Petrarch from the pedantic infidelity of the Italian Averroists; it is the normal clerical taste for suffering and contemplation, only the contemplation is to be intellectual and æsthetic, not moral or devotional, because M. Renan found he had a stronger vocation to be a *savant* than a priest. It is natural that he should despise the boasted ideas of 1789. They are not necessarily vulgar, they are capable of all the ethical and artistic elevation with which they are presented in the funeral oration of Pericles; but they are necessarily lay; there is no place in them for the exaltation of the elect of Christianity, still less for the more exclusive dignity of the worshippers of the ideal. In Athens, in New England, there has always been the assumption, in one form or another, that all the Lord's people are prophets: in Christendom the Gospel is preached to the poor, but one always seems to hear M. Renan muttering under his breath, "This people, which know not the law, is—blessed." He applauds the wisdom

of the Catholic Church in withdrawing the Bible from the people. Of course the reason is ready; Americans and Englishmen read the Bible; all exercise their private judgment on theology, and antiquity is taught at Oxford as badly as in the days of Rollin. In France, no one reads the Bible, no one forms a theology of his own, and France is at least as enlightened as England, Old or New. No doubt it is better for the poor to read the Bible than nothing, but they might easily have better books to read; and then we have the old example of the bad effects of the Old Testament upon the Puritans. M. Renan obviously thinks that the monopoly of priests was a good preparation for the monopoly of men of science; obviously also he feels with the corrupter clergy of the Middle Ages, that such exclusive pretensions need some apology; that it is invidious to take away the key of knowledge. The mediæval clergy recommended the people to look at the painted windows while mass was being said in an unknown tongue. M. Renan finds that, while very few are capable of science, none are excluded from the ideal; indeed the simple may find an ample compensation in his spontaneous instincts, for what they lose on the side of reflection. Even if the consolation is illusory, and the sentimental *savant* is superior to the village curé, the inequality is the fault of nature, and must exist even under an orthodox view of the spiritual world, whereupon he appeals to the instance of Martha and Mary,—not very happily we think, for after all Martha was free to choose the good part. Nor do we quite understand why this inequality is more painful to the privileged classes than to their inferiors. Of course it is true that a more intense and varied life is exposed to regrets and disappointments, from which an oyster or even a fool is comparatively free, from which a stolid worldly drudge, we may add, is safer than a devout and simple Breton. But the test of mere satisfaction is misleading. Those who experience such regrets and disappointments do not wish to exchange them for sluggish content; and those who are satisfied with the innocent pleasures of a routine existence, have once been ambitious of the pleasures and pains of superiority, and would not refuse them if they were attainable.

But perhaps we are dwelling too long on an afterthought, which is creditable to Mr. Renan's modesty, but might be effaced without intellectual loss from his writings. The first thought is franker and truer. "A cultivated man can feed upon art and science, and upon the elevated exercise of all the highest faculties; but the illiterate has a

* *Les Révolutions d'Italie*, 259.

nothing but religion. Intellectual elevation will always be the property of a small minority, and if this minority is left free in its own development, it will not busy itself about the way in which the rest mould God to their own image." * Even when M. Renan gives us his natural thought, unembarrassed by well-meant attempts at reconciliation, which his opponents cannot but regard as an insult or an imbecility, we invariably find one element which baffles us entirely; we cannot divine what M. Renan means by the "ideal." He does not define it, he does not describe it, he incessantly, alludes to it. Sometimes it seems an abstraction from history; sometimes simply a contrast to everyday life; sometimes the thought of the best and most interesting characters. Any or all of these conceptions are intelligible separately, perhaps together, but not in M. Renan's context. We can understand that it is possible to think of a better world than this, or to think of this world as better than it is; but one cannot understand how such thoughts are the highest reality. Mankind cannot accustom themselves to such a way of thinking, and this is one of the ultimate tests of truth, or at least of credibility; it is not a way of thinking that it is possible to cultivate or acquire. A man of science learns to think of colour as depending on so many vibrations of light; a devotee learns to rejoice in suffering, and each can teach the lesson in his turn; but no one seems able to teach the worship of the "ideal." We confess we should like to see an explanation of the following sentence, which we feel it is cruel to translate:—"In the first centuries of our era, in the midst of a world of corruption, where every virtue had taken wing, when none of the cities of earth was a worthy sphere for the display of noble instincts, where was a refuge found for lofty souls? In the eternal city of the ideal." This is not the only instance where we fail to grasp the assumptions which seem to underlie M. Renan's writings. We do not see why he infers the non-existence of miracles from a valuable remark of M. Littré (which, perhaps, needs to be taken with some limitation), that they never occur where they can be scientifically tested: it would be as reasonable for a trout to infer the non-existence of live May flies, from the fact that they never appear under water, where they could be observed at leisure—by trout.

The masterly essay the origin of Islam increases our regret that his subtle investigations of yet more interesting questions should so often rest upon premises which

preclude not only agreement, but fruitful and satisfactory discussion. The hidden forces of spontaneity are in their place, when used to explain the origin of a false religion. They are not at variance with a more concrete and forcible description of the process of illusion, "when a thirsty man dreameth, and, behold, he drinketh; but he waketh, and, behold, he is faint, and his soul bath appetite." Hence the mechanical reproduction of the half conscious state, in which the soul projects its own determinations into the outer world, and receives them back as an answer from on High. Hence the indecision, the perfidies, the cruelties, which marked Mahomet's later years; hence the transformation of his church into an empire, whose foundations were sealed with the blood of his sincerest converts, extirpated by the venal adherents who had been won by the imposture and the compromise which grew with success, and made success more rapid and more sure. Hence, too, the superiority of the disciple to the master; the deceived to the deceiver. The faith of Omar proved stronger than the faith of Mahomet in more than one decisive crisis, just because Mahomet was, and Omar was not, the founder of Mahometanism. So at least M. Renan affirms, and on this point his authority is unimpeachable, because disinterested, for he expressly disclaims the modern theories which represent St. Paul as superior to his Lord, and the true founder of Christianity.

It is naturally easier to criticise M. Renan's social views, though they too are deeply coloured by his moral and literary prepossessions. We agree almost entirely with his article on the Exhibition, and confess to sharing his regret that few visitors disappoint exhibitors, by the parting reflection, "How many things I can do without!" Still we wish for a little enthusiasm in his recognition of the benefit that even the most prosaic progress will confer on the immense majority of our fellow-creatures, if it abridges their labours and lessens their privations; they cannot be elevated by mechanical labours, nor softened by sordid privations.

But his horror of mere popularity has misled him in his estimate of Channing. He admits himself that his criticism has been one-sided; that more relief has been given to Channing's want of scientific attainments and critical subtlety, than to his charity and moral earnestness. His excuse is, that he was preoccupied with the disappearance of high culture and high genius, and that Channing's Utopia would have been dreary for the want of them. Undoubtedly Channing's literary and æsthetic side was not

* *Études d'Histoire Religieuse*, Preface, p. 16.

his strong side; but we are inclined to think that the triumph of his principles would do more for art and literature than the triumph of M. Renan's. A general uniformity of conditions is by no means unfavourable to art. A Persian might plausibly have urged everything against the society of Greece which Europeans urge against the society of America; and yet the society of Greece produced the only perfect art the world has yet seen. A Roman of the fifth century might have made just the same objections to the monastic ideal of society which M. Renan makes to Channing's, and yet the monastic society produced an art only inferior to the art of Greece. If culture is disappearing, it is not due to optimism or liberalism, but to the love of money, and Channing was not the preacher of self-interest; if genius is disappearing, that is not due to the disappearance of ignorance or prejudice, but to an insatiable curiosity. A preacher whose teaching does not go beyond the song of the angels at the Nativity, and who feels the holiness of sunset in simplicity, does more for art and culture than if his *hortus-siccus* contained the flowers of every mythology under heaven: he is of those who ask the way to Zion, with their faces thitherward.

When we turn to consider M. Renan, not as a teacher of humanity, not as a too contemptuous spectator of industrial progress, it is easier to agree with him, less invidious to criticise him. Scarcely any praise is too high for his Essay on the Poetry of the Celtic Races, which strikes us as far superior to Mr. Arnold's delicate study on the Celtic element in our own literature; not only in breadth of habitual knowledge, but in repose of keeping. M. Renan assumes that his readers start with a serious interest in the subject, consequently he does not attempt to awaken their flagging attention with anecdotes about the Llandudno Eisteddfod or Thomas Moore, nor insist with disproportionate emphasis on the Pindarism or Titanism of Llywarch-Hen. M. Renan is content to give us a portrait,—Mr. Arnold insists on ascertaining the specific characteristics of Celtic art. He will not be content without an anatomical examination. We have no wish to depreciate science, but the parade of comparative anatomy is not artistic, when it only leads to a provisional result. It is really better to be told what the qualities of the Celtic race were, than what the qualities of other nations were not. It is instructive to read a description of the feminine, inward shrinking character of the whole race, based upon the Mabinogion, and the legends of Saint Brandan, and his own Breton souvenirs, with a passing hint that this is pecu-

liarily applicable to the Cymric branch. Of course there is something one-sided in this description; for instance, it does not prepare us to recognise as a Cymric utterance the following noble triad:—Three things are highly disgraceful to a Cumro. To see with one eye, to hear with one ear, and to fight with one hand. Nevertheless, so far as he goes, M. Renan has real information to give, but we are not sure that Mr. Arnold's phrases about sentimentality and irritability are not empty as well as comprehensive. No doubt they explain the hardy qualities of the Gael, quite as well as the softer qualities of the Cymry, signalized by M. Renan; no doubt, also, they explain how the Celtic infusion in our nationality produced that delicate religiosity which makes the Olney Hymns so incontestably superior to the *Lyra Germanica*. Still we are afraid that a writer of Mr. Arnold's range of knowledge might discover as much sentimentality and irritability in other semi-civilized races; and the unlearned may be permitted to complain with Pascal, that formulæ which explain so much should always require so much explanation.

The elaborate essay on Averroës and Averroism is at once a beautiful example of French scholarship, and a telling piece of veiled but not ineffective controversy. Frenchmen are fond of representing their University as the one bulwark which still protects intellectual independence against the advancing tide of clerical education. According to M. Renan, the University of Paris discharged the same glorious function in the thirteenth century. Certainly he has produced decisive evidence that there was a strong Averroist party in Christendom, which all the energies of the angelical Doctor were needed to defeat; he has shown strong reason for believing that the University of Paris was the focus of this insurrection, and even for suspecting the complicity of the great Franciscan order, though, if this had been the case, we should have expected Guillaume de St. Amour, the champion of the University against the Mendicants, to have chosen the Friars Preachers rather than the Friars Minors as the principal objects of his invective. In fact, the system of Averroës, for its own sake, is what attracts his historian least. M. Renan is interested in the unsuccessful struggle of Averroës against the reactionary bigotry of the African immigrants, who destroyed the intellectual life of Spanish Mahometanism; he is interested even in the resistance which his dull Paduan continuators opposed to the Inquisition; he is interested in the filiation of Arabian philosophy to Greek; but he is not

interested in its approximation to truth. Hence his work, though a model of condensed investigation and lucid and accurate statement, would be mechanical, if it were not difficult; one feels that literary history is taking a direction on which it will sink rapidly towards the level of Photius, when the labours of scholars have smoothed the road.

In this respect the essay on the Religions of Antiquity is much fresher and more suggestive, though scientifically it is less complete. It is interesting to see how a writer unacquainted with the researches of comparative mythologists has seized the connexion between language and mythology:—

"An indefinite sense, expressed by most perfect and definite form, is the essential characteristic of Greek art and Greek mythology. For mythology is a second language, born like the first, of the echo of nature in consciousness; like the first, inexplicable by analysis, though its mystery reveals itself to such as can comprehend the hidden forces of spontaneity, the secret harmony of nature and the soul, the eternal hieroglyphism on which the expression of human sentiments rests."—*Etudes d'Histoire Religieuse*, p. 19.

The earlier part of this extract is perfect, but when we hear of hidden forces of spontaneity, and perpetual hieroglyphism, we sigh for the comparatively definite guesses of Professor Max Müller, which, if they do not reveal facts, at least set something like facts before us. There may be no more evidence for saying that blue-eyed Athenè armed with the ægis of her father, is the personification of the blue sky gleaming through the storm clouds, than that Minerva is female nature conceived on its spiritual and religious side, but we can understand the early Greeks thinking of one, and we have some difficulty in thinking ourselves of the other. It may be uncertain whether Hermes represents the wind, or the dawn, or neither; it may be a good description of the final Greek conception of him to say,—

"Mercury is human nature regarded on the side of its industrial aptitudes; he is the ephēbus, with all the beauty of the supple vigour which the gymnasium can give; *

but the solution only differs in degree from the old-fashioned platitude of the god of thieves; it throws no light whatever on the origin of the conception which it expands, not incorrectly, but does not attempt to explain. Again, when we are told that the contest of Apollo and Hermes represents the contest between the worship of the conquer-

ing Dorians and the conquered Pelasgians of Arcadia, we have a right to ask in a fifth revised edition for the comparison of this view with the conjecture of comparative mythology, that here we have one of the endless versions of the sun's victory over morning twilight.

M. Renan may very likely be right in thinking that the results of the new science are still too confused and uncertain to be laid before the French public, but we are scarcely convinced that they leave the doctrine of his article unaffected.

But whatever may be the defects of his criticism of M. Creuzer's system, they are compensated by his singularly graceful account of M. Creuzer's life, which gives us a beautiful impression of the lives of the German scholars of the grand school; the originality and delicacy to be found under a mask of simplicity and almost dulness; the lofty *naïveté* which is only possible to serious conviction; the character which is stamped pedantic by the pedantic levity of France. We learn to realize the infancy whose dreams were fostered under the vaults of St. Elizabeth's Church at Marburg, and moved to the harmonies of the grand old ecclesiastical music, in which M. Renan believes we can trace the lingering echoes of the lyre of a Pindar and a Sappho; to realize the ideal repose of a manhood which neither controversies nor calumnies could disturb, and the idyllic amenities of the learned ladies of Padua. Perhaps we shall fall into the pedantry of levity ourselves, if we insist on a doubt, whether some remarks on the vulgarity of the point of view in *Tartuffe* and *les Femmes Savantes* are as well placed as they are well founded.

Again, the little essay on Ary Scheffer's picture of the Temptation is very graceful; but a criticism on a serious work of religious art is scarcely the place for pleasantry on the arch-enemy, as a poor victim of calumny, an unfortunate revolutionist, driven into hazardous enterprises by a passion for activity. It is doubtful whether a compassionate representation of evil is a proof that evil has lost its power; undoubtedly unmingled evil is rare, but its dominion is only strengthened by the good which it absorbs.

A pleasanter feature of M. Renan's critical character reveals itself in his tribute to M. de Saey. An obsolete style of criticism, a liberalism more generous than logical, a piety genuine, doubtless, and delicate, but narrow in its honesty and pedantic in its delicacy, do not seem strong titles to the respect of the most daring of contemporary critics. M. Sainte-Beuve would have been

* *Etudes d'Histoire Religieuse*, p. 20.

coldly appreciative; M. Taine would have treated him as intelligent schoolboys treat an awkward master, not without regard to their own manly dignity; while M. Renan is positively enthusiastic over the uprightness and respectability, which are the true aristocracy of modern times. He delights in the idyll of the *Rue de la Serpent*, as he calls the history of M. de Sacy's literary ancestors; who studied antiquities after Lebeau and history after Rollin; who were in earnest, and respected themselves, and had a character, in spite of their prejudices and their petty quarrels. He acquiesces in the severe judgment passed by M. de Sacy on the present and immediate future of France; since it coincides with his own fervid alarm, at the growing disinclination for the life of self-devotion, and for disinterested occupations, and affords him an opportunity for enlarging on his favourite commonplace, that the world is no happier for the machinery of happiness. It is equally interesting to mark the point of divergence. The conservative tastes which are so valuable in morals are pronounced unfavourable to the hesitation and curiosity of the critic. Here we think M. de Sacy has at least the advantage of consistency; it may not be justifiable, though we are inclined to think it is inevitable, to gratify our moral taste in the choice of first principles; but if we are to select our principles in this way, in the last resort, our moral taste must be the paramount influence in determining our belief on historical questions, as well as others. For the real supremacy must rest somewhere, not only in the society, but in the individual; and therefore, after the homage which M. Renan renders to M. de Sacy, it is useless to protest that history cannot be sacrificed under penalty of losing models more valuable than those of the seventeenth century. Perhaps, also, there is something exaggerated in the admiration for historical right, which makes him single out a defective sense of the sacredness of prescription, as the one flaw in the liberalism of M. de Sacy, which is therefore pronounced to lack the one sufficient protection against the degradation of China, where the rights of each are sacrificed to the happiness of all, and moral interests are postponed to temporal expediency. M. Renan reminds us that their *a priori* origin has made French liberties weak; he does not remind us that their historical origin has made English liberties narrow, even selfish. He belongs to a school which is always magnifying the local liberty of England; perhaps he may be cured by the sight of an English school, which is always magnifying the ad-

ministrative energy of France. Perhaps it is not too much to ask the cultivated opposition on either side of the channel, to raise their ambition higher; to seek a remedy and not a change of evils; to remember that a British vestryman is as bad as a French préfet, and a French préfet as a British vestryman. But M. Renan is certainly right in refusing to despair of France, because the Revolution which created a hierarchy of public officials has failed to create a system of public bodies, and in pointing out that the variety of type which still exists in European society is a guarantee against the stifling of civilisation by one official routine.

M. de Sacy is protected by his respectability, by his orthodoxy, we had almost said by his dullness; he does not compete in any way with M. Renan, or encroach upon his public; but there is something pretentious in M. Cousin's brilliancy, while his somewhat ostentatious patronage of Christianity cannot have been pleasant to a quondam seminarist. Nor is M. Renan blind to the defective acquaintance of the famous eclectic with the mysteries of German philosophy; but he leaves Hegel's sneers where he found them. He does not tell us, that though Cousin might have caught a few German fish, he was careful to drown them in French sauce. He only points out that M. Cousin did not borrow enough to stifle his own originality. He could see the grotesque aspect which eclecticism presents as the philosophy of parliamentary government, but he gravely reminds us that Cousin was not the first offender, that Royer Collard had already proclaimed that every *régime* had a philosophy of its own, which perhaps is only a more solemn repetition of the familiar adage, "Let me make a nation's ballads, and let who will make its laws." The same charity reigns in M. Renan's appreciation of the numberless difficulties and artifices and reserves which M. Cousin imposed upon himself, when he resolved to become the founder of a school, and to undertake cure of souls. These humiliations only serve to impress M. Renan more deeply with the self-devotion of a thinker, who could sacrifice his own intellectual liberty to deliver his countrymen from the degrading bondage of material interests. He is positively anxious that Catholicism should avail itself of the services of M. Cousin, though he hints that a philosopher should leave no dogma unquestioned, and that a Christian should leave no mystery unembraced. Perhaps, as self-pity is rather uncritical, we could have spared a passage in which M. Renan claims to be a better Catholic than most educated

Frenchmen who die with the sacraments, on the ground that, without exactly holding any one article of the faith, he sympathizes intelligently with all; which reminds us of a question canvassed by one of Miss Yonge's heroines, whether whipt cream with a tang of soapsuds, or slightly moulded cheese, be the better exponent of milk.

As the problem which baffled Miss Lucilla Sandbrook is too deep for us, we pass to an extract of unexceptionable grace and delicacy:—

"M. Michelet has spoken somewhere of those tardy loves of philosophers which begin towards the middle of life, or even past the middle, and end by concentrating themselves on a single image, with all the ardour of a youthful passion. But it is a sight never seen before, a miracle of historic intuition, in unison with an unrivalled vigour of imagination, that M. Cousin should have been content to accept the recompense of his pure life and earnest youth in the memory of beauties who faded two centuries ago. M. Cousin's taste for beauty seems to have applied itself successively to rather various objects; the taste for beauty is never intolerant, its choice is an affair of simple preference, which leaves no room for discussion. Hence the air of paradox which æsthetic criticism always puts on, for it finds beauty its only object in the most opposite systems; it is always volatile so far as it takes the form of a speculation; the only thing which can fix it is an act of free election, as free and as sovereign as the grace of God." *

Such smiling reserve is far preferable to the little ebullitions of accuracy which serve to explain M. Sainte-Beuve's professions of indifference to the invasion of the domain which the author of Port-Royal hoped to retain as his own by title of discovery. The present generation are certainly more interested in learning how M. Cousin came to fall in love with Madame de Longueville, than how much self-denial Madame de Longueville displayed in taking to a cap on her conversion, or even in ascertaining that in M. Taine's opinion the society of the Grand Siècle was rather dull, and that the so-called poetry of Boileau was merely a good school-boy exercise.

M. Renan is one of the most cultivated minds of Europe, and he addresses one of the most cultivated audiences. If he and his public are less solidly instructed than the Germans in the data for theorizing on the highest subjects, they escape from the systematic pedantry which entrenches every new hypothesis behind *chevaux de frise* of such solid-looking formulae, that its adherents are in danger of forgetting its true use as an

opportunity for discarding the creed of their childhood, and mistaking an elaborate uncertainty for a permanent addition to the stock of human knowledge. M. Renan and his public are wiser; like Horace, *Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri*, they can find in every suggestion of criticism an escape at once from the interests of the Bourse and the Bois de Boulogne, and from the traditions of the Sorbonne, and the contentious theodicy of Notre Dame. Still, it is their interest too that the vulgarity of daily life and the foolishness of preaching should survive their polished and desultory attacks. Swift warned the free-thinkers of his day that the abolition of Christianity would not only give a meaning to the oft-repeated cry of "the Church in danger," but would destroy their favourite occupation, and their only chance of distinction. M. Renan does not need such a warning; he is sufficiently aware of the force of the nursery adage, "If you can't make them, you oughtn't to break them;" and this homely wisdom supplies a basis of common sense to a great deal of ethereal eloquence in honour of the touching reserve of the priests, who are too angelic to distress their congregations by explaining that their whole life has been a lie. He is honestly anxious that Christianity may continue to exist, in order that he may continue to explain it away; for he is fully persuaded of the truth of the maxim which the *Revue des Deux Mondes* inculcates so perseveringly on successive Governments, that nothing which does not exist can support. He is quite right; his method cannot stand alone. Positive science of definite facts would be possible to a solitary thinker; the co-operation of fellow-students would check his errors and extend his knowledge, but it would not change its kind. Again, the solitary soul is quite competent to discover her own devotional needs, and to concentrate herself on them, whether their objective satisfaction has been revealed to her or no. Vico and Pascal in the speculative sphere, Stephenson and Zinzendorf in the practical sphere, were naturally independent of their predecessors and surroundings. But poetry requires a beautiful tradition of life to illustrate and adorn, and criticism requires a beautiful tradition of life to analyse and destroy. For an epoch of criticism is necessarily an epoch of decline, in which poetry becomes the mere expression of personal moods and feelings, and practical life, when its conditions are too well understood, resolves itself into the play of personal interests, the conflict of personal ambition. There is an excess of second-hand knowledge, which is as destructive of wis-

* *Essais de Morale et de Critique*, pp. 95, 96.

dom and intellectual life as the excess of second-hand wealth is fatal to energy and frank enjoyment. All superiority and attainment are relative, and no man has reason to congratulate himself on belonging to a generation which thinks that it is being floated up to a higher level of ideas, even if the elevation were stable;—a table-land is as flat as a plain. French criticism has gained the table-land, and it expatiates there in stately gyrations which become slower as they take a wider range. Now and then there is a show of contest about a philosophical question or an individual character (for personal questions become exciting when general questions have become insoluble); but the contest is never à l'outrance, for the habit of resultless conflict has worn out the desire for victory. If the *Revue des Deux Mondes* could be personified and interrogated as to its *raison d'être*, we might be sure that it would repudiate the extreme pretensions of its English admirers; perhaps its inspiring muse would reply, that since Providence brought nothing into existence that was not worthy to survive, she had been commissioned to perpetuate, to purify, and to enrich the tradition of Descartes and Racine, of Cuvier and Royer Collard; that in this office she had done what she could, but that she scarcely knew, if she did not often attenuate, what she sought to purify, and dilute what she sought to diffuse, till the new elements which she strove from time to time to blend with the current, were lost in a transparent stream of insignificant words. If the same question were addressed to M. Renan, we might not wrong him much by the supposition that he had desired the graceful and modest function of the bee, which gathers honey from the flowers which it did not plant, which it cannot harm, and which it may sometimes help to fertilize, but that experience had taught him that though he could not taste the sweetness of the lime-tree, he could not impart it to others, and that people said the garden was withered where he passed; that he was more grieved than surprised when enemies compared him to the voracious sloth, which strips the trees of a forest, then drops to the ground; and if it survives the fall, drags itself slowly and painfully along till it finds another forest to strip.

ampore: Printed by Marshall de Cruz. 1867.

2. *The Parliamentary Debates on the Abyssinian War.* November 1867.

It is a striking instance of the uncertain state of public opinion with regard to the duty of the dependencies of Great Britain to render her aid and service in her Imperial wars, that, in the Parliamentary debates last autumn on the Abyssinian War, the orators of the Ministry and the leaders of the Opposition seemed almost equally perplexed to determine what share of the expenses ought in justice to be borne by India. The proposal of the Government, that India should continue to be charged with the pay of the troops temporarily withdrawn from her garrison for service in Africa, was evidently founded on no principle. The regiments now in Abyssinia are as far removed from the control of the Governor-General as if they were cantoned at Aldershot; and, while the war against King Theodore lasts, it is an idle pretence to say that these troops are kept available for immediate service in India, and that therefore their pay may fitly be made a charge on the revenues of that country. The Government can only have snatched at such an excuse because it feared to raise openly the inconveniently broad question, what proportions of the whole cost of the expedition should in fairness be assigned to England and India respectively. Sir Stafford Northcote shrank from affirming that India ought to be regarded as a principal party to the war, in alliance with this country, and that she should be called upon, therefore, to contribute, towards defraying the expenditure that will be incurred, such a sum—be it more or less than the pay of the regiments sent from India—as will be a just measure of the value of the interests she has at stake. He contented himself with stringing together a number of precedents which showed, not that the course the Ministry had determined to take was the right one, but that in former wars the Imperial obligations of India have been very capriciously dealt with, in consequence of the want of a settled plan for the distribution of the naval and military charges of expeditions in which England and India are jointly concerned.* Mr. Gladstone was

ART. III.—1. *The Annals of Indian Administration in the Year 1865–66.* From the Records issued by the various Indian Governments in 1866–67. Vol. xi. Ser-

* In the first China war, the East India Company paid the expenses of the troops sent from India to China, besides providing at its own cost new regiments to take the place of those troops in India. In the Persian war of 1856, India bore not only the whole of the ordinary, but half of the extraordinary expenditure. In the second China war the Imperial Government paid everything. In the third China

naturally dissatisfied with this narrow and unstatesmanlike way of stating a case which was so strong in its own merits that it could only be weakened by the unskilfulness of its advocates; but he merely suggested that the Government might, by taking higher ground, have given a conclusive answer to critics who held that India was treated shabbily in being required to pay even a moderate portion of the charges on account of the Abyssinian expedition. "If," he said, "the Government should think fit to propose an inquiry—and for my part I am very much disposed to believe it might be useful—into the distribution of the military and naval charges between England and India under the present arrangements, my opinion, my strong opinion, is that the result of that inquiry would be a not inconsiderable addition to the charge of India, and a not inconsiderable diminution of the charge of England." This declaration on the part of the leader of the Opposition in the House of Commons, that he firmly believes the English people are now made to bear the burden of taxes unfairly imposed upon them for the relief of the people of India—for that is what Mr. Gladstone's "strong opinion" amounts to—was unfortunately robbed of much of its importance by the counter declaration of Earl Russell in the House of Lords a week afterwards, that, "if the mother country withdrew troops from any of the colonies" for an Imperial war, "she must take on herself the payment of them" and that there is no reason why we should bear more hardly on India than on the colonies.

The confusion of ideas here briefly indicated would not be of much moment if the only matter in dispute were whether India should or should not grant the paltry amount of £200,000 as an aid to the Imperial Government in the war with King Theodore. But the question that has been raised has much wider and more general bearings, affecting the whole constitution and policy of the empire. The attention of Parliament is so constantly occupied with the discussion of domestic affairs, that it is only now and then a chance debate which allows the home public to catch indistinct and casual glimpses of the administration of those vast territories in every part of the globe which owe allegiance to the British Crown. No doubt Englishmen would long ere this have learned to view with far other eyes what goes on in the dominions of the Queen beyond the limits of the four seas, if England had from

the first consciously and deliberately aimed at conquest and empire, and had marched with measured and unflinching step from one aggression to another, bent only on making all nations acknowledge the supremacy of her flag, and on bringing them all alike under the discipline of obedience to a regular and centralized system of government. But no statesman ever planned the creation of the British Empire; none have attempted to give it a uniform and coherent organization. The colonies consist of numerous settlements of vagrant Englishmen who have gone out into the world to seek their fortune, and who for the most part are indebted to the mother country for no other kind of education than that which the elder Mr. Weller prided himself on giving his son, when he put him out in the streets and left him to shift for himself. When they succeed in life, we rejoice with them in their fame and prosperity; and if any foreign nation tried to injure them, we should protect them to the best of our ability; but we have never done so much for the colonies, nor are the foremost of them yet so firmly established as strong, rich, and self-governed communities, that we should be justified in expecting much assistance from them in any great conflict in which England might be engaged. We hold India, no doubt, by a quite different sort of tenure; but the mode in which our Indian possessions have been acquired has not been favourable to a strict definition of the relations that ought to subsist between the paramount power and the dependency. During a century of almost incessant warfare, in which the boundaries of British India have been ever steadily enlarged, till we are now the undisputed lords of the whole Peninsula, a powerful party in England have constantly denounced the policy of conquest and annexation; and the English people in general, unwilling to appear guilty of the inconsistency of denying to other nations the freedom which they themselves claim as the most precious of national birthrights, have reluctantly and often only under protest, accepted the Imperial dominion scoured to them by the combined statecraft and skill in arms of great Englishmen in India. The reputation of Lord Dalhousie, who had the glory of completing the work which Clive and Hastings began, has been as virulently assailed in our own day as that of Sir Philip Francis's victim was nearly a hundred years ago, and the tenor of the accusations in each case is precisely the same. The national conscience is, however, satisfied with these disclaimers of all previous knowledge of and complicity in the ambitious designs of the men whose "unhappily

war, India only paid the expenses of the vessels employed in the expedition, all other charges being borne by England.

lowed lust of conquest" has given us an empire at which all the world wonders. We may have had greatness thrust upon us, but it does not follow that, because we disapprove of the means by which we have become great, we should therefore reject the end. Human virtue has its limits; and the English nation's honest abhorrence of all kinds of arbitrary government has not yet generated such a self-denying spirit within us as would make us capable of the sublime effort of abandoning any piece of territory worth the keeping that had once come into our possession. Cynical foreigners, including some of the natives of India (who will not believe that we have made any great sacrifice, even if we were in earnest, in refusing last year to annex Mysore), are apt to assume that the virtuous indignation we express at the acts of the men who founded and consolidated our Indian Empire is mere hypocrisy; and there is, indeed, some force in the jeering remark that it was not until we had destroyed every formidable enemy who opposed the progress of our arms in India, had reduced all the remaining native Princes to the condition of mere feudatories of the British Crown, and had seized the whole sea-coast, all the strong places, and the most fertile provinces in the Peninsula, that our Government magnanimously proclaimed to the princes and people of India Her Majesty's solemn determination to rest and be thankful, and not to covet the territory of any of her neighbours and allies. It must be owned that these fine phrases are too commonly used by Englishmen as a blind to conceal from themselves the real nature of their rule in India. Afraid to own that their government of that country is a despotism founded on conquest and maintained by force, and that its existence is justified by the peace, order, and prosperity it has secured to a people who were previously given up as a prey to all the evils of anarchy, philosophical Liberals habitually affect to talk of the natives of India as the loyal subjects of a constitutional government, and to have their feelings outraged by proposals to take money out of the Indian Treasury, without the consent of the tax-payers of that country, for the support of Imperial enterprises. Sir Henry Rawlinson, it is true, had the candour to remind the House of Commons last November that it was a mere misuse of terms to speak of Indian tax-payers as if, like English tax-payers, they possessed the privileges of representative government; but this plainness of speech gave great offence, not only to sentimental politicians like Mr. Fawcett, but to critics who, though generally holding sentiment in profound aversion, yet

consider it a dangerous thing to tell all the world on what footing our government in India really stands. So general is this feeling among our representatives in Parliament, that, in their scrupulous and tender regard for the rights of the natives of India, they even forget their duty to their own constituents, and are content to leave undetermined, from year to year, to the possible injury of British tax-payers, the question raised by Mr. Gladstone, and on which that high financial authority has gone so far as to express beforehand a "very strong opinion," whether the Imperial charges for which England now holds India liable are not fixed on far too low a scale.

The direct consequences of this irresolution and want of sincerity in our treatment of Indian affairs are most hurtful to English influence in India. The people of that country are by no means indifferent to politics, or ignorant of what goes on in England. The vernacular press, which counts its newspapers by the dozen, and their readers by thousands in every large town, is almost entirely in the hands of intelligent, ambitious men, who have been educated in the schools and colleges founded by the British Government, and whose ardent minds have been filled, by the liberal training they have thus enjoyed, with Western ideas of nationality and popular rights, to which their forefathers, in the happiest days of Hindu or Mussulman rule, were utter strangers. There is something whimsical in the gravity with which a smart young Brahmin of Calcutta, or Parsee of Bombay, fresh from the study of English constitutional history, and eager to astonish his admiring fellow-countrymen by displaying his perfect familiarity with the manners and customs of English civilisation, catches up all the cant phrases of Parliamentary life in this country, and moralizes, in leading articles that mimic with marvellous accuracy every trick of style and tone in our periodical literature, on such a maxim as that taxation without representation is tyranny. These are the men who seriously believe that England's chief mission on earth is to educate the natives of India, in order that, when they are fitted for self-government, she may gracefully retire and leave them the further control of their own destinies; and, as no one has yet been bold enough to fix the date when this retirement shall take place, the newspaper writers may be forgiven for assuming that such a blessed consummation of our glorious work in the East may be accomplished even in their own day. They constantly write, therefore, with a sort of compassionate good-will towards the British Government as a temporary in-

stitution. They acknowledge, indeed, that on the whole our rule has probably been a blessing to India; but they complain that our form of administration is too hard and prosaic for imaginative Orientals; that it does not open out careers for enterprising youth who scorn the peaceful paths of commerce and industry, and that its tame and dull uniformity might perhaps be advantageously exchanged for the attractive irregularity of political life in native States. These critics, happily for themselves, know nothing by personal experience of the actual condition of the subjects of independent native princes, nor do they care to make the reflection that there is not one of the so-called independent States in India which has within itself the elements of cohesion, or which would not fall to pieces within six months if the protection of British troops were withdrawn. Charmed with fantastic visions of national independence, they are eager to anticipate the time when India shall be governed by her own princes, with, of course, the aid and advice of the cleverest and most virtuous graduates from the universities of the Presidency towns. Meanwhile, having a press as free as that of England or America, they assiduously practise in the newspapers all the arts of independence. They affect mighty airs of indignation at the audacity of England in doing anything with regard to India that has not received the sanction of the national will, and greedily re-echo and exaggerate the complaints of magnanimous members of Parliament, that the people of India are cruelly oppressed, because the Imperial Government arbitrarily determines to defray the expense of a ball to the Sultan, or of part of the Abyssinian expedition, out of the Indian revenues. The Calcutta correspondent of the *Times* lately gave a quotation from a native paper, in which the editor, commenting on the proceedings of Parliament, declared it to be a scandalous thing that, while India had to provide a pension for Lady Elgin, because her husband was Governor-General when he died, and to pay England for every pound of powder supplied from this country to the Indian garrisons, the services of Indian regiments were taken for campaigns in foreign countries, and no compensation made to the people of India. Ludicrous as this kind of writing may be, it has a dangerous side also. Such criticisms of the conduct of our Government cannot be largely circulated among an ignorant population, who are naturally inclined to think evil of their alien rulers, without weakening English authority and prestige; and there is no way of silencing the critics, but by making ourselves and

others clearly understand what is our actual position in India, and what general principles ought to regulate the financial relations of the two countries.

Can we then define, with any approach to exactness, what are the Imperial obligations of India, while that country remains an important member of the community of nations which forms the British empire? This question can perhaps best be answered by a reference to what would be the national duties of an Indian Government if India were an independent State. For, it is obvious that the natives of India cannot claim to be more generously treated by their conquerors, than they would be by rulers of their own race and choice. It is much if old precedents as to the doom of conquered countries are set aside in their favour, and if England refrains from exacting a heavy tribute from her Eastern subjects for the relief of British tax-payers. But if this policy is entirely reversed, if India, as a dependency, is absolutely better off, is more thoroughly protected at a less cost to her people, than if she were an independent State, then she has taken advantage of her English connexion in order to relieve herself of a portion of her legitimate burdens at the expense of the rest of the empire. Now, the chief heads of expenditure in every State are easily ascertained. The Government must first of all secure peace, order, and equality before the law, to all its subjects within the limits of its own territory, and it can attain these ends only by maintaining a strong army and civil service. Then, for the defence of the country against foreign enemies, and the protection of its external commerce, the principal places of the country must be fortified, and a disposable land-force kept always ready for service, and, in addition, there must be a navy powerful in proportion to the extent of the country's maritime interests. Finally, every State requires a diplomatic service to represent the Government at foreign courts, and to conduct negotiations and watch over the fortunes of citizens dwelling abroad in time of peace. With regard to the first of these three requirements—the maintenance of internal tranquillity,—it will be allowed that India pays for an Army and Civil Service that are fully equal to their duties. Mr. Gladstone indeed contended, in his speech last November, that it was hard upon England to be compelled to receive back at any time, whether she wanted them or not, soldiers whom she had trained for Indian service, if the Governor-General thought he could safely reduce the force at his command by a few regiments; but it is not generally a matter of complaint

with us that we have too many troops at home, and any temporary inconvenience England might be put to in having to accommodate more regiments than she wanted is surely compensated by the regular payments which India makes on account of the depôts of troops kept in this country, which are always available in case of need as a part of the home force. The diplomatic work of India is done for her all over the world, except in Persia, by agents whose salaries are paid by the English people; but there is no need to quarrel about trifles, and we will grant the payment of the expenses of the Persian mission is a sufficient contribution by India towards meeting the whole expenditure on account of Imperial diplomacy.

There remain the Naval charges; and at this stage of the inquiry we make the startling discovery that India maintains no navy at all, though about half a million a year is provided in the Indian Budget for a marine consisting of dismantled men-of-war, which are now only used as transports. Up to the year 1863, indeed, there did exist an admirable little service known as the Indian navy, which, though not strong enough to be equal to all the emergencies of a great maritime war, nevertheless did first-rate work, not only in surveying the coasts of all the Eastern seas, and putting down piracy from Zanzibar to Hong-Kong, but in assisting to bring to a successful issue important expeditions against powerful enemies of India in China, Persia, and Burmah. But after the suppression of the Mutiny it became necessary for the Indian Government to find the means of improving the financial position of the country, and bringing to a close the "era of deficits;" and Sir Charles Wood, in his zeal for retrenchment, took it into his head one day to abolish the Indian navy. A word from the Secretary of State was enough. Parliament considers it unfashionable to discuss Indian questions, and acquiesced without a thought in what Sir Charles Wood proposed. So the service was broken up, the ships were put out of commission, the officers compelled to retire on pensions, and India was left without even a gunboat of her own to protect more than three thousand miles of sea-coast and a commerce of 100 millions sterling.* This, however, was not all. Formerly, the officers and men of cruisers of the Royal Navy on the East In-

dian station used to receive extra pay, or *batta*, from the Indian Government. This custom also Sir Charles did away with, while throwing on the Royal ships much more severe work than they formerly undertook in the Indian Ocean, the Red Sea, and the Persian Gulf. It may be estimated that the saving to India by these changes amounts to nearly a million sterling a year. Part of this amount is now added to the burdens of the English people: part is made up by the diminished efficiency of the naval force employed for the defence of India. The squadron employed on the East Indian station has necessarily been strengthened, but it is composed of ships not built for service in tropical seas, and manned by officers and crews whose wretched pay makes them thoroughly disgusted with their work. Now, if India stood alone, the first condition of her existence as an independent State would be that she should take rank as a strong maritime power. Geographically, her position in Asia somewhat resembles that of Italy in Europe; and if the newly constituted Italian kingdom is compelled to devote two millions a year to its navy, it is not an extravagant supposition that India, with a commerce twice as valuable, would be forced to spend twice as much in order to place her navy on such a footing as would secure the respect of foreign powers, and prevent the depredations of the pirates that swarm in every Eastern sea.

We come, then, to this conclusion, that whereas it is the national duty of the people of India to support out of their own revenues land and sea forces sufficient for all purposes of peace and war, they obtain, by the incorporation of their country in the British Empire, the privilege of having a navy maintained for them at the expense of the good-natured people of England. We may well, in the words of Mr. Gladstone, already feel that we are overburdened with the weight of empire, when we carry out this absurdly Quixotic policy of conquering foreign countries with apparently no other purpose in view than that of increasing our own taxation for the benefit of the nations we subdue. Surely we ought to be just to our humbler fellow-countrymen who pay taxes at home, before choosing to be generous to the "oppressed tax-payers" of India? Lord Russell says we should treat India as liberally as we do our own colonies. But even with regard to the colonies we have recognised the principle that, as soon as they are able to stand alone, they shall provide for their protection at their own expense; and it cannot therefore be unfair to say, with regard to India, that that dependency, to which we are bound by no ties of kindred, ought to pay its

*The 'Monitors' now being built in England for the Government of Bombay are only intended to complete the defences of Bombay harbour, though, if England insisted on India doing her own work, they ought to be, and might be, made the nucleus of a new and efficient Indian navy.

own way. It cannot be illiberal to demand that the natives of India shall share with us the responsibilities as well as the advantages of being British subjects, and that they shall be prepared, while the Empire lasts, to cast in their lot for good as well as evil with our own. Sir Stafford Northcote, speaking rather as the head of the Indian Government than as an English Minister and Member of Parliament, contended last November that it would be "monstrous" to call upon India for help in England's European wars; but in point of principle her liability is equally binding in all our Imperial wars, whether the field of action be Europe or Asia, though, as a matter of convenience, no doubt her forces should generally be excused from service on this side the Isthmus of Suez, on condition of taking a principal part in our Eastern wars. In any case, however, the people of England have a right to insist on having such an army and navy kept on foot by India as the importance of that country's national interests demands; so that, now its separate existence is merged in that of the British Empire, it may be capable of doing its fair share of the Imperial work. Lord Cranborne thinks it would be dangerous to have India converted into a huge Imperial camp and arsenal, from which a Secretary of State could at any time send out formidable expeditions; but it is a mere question of Parliamentary discipline whether or not any Minister shall have absolute power to dispose of the fleets and armies of India at his pleasure. If Parliament attends to its duty, it can easily control the action of the Secretary of State for India; but it will hardly be suggested that we should deprive ourselves of the military advantages which the possession of India places at our command, and go on paying for the defence of that country at sea (as we do while the Royal Navy is employed for that purpose, and no compensation in money or kind is paid to England), because the House of Commons does not choose to enforce the Parliamentary responsibility of the Indian Minister. If the representatives of the people in Parliament neglect their duty, the people of course must be the sufferers; but when the constituencies once understand what are the consequences to the tax-payers of Great Britain of the lax way in which Indian affairs are treated by Parliament, they will not be long at a loss to devise the means of making India do her duty by the Empire, and yet keeping within due constitutional limits the liberty of the Executive Government to employ her forces in wars beyond her own boundaries.

But the advocates of Indian grievances assert that India returns indirectly, if not

directly, full value to England for all the benefits she receives; indeed, they would even strike the balance the other way, and represent the advantages of the connexion between the two countries as nearly all appropriated by England. It would be wrong to class with such critics a writer in the *Quarterly Review* for July 1866, who tries to remove "the impression that India draws largely on the pecuniary resources and strength of England," for he endeavours, as far as his information goes, to put the case impartially, and to establish the satisfactory, and, in the main, no doubt, correct conclusion, that both countries are gainers by the relationship existing between them. But it is no answer to the complaint that the accounts of a partnership are not fairly adjusted among the several partners, to say that the business could not be broken up without causing the ruin of all concerned. The real question is, whether one partner absorbs a larger share of the profits than he is justly entitled to; and to this question the *Quarterly* reviewer supplies no answer, for in his argument he completely forgets to place on one side of the account, to the credit of England, the amount of the naval charges of which we relieve India. "Omitting," he says, "payments on account of railway materials, military stores, and other similar purchases, and in return for goods of equivalent value, the sum paid annually by India for the services of civilians and soldiers, and the interest of money lent, spent in England, forming a clear addition to the wealth of the country, is about £6,000,000 a year. . . . Now, what is the call which India makes upon England in return for the wealth she confers? It is merely the permission to employ, and to pay for, the civilians and soldiers necessary for the public service." The sailors, as we have pointed out, go for nothing in this estimate; but, taking the account as it stands, what does England gain by the transaction? In return for so much money, she grants India "merely" the permission to employ so many civilians and soldiers. There is much virtue in that "merely." Soldiers, at all events, as Mr. Gladstone remarked, are not made in a day; there is no unlimited supply of recruits in England; and it must be no slight drain on our resources to supply year by year the gaps in the ranks of the Indian army. Nor does India merely "employ" our soldiers, it consumes them. War and the deadly climate destroy their thousands year by year; and when the *Quarterly* reviewer affirms that "the splendid army, trained, paid, and kept in active discipline at the cost of India, is available for the service of England," he

forgets that the events of 1857 clearly proved what risks we run in attempting, when we are pressed for men in a European war, to reduce the English garrison of India.

Great stress, however, is laid upon the "Home charges," which consist of remittances to the amount of between £5,000,000 and £6,000,000 sterling a year, to cover the interest on money lent to India by English capitalists, and pensions payable to retired members of the civil and military services. As to the debt, is England greatly beholden to India because that country pays with creditable regularity the interest on money borrowed from English capitalists? One would think that the obligation rather lay the other way. Certainly, so far as regards the capital invested in Indian railways, it appears that our dependency has made a good bargain, for year by year the net traffic receipts approximate more closely the amount of the guaranteed interest; and, as soon as this level is reached, India will be able to boast that she has had a complete system of railways constructed for her without any cost whatever to herself. As to the pensions, not amounting in all to £2,000,000 a year, can any one who considers for what services these sums are paid gravely argue that they form an annual tribute drawn by England from India? Each of these pensions is the reward of a lifetime devoted to the service of India. A civil servant, say, who has gone out to that country in early youth, full of strength, energy, and enthusiasm for his work, remains in India thirty-five years, rising by slow degrees from the post of assistant magistrate to that of governor and despotic ruler of a province containing many millions of inhabitants. Throughout his long, active, and useful career, he has done incalculable good to India, setting a bright example to the natives of inflexible integrity of purpose, great industry, and eager devotion to duty, combined with a liberality of sentiment and anxiety to improve the condition of men of all races and creeds within the sphere of his influence, which strikes the Oriental mind with all the force of a new revelation. Such a man retires at the end of his term of service with a pension of £1000 a year, to spend the evening of his days in the country of his birth. Is it just, to point attention to every shilling that he receives as a token of the wealth England draws from India, while we omit to place on record, on the other side, the life-long labours of this Englishman to increase the prosperity of India? One cannot put in figures the value of the work he has given to his adopted country; but that work has

become a permanent possession and left an abiding landmark in the history of a regenerated people. Because such a man has ceased to labour in India, is his pension of £1000 a year paid him for nothing? On the contrary, this was one of the stipulated rewards of his service, and all that he receives has been well earned by hard work done in India for the benefit of the people of India. It will be said that we have taken a favourable specimen of the class of retired servants of the Indian Government; but, as a rule, all in their degree have similarly done their duty, and merited the pensions which they enjoy. (The argument is, of course, *a fortiori* applicable in the case of remittances made to England by Anglo-Indians during their term of active service.) What shadow of a pretence, then, can there be for the allegation so often brought against England, that India is, as it were, a farm worked to the exclusive profit of Englishmen? Is there any Englishman (we except of course the *mauvais sujets* who are to be found in all services, and who, under any government, will neglect the work intrusted to them, but who are happily rare among Anglo-Indians) who eats the bread of idleness at the expense of the oppressed people of India? On the contrary, can there be any reasonable doubt that India makes a profitable exchange by purchasing from England the services of men competent to carry through the work of administrators for her in an energetic, self-sacrificing, enlightened spirit, which the sluggish nature of her own people unfits to sympathize with or even to understand, though they accept with placid contentment its invaluable results?

But then there are the fruits of our commerce with India. Does not the possession of that country supply us with unrivalled markets for the consumption of Manchester and Sheffield goods, and give enterprising Englishmen opportunities of making fortunes in trade, such as they enjoy nowhere else in the world? The expressions often used by critics who are fond of denouncing English rapacity and injustice towards weak nations would lead ignorant persons to suppose that England jealously kept to herself the monopoly of the Indian trade, and by exclusive laws and prohibitory duties deprived all other nations of the possibility of successful competition with her. By a strange misuse of terms, an earnest opponent of English Imperialism lately made it a grievous count in a savage indictment of the whole policy of England in the East, that, wherever our flag is seen, it brings "a glut of piece goods" in its track. It can surely be no crime for Englishmen to wish to give the people of

Asia the chance of buying their clothing at rates far below the usual market price, yet this would be the only effect of "glutting" every seaport town with cargoes of Manchester goods. It is a pity the authors of such rhetorical expressions do not take the trouble at least to understand the meaning of the words they use, so as to avoid committing ludicrous blunders of this sort. There are other men, however, who stoutly contend that we take a mean advantage of our power in India when we confer on the people the benefits of free-trade, and that we ought to allow them to levy import duties on foreign goods for the protection of their own manufactures, if they choose to do so. The United States, it is urged, and even British colonies which possess the right of self-government, repudiate the doctrines of free-trade; is it not then an act of high-handed selfishness on our part to put them in practice in India? Even if it were an absolutely correct statement of the case that there is unqualified free-trade in India, it is a sufficient answer to our accusers that we, being responsible for the good government of the country, hold it our duty to give full application, so far as the Indian trade is concerned, to those laws of political economy, the due observance of which has developed beyond all precedent the commercial prosperity of England. Our policy may be a mistaken one, but at least we have proved our sincerity in first trying the experiment of adopting it at home; and the examples of the United States and some of our own colonies do not convince us we have acted wrongly, for we believe we have proof that a policy of protection does more harm to the people who adopt it than to the foreign commerce which it is designed to injure. The English Government has never proposed to pass sumptuary laws compelling the natives of India to wear no cotton cloth but what is made in Manchester; * it simply offers them every possible facility for buying everything they want in the cheapest market. Nor is it so bigoted to free-trade as to refuse to let import duties be raised by India for purposes of revenue; for there is even now a 5 per cent. *ad valorem* duty on Manchester goods; and though it is true that the importation of these goods has destroyed the trade of the petty natives weavers, yet they have

to encounter a far more formidable rivalry in the products of the numerous mills which have been erected during the last ten years in the principal towns of the cotton districts, and which, being favoured in the competition with Lancashire by the cheapness of labour, the saving first of the freight on the raw material, and then of that on the manufactured goods, and, in addition, by the import duty, are gradually pushing the English manufacturers out of the Indian markets. From what we have said it will be apparent that the Englishman in India has no advantages beyond what his own superior energy and knowledge of business can secure for him. Not only is he not protected against the natives, but all other Europeans are equally privileged with himself to contend for the prizes of mercantile life in India; and amongst the well-known of Bombay, Calcutta, and Madras, there are many German, French, and American names—though of course the immense majority are Scotch and English, for the simple reason that Great Britain has the principal carrying trade of the world in its hands, and is the largest producer of, and dealer in, those goods which are most in request among the natives of India. There can be no doubt that the trade with India thus carried on is most valuable to us. But we should be taking a very one-sided view of the real bearings of our connexion with India if we imagined that there was no commercial reciprocity between England and her dependency. We are all familiar with the glowing pictures which enthusiasts have painted for us of the fertilizing influences of wealth imported from India into this country; and, if we were to believe all we hear, we should conclude that the prosperity of the middle classes of English society was mainly dependent on the trade with India. But English merchants having dealings with the United States, France, Russia, and the English colonies, make as large fortunes in business as merchants who have dealings with India; and nevertheless no one points to the results of individual enterprise in the former cases as proofs of our national indebtedness to the foreign countries concerned. Yet a successful Anglo-Indian trader, who has fought as good a fight as his neighbours, is popularly supposed to have had unfair advantages granted him in the race for wealth; and whenever we ask that India should do her duty to the Empire, we are reproached with the numerous villas inhabited by Anglo-Indian merchants, and the swarms of Anglo-Indian children maintained at our schools, out of the profits of our commerce with India; and asked if such sights

* A member of the Bombay Civil Service, not renowned for wisdom, did indeed once propose that the coolies, or labouring men, whose ordinary dress is a piece of cloth round the loins, should be compelled to wear breeches; but this proposal was made in the interest, not of Manchester, but of decency; and it was never seriously entertained.

do not shame us to silence. But it is forgotten that there may be much to be said on the other side, and that the native merchants of India may be keen-witted enough to take quite as much from us as they give. Are there no families in India enriched by the commerce with England? If it is Indian money that pays the rents of a large proportion of the houses in the wealthy suburbs of our great towns, and supports hundreds of genteel schools throughout the country, whose money is it that enables natives of India to employ European architects to build them magnificent mansions, that pays for the scores of carriages from Long Acre and splendid English horses imported into Bombay and Calcutta, and for the adornment of native women with laces of rupees' worth of massive gold and jewelry? We narrow the question, indeed, by putting it thus; for, if the commerce between England and India has had a marked effect in increasing the prosperity of one class in England, it has effected an entire revolution in the habits of all classes in the principal provinces of British India. The truth is, that in no other country in the world has the rate of material progress been more sudden and remarkable than in British India during the last quarter of a century. The advance from the depths of Oriental barbarism to the level of modern civilisation has been not less astoundingly rapid than in the most favoured districts of America. Sir Bartle Frere, the late Governor of Bombay, said not long ago, at a meeting in Willis's Rooms, that while Englishmen continued to speak of the changeless East, the East was really, under Western influence, undergoing a transformation as complete as was ever effected by magician's wand; and, indeed, our sober experience of the gradual progress of European countries cannot measure the quickness with which revolutionary changes are effected in a country in which society has been broken up from its very foundation, in which all old theories and prejudices have been overturned, and an entirely new impulse and direction given to life, by the simultaneous introduction from the West of liberal ideas of trade, politics, and religion. But we should not be acting justly towards our readers, whom we wish to convince of the absurdity of the charge (more often insinuated than broadly stated), that India has, since she came under the rule of the English Government, been impoverished for the benefit of the people of England, if we did not give fuller details with regard to this branch of our subject.

To appreciate what the British Government has really done for India, we must con-

sider what was the condition of the country when the East India Company began to acquire dominion in Hindustan. The Moghul empire, fallen from the greatness it had attained under the most famous of the descendants of Baber, was crumbling to pieces beneath the assaults of Affghans and Persians, Rajpoots and Mahrattas. Throughout the whole peninsula there was no settled government, but the mass of the people, the peaceful traders and agriculturists, were everywhere given up as a prey to native freebooters and foreign invaders. The state of India was like that of Britain, as described by Tennyson, after the Romans had left the island, and before Arthur re-established the reign of law. All "the ways were filled with rapine," and it was rarely that "a random deed of prowess done redressed a random wrong." Each chief fought for his own hand, and sought the aid of French or English adventurers to enable him to gain the ascendancy over his rivals. It is impossible to ascertain what taxes were imposed on the wretched populations, for there was no limit to the exactions made by a constant succession of victors in the interminable civil strife; but we know that the devastations were so terrible as to throw the soil of whole provinces, once renowned for their fertility, out of cultivation; that the land-tax, one of the chief sources of Indian revenue, would in many places have yielded nothing, if soldiers had not been sent into the fields with the despoiled and tortured peasantry to compel them to sow the seed of which others would reap the crop; and that great towns were systematically pillaged till trade decayed, and every man who possessed money hid it in the ground and put on the mask of poverty, lest his wealth should bring him to ruin. The English, not solicitous at first of conquest, but provoked to aggression by native treachery, were afterwards urged on by that love of empire which is natural to every enterprising people, and finally found themselves forced to fight for self-preservation against the French,—their only real competitors for the dominion of India, for none of the native powers was strong enough to stand alone. It took nearly half a century of warfare, from Plassey to Assaye, to decide the question who should be the successors of the Moghuls in an inheritance which, wasted as it had been by the long rule of anarchy, was still among the noblest of earthly possessions. The servants of the East India Company could do little more, until English supremacy had been established, than provide the means of carrying on an often doubtful contest; but even before the final overthrow of the Mahrattas

and their French allies by Lord Lake and Sir Arthur Wellesley the foundations of a just and regular government had been securely laid in Bengal. Lord Cornwallis is often reproached with having acted too hastily in granting a permanent settlement of the land revenues of Bengal to the Zemindars, or middlemen, of that province, and thus sacrificing the hereditary rights of the tenantry; and there can be no doubt that this settlement (which, by the way, Sir Philip Francis claimed the honour of having first devised *) wronged the ryots, because at that time the nature of the land tenures of India was but imperfectly understood. But the two principles of Lord Cornwallis's policy—that without long leases there can be no agricultural improvement, and that fixity of tenure for the occupiers of the soil affords the best guarantee for the contentment of the most important class of the population,—are thoroughly sound and of world-wide application; and the Anglo-Indian Government, by steadily persisting, with better knowledge of the claims of the peasantry to a part ownership of the soil, in the course thus opened out, has not only immensely strengthened its own position, but given a most powerful stimulus to the productive resources of the country. The thirty years' settlement in Bombay, with right of renewal secured to the tenants, and no fine on account of improvements they may have made at their own expense, is a model of what such settlements should be. It is based on a revenue survey as thorough as that of which the results are recorded in Domesday Book, but having for its object the registration and confirmation for all time of the rights of native occupiers and owners of the soil; the assessment is so light that, in these days of high prices for agricultural produce, the cultivators think nothing of the small proportion of the yearly value of their crops that they have to pay to the State; and the transition from the present system to the preferable one of having the rent-charge fixed in perpetuity can at any time

be made without difficulty. This wise and statesmanlike measure of reforming the land-revenue systems throughout India may be regarded as the charter of the agricultural population, and would alone suffice to give the English Government a good title to the confidence and esteem of its Eastern subjects. But, besides limiting the demand on the cultivator, and encouraging him to extend his operations and take in more land every year, assured that he will be permitted to gather the fruits of his labours, the Government has opened all the markets of the world to Indian trade, and continues to expend many millions every year (about £7,000,000 is the average) on internal communications. The results of this policy are unmistakably shown in an excellent book, entitled *Annals of Indian Administration in the Year 1865-66*, which has been compiled by the editor of the *Friend of India* from the latest records issued by the various Indian Governments. In this book we have brought together for the first time official statistics of the commercial progress of India for the last five-and-twenty years, along with the usual statements as to what has been done in the departments of legislation, administration of justice, education, and so on, during the year. No figures could speak more emphatically in favour of the system of administration now pursued in India than those which describe the movement of the external trade of the country since 1841. We forbear to give the whole table; it will be enough to say that the total value of the imports and exports (including treasure) rose from £24,024,263 in 1841, to £116,986,066 in 1865. It is true that in the latter year the returns were still swollen by the excessive values attached to cotton and piece goods during the American war; but before the influence of that war on prices had been felt in India the trade had risen in value (in 1861) to nearly £70,000,000; and as there is every probability that the prices of Indian cotton will never sink again quite to their old level, we may fairly assume that the total value of the external commerce of India will not henceforth range much below £100,000,000; that is to say, it has been quadrupled within the lifetime of one generation. Wherever he goes in India, the traveller finds proofs of the abounding prosperity of which these figures indicate the existence.* We do not say that there are not

* See *Memoirs of Sir P. Francis*, vol. ii. p. 348:—"On this principle, Lord Cornwallis gave to the natives of Bengal a security in their landed property. I appeal to the noble Lord (Castlereagh), I appeal to an Honourable Director (Charles Grant) whether this is not the very plan which I proposed in 1776, and which Lord Cornwallis has done me the honour to execute." But compare Kaye's *Administration of the East India Company*, page 181:—"The settlement, whether good or bad, was not one of aristocratic conception, English importation, or precipitate execution. It was emphatically the work of the Company's civil servants," and notably, Mr. Kaye points out, of Sir John Shore (Lord Teignmouth).

* The most disagreeable proof, to Englishmen with fixed salaries in India, is the rapid and steady increase in the prices of all kinds of food and labour in every part of the country that has been opened out by the railways. In the town of Bombay itself

outlying provinces in which little has yet been done to remedy the ill effects of centuries of misgovernment for which England is not responsible; it would be marvellous if there were no neglected spots in so vast a territory. But it would be as unfair to judge of the general condition of British India by the state of Orissa, as of that of the United Kingdom by the state of Connaught. Along all the great lines of highroad and railway, the most careless observer cannot fail to detect welcome evidences of plenty and ease among the population. The late Mr. Wilson declared that, except in Belgium, he had never seen anything to be compared with the exuberant fertility of the valley of the Ganges; and on the western side of India, let any one go along the line of the Bombay and Baroda Railway, traversing the province of Guzerat (which twenty years ago was shut off by the monsoon rains from communication with the rest of India, and not much more than half a century ago was swept at frequent intervals by Mahratta forays, so that the husbandman tilled the soil without hope, and the trader only purchased security by heavy ransoms), and the picture now presented to the eye is that of a busy, industrious, contented people, leading a free and happy life, and rapidly accumulating wealth of which no man can despoil them. Look at the groups of gaily-dressed, comfortable farming folk who throng all the country stations on the line; at the fine figures of the women, loaded with bangles of gold and silver, and resplendent with jewels,—signs at once of the great wealth of the agricultural class and the habit of security, which has become so strong amongst them that they no longer fear to expose their most valuable possessions to the public gaze. Nor is it only in Guzerat and Bengal that such progress may be remarked. In the Deccan, the Central Provinces, the Punjab, Scinde, and wherever British energy has had fair play, similar results have attended the organization of a just, enlightened, and vigorous system of government; and it is a proof of how little the enemies of British rule really have to complain of, that the principal accusation brought against it is based upon the supposed want of “romance” in its constitution.

This, indeed, is the main argument con-

stantly put forward by the admirers of what is called the native system of government, that it is more congenial to the instincts of the people, though it does not do them nearly so much good as our own. The drift of some of the papers on this subject lately collected and sent home by Sir John Lawrence was well defined by a London journalist, who gravely said it appeared the English rule was not partial or oppressive, but it was a pity we had allowed the fine old native institution of administering justice after the patriarchal fashion under a tree to fall into decay. There was something so picturesque, he said, in that ancient practice, and we all know that picturesqueness is eminently attractive to the Eastern mind. A very similar argument might be used,—it was used, if we err not, during the Fenian panic the other day,—to show the superiority of Lynch law to more regular modes of procedure, and the greater picturesqueness of the system of hanging suspected criminals on the nearest lamp-post, instead of sending them to undergo a formal trial, and to be locked up on conviction in unromantic model prisons. But civilisation must have its forms, tedious as many of them may be; and picturesque justice is after all much more agreeable to ballad-singers and novelists than to the poor people who are forced to endure it. We do not deny that the multiplication of forms in our Indian courts of law may be carried to an unnecessary extent, to the encouragement of a system of extortion practised on clients by the lower native officials, which reflects scandal on the administration of justice; and it is possible that we may lessen this evil by continuing the course on which we have entered, of admitting the highest class of natives, who can deal with the suitors more directly than English judges or magistrates, to places on the bench, and employing educational means to raise the tone of all classes. It would be a short-sighted policy to despise the aid which natives can give us in adapting our government more closely to the country's needs; but what we protest against is that vague way of talking, that sham liberality now fashionable in England, which favours the delusion that the English only intend to hold India until the country is “ripe for self-government,” and that all our Indian policy ought to have this sole end in view. Let any Englishman who knows anything of India ask himself this question: Does he look forward to a time when our Government can safely make the army of India a national army? If not, what is the advantage of letting the national party in India believe that they have anything further to

we find, from the Municipal Commissioner's Report for 1866, that these prices ranged in almost every case at from 75 to 100 per cent. or more above the average for the five years 1866-60; and in 1866 the disturbing effect of the American war on prices in Western India had ceased to be felt.

expect from us than the permission they have already received to compete with Englishmen on equal terms for civil appointments in the service of the existing Government, and for the prizes of all professions except the army? It is cruel to them to flatter them with hopes of independence, for, with all our imbecility of talk on such subjects, we Englishmen are strenuous enough, not to say ferocious, in action, when the integrity of the Empire is really threatened; it is dangerous to ourselves, for no one can long continue to play with edge-tools with impunity; and it is most unjust to our present system of Indian government, of which we have every reason to be proud.

The sentimental spirit, whose workings we have condemned, has been especially rampant of late years in the Indian Financial Department, and that is the chief reason why the Imperial relations between England and India have been allowed to fall into so great confusion. We have attempted to show, in this paper, that India has succeeded in shifting off her own shoulders, and on to those of the people of England, a burden that she herself ought to bear; but there are many persons who, while admitting that the case as to India's obligations has been made out, will hesitate to join us in the demand that that country should be made to do her duty, because they share the popular belief that our Indian fellow-subjects are already subjected to very heavy taxation. The general impression prevailing in England, that the expense of maintaining our Government constitutes even now too severe a drain on the resources of India, would have been dispelled long ago if the advocates of a sound fiscal policy had been permitted to reform and regulate the Indian accounts. But for the last eight years at least the Indian Treasury has never had fair play. Mr. Wilson tried to put the finances of our dependency in good order by means of strong and drastic measures of taxation. But an outcry was immediately raised, that such measures might do very well for England, but they could not be borne in India. A large party of malcontents, headed by Sir Charles Trevelyan, declared that it was disagreeable to the natives to pay new taxes, and that, if things were allowed to go on in the old way, the chances were they might come right in the end. It was, in fact, argued that the people of India ought to be treated like a nation of spoilt children; and Sir Charles Trevelyan wrote and acted as if he had the feminine weakness, spoken of by 'George Eliot,' of believing that two and two *would* come to make five (in India), if he only cried and bothered enough about it. In the end, Sir Charles Wood also unfortunately gave

ear to these delusions, and the consequence was, that after all the herculean labours of General Balfour to cut down expenditure by reform in the military department, and after the wholesale transfer of the naval charges to the English Treasury, the perverseness of the late Whig Secretary of State in sending Sir Charles Trevelyan back to India as Financial Member of Council to repeal the income-tax Mr. Wilson had imposed landed India in fresh financial difficulties, from which Mr. Massey has vainly striven to extricate her.

The appointment of Sir Richard Temple to succeed Mr. Massey reawakens the hope that something may at last be done to improve permanently the financial position of India. There will be no more deficits in India when once that country has a financier bold enough to make the rich bear their just share of taxation. At present, it is only the poor in India who pay taxes. The whole revenue amounts to above £47,000,000, being in the proportion of 6s. 6d. per head of population, whereas, taking the population of Great Britain and Ireland as 30,000,000, and the annual revenue as £70,000,000, the proportion per head in the United Kingdom is at the rate of £2, 6s. 8d. Of course there is no comparison between the national wealth of the two countries; but it must be borne in mind that of the Indian revenue £20,000,000 consists of rent of the land, and from £7,000,000 to £8,000,000 of the produce of opium-duties which are paid by the Chinese, so that the taxes actually paid by the people of India do not amount to more than £20,000,000, or at the rate of a fraction less than 2s. 10d. a head. India is therefore probably the most lightly taxed of all countries that possess a civilized government; and as the principal tax of those not already enumerated is the salt-tax, producing £6,000,000, which of course is mainly paid by the poor, the rich traders who profit most largely by our rule contribute little or nothing towards the support of the Government but the chief part of the revenue from Stamps (£2,500,000), and a proportion of the Customs duties (£2,300,000) and the License tax (£500,000). This is the confessed reproach of our administration in India; and Mr. Massey, in bringing forward the miserably inadequate measure of the license-tax last year, declared that his object was to reach the pockets of the wealthy class, who now are able almost entirely to escape taxation. We can form some idea of the amount of wealth steadily accumulated by this class, and still untouched by the tax-gatherer, by referring to the quantity of bullion regularly absorbed by India, the total, from the year 1800 till the end of 1864, exceeding £256,-

000,000;* and, though the flow of gold and silver to the East is now temporarily interrupted, it must, as commerce revives, resume its former course. But the financier who desires to take toll of the riches of India for the service of the State must have recourse to much stronger and more comprehensive measures than Mr. Massey ventured last year to propose, and must be prepared to disregard, in the interest of the whole population, instead of being frightened at, the interested clamours of the wealthy natives in the great towns against every fresh project of taxation. Sir Richard Temple had the advantage in 1860 of being private secretary to Mr. Wilson; he has since, as Chief Commissioner of the Central Provinces, given proof of rare administrative capacity, by reorganizing a whole kingdom. A man of his firmness of character and great knowledge of the people and the resources of India ought to be able to make the wealthier classes of the population do their duty by their own country and the empire to which it belongs; and if Sir Richard Temple deals with the natives in this frank and bold spirit, compelling them to recognise and fulfil the just obligations of citizenship, instead of perpetually flattering their weaknesses and relieving them from burdens they are well able to bear, he will materially increase the effective strength of the empire, without giving the slightest cause for history to record, when the day of our supremacy in the East shall have gone by, that our administration of India had been so oppressive as to bring dishonour on the English name.

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- ART. IV.—1. *The Sea-Gull (La Gaviota). From the Spanish of Fernan Caballero.* By the Hon. AUGUSTA BETHELL. 2 vols. London, 1867.
2. *The Castle and the Cottage in Spain. From the Spanish of Fernan Caballero.* By LADY WALLACE. 2 vols. London, 1861.
3. *Obras Completas de Fernan Caballero. La Gaviota (2 vols.); La Familia de Alvarada; Elia; Clemencia (2 vols.); Lagrimas; La Estrella de Vandalia; Pobre Dolores; Una en Otra; Un Servilón y un Liberalito; Un Verano en Bornos; Cuentos y Poesias Populares Andaluces; etc., etc.* 17 vols. Madrid, 1856-66.

THERE is a story told of a great man in office who once fooled a tiresome place-

hunter by receiving him with a great air of business, and asking solemnly, "Mr. So-and-so, I believe you are acquainted with the Spanish language?" Full of delight at the prospect of at least a consulship at Fernando Po, the applicant jumped at the bait, and answered eagerly that it was so. "Happy fellow," said the great man, "you can read *Don Quixote* in the original; I wish I could;" and so politely bowed him out. The story estimates not unfairly the position which Spanish held in the estimation of our grandfathers. A foreigner might perhaps learn it if he were going to travel in Spain, or otherwise to hold intercourse with Spaniards; or else, staying at home, he might wish to relish the humour of Cervantes and Quevedo more delicately than in a translation. This seemed practically all the use left to the language of a once great country,—to answer a geographical necessity, and to interest a few students of more than ordinary curiosity in outlying fields of literature. Of late years, however, Spanish has been attracting more attention. The history of times when Spain was a great moving power in Europe has been occupying men's minds with a lively interest. Simancas is yielding up its buried treasures, and Mr. Froude's pages stand, so to speak, knee-deep in Spanish notes. Ethnologists are making good use of the records in which Spanish conquerors depicted the manners and beliefs of the new and strange American races; and philologists are busy with the grammars and dictionaries of native languages which Spanish missionaries so laboriously compiled, as one step in Christianising tribes already converted to Christianity by the preliminary arguments of the troopers and harquebusmen. The study of Spanish literature for its own sake has been promoted by Mr. Ticknor's admirable Handbook, and even very special Spanish books have found patrons to introduce them to modern English readers. Thus we owe to Mr. Churton a translation of the poems of Luis de Gongora,* the ingenious euphuist who produced a school of florid "Gongoristic" writers, who seem still, to judge from any Spanish newspaper, to be increasing and multiplying in the land. With the poems themselves, the translator gives us, in an introductory essay on the life and times of this father of the "Cultorists" and "Conceptists," a curious picture of Spanish life before and after 1600, in days when the now dismal University of Salamanca used to have its four-

* *Gongora: an Historical and Critical Essay on the Times of Philip III. and IV. of Spain.* By Edward Churton. London, 1862.

* Statesman's Year-Book for 1868.

teen thousand students, distinguished alike for riotous fun and for "want of shirts, and no superabundance of shoes"—days of the great revival of the religious orders, when Brother John of Misery and Sister Isabel of the Offscourings, and the rest of their Carmelite fraternity, were doing good among the poor with real zeal and devotion, not unmingled with a somewhat morbid enthusiasm, and when eager villagers carried scissiors to snip off relics, from the habit of Brother Francis, of the Child Jesus; and if he protected himself against scissiors, would catch the hem of his garment, and bite off a morsel. From another zealous and thorough student, the late Mr. Benjamin Wiffen, brother of the translator of Tasso, we have had, not long since, the life and writings of a Spaniard of a very different stamp, Juan de Valdés,* whose *Hundred and Ten Considerations* was published two centuries ago by George Herbert and Nicholas Ferrar. Valdés was one of those early reformers whom the Spanish Church was strong enough to crush,—writers who held views as to the impropriety of honouring St. Bartholomew with four bulls at the ring on his feast-day, lest he should be angry, and lay the vines waste with hail, and who jested, as many another had begun to do in Europe, at the relics of saints and martyrs which proved their owners to have been headed like Cereberus and armed like Briareus. But Valdés' attacks on the abuses of his time have less interest to the world than his devotional writings,—eloquent, spiritual, mystic, teaching principles which his deeply sympathetic English biographer and editor holds to be "almost as much in advance of the present times as they were in the days of the 'sainted George Herbert.'"

All this, however, is but a revival of the thoughts and deeds of Spain centuries ago; and there is something more. Intellectual life is only crushed and stupefied in Spain, not quite dead; and there are even symptoms, if faint ones, of a revival. Historical research is not extinct in the country of Don Pascal de Gayangos. There is a Geological Society at Madrid, and the name of Don Cassiano de Prado is not unknown among European geologists. Wonderful to relate, there is even a Spanish Anthropological Society, which produced last year a very modest and creditable inaugural address, though what its success may be in the more difficult region of fact and argument we have no means as yet of knowing. And

another remarkable sign of vitality in Spain is the appearance there of a series of modern romances of marked originality and merit. Such a phenomenon is quite startling to any one who has travelled in Spain years ago, and remembers his futile attempts to hunt out some readable light literature to improve his Spanish, his amusement at the gravity with which a translation of *Gil Blas* was offered him as a Spanish classic; his unqualified rejection of *La Dama de Monsoreau*, *Vante años des Pues*, and *La Hermosa Joven de Perth*. Now, this difficulty, at any rate, is over. The romances of Fernan Caballero are in themselves a little library for foreign travellers. As for style, they prove what can be done with Spanish in modern fiction by any one who will put ideas into it; as for matter, they are artistic studies of Spanish scenery, life and character, so good that several of them have been translated into French and English. And if any are disposed to object that their authoress ("Fernan Caballero" is only a *nom de plume*) is rather a Spaniard by adoption than by blood and education, it must be urged, in reply, that she rather differs from ordinary Spaniards in being more Spanish than they, just as foreign settlers often exaggerate the peculiarities of their new country, and converts to a new faith are often fiercer and less tolerant to dissent than those "to the manner born." Of herself personally we have little to say. We shall try to judge her books, and her mind as shown in them, leaving for the last a few biographical details, which owe their value to the liking we all have for something personal,—a visit, a photograph, a letter—anything to give a solidity to our ideal portrait of the artist, or poet, or discoverer whose works have more than superficially occupied our thoughts.

Fernan Caballero began her literary career some eighteen years ago, by publishing "Sea Gull," *La Gaviota*, in the *España* newspaper, and has continued writing ever since, till now the Madrid collection of her works has reached its seventeenth volume. Years passed before her novels obtained much footing in Spain, while in England her curious fate has been this, that by the time her own writing had degenerated from good to indifferent, and from indifferent to almost worthless, our novel readers found out that many years ago she had produced some very remarkable books. In 1861 her name was brought to the notice of the English public in two ways; Lady Wallace published a translation of four of her stories, and the *Edinburgh Review* gave an excellent analysis and criticism of several of her best romances in an article, which did not, indeed, attract

* *Alfabeto Christiano*, by Juan de Valdés. London, 1861. *Life and Writings of Juan de Valdés*, by Benjamin B. Wiffen. London, 1865.

the attention it merited from general readers, but had the effect of inducing Miss Bethell to translate *Sea Gull*, now just published. We believe, moreover, that English translations of some others of the series have been made, and now await at the hands of the publishers their fate, which will probably depend a good deal on the position which *Sea Gull* makes for itself in English literature.

Lady Wallace, though so early in the field, lost the chance of making Fernan Caballero's English position, by what seems to us a most unhappy choice. Regarding nothing but their artistic power, and their beautifully minute delineation of details of Spanish life, she allowed herself to group together four tales, which are pervaded by one of their authoress's most unbearable faults, her morbid passion for scenes of misery and horror, for lives darkened by despair or quenched in blood. The plots of *Elia*, *The Alvareda Family*, *Poor Dolores*, *Silence in Life and Pardon in Death*, range from doleful to horrible, and from horrible to hideous. *Elia* is the story of a girl adopted by a great lady who leaves her a fortune. But when she finds that she is really a brigand's daughter, a stern sense of duty forbids her to let her lover marry beneath him: she takes the veil, and leaves him to go to the wars, and be killed there. *The Alvareda Family* tells of the marriage of good quiet Perico to his cousin, the fierce beautiful Rita, who, after a while, falls in love with a more congenial mate, young Ventura, when he comes home from a French prison; then Perico, mad with jealousy, murders Ventura, and takes refuge with the brigands; he robs a church, unwittingly kills his patron's son, is taken, condemned, and garrotted, and ruin and death fall on the whole family, even to the old blind dog, Melampo. When the Angel of Death makes his appearance among our authoress's *dramatis personæ*, it must be admitted that he plays his part thoroughly. *Poor Dolores* is another story in which the usual introduction of charming details of peasant's life and talk leads up to another tale of mad jealousy and homicide. The remaining story tells of a meek, pious girl, married to a ferocious brute of a major, whom Fernan Caballero is pleased to set up as a representative of the "advanced ideas" which she so bitterly detests. *Inter alia*, he is for ever telling the poor little creature that she knows "absolutely nothing." But one day she finds the paper which proves that it was her husband who had murdered her own mother to rob her of her money; she dies of the discovery, but at the last moment sends for the husband of advanced ideas—

"Father of my children," she said to him in a solemn voice, "I have known two things in this life."

"You?" said her husband in surprise.

"Yes."

"And what are these two things?" said the culprit, confounded, his haggard eyes starting from their sockets.

"To be silent in life, because I was a mother, and to pardon at the hour of death, because I am a Christian."

And the holy martyr closed her eyes to open them no more.

It is no wonder that ladies should lay down *The Castle and the Cottage in Spain* half read; it is too miserable, they say, and very justly. Sad incidents and crooked characters must come into fiction as they come into real life, but when each new story in two volumes full, only weaves a new tissue of new wretchedness, our readers sicken of them, and turn to books that will give them fair life, light and shade, joy and sorrow, without the ever-present sense that doing good and doing ill lead alike to suffering and misery, to early death or cheerless bereaved old age.

It is quite true, that a selection of this kind only gives too just an idea of Fernan Caballero's habit of thought. In others of her tales, she runs riot in many more varieties of crime and suffering. Thus, in *Una en Otra*, she is pleased to tell the story of a family predestined to misfortune from generation to generation. Pretty Anica, not long married to a brave muleteer, sits sewing behind the counter of her little shop, when there appears before her a hideous beggar, uttering an inarticulate roaring at her with his mouth wide open, so that she can see that his tongue has been cut out. Wild with terror, she runs to fetch a piece of money, but when she comes back he has disappeared. Her husband returns home and laughs at her fears; but as she lies awake at night the bedroom door opens and the wretch re-appears, blows out the rushlight, and stabs her husband. She dies of terror, giving birth to twin daughters, and poor Paz and Luz grow up to be victims of new tragedies, and, when they die, the dismal tale passes on to a next generation. Without feeling any sickly horror of horrible incidents, we cannot but judge unfavourably, from their continual recurrence in this series of novels, of the tone both of their author and their Spanish readers who find them acceptable. We know only too well that it is to a low class of novel-readers that a continual supply of crimes and horrors serves as a pleasant stimulant, and that writers enough are ready to gratify without limit

the unhealthy appetite. But really, as far as readers of a higher class are concerned, it is a fortunate thing that horrors are not to be aggravated by mere multiplication. A murderer with a bloody knife is a hideous object, but if he is followed by three more murderers with three more bloody knives, and these by ten torturers carrying pincers and thumbcrews, and a black eunuch bringing up the rear with a bowl of poison, we laugh instead of shuddering. Thus it happens, that after a course of these variously assorted tragedies, new horrors come to wear something of a comic aspect. Take the story called "The last Consolation" (*El Último Consuelo*), which finishes with the death of an escaped convict, whose cries are heard through the dark night as he sinks inch by inch in a mud-bank, till, when there is light enough for Miguel Santos to explore the dangerous ground, nothing is to be seen above the surface but a man's arm protruding. The convict had ended a villanous life by a horrible death, but he left to his mother the assurance of his having died a Christian, by folding the fingers of the projecting hand in the form of a cross (it is a well-known gesture, made by bending the forefinger, crossed by the upright thumb); and this gesture is the "Last Consolation" which he leaves behind. The notion is horrid enough, but absurdly like the English nursery story of "Knives and Scissors," which relates how a martyr to the cause of conscientious conviction made likewise her last sign. Her husband had pushed her into the river because she would not admit that the packthread ought to be cut with a knife, and when she came up once and again to the surface he would have pulled her out, but, insensible to persuasion, she still cried "Scissors!" and the third time, when she could not even speak, he saw her hold up a hand in defiance, snipping two fingers together like scissor-blades. He left her to her fate.

In selecting *La Gaviota* for translation, the Hon. Augusta Bethell has made a far better choice than her predecessor—in fact, the best possible choice. Fernan Caballero never surpassed this, her first published work. It is considered a suitable compliment to call her the Walter Scott of Spain. If so, this is her *Waverley*. At any rate it is dramatic as a story, and especially admirable in the character and perfect freshness of the detail, and though its catastrophe is dismal enough, it is not unbearably repulsive. Miss Bethell has translated it in a very natural and appreciative way, but nevertheless we must find serious fault with her for cutting and clipping, that "the Eng-

lish reader" might be spared a distasteful passage or two. We read the book first in English, and looked back in one place to see if we had not missed something. The something is not missing in the original, however; it is the paragraph which describes how Pepe Vera, the bull-fighter, brought the Gaviota's handkerchief back to her at the grating of her window opening into the dark narrow street. Yet more unfortunate is another omission; for, as the authoress must have felt, if she has read Miss Bethell's translation, it cuts away the artistic balance of the story. When Stein, the young German doctor, first hears the Gaviota sing, it is one of those fierce old Spanish ballads of love, and treachery, and murder, that still go home to the heart of the peasant in Spain, as they used to do in England in centuries when life here was more like what it now is there:—

"She was there beside her lover,
Home too soon her lord is come—
'Open me the door, my Heaven,
Open me the door, my Sun,'
—And with an *aretin*, and with an *areton*."

And so on to the end. No pretty story to our ears, indeed, but put in for more than prettiness, to give us the hint of what the girl's fierce brutal nature was likely to grow to, to bring out to the full how the weak good young doctor must have wearied her with his definitions of the science of happiness, and his Odes on Solitude,—“In the soft shades of solitude I found peace, the peace at once to soften and make strong,” and so forth;—this to the woman whom Pepe Vera, the matador, could see into at a glance, and could manage with a shake and a curse. To describe the growth of this character is the very end and moral of the tale; bad and selfish natures grow harder and worse with years, as the very proverb says which gives the name to the story, *Gaviota mientras mas vieja mas loca*,—"Gull, the longer she lives the madder she grows." But the ballad never appears in the English. The translator, lest her story should be made tedious or unattractive, has rubbed out the touch which the artist had thus cunningly put in. It is a pity, for, with all her defects, Fernan Caballero is a genuine artist, and knows well how to paint her own pictures in her own way.

We are little disposed to enter on any summary or criticism even of *Sea-Gull* and *Clemencia*, much less of the shorter stories, for novel-writing has now become so well understood in England, that criticism of anything but extraordinary works of genius is growing very uniform, and we might find

ourselves in 1868 re-writing the comments of the Edinburgh Review of 1861. But as a museum of Spanish life and manners, the series will long keep up its literary interest. It is like a gallery of Phillip's pictures—'Phillip of Spain,' as the crowds liked to call him, who pressed round his Andalusian scenes of church and market, prison and Alameda. And those will enjoy them most who have already an outline-picture of Spain and Spaniards set up in their minds, and like to add here a touch and there a detail, to give it greater clearness and reality. Hideous devout old Rosa Mistica keeps her girls' school (*Amiga* "female friend," as such dame's schools are quaintly called in Spain), and suffers there the persecutions of the pupils who are going through the normal course of Spanish education, "Christianity and stitching." We hear at midnight in the dark alley the jangling guitar of Ramon Perez the barber's son, and his voice telling his beloved that better is the brown skin of his brunette than all the white of any lily:—

"¡Vale mas lo moreno
De mi morena
Que toda la blanca
De una azucena!"

Or we see Aunt Juana (they call old people *uncle* and *aunt* in Spain) sit in her cottage nodding over her rosary, with her feet on the edge of the brazier of burning charcoal, while her daughters Paz and Luz (Peace and Light) are waiting for her sounder slumber to slip away to whisper with their lovers at the grated window. A whistle from outside rouses her to half-open her eyes and mumble on, not inappositely, "*Sicut erat in principio, et nunc et semper,*" while Luz slips down upon her chair with folded arms and eyes shut. Presently the old dame is fast asleep, and Paz can open her window to whisper with Manuel Diaz, and hear him promise that when he has helped off his master with those four loads of tobacco, he will never touch smuggled goods again, but buy a cart and oxen, and gain his living honestly. And Luz can creep on tiptoe to the *reja*, to talk through the bars with Marcos Ruiz the muleteer:—

"It's a week you have never come to the grating."

"My father won't have it."

"And why? Look here; have I got a brand on my face, or the mule behind the door?"

"No, but he says you squander, and you draw the knife."

"The knife—knives are men's fans.—Is that all?"

"Yes, he says that you're of bad blood, that your grandfather killed his brother, and that is why they call your family *Cains*."

"He must be doting, it's a lie what he says, and if we have a nickname, hasn't his worship got one too, like every neighbour's son?"

"I know that well enough; but what am I to do?"

"One thing is certain,—he wants you to marry Juan Mena. Is that so, or no?"

"And if his worship does wish it, who is to prevent him?"

"And you would marry him, false creature?"

"Are you wild, or joking? I,—I, marry that Gallego! An easy thing indeed!"

"Well, if it should happen, you and he, you should have cause to remember Marcos Ruiz."

"Threats! if father heard you, he would say you showed how right he was."

"It is because I love you, Luz, because I will not lose you, because I am jealous, and will not have you be another's, but mine."

"And so I will be, I will be because I want to be, because I am fond of you, not because you threaten me; do you understand?"

Another scene from the same story (*Una en Otra*) shows us Pastora, the flower of the Sierra, going with her friends to the festival of our Lady of Consolation at Utrera, on black sulkily Mohino the donkey, who carried her unwillingly at the tail of the caravan, with his ears hanging like two empty bags. They reached the chapel at last, and all dismounted; they tied the horses up to the olive-trees, and turned the asses loose to graze. But when they had heard mass and prayed the appointed prayers, and dined sitting on the dry grass, and sung and laughed, and the sun's rays began to fall slanting into their eyes between the olive-leaves, and the men had gone to bring the beasts, it was discovered that Mohino had carried his great lateen-sails of ears away home. What was to be done? Every man had brought a mother or a sister behind him on the crupper, all but one; shy grave Diego the Silent had come by himself, on his brave horse, so they put Pastora up behind him, with one arm round his waist, and holding on by the other hand by a handkerchief made fast to the horse's tail. They were soon far on beyond the rest.

A long while neither spoke. At last Diego said,—

"Shall you go on staying here?"

"A month."

"It's a very little while."

"Father will think it's long."

"There will be others longing to have you back."

"None that I know of."

"Then you have no betrothed?"

"If no, indeed."

"Have they got no eyes in Aracena?"
 "And suppose I had no ears?"
 "Are you nice to please?"
 "Yes, and no."
 "That's no answer; it's two opposite ones."
 "Is it any matter to you?"
 "Maybe."
 "That's neither one answer nor two; for it's none at all."
 "Are you in such a hurry to say a *no*?"
 "You are in none to get a *yes*."
 "There's hope in uncertainty, isn't there?"
 "Uncertainty is Limbo."
 "Did you know me before?"
 "I know you, and you know me too."
 "Who told you all that?"
 "A friend that never deceives."
 "That friend tells me I cannot please; I am so sad."
 "And I, I am so gay, I oughtn't to please any one who is not."
 "Would to heaven it might be so!"
 "But I shouldn't like that."
 "Well, would you like to be kind to me?"
 "Don't the stars like shining?"
 "Would you like to be my star?"
 "I shouldn't *like* to, but I am what I am."
 "No; I offer myself without your consenting first."
 "Consent is not got by asking; it has to be earned."
 "In what way?"
 "That's not to be said; people guess how."

And so they reached home.

"There's a window," said Diego with an agitated voice; "it's in Uncle Blas's yard, and it looks into the lane. Will you open it?"
 "We shall see."
 "Only a hope."
 "See! and he is not satisfied!" said Pastora, springing off.

And so, a while after this, uncle Go-much the muleteer took Diego down to Aracena, to present him to Pastora's family. People hardly knew the old man's real name, for no one ever called him anything but Tio Anda-mucho. On the way, Diego's spirits had to be kept up by a copious application of proverbs suitable to the occasion: "Mean thinks itself mean;" "Brother Modesto never was made Superior," and so forth. At last they arrived. Uncle Go-much sent word of his coming to Pastora's family, and when our travellers had shaved and dressed themselves up to the occasion, they set out for the house, Uncle Go-much marching triumphantly in front of Diego, whose good looks and handsome bearing drew the attention of all they met. He was as shy as a boy of fifteen.

"Uncle Go-much," said one passer-by, "wouldn't have taken this up if his man hadn't been a credit to him."

"As for Uncle Go-much," said another, "the

girls will pray more to him than San Antonio, if he brings this sort of cargo often."

"Uncle Go-much," said a young fellow, "bring petticoats instead of breeches next journey."

"Just you make 'em want to come," answered the jovial old muleteer.

So they reached the large well-built house, with its best room with the high-backed straw chairs ranged along the walls, and the great walnut table at the end, black and shining with age, and standing on it the huge eight-branched Roman lamp of brass that glittered like gold; the great old-fashioned chimney; the endless array of hams and sausages hanging in the smoke. There were assembled in state the family and friends, and Pastora herself, hiding, half ashamed, behind her mother. And there we find that the tale-teller has prepared for us a last scene after her own heart, that the people whom we have seen scheming and jesting and loving so pleasantly, are, after all, only on their way to the place of execution. When Diego sees Pastora's father, he recognises in him the long-sought murderer of his own, denounces him to justice, receives Pastora's curse, that even as he will show no pity he shall receive none in this life or the next; and so the scaffold, the sick-bed, and the mad-house divide the remnant of the story among them.

But, leaving "distributive justice" thus to do its work, we may look back to a little scene which has its significance from the ruling motive of Diego's life—the vow he made when he saw his own father murdered, that he would find the assassin and pay the debt. It was on his journey to Pastora, and the caravan of muleteers had travelled all night, and lain down to sleep through the heat of the day.

"Our travellers were not men to admire landscapes. So, when they had unloaded and fed their beasts, they breakfasted on bread and sausages, lay down on the housings, and were fast asleep. At two in the afternoon the first on foot was Diego. When he saw his companions still sleeping he got up and sat down in front of the *venta*. Not far from him was a little girl of seven or eight, sitting on a heap of cistus branches, like a queen on a throne. She was picking off the white flowers and putting them on her head, to make a crown that matched the throne, and the air was full of a delicious perfume that court exquisites would have envied for their dressing-rooms. Diego asked the child what it was. 'My mother,' said she, 'is lighting the oven, and it must be the terebinth or the cistus burning. Didn't you know the cistus smelt so? And it smells so, you know, because it sweats blood like our Redeemer. The flowers have got five white petals, and each petal a red bleeding stain, like the Lord's wounds. Do you

see them?' said she, and came up to Diego, offering him a flower. 'Look, look! there are five of them.'

"Diego took the flower, and fixed his eyes a long while on it; as if drawn by a painter, there was in each petal a bleeding wound. Strange sight! The innocent, gentle, perfumed little flower fascinated his gaze, stirred his imagination, aroused in him a sense of horror and affright. But the little girl looked at them in a complacent, loving way.

"'Happy thou,' said Diego, 'to have never seen wounds but in flowers. Hadst thou seen them in thy mother's breast, what wouldst thou have done to him who made them?'

"The child was quiet a while, and answered, 'The Lord forgave, and we ought to forgive too.'

"'Thou dost not love thy mother,' said Diego; and he rose up with a start.

"'More than you love your father,' the child cried, and ran away angry."

In devotional legends like this, which form so large a part of the furniture of a Spanish peasant's mind, Fernan Caballero's books are wonderfully rich, and the sympathy with which she can tell an old religious wonder-tale, or describe a village festival, gives these descriptions a sharpness and delicacy which it is beyond the power of a translator to reproduce. In one of her shorter stories, for instance, which turns on the cottage celebration of Christmas and Twelfth Night, there is a charming description of the "Nativity," set up for the delight of the children at Aunt Beatrice's,—a wondrous scene in cork and gilt and painted pasteboard, with the hermit kneeling before a crucifix, and its hunter shooting a partridge on the hermit's roof, and its smuggler hiding with his load of tobacco behind a rock of paper, while the Three Kings march solemnly by, its meadows of green baize, and its frozen river of glass, with the fish and crabs and turtles disporting themselves underneath. The shepherd, come straight from the fields, as all could tell by the fragrance of wild thyme hanging about his clothes, sings his Christmas carol; the children sing each a "couplet," and all join in chorus to each, while each time a pair of them dance solemnly in front of the *nacimiento*, and then approaching it with burning cheeks and brilliant eyes open their arms and kneel down before it, exclaiming, "for Thee!" There is one whole volume of the series filled with popular tales and rhymes collected in Andalusia, and in this are numbers of little religious legends, of which very few are known to our English folk-lore. We read how the serpent used to walk upright, elate with its triumph in Paradise, till when the Holy Family on the flight into Egypt found one among the crags, and it tried to bite the in-

fant Jesus; Saint Joseph said to it in anger, "Fall, Pride, and rise no more," and since then it has grovelled. So the ever-green trees enjoy their privilege of life and beauty because the Virgin rested beneath them; and all men love the swallows, because, full of love and pity, they plucked the thorns from the crown that pressed the Saviour's brow; and the owl that saw the cruel crucifixion has gone on ever since in fear and sorrow, crying in his doleful voice, *Crux! Crux!* When the host is elevated on Ascension Day, the leaves of the trees bend down, and in reverence make crosses with one another, and the thunderbolt loses its power within the circuit where the sound of the orison can be heard.

There are many more of such quaint fancies, and even the nursery tales, though to a great degree mere versions of the old Pagan themes so well known in Northern Europe, are Christianized through and through, turned into broad fun about saints and apostles, or adapted to a Christian moral. Thus, in 'The Flower of the *Lillá*,' that pale little Lagrimas tells in her convent school, of the youngest brother whom the two elder murdered when they had taken from him the flower, but the reeds grew over his grave, and when a shepherd made a pipe of one and began to play it, it told the story of the murder. But instead of the murderers being sewed up in a sack and thrown into the river, as in the story of "The Singing Bone" in Grimm, the flute plays a new tune, and entreats that they may be forgiven. In *Sea-Gull* there is another tale which is quite admirable of its kind, the story of *Medio-Pollito*, "Half-Chick." He was born with one eye and one foot and one wing, as though the judgment of Solomon had been executed upon him, but he thought he was a finer cock than his father, and if the others made fun of him, that was mere envy. So he set off to go to Court, and his poor mother gave him good advice, to be careful to avoid churches where there is an image of Saint Peter, for the saint is not fond of cocks, and still less of their crowing; and to be sure also to keep clear of "certain men called cooks, who are our mortal enemies, and will twist our necks as quick as men." So Half-Chick sets out on his journey, and is too proud to help a little choked pullet, or to pick up the weak summer breeze lying breathless on the ground, or to help the poor little spark all but smothered in the ashes; and he goes to Saint Peter's Church and crows with all his might at the great door, but when he gets to Court a scullion wrings his neck in the twinkling of an eye. Then the water scalded him, and the fire burnt him to a cinder, and the

cook had to throw him out of window, and the wind whirled him up to the steeple-top, and Saint Peter stretched his hand out and fixed him there, and there he has been ever since, black, lean, and featherless. He is not called Medio-Pollito any more, but Weathercock.

Part of this story is a version of a theme often taken up in the folk-lore of Northern Europe. Another quaint tale, which a peasant tells in *Elia*, also belongs to a well-known group:—

"Well, sir, continued Pedro, there were once two very dear friends, who promised one another that the first who died should bring the other news of how it went with him in the next world. Both got married, and the first who died kept his word, and appeared to the other. How goes with you? asked he. First-rate, answered the apparition. When I presented myself up there, St. Peter said to me, What life have you led? Sir, said I, I am a poor man, I was married. . . . Not a word more, said his Honour; pass on, you've been through purgatory. So I am in glory. With this he vanished, leaving his friend much satisfied and consoled. Time went on, and his wife died, and a little later he married another. Well, his hour came, and he went out of his house feet-for-most, and presented himself just exactly in the same way to St. Peter. What life have you led? asked the saint. I have been married *twice*, answered the new-comer, with a bold front and a step forward to wriggle in. But Bald Peter gave him a cut with the keys—Back with you, comrade, said he, heaven wasn't made for fools!"

Among the most characteristic things in the *Cuentos y Poesias Populares* is the collection of popular verses, *coplas* as they are called, which are handed down in popular memory, and sung on all sorts of occasions. They are of the nature of our nursery rhymes, but here are five hundred or a thousand such, collected in one Spanish province; suggesting how the few of the kind, which survive in our own cottages and nurseries, may be mere remnants of a similar stock of popular poetry once current in England. These Spanish couplets are indeed rather numerous than good; their grace, when they have any, is generally more of manner than of matter, and translation seldom leaves much in them:—

"Our Lady has no cradle
For her little son,
But his father is a carpenter,
And he will make him one.

"They sell at gate of Paradise
Little shoes so neat,
For the little angels who have none
Upon their little feet."

And so on. There are some pretty little love-

songs too. One lover relates how he passed by his mistress's door, and heard the stones quarrelling which it was she had stepped upon; another, with his imagination more within bounds, is content to tell us that how the up-hill turns down-hill to him when he goes to his Maria, but alas! as he comes back, down-hill turns to up-hill:—

"Cuando voy á la casa
De mi Maria,
Se me hace cuesta abajo
La cuesta arriba.
Y cuando salgo
Se me hace cuesta arriba
La cuesta abajo."

Above the peasant class in Spain, the character of society has changed much since the days of Ferdinand and Isabella. The richer classes congregate more and more in the towns, and the old houses of country gentlemen have come often to the state of that hideous stone barrack by the sea-shore, which we read of in *Clemencia*. The desolate mansion, with its rats and cobwebs, its tarnished gilding and rusty grated windows, the dullness and utter ugliness of the whole life, are graphically described, and the picture well matches what the traveller sees from day to day in outlying places in Spain. Clearly the aversion to a country life so much among Spaniards, and the unattractive character of the life itself, are two things which mutually explain each other. But there survive among the comparatively few rich nobles who still live on their estates fine types of the good old school. Such is Don Martin Ladron de Guevara, "one of those inland seigneurs so fastened to their towns and their houses as to form, so to speak, a part of them, as though they had been figures sculptured on them in bas-relief; men who never occupied themselves in their lives with anything but their horses, their bulls, the work to be done on their estates, and the local gossip of the village." Don Martin had never had any education whatever except his catechism; he had never opened a book in his life; he was the eldest son—what was he to learn anything for? He had learnt by habit and tradition, to be a gentleman; and would speak as flatly to a king as to a beggar. A universal meddler, "like the tomatas that get into every dish," as Doña Brigida, his wife, tells him, his talk is supplied out of an inexhaustible stock of saws, proverbs, and rhymes, his "little gospels," as he calls them. Indeed his conversation in this respect leaves upon us, we are sorry to say, the impression that Sancho Panza and he had divided all the proverbs in Spain between them, and that Sancho had the first choice.

On Don Martin's estates, life goes on year after year in quiet monotony, "always the same, like the Pater Noster and the Ave Maria. In his great, bare, comfortless mansion; in the dull courtyard opening out upon the parched, dusty plain, his life is not without personal interest, nor poor in kindly feeling, but sunk in utter boorish ignorance. He ploughs his lands and gets in his harvests, feeds his poor and rails at them, fights his endless battles of scolding with the irrepressible old beggar-woman, the Tia Latrana, who finds her way into every scene. "There is no procession but has its dragon (*no hay procesion sin tarasca*)," as he says. Fiercer than even the far-famed Tarasc of Tarascón himself are Don Martin's half-wild cattle on the plains; and that terrible creature which has been so felicitously described as "the novelist's bull," gives Patlo, the hero of the tale, the opportunity of saving Clemencia from impending death. He marries her; and the piece of medical detail at the end of the book is as quaint and characteristic as any finishing touch that was ever given to a story. The family doctor feels Clemencia's pulse, and with due solemnity announces to the parents that they shall be blessed with a son, as beautiful as his mother, as manly as his father, as good as both. It seems, then, that the Spanish doctor still actually knows the curious mediæval art of prognosticating the child's sex from the mother's pulse, just as travellers in the East still find it practised by the Persian hakim.

With Don Martin lives his brother, the Abbé, one of those types of the highest class of Spanish ecclesiastics who may be met with in the flesh as well as in books, — men of unworldly and unselfish lives, given up to works of charity and kindness, finding their happiness in the happiness of those around them. The Abbé had studied as a lawyer, had fought in the War of Independence, and had then taken orders. His brother maintained that he had done well, and confirmed his opinion with one of the aforesaid *evangelios chicos*: "If you will have a good day, shave your beard; a good month, kill a pig; a good year, get married; but if you want a good *for ever*, then turn priest." We are told that the beautiful Clemencia, his niece and pupil, found "my uncle the Abbé's" moral discourses deeply interesting, which we should scarcely have guessed from the long extracts from them with which we are favoured. The good man is somewhat tiresome, in fact; but probably this contributes to the accuracy of the portrait, which seems to us as genuine as that of the priest in *Poor Dolores*, of very different stamp, Padre Nolasco, with his head like an

india-rubber face pulled out long, his big nose and feet, his black clothes, presented to him by his rich friend, Don Marcellino, and worn till they shone like waterproof. His *compadre*, Gil Piñones, kept him in chick-peas for teaching his sons to assist at mass: and with them and a morsel of beef, and the scrap of pork that the herdsman would give him for writing his letters, was made his daily *puchero*, wherefrom always he kept a cup of broth for his own supper, and another for the poor widow who lived in the garret. His way was to *thou* everybody; but one day a pert young doctor remonstrated with him for taking a liberty so subversive of the dignity of man: —

"Dignity of man!" replied Father Nolasco, "that's all done with in these days. Get along! Dignity in words and indignity in deeds. So I am to *thou* my Seraphic Father St. Francis, and say worship and Lordship to a straggle-chin like thee? Go and cure fevers, — don't give me one; I am not going to suit my-to the fashion of the day; this straw's too hard to make whistles of, — dost see?"

Father Nolasco, with his rough jokes, his ignorance, and his coarseness, the unpriestly *caramba!* with which he shocks grown-up ears, the treacherous slaps which make him the terror of the little boys, his kind heart and practical good sense withal, is as excellent a portrait of the low-class priest as "my uncle the Abbé" is of the higher. But, unhappily, Fernán Caballero's views will not allow her to give us a full series of such portraits. We have compared her books to Phillip's pictures; but she will not paint for us the scowling, leering priest, or the lazy, sensual monk, whose bloated face is the too legible record of his life. The secularization of the Spanish monasteries is to her a never-finished theme of complaint, and she would have us think that all the monks who were turned out into the world were men like Father Nolasco, or the simple-minded, learned recluse, Father Buendia, sent out at sixty from his cell, and his beloved convent library, to be dressed like a scarecrow by a rich relation, and set to teach Latin and good manners to her disagreeable boys; or, at worst, like poor Brother Gabriel in *La Gaviota*, who was found sitting weeping on the steps of the white cross, when Aunt Maria came to the dismantled convent at Villamar, where her son Manuel had been put in charge as guardian by "some gentlemen who call themselves 'The Public Credit.'" The old monk told them he had never been outside the walls since the father had taken him in an orphan child; he could do nothing but take care of the convent garden; so they let him stay, and he looked after the garden

still, though since the great watering machine was sold he had been hard put to it, and the orange and lemon-trees were sadly dry. Thus he lived, tying up his endless rows of lettuces, and telling his beads, and leaving the ruins of his monastery only on Fridays, to go to the chapel of Our Lady of Good Help, and pray the Lord for a happy death. The perplexity of the meek old lay brother and his friend Aunt Maria is pleasantly described when they find, lying sick and helpless at the convent gate, a mysterious foreigner, young Stein, the German doctor, and take him in and nurse him. His dress, his flute, his books in strange letters, give no clue to his character; he awoke at last out of a long trance, and cried "*Gott, wo bin ich?*"

"Aunt Maria sprang with one bound into the middle of the room. Brother Gabriel dropped the book and stood petrified with eyes as wide open as his spectacles.

"What language was he talking?" asked Aunt Maria.

"It must have been Hebrew, like his books," answered Brother Gabriel. "Perhaps he may be a Jew, as you said, Aunt Maria."

"God help us!" cried the old woman; "but no, if he were a Jew, shouldn't we have seen his tail when we undressed him?"

"Aunt Maria," said the lay brother, "the prior said that all that about the Jews having tails was stuff and nonsense, for they had nothing of the kind."

"Brother Gabriel," replied Aunt Maria, "since this blessed constitution came in, everything is changed to something else. These people that govern instead of the king don't choose anything to stay as it used to be, and so they don't choose the Jews to have tails, but they always have had them just like the devil. And if the Father Prior says the contrary, they must have forced him to, just as they forced him to say at mass 'constitutional king.'"

As it is with the monks, so with the nuns. Fernan Caballero can give us the prettiest pictures of groups of little children at the convent school in "*Lagrimas*," playing at making gardens with twigs of box for orange-trees, pinks for palm-trees, fishes of geranium-leaf swimming in a basin made of half an egg-shell, or setting one another riddles.

"Why don't you guess?" said Maalena (Magdalena), the eldest of the party, a grave matron of seven.

"Guess what?"

"A riddle."

"What is it then?"

"Well . . . what's the little dish of almonds that they gather every day and scatter about every night?"

All the children fell into deep meditation for about half a minute.

"Ourselves," exclaimed the fat little Pepa, with a jump a full finger and a half from the ground.

"That's all wrong," said the small matron.

"You're sillier than Pipé, Josefita."

"Then you tell, for you know it."

"Why, the stars, you dunce!"

"Why, no! the stars are not almonds."

"What are they then, Miss Wiseacre?"

"The tears of Mary that the angels carried up to heaven, and that's why they are so many, nobody can doubt them."

The children fell to looking at the sky, where clouds were seudding across, hiding and uncovering again the moon as they passed over.

"There!" cried plump Pepita, "don't you see the moon going in and out in the sky—what's the matter with her?"

"Father God will be calling her," replied her neighbour.

"But I can't hear His Worship."

"Well, and just so you can't see him at the mass, and he is there though," said the matronly Maalena; "and if we could see him with these eyes and hear him with these ears, what grace would there be in believing, as Mother Succour says?"

So, too, we may have *Ella's* ecstatic description of her convent life, "days of silence and prayer, flowing on in sweet monotony like the drops that fall from the honeycomb. . . . The peace that comes of the absence of passion, the repose of conscience, the gentle calm we enjoy when the past has no biting remorse, the future no torturing fear, the life of tranquil sleep and happy waking, the expectation of death without desire and without fear, the true felicity without alloy." But of the other side of the nun's life, torpidly serene, or hopelessly miserable, useless when it is cheerful, as useless when it is unhappy, we read nothing here.

With all her devotion to the habits of old Spain, there are reforms for which Fernan Caballero has made vigorous efforts. Her humane disposition has been shocked by the Spanish peasant's unfeeling cruelty to his beasts, and we believe she has founded a Spanish society for its prevention. But especially the national sport of Spain has aroused her indignation. Her hatred of bull-fighting, indeed, approaches in intensity her horror of Protestantism. In a characteristic way she passed judgment on the bull-ring, by depicting quite simply and naturally some of its most striking scenes. There are two such in *Sea-Gull*. The Duke of Almansa carries Stein the German doctor to Seville, to bring out his wife the Gaviota and her splendid voice in the great world. He takes the pair to the Plaza de Toros. The scene is vividly painted,—the huge amphitheatre with its twelve thousand specta-

tors, row above row, the upper classes on the shady side, the many-colored Andalusian dresses of the lower orders glittering in the glare of the sunshine. The first bull is a *boyante*, a waverer—charged by the first picador, he turns from him and attacks the second off his guard,—his horse is down with the bull's horns in his flanks, the picador underneath. Then appears Pepe Vera the matador, smiling in cherry-coloured satin covered with silver embroidery; he drags off the bull by the tail, and avoids his furious charges till he reaches the barrier. The Duke looked at Maria, and for the first time saw life in her cold, scornful face. She had seen something at last that came home. "My Lord Duke," said Stein, "is it possible that this can divert you?" "No," said the Duke, with a good-humoured smile, "it interests me." "Maria, shall we go?" said Stein to his wife. "No," said Maria, with all her soul in her eyes; "do you think I have got nerves and am likely to faint?" Stein left them and went to look at Seville. Pepe had seen the Duke and the woman sitting by his side, whose eyes never left the matador. Now he stands in front of them, cap in hand, sword and scarlet cloak in his left, offering the honor of the bull to "your Excellency and the royal lady at your side." "Here!" he cried to the *chulo*, and they sent the bull at him. Pepe Vera was a pupil of Montes, and gave the bull the shoulder-stroke after the well-known manner of that distinguished artist—standing to meet the beast in its rush, and letting him run on the point of his huge matador's rapier up to the very hilt, and so fall dead at his feet. Pepe Vera came calmly to make his bow to their Excellencies, and his eyes met Maria's. In the meanwhile Stein went on with his walk, lionizing the city walls and the Puerta de Xeres.

The other of the two scenes is Pepe Vera's last bull-fight, where Maria saw the black bull *Midnight* clear the ring. No picador could stand the charge of the terrible adversary. It was all the quick *chulos* could do to draw him off with their bright-coloured cloaks, and escape themselves behind the barrier. Some cried for the "half-moons" to hamstring the beast, but the crowd cried shame. The matador had been that morning to see the bull penned for the evening's *corrida*, and had known his danger at a glance; and now Maria, leaning forward upon the balustrade, and digging her nails into the wood, saw the bull stop halfway in its rush, turn sharp upon the matador with a sudden dash, catch him on his horns, and fling him off, to fall yards away, a lifeless mass on the ground.

In another story, which has its title from a proverb—*Con mal ó con bien a los tuyos te ten*—"Through good and ill, keep to your own friends still," there is another powerful piece of description. A young Spaniard, educated in England, goes to his first bull-fight at Puerto Santa Maria. The sight sickens him; he goes out and walks through the deserted streets into the silent church, and there, in the Lady Chapel, finds a pale girl kneeling alone, and notices that each fresh burst of applause heard across from the Plaza brings from her a cry of pain and a fresh flood of tears. Suddenly the sound of wheels is heard from the square outside. The girls run hastily out, and Servando follows. A *calea* is jolting over the rough pavement, led by the driver, and on the seat a picador, his arms fallen helpless at his side, his silver-embroidered clothes stained with blood. "God help us! it is his daughter," said the *calesero*; and just then there was heard from inside the amphitheatre a new round of thundering applause.

We have scarcely mentioned the descriptions in Fernán Caballero's novels of the drawing-room life in Spain. Of course she understands perfectly the habits of the *paseo* and the *tertulia*, the life of the upper circles of Seville and Madrid, in which she herself moves, and she makes the best of it in her stories; but the best is not much. Her gossiping old women, her innocent girls fresh from the convent, her martinet generals and bigoted marchionesses, have at least an air of reality about them. The drawing-room folks in the *Gaviota* are perhaps her liveliest pictures of the kind. We quite appreciate Rafael Arias, and his account of the ladies of the Havana, "whose black eyes are dramatic poems;" his story of the Santa Maria family, his ancestors, who were relations of the Virgin Mary, inasmuch that one old lady among them used to pray, "Ave Maria, my lady and cousin," to which the servants responded, "Ave Maria, her Excellency's lady and cousin;" his description of his English friend who was going to buy the Alcazar at Seville, and set it up on his own estate at home, and wanted the chapter of the cathedral to sell him the gilt keys the Moorish king presented in a silver dish to St. Ferdinand when he conquered Seville, and also the agate cup which the great king used to drink out of. Foreigners, and especially English, are objects of great amusement in Spanish society; and no wonder. They have had, as a rule, no time to learn the habits of the country on their hurried excursions from one place in Ford's *Handbook* to another. They are sadly apt to be stone-blind to native prejudices, and to

treat the whole country and people as a show got up for their especial amusement, in a way that must be uncommonly provoking to the Spanish mind. The "impassible Englishman," in the diligence scene in *Una en Otra*, dressed in a complete suit of Scotch plaid, and giving no sign of human life amidst the fun that is going on about him, except to open his eyes wide and shake his head when somebody offers him a cigar, is unfortunately a most real animal on Spanish high-roads, and naturally becomes the typical Englishman of the ordinary Spaniard. On the other hand, the Spaniard in England is never ridiculous, though he may be neither amusing nor instructive. But the very duty of a student of life and character is to go deeper than the superficial impressions of the diligence and the *table-d'hôte*, and we should have thought Fernan Caballero must have known more about foreigners than to believe in her own absurd caricatures. Her Spaniards, even when overdrawn, are altogether better. Thus, among minor characters, Doña Eufrasia, the general's widow, whom nobody can bear, who is "as meddlesome as a noise, as inquisitive as daylight, and as ill-timed as a watch out of order," and who, nevertheless, holds her own in all companies by sheer insolence, makes a good pendant to Don Galo, the bland old Government-office-clerk at eighty pounds a year, whose four wigs of different lengths so ingeniously simulate a growth cut short by a monthly visit to the hairdresser. And there are plenty more, whose scolding and gossiping and love-making have a certain interest to readers long since weary of the conventional Spaniards of fiction—the grandees with their pale, haughty countenances muffled in their elonks, and the Andalusian beauties with their fans and mantellaz, little feet, and Moorish almond-eyes.

But all through these volumes, from first to last, there runs a quality which interferes with a judgment of them from a purely artistic point of view. It is as in a story told in one of them: A certain actor was a great amateur in bull-fighting, and used to sit with other *aficionados* in the seats close to the arena. One day he was shouting abuses at a picador whom he wanted to charge the bull, against all rule and prudence, till at last the man turned on him. "Mr. Actor," said he, "this is real." It is so with these volumes; in form they are fiction, but in fact they are descriptions of actual life in Spain; and, moreover, they are written with a distinct purpose, that of strengthening the Spaniards' conviction that the path of modern Spain among the nations is a good and glorious one; that popular education is a ruinous delusion; that

a blind faith in the most childish superstitions of the middle ages is something far higher than reasonable investigation of nature; that the political or intellectual habits which have brought Spain to the state of a paralysed limb of Europe, are something to cherish with affectionate pride. One would have thought that her own career was the most telling refutation of her own opinions. She incidentally mentions "the incontestable, intellectual superiority of our people above all others;" and she must know, that the only modern Spanish writer of fiction who has risen even to mediocrity had the benefit of a foreign education, for that writer is herself. She unconsciously publishes her own estimate of Spanish literature by writing her first book, *The Alvareda Family*, in German; and when she let her works be published at the Queen of Spain's expense, she told the world in the same way her estimation of the literary condition of her adopted country.

How far she is to be classed as a Spaniard, and how far as a foreigner, it is not easy to say. Her father, Don Juan Nicholas Böhl de Faber, was a Hamburg merchant settled at Cadiz, where he was consul for his native city. His name is known in literature as compiler of a collection of ancient Spanish poetry, the *Floreste de Rimes Antiquas Castellanas*. His daughter Cecilia is "Fernan Caballero." She was born in Switzerland in 1797, and her first husband was the Marquis of Arco-Hermoso. She has been twice married since, as is now a widow. Spain has evidently treated her well, and is proud of her, and her friends write her praises in the florid style which still finds favour on the Peninsula, and of which we are glad to take the opportunity of quoting a magnificent specimen:—

"And who, for years past, has visited Lower Andalusia, and not endeavoured to know personally the author of *Elia*? Who has not sought her in the flowery Port which bears the name of the Mother of Mothers, the ever Virgin Mary; or in her modest and comfortable cottage of Sanlucar de Barrameda, adorned with flowers and birds, and situate beneath the maternal shade of a convent of nuns; or in the Moorish Alcazar of Seville, near the arch where still glitters the lion of Spain victoriously displaying the cross, with the expressive motto, *Ad utrumque*? Oh! how many times, after long conversations with Fernan Caballero, that noble and candid soul (from whom those who cultivate her delightful society never separate without breathing the bland perfume of goodness, without feeling their hearts pregnant with sweet tears, and a longing to do good to their neighbour), has nature appeared to me more beautiful in discourse among the pines, which, like outpost sentinels of the Guadal-

quiver, salute him as he plunges into the sea!"

More recently we have had a description of Fernan Caballero by an Englishwoman of views for once congenial to her own, Lady Herbert, in her *Impressions of Spain*, p. 128:—

"But one of the principal charms of our travellers' residence in Seville has not yet been mentioned; and that was their acquaintance, through the kind Bishop of Antioch, with Fernan Caballero. She may be called the Lady Georgiana Fullerton of Spain, in the sense of refinement of taste and catholicity of feeling. But her works are less what are commonly called novels than pictures of home life in Spain, like Hans Andersen's *Improvisatore*, or Tourgeneff's *Scènes de la vie en Russie*. This charming lady, by birth a German on the father's side, and by marriage connected with all the "bluest blood" in Spain, lives in apartments given her by the Queen in the palace of the Alcazar. Great trials and sorrows have not dimmed the fire of her genius or extinguished one spark of the living charity which extends itself to all that suffer. Her tenderness towards animals, unfortunately a rare virtue in Spain, is one of her marked characteristics. She has lately been trying to establish a society in Seville for the prevention of cruelty to animals, after the model of the London one, and often told one of our party that she never left home without praying that she might not see or hear any ill-usage to God's creatures. She is no longer young, but still preserves traces of a beauty, which in former years made her the admiration of the Court. Her playfulness and wit, always tempered by a kind thoughtfulness for the feelings of others, and her agreeableness in conversation, seem only to have increased with lengthened experience of people and things. Nothing was pleasanter than to sit in the corner of her little drawing-room, or, still better, in her tiny study, and hear her pour out anecdote after anecdote of Spanish life and Spanish peculiarities, especially among the poor. But if one wished to excite her, one had but to touch on questions regarding her faith and the so-called 'progress' of her country. Then all her Andalusian blood would be roused, and she would declaim for hours in no measured terms against the spoliation of the monasteries, those centres of education and civilisation in the villages and outlying districts; against the introduction of schools without religion, and colleges without faith; and the propagation of infidel opinions through the current literature of the day."

We can quite appreciate Fernan Caballero's dislike to freedom of the press in Spain. Nothing can be more reasonable. The present Government cannot exist without political and religious persecution, and the Spanish newspapers are apt to indulge in unpleasant sarcastic remarks on such subjects.

It is clear that the energetic means which the Spanish Court is now taking to keep

down obnoxious innovators and reformers are by no means uncalled for. But we have found ourselves wondering, as we looked through Fernan Caballero's books, whether this clever and amiable advocate of ignorance and bigotry has ever been troubled by any glimpse of the possibility that her own efforts have been unwittingly devoted to pushing forward the very progress she so detests. It has been well said of the Jesuits, that by their promotion of education they actually helped on that very movement of the European mind which their whole system was an organized conspiracy to repress. So, to compare small things with great, our authoress has done something to raise up the fallen literature of Spain, and thus to stimulate that intellectual life which turns towards civilization as flowers turn toward the light. Her very descriptions of the Spanish life which to her seems so admirable, are an unconscious but an effective attack upon it. Few foreigners, we should think, lay down one of her volumes without feeling how widely and deeply Spain must be changed before she can resume her place as one of the great nations of the world.

ART. V.—POPULAR PHILOSOPHY IN ITS RELATION TO LIFE.

IN the controversy as to the true character of the Sophists, raised by the publication of Mr. Grote's *Greece*, much stress was laid upon the distinction that the Sophists were not a sect holding a mischievous system of philosophical doctrine, but a profession. It was found, however, that the distinction did not materially affect the view formed of them by students of Plato and Aristotle, for their profession was to teach rhetoric, and a "rhetoric that used philosophy as its instrument." That rhetoric should thus use philosophy implies that the latter has become popular, and popular philosophy, however various its doctrines, has yet by the necessity of its nature a uniformity of type, than which the system of the strictest sect is not more unmistakable. It fixes in coarse lineaments the antithetical ideas, which genuine speculation leaves fluid and elastic, and on the strength of them gives a positive answer, Yes or No, to questions as to the world of thought, which, because asked in terms of sense, true philosophy must either leave unanswered or answer by both Yes and No. It abhors the analysis of knowledge. It takes certain formal conceptions

ready-made, without criticism of their origin or validity. These—which, because familiar, are apparently intelligible—it employs to cast a reflex intelligibility on the general world of knowledge. By their aid it can always distinguish and divide, and the matter in which we can make distinctions seems already intelligible and our own. Such philosophy must needs ultimately be both sceptical and destructive: sceptical, because, too much in a hurry to be consistent, it finds its dogmatic “Yes” contradicted by its equally dogmatic “No,” and its uncritical distinctions, which seemed at first to convey such delightful clearness, turn out to have merely made darkness visible; destructive, because, while its existence implies a conscious claim on the part of the human spirit to comprehend that which it obeys, its dichotomous formulæ are inadequate to comprehend the real world of morals, religion, and law.

The parallel between our own age and that of the Sophists has been often drawn. The historian of Philosophy, indeed, finds the modern counterpart to the epoch of Protagoras some way further back, in the so-called *Aufklärung* of the last century. The popular philosophy, whose parent was Locke, no doubt asked the same questions that were in debate among the companions of Socrates; it set them in the same glory of rhetoric, concealing a depth which it could not penetrate, that provoked the irony of the Socratic dialogue. Its sceptical and revolutionary result, as represented by Hume, Rousseau, and Priestley, has an aspect familiar to the readers of Plato; and the question, “How are experience and moral action possible?” which Kant set himself to answer, recalls the more simple, “What is justice, and how do we come by the idea of it?” which forms the text of *The Republic*. But modes of philosophy do not really supersede each other “as Amurath to Amurath succeeds.” Philosophy does but interpret, with full consciousness and in system, the powers already working in the spiritual life of mankind, and as these powers at every stage gather a strength which they never finally lose, so the philosophical expression which they have found in one age, is not lost, however it may be qualified, in the ages that follow. In Greece, as the elements of life were far more simple, so the various forms of philosophy followed each other more rapidly than in modern Christendom. Yet the sophistical mode of thought, having once found a home, was only dislodged with philosophy itself. The doctrine that man, the sensitive man, is the measure of all things, which as being *par excellence* the doctrine that fits philoso-

phy to be an instrument of rhetoric, may be taken as characteristic of the Sophists, survived the criticism of Plato and Aristotle. It was virtually common to all the popular and practical schools so long as Greek philosophy lasted. So in the modern world, the doctrines of the *Aufklärung* are not to be supposed dead and done with, because Kant outgrew them nearly a hundred years ago. From the pulpit and the senate, from the newspaper and the journal of science, from saint and from sage, the disciple of Kant finds them smite him in the face whichever way he look. Nor can he account for this experience by the complaint that “our tardy apish nation” has not yet appropriated the highest thought of Europe. In Germany itself, the people now venture to assert a philosophy of their own, and it is not the philosophy of the German philosophers, but of the school of Locke. The truth is, that the doctrines of the *Aufklärung* are as much of the essence of the modern world as the principles of the Reformation, or the ideas of 1789. They are as old as the Renaissance, as old as the epoch when the citizens of Christendom, slowly emerging from the painful discipline by which the new civilisation was wrought out of the chaos of the old, first ventured to look with open eyes on their surroundings, and to ask why they should not move freely, and take their pleasure in a world that was very good.

To be free, to understand, to enjoy, is the claim of the modern spirit. It is a claim which is constantly becoming more articulate and conscious of itself. It is constantly being heard from new classes of society, and penetrating more deeply into the circumstances of life. At the same time, it is constantly finding new expression in practical contradictions of thought, which rhetoric, itself the child of the claim, is always at hand to manipulate, to entangle, to inweave into the feelings and interests of men. The result is the diffusion over society of a state of mind analogous to that which we sometimes experience when discussion has carried us a long way from our principles, and we find ourselves maintaining inconsistent propositions, which to us are mere words, yet confuse our views and weaken our hold of the principles from which they seem to follow. The age, we may say, has overtalked itself; yet to prescribe a regimen of silence is but to mock the disease. Definite thought is already speech. That a thought, when spoken, has lost half its power, is as false as the notion that the will, so soon as we act, ceases to be free, because under the incipient control of habit. The power in one case, like the freedom in the other, except so far

as it is expressed, is a mere indefinite possibility. As freedom is freedom to do something only so far as it gains a body and reality from habit, so it is only through speech that the thinking spirit can know what is itself and in the world. Only through the process of naming and metaphor, from the stage where it is nearest the sense to that where it is most remote, are phenomena held together, distinguished, and wrought into an intelligible universe. Only, again, as uttered, can thought know or act upon itself. Spoken thought is thus the medium through which the individual man at once receives his intellectual being from without, and develops it from within. The greater its fulness, the wider the range of its distinguishing and comprehending energy, the more completely is the world transformed from a brute matter to a rational organism, to which the spirit of man answers as closely and immediately as feeling to the nervous currents.

To the world, so far as it is thus transformed, man no longer stands in the attitude of blind terror at the unknown. But he is not therefore at peace. By names and theory, by distinction and comparison, by substantiating relations and bringing substances into relation, he has penetrated nature, and in penetrating it has sown himself broadcast over it. It is by no avoidable error, as in the effort to escape from himself he may sometimes imagine, that he has infected nature with his theology or metaphysic. Its relation to himself is the condition alike of the impulse to know it and of the possibility of its being known. It is in vain that he seeks to place himself in the attitude of pure receptivity. Without being active, without origination, he cannot judge, and he must needs give an account to himself of his activity. He must theorize upon his judgments, must seek for a science of his sciences, for the unity of principle which must be in that which he knows as it is in himself. He is as metaphysical when he talks of body or matter as when he talks of force, of force as when he talks of mind, of mind as when he talks of God. He goes beyond sense as much when he pronounces that he can only know things individual, or phenomena, as when he claims to know substances and the universal. That which he calls nature, therefore, is traversed by the currents of his intellect, and where intellect has gone sentiment has followed. The outward world, about which he speculates, has become an object of interest to him, inseparable from his interest in himself. If his speculation might run smooth and evenly, he would be at peace. Being, as it is, for ever thwarted and baffled

—leading his thoughts along paths which diverge before he is aware of it, and at length seem so far apart that he cannot see the common ground whence they come and to which they converge—it gives him the privilege of a sorrow, intense in proportion to the range of his intellectual sympathy. He is no longer, like the barbarian, afraid of nature as of an unknown power, but oppressed by it as by the excess of his own activity. It is a labyrinth in which he has wandered at will till he has lost the clue, and which at the same time is so much his own that in its perplexities he seems at war with himself.

Meanwhile his relations to God, his fellow-men, and his own desires, which at first wrapped him round too closely to be contemplated, become objects of his curiosity. He separates himself from them to reappropriate them by the intellectual consciousness. They, too, become recognised elements in the world of knowledge, which thus gains at once an infinite complexity and an absolute dominion over the happiness of civilized mankind. As a theory of Being, or of merely speculative thought, philosophy scarcely touches what we call the popular mind. It has pleasures and pains of its own, but its uncertainties, being the burden of a few, do not diffuse themselves into that general sympathetic atmosphere of scepticism, through which alone it becomes oppressive to peace of mind. It is not until it approaches the moral life that it can become popular, and in consequence can be rhetoricized. This further plunge into the concrete it must inevitably make. The question, "What is the world that man knows, and how does he know it?" cannot long remain apart from the question, "What is the world that he has made for himself, and how has he been able to make it?" The interest in the moral world, and the interest in the so-called world of nature, tend more and more to fusion with each other. In the Greek age of sophistry, as it is presented to us by Plato and Aristotle, the unsettlement of practical ideas resulted from the application to "the good, the beautiful, and the just" of the Democritean theory of nature and our knowledge of it, and it was by a counter theory on the same subjects that Plato sought to achieve the reconstruction of morals and politics. In modern times it is the philosophy of nature and knowledge inherited from Bacon and Locke that appears in the numerous "Natural Histories of Ethics" with which the world has been beset during the last century and a half; and, conversely, it was a moral interest—the desire to find room for freedom and immortality—that moved Kant to attempt a more profound analysis of knowl-

edge. The moral philosophy which he set himself to reform is still the popular philosophy. It was not, nor is it, an harmonious system. It is divided by the current opposition between intuition and experience, between the "moral sense" and the "principle of utility." But an element of identity pervades it, implied in its being the popular philosophy. It is the uncritical expression of the claim to be free, to enjoy, and to understand. It is an abstract or result of the various methods, poetic, religious, metaphysical, by which man has sought to account to himself for the world of his experience, as they apply directly to human life. Inconsistent with all the inconsistencies of these methods, which it takes not as criticism would reconstruct but as rhetoric has overlaid them, it brings its contradictions home to the average man at the most vital points, and is the natural parent of the modern "unsettlement." It is proposed here to trace the history of its more importunate questions, and to inquire how far a philosophy, not yet, if ever it can become, popular, has already met them.

The ethical theories of popular philosophy, however various, have this in common, that they rest wholly on feeling. Of feeling, as such, they give no account. As in the popular theory of knowledge, no distinction is made between sensation itself and the intellectual judgment of which sensation is the occasion or accompaniment, so in the corresponding theory of morals, feeling is treated as the exhaustive account of all modes of consciousness with which it is associated. Taken thus ready-made, with "reflection" for its servant, it is the principle of construction in all the doctrines by which English and French philosophers, from Hobbes downwards, have accounted for "conscience," the rational will, and the actual fabric of moral custom and law. These systems vary as the import of feeling itself varies, and according to the range of the service which reflection is supposed to do it. With Hobbes, the feeling on which morality rests is the mere animal appetite, the sense of want, with the impulse to appropriate that which will satisfy the want. This appetite, however, has to lose its merely animal character before it will account even for the state of universal warfare in which, according to Hobbes, society begins. "*Homo homini lupus*," but the wolf eats when he is hungry, and has done with it. The wolfish appetite is not the permanent impulse to get as much as he can for himself, which Hobbes supposes as the source of the wolfish or primary state of society. Having made this covert introduction of self-consciousness into the primary appetite, and supposing a faculty of

calculating means to ends as its instrument, it is not difficult to represent the strife of appetites as ending in a balance, which the calculating faculty of the many perceives to afford the maximum of possible gratification, and fixes in positive law. Nor does it require any great ingenuity to trace in the "social affections" secondary forms of the selfish appetite taught by accumulated calculation to anticipate its own satisfaction or apprehend its own loss in the pleasure and pain of others, and disciplined by long habit to do so instinctively.

The origin, then, of the judgment "I ought," Hobbes finds simply in the command of a ruler, and the ruling power in the last resort turns out to be the appetite of some one strong enough to enforce its satisfaction, in submission to which the appetites of others gain more than they lose. Appetite, transformed (it is not explained how) into deliberate self-interest, is thus the source at once of the idea of duty, and of the "moral sentiments," or the affections which dispose us to realize the idea. This was good hearing for the courtiers of Charles II., and, to judge from Butler's sermons, it appears to have continued the fashionable philosophy during the first part of the eighteenth century. A superficial analysis of composite feeling was clearly to the taste of the age. As if exulting in deliverance from the idea of an absolute Divine law, expressed either in the Church, or the Bible, or the conscience, which had haunted the thoughts and troubled the peace of the previous age, men would not only please themselves (as they had always done), but take credit and account to themselves for their pleasure. As the talk of a woman or a child is tedious from the iteration of "I like" and "I don't like," so the literature of that time nauseates with the description of agreeable sensations and reflections, and with easy theories of their production. In particular, fashionable controversy busied itself with the question of the element of self-interest in the social affections. Throughout his sermons, Butler stands in an attitude of defence against "that scorn which one sees rising upon the faces of people who are said to know the world, when mention is made of a disinterested action." He meets them, it is to be observed, by treating the actions in question, not as the realization of an idea of duty from which all merely personal interests are excluded, but as issuing from an immediate spontaneous affection, which self-love does not generate any more than it generates hunger; but for whose gratification, as a source of happiness, it may and ought to provide. Of self-love itself he gives no

consistent account. Sometimes it appears as one affection among others, co-ordinate with benevolence or resentment; sometimes as a reflective desire for one's good as a whole, regulating the other affections (benevolence among them), the harmonious satisfaction of which constitutes the good that it seeks.

Benevolence, in its turn, is treated sometimes as a natural affection, sometimes as a "principle of virtue." The relation between its two forms is nowhere intelligibly explained, for an explanation of it supposes a theory of the will, as the condition of moral in distinction from merely natural action, which nowhere appears in Butler. The failure to trace benevolence to its source in the active reason necessarily leads to a difficulty as to its relation to self-love. Generally in Butler we find a co-ordination between love of self and love of one's neighbour, as separate "principles of our nature," the proper balance between which constitutes virtue. If, dissatisfied with such dichotomy of the individual man, we ask for an ultimate unity which may account for the two opposite principles, Butler can give us no sufficient answer. Ultimately he abandons the co-ordination, and claims for benevolence by itself the prerogative of being the spring of all virtue. But in so doing he transfers to it without explanation, a supremacy previously assigned to self-love. The essential identity of the two he cannot explain, for he has no formula elastic enough to suit the reality of the rational will, which, in making itself its own object, takes others into itself. No one, indeed, insists more strongly on the unity of constitution of the individual nature. It is necessary to his stoical conception of virtue as the life according to nature. Now, since the moral nature, as a single whole, is the self, to live for the satisfaction of one's nature as a whole must be to live for self. According to this view, then, self-love must be the ultimate, the ruling moral principle, and such, in the sermons on Human Nature, Butler admits it to be. But on this admission, unless the self be regarded as at once individual and universal, according to a conception beyond the reach of his popular logic, it becomes difficult to maintain the "disinterested" character of benevolence. As a simple "propension" no doubt, like every other, it rests in its immediate object as an end, and this object may be the gratification of another. But in order to become a "principle of virtue," to hold its proper place in the moral system of man, it must be reflected on. Its satisfaction must be relative to that of the entire man or self. This being so, it becomes "selfish" or in-

terested, in the ordinary sense, except so far as the self, to which it is relative, is consciously identified with something beyond the mere individual, with a public cause, duty, or the will of God. This identification, however, popular philosophy, clinging to material divisions, and treating the spiritual self as a thing exclusive of other things, will not trouble itself to apprehend, and Butler either had no conception of it himself, or did not attempt to explain it to the men of the world who listened to him in the Rolls Chapel. He never represents self-love as anything more than the reasonable desire for personal happiness; and personal happiness, desired as such, is none the less a selfish or interested motive because the gratification of others is one of its constituents. Thus, in the sermons on the Love of Our Neighbour, to save the credit of such love for disinterestedness, he has to take refuge in the unphilosophical representation of it noticed above, as parallel, not subordinate to self-love, and, in the good man, justly proportioned to it. He lapses, that is, into the raw empiricism of popular philosophy, which explains the moral man as a ready-made compound, not as the many-sided development of a single spiritual principle.

The same want of ultimate analysis confuses his conception of self-love in relation to "conscience." Here again we find an unexplained co-ordination of two separate principles, instead of a two-fold relation of one and the same. "Conscience," indeed, with him is scarcely, as with Shaftesbury and Hutcheson, a mere sense. It is an authoritative faculty of judgment. He seems constantly on the verge of identifying it with reason or thought, as that which creates its own object and constitutes the unity of the self-conscious man. But he never actually does so. Human nature, he holds, is an organic system, in which "the faculty of reflex approbation and disapprobation" has a proper supremacy. Because of this authority, an act which does not accord with conscience is wrong in itself, apart from any consequence in the way of unhappiness. How this comes to be so, however, he does not—perhaps it should be said that to an audience believing in Locke he could not—explain. He was, in fact, the victim of the current psychology, which, as in regard to knowledge it assigned to thought no other office than that of combining the perceptions of things grown complete by sense, so in regard to action, left it merely to balance against each, and find means to attain, objects of desire given independently of it. On such a theory the "authority" of conscience, which as a faculty of judgment can

be no other than thought, is unaccountable, and therefore unreal. Conscience is not supposed to constitute the man; it is "a part of our nature, alongside of another part, called appetite or affection. . . . Why should it claim "supremacy over the other part, when, after all, it can only be from this other part that it derives the object with reference to which it judges? What meaning can there be in saying that what is "against conscience" is wrong in itself, apart from resulting unhappiness, unless conscience as a creative idea gives an object to itself? If it does so—a conception, for better or worse, beyond the reach of Butler's psychology,—then adaptation to the attainment of this object may render an action right in itself. If, on the other hand, the object of man's action is necessarily given by desires which thought may regulate, but can in no way constitute, then conscience in itself can give no measure of rightness; and that which is merely right in itself as consistent with conscience, not as satisfying desires or causing pleasure, is that which is right with reference to nothing, *i. e.*, a nonentity. Thus Butler, when he wants to find some reality corresponding to the right in itself, has to seek it in happiness. He has to represent interest and duty as coinciding, which really means that conscience approves or disapproves with reference to an object given by self-love. This, however, in the absence of any adequate conception of the self as the reason which can "spread undivided," and make a universal good its own, is to make conscience the servant of enlightened selfishness. From such a result Butler shrinks, but he only escapes it by keeping conscience and self-love apart, as separate, though alike supreme, principles of our nature,—a separation which in effect makes conscience objectless and unreal, and reduces self-love from the position of the practical reason to that of an animal instinct of self-preservation.

While benevolence, self-love, and conscience, thus stand over against each other, according to Butler's moral psychology, in unexplained relation and unreconciled competition for supremacy, athwart them all comes "the Love of God." His sermons on this topic are the most interesting part of his writings. It would appear from the accounts of his life that he had some tendency to find in mystical piety an escape from the limitations of a philosophy inadequate to the expression of the spiritual life; and certainly in his sermons his thoughts seem to breathe more freely and his intellectual pulse to be less sluggish, when he can adopt from the received language of religion ideas for which the philosophy of the time could scarcely

afford legitimate place. But the conception which thus inspires him, though it may make his view more adequate to the reality, is a further element of confusion in it. According to his general doctrine, reason and feeling remain asunder as separate parts of our compound nature. The love of our neighbour is treated throughout, even when its end is said to be something so general as the public good, as an "affection" with the constitution or creation of which reason has nothing to do. The office of reason is merely to consider how the benevolent propension may be best satisfied on the whole. It calculates the means to an end given independently of it. But over and above the virtuous affections, according to Butler, there is an affection for these affections *as they are thought upon*. The merciful man loves mercy. This must be an affection which reason not only directs but creates, and with which it remains in absolute fusion. Its object, as Butler describes it, is nothing sensible. It is evoked indeed by the contemplation of such goodness as we actually experience among men, but is only satisfied by the idea of the perfect goodness that is in God. It takes us not out of ourselves; it is as much our own as the most vulgar appetite; yet through it "our will may be lost and resolved up into God's." Such "resolution" or "resignation" of the will is the parent of all high thinking and acting. It carries with it hope and fear and love in their purest spiritual form; it involves all virtue, for it is the recognition of the divine order of the world which it is our privilege to enact.

The above is quite a fair condensation of Butler's language on this high theme. Yet here we find strangely reappearing, in the midst of a moral theory adapted to the psychology according to Locke, a conception which is none other than that of the beatific vision; of Spinoza's *Amor Intellectualis*; of the Platonic idea of good, the contemplation of which is the final goal of love, and which, once seen, transforms the actions of men to its likeness. How is such an intrusive conception to adjust itself to its surroundings? The love of perfect goodness, or God, if real, can clearly hold no second place in the nature of man. Is it to be added as one more "superior principle" alongside of the other three to which that title has already been given? or is it one in which the other three are reconciled? We may say, indeed, that the intellectual love for goodness, as such, can be only another form of "conscience," as the faculty which approves or disapproves of actions; that in this new form "conscience" is no longer liable to the dilemma that it either is void of an object

with reference to which it may approve and disapprove, or finds one in personal pleasure, for it has the required object in the idea of completeness, which, as reason, it presents to itself, and which, as desire, it seeks to realize in action. We may say further, that the "love of goodness" includes at once self-love and the love of our neighbour, which in it become identical with each other; for in its perfection, according to Butler, it means the resolution of the individual will into the Divine, which is a will for the good of all men; and when this consummation is attained, since the will is the self, consciously to love, and live for God, must be consciously to love and live for at once one's-self and humanity. We have but to take one step more to discern that this resolution of the love of self into the love of others or of goodness, is not a result suddenly or exceptionally achieved, but that man, as self-loving, or an object to himself, *i.e.*, as rational, ever tends to inform the world which his desires constitute or create with a unity like his own; that thus he becomes the author of custom and law, of families, nations, and states, which make the good of one the good of all, and the interest in which is identical with the interest in one's self. If this be so, the weakness that seemed to attach to conscience in its abstraction, as an inert faculty of judgment, is done away. It need no longer be wailed over, in Butler's language, as that which, "if only it had strength, as it has authority, would rule the world." As the self-seeking reason which creates order as its own expression, it has actually constructed the system of the social and moral world, which, though the consciousness of it in the individual be but as a remote unheeded voice, yet works through him when he seems to be following his own lust and imagination.

In saying this for Butler, however, we are crediting him with a unity of system which is not in him. He was content to leave the moral nature a cross of unreconciled principles. To trace them to a unity, either of source or of result, was impossible to one who presupposed the psychology of Locke, unless on condition of ignoring the true character of their opposition. By reducing the idea of duty, and the love of God and man, to a disguised selfishness, he might have done it, but from this his religion saved him. His value as an ethical writer is due to the same cause which makes his speculation perplexed and self-contradictory. A shallower and narrower view of the moral life would have fitted more neatly into the received theory of knowledge of the soul, which alone he had at command. Popular philosophy was too

strong for him. Its division of the soul into reason and feeling as mutually exclusive "parts," its doctrine that the reality of spiritual processes may be known by observing what goes on "within one's own breast," are incompatible with any just view of the process by which the actual moral world has been created, and which it involves; for it is of the essence of this process that, in a true sense, the whole is in every part of it, and the "heart" of the individual, though the deposit of its results, belies the source whence they come.

Man reads back into himself, so to speak, the distinctions which have issued from him, and which he finds in language. In this retranslation he changes the fluidity which belongs to them in language, where they represent ever shifting attitudes of thought and perpetually cross each other, for the fixedness of separate things. He has suffered, and said, "I feel;" has contrived means to escape his suffering, and said, "I think;" but it has been the "I" that has felt as well as thought, and has thought in its feeling. Otherwise the suffering, itself transitory, could not have been retained as a permanent object of consciousness, and, as such, named. The man, in suffering, has at once distinguished the suffering self from, and held it in relation to, himself; *i.e.*, has thought. In other words, the feeling has been that of a subject reflecting on himself, and in no other form can man know it. But the privilege of self-consciousness brings with it the privilege of self-deception. It is only as fixed by relation to a permanent subject, that passing acts and sufferings are substantial in language, but as thus substantiated they seem to have a separate reality of their own apart from this relation. Then, when man has reached the further or philosophic stage of reflection on self—when he begins to ask himself what his own nature is—he observes and classifies them as he might things in the outward world, in fancied separation from the self-conscious activity in virtue of which alone they are there to be observed. They are put on one side as "feelings," thought or reason on the other, and it is asked what is the function of each according to our inward experience. The feelings are taken as they are given in this experience, which means, since this experience is an intelligent one, that they are taken as already formed by thought, or (in technical language) as already subject to the categories. Thus, as constituents of knowledge, they are assumed either to be copies of, or to be themselves permanent cognisable things. As sources of moral action ("passions" or "emotions"), they are taken to be

either permanent objects of consciousness, or to be consciously caused by such objects, or to involve the idea of them.* Of intelligent experience itself no analysis is made, and hence it is not seen that, thus taken, the feelings are already transformed from the merely natural or animal state, that they already involve reason, and that it is only because they do so that we can have an intelligent experience of them. So much having been unawares assigned to the feelings and it being assumed that what is done by them is not done by reason, there remains no office for reason but in speculation to combine them, and in action so to adjust them in relation to each other and the natural world, as to secure their being pleasant on the whole; or, as Hume announced in a formula that sticks to one, "reason is and ought to be only the slave of the passions."

Hume had the true philosophic instinct of consistency, and the ambition to do for the unsorted principles of the current ethics what Copernicus had done for the intricacies of the Ptolemaic astronomy. In him the doctrines of the popular philosophy are made consistent with themselves, and thoroughly worked out. For that very reason, probably, his doctrine has never been itself popular, since to make such philosophy consistent with itself is to make it offensive to the "heart," to destroy its adaptation to the many sides of practical life, to render it unavailable as rhetoric. His greatest and only systematic work on philosophy, *The Treatise of Human Nature*, fell, as he tells us, "dead-born from the press," and has always been better known in Germany than in England. Yet it is absolutely the last work of the philosophy of Locke. If in any of its doctrines as to knowledge or virtue it has been considerably added to or modified by the subsequent disciples of the same school, this result, however practically desirable, has only been attained at the cost of speculative confusion and inconsistency.

Good and evil, according to Hume, always mean pleasure and pain, either as actually felt, or as anticipated. Pleasure and pain, again, are ultimately impressions on the bodily organs, or, in Hume's technical language, impressions of sensation. Of these "copies are taken by the mind," called ideas; and as thus copied, the primary impressions of sensation give rise to "impressions of reflection," to the "direct passions" of desire and aversion, hope and fear. These, again, may be copied, or converted into

ideas, by memory and imagination, and so cause new impressions of reflection. Meanwhile there is gradually formed the idea of self, which means simply "that succession of related ideas and impressions of which we have an intimate memory and consciousness." This causes a further modification of the "direct passions." If the object which excites them be one closely related to or forming part of ourselves, there result "indirect passions"—of pride, if the direct passion be desire or hope; of humility, if the direct passion be aversion or fear. In like manner, "ideas" of other "thinking persons" having been copied on the mind, if the object exciting the direct passion be one closely related to some other thinking person, there results the indirect passion of love or hatred. In these indirect passions, however, the direct passions, though qualified, are not lost, but intensified.

These passions, according to Hume, either as simple or as complicated with each other, and having their range indefinitely extended by sympathy and the association of ideas, are the causes of all the actions of men. Reason neither has anything to do with their constitution, nor can it conflict with them. It gives nothing, originates nothing. As in regard to knowledge, it merely has to do with the relation of given "ideas" to each other, either in the way of agreement and disagreement or of cause and effect, so in regard to action, it merely has to calculate the means to a pleasure that is desired or hoped for, and discover the cause of a pain that is disliked or feared. The mere passion can never be either reasonable or unreasonable, and is always the ultimate cause of the action, which, however, may become unreasonable through a mistake in some mediate judgment. The will is merely a passion consciously related to an act.* Because a mere passion, it (and through it the act) is determined as necessarily by pain or pleasure as any so-called physical effect by its cause. Since neither in the one case nor the other has the cause any compulsive power in relation to the effect, this necessity in the operation of passion is quite compatible with the "spontaneity" of which we are conscious.

So much for an account of the way in which we do act. How do we come to speak of a way in which we ought to act,—of rights and obligations? The answer is quite

* One or other of these alternatives it will be found that Hume assumes, in the case alike of the emotions and the direct passions.

* The will, with Hume, is "the internal impression we feel and are conscious of, when we knowingly give rise to any new motion of the body, or perception of our mind." Since, according to him, only a passion can give rise to such new motion, the result is that stated above.

consistent. Pain and pleasure are the primary causes of vice and virtue. "By a primary constitution of nature," certain characters and passions, and certain acts, as the expression of character and passion, "by the very view and contemplation produce a pain, and others, in like manner, excite a pleasure." It is solely in virtue of this pleasure or pain which character or acts excite "upon the mere survey," that they are either virtuous or vicious. The pain and pleasure "are not only inseparable from vice and virtue, but constitute their very nature and essence." The faculty through which they are felt is the moral sense. A further question, however, arises: Are the pain and pleasure under consideration primary, and therefore unaccountable, or can they be accounted for by any uniform property in the acts and passions, the mere survey of which excites them? Hume adopts the latter alternative. It is always the pleasure or pain caused mediately or immediately by the act or passion that makes us feel pleasure or pain in the survey of it; *i.e.*, that makes it virtuous or vicious. There are many acts, it is true, arising from obedience to laws, which the moral sense approves, and which yet cause no apparent pleasure to any one. These are acts "artificially virtuous." The selfishness of man, as Hobbes had said and Hume agreed, made the state of nature unbearable. Thus laws, states, and sovereignties were formed, which, though a limitation on the pleasures of each, secure a maximum of pleasure for all. An act of disobedience to law, therefore, though causing no pain in itself, is disapproved by the moral sense, because known to be in conflict with an institution the maintenance of which is known to be the condition of the greatest pleasure consistent with the limited generosity of men. If the pain resulting from the act of disobedience seem at first too indirect and remote to account for our sense of disapprobation, we must remember the influence of "sympathy with a general uneasiness"—such uneasiness as is caused by violation of law, and of the artifice of politicians in fostering that and kindred sympathies. No such explanation is needed with regard to acts "naturally virtuous." These are acts which cause immediate pleasure to the doer or to others, and, in consequence, excite pleasure on the contemplation. The contemplator of the act, it is to be observed, whose moral sense is gratified by it, is always supposed by Hume, as by his disciple Adam Smith, to be other than the doer of it; the special reference to one's own acts, which other writers had ascribed to conscience, being thus precisely reversed. As, in order that an act may cause satisfac-

tion on the contemplation, the pleasure arising from it must be not exceptional, but general, the contemplator regards not the pleasure which it produces, or is calculated to produce to himself, which may be unlike its effect on others, but that which it produces to the doer or those connected with him, this being one which appears uniform to the spectators of the act, though it may be quite otherwise to the doer himself. In brief, its pleasantness makes an act or character virtuous; not, however, directly, but through the medium of a further pleasure arising on contemplation of the first. In other words, the pleasure which makes an act virtuous must not be one arising from it merely in this case or that, but one generally associated with it in the contemplation of a being who "looks before and after."

This system is perfectly neat and easy. It is the necessary result of the Epicurean principle, *ἐν τῷ πάθει ὁ κἀνων*. But it raises awkward questions. The virtue of an act or character, according to it, is nothing in the act or character itself, any more than sound or colour, or other "secondary qualities," are in things themselves. Their "*esse*" consists in the "*percipi*," and that not a "*percipi*" by the doer of the act, or the owner of the character, but by others. As Berkeley had previously shown, a mere feeling gives nothing beyond itself. It represents no quality in things, though, on reflection, we may refer it to such a quality as its cause. Thus the mere feeling of satisfaction in the beholder, which constitutes an act virtuous, represents nothing in the act itself. The quality in the act itself that causes the "moral" feeling, is the pleasure known to result from it to the doer or to others. This pleasure, not the virtuousness of the act—not, that is, the other pleasure which it causes upon the mere survey, and which supposes it to have been previously done—is the actual motive to the doer for doing it. To represent the virtuous act as done because it is so, or "for virtue's sake," is either nonsense, as supposing that to be the motive of the act which can only follow it, or else means that the act is done for the sake of the impression it makes on spectators, *i.e.*, for reputation's sake.

We must cease then to speak of an idea of duty as a possible motive to or even restraint upon action; if we mean anything more by it than a regard to reputation, and to this only as a source of pleasure. It will not help us out of the difficulty to say, that the fulfilment of duty is itself a pleasure to the good man, and thus, like any other pleasure, an object of desire, and in consequence a motive of action. Something must

have induced the man to do his duty, before he could find pleasure in doing it. What was this? Not any idea originated by the reason, for of that the psychology of Locke does not allow, but a desired good or pleasure, which must have been either a simple sensuous impression, or the result of such impression. When the act has been done and been found to give pleasure to others on the contemplation, it may be done again for the sake of the pleasure to himself, which the doer derives from this secondary pleasure, *i.e.*, from the satisfaction of his own love of approbation, and this he calls finding pleasure in doing his duty. How then, according to Hume, are we to account for our doing acts unpleasant in themselves "from a sense of obligation"? Simply thus, such acts are obligatory as being "artificially virtuous" in the sense explained above. It is not, however, for their obligatoriness that we do them, but from a sense of interest, more or less distinct, and desire for ultimate pleasure, strengthened by a sympathy with the feeling of society about them, which makes their omission painful.

The virtuous act, then, being never done for the sake of its virtue, which is a quality relative to the contemplator, not to the doer, but always either to obtain a pleasure or avert a pain, whether immediate or remote, the question arises, How is vice possible? The viciousness, according to Hume, of an act, like its virtue, lies not in the "*esse*" but the "*percipi*." It is vicious, because it gives pain on the contemplation, and the reason why it does so, is that in the doing, or its results, it causes pain or prevents pleasure to the doer or to others. How is such an act possible, on the supposition (necessary to Hume's philosophy) that every act results from the desire for pleasure, or aversion to pain? The only answer can be, that the particular present pleasure is an object of stronger desire than the general and more remote; and that the pleasure desired is always one's own, though through the action of sympathy it may sometimes involve that of others. If, then, the present pleasure happens to be inconsistent with the more general or remote, or one's own with that of other men, a vicious act ensues. If the doer of it asks, "Why should I not prefer the present pleasure, which I violently desire, to the remote which I scarcely desire at all, and my own pleasure to another's?" the answer must be, "You inevitably do so prefer it, and the phrase *ought* or *ought not*, does not express any relation of the act to you, but its relation to the beholders." In short, we must get rid of the notion that it is essential to a vicious act to be done in con-

scious violation of a law within the doer's self, which he is free to obey. A similar purgation must be applied to our notions of the selfish and unselfish. If a selfish act means one done from an idea of one's own general good, then no acts are selfish. If it means one done for the sake of some pleasure accruing from it to one's-self, then all acts are selfish. The distinction between the selfish and unselfish, in fact, only finds its way at all into Hume's system at the cost of marring its unity. Selfishness is treated as the opposite of benevolence, or the desire for the happiness of others, and the latter, he sometimes admits, must be taken as "an original principle of our nature," not to be reduced to the desire for pleasure or aversion from pain. Sympathy, however (another "principle of our nature" which does duty whenever it is wanted), may be represented as identifying the pleasure of another with one's own, and will thus account for acts which, as not done for one's own pleasure *merely*, may be called unselfish.

Such results may be unlovely, but they are the logical consequence of a psychology which, separating reason and feeling, regards feeling as the sole originator of action, and reason as its minister. Adam Smith only made them more palatable by disguising them, by introducing more "original principles of our nature," such as the sense of propriety, and giving a further loose to the already indefinite range of "sympathy." Though Hume's original statement of them, in scientific simplicity, met with little recognition, they were virtually the received doctrines of the educated classes in France and England during the last century. Adapted to the requirements of public spirit, and illogically modified in the adaptation, they have become, under the name "Utilitarianism," the permanent practical theory of men of the world. In confused conflict with other principles, more elevated perhaps, but less able to account for themselves, while the appeal is still to the "heart," they have been wrought into the rhetoricized philosophy of the press, the pulpit, and the platform, to become the source of much undemonstrative agony at the times when speculation comes home to life.

So far then the claim of the modern spirit to enjoy life *with understanding* results in the conviction "I always do what pleases me because it pleases me, and it is impossible that I should do otherwise." Unfortunately this result comes into necessary conflict with its other claim to be free. The burden of moral obligation is got rid of in the philosophy of Hume, but only to

be replaced by that of natural necessity. Man does as he pleases, but so does a horse out of harness; the pleasure in each case is, or naturally results from, a natural sensation. He acts spontaneously, as the horse when it races "from emulation;" not under compulsion, as a horse when it is driven. He has "ideas," as well as impressions, he *knows* what will please him, but it is as the ass knows his master's crib. He has a natural sympathy, which makes another's pleasure as his own, but dogs show the same in the chase. "Interrogate consciousness" which way you will, according to Hume, make the primary principles as many as you will, they still "answer mere nature." Such an answer, however, gives the lie to the very impulse that caused the question to be asked, too strongly to be acquiesced in. Unless man had consciously detached himself from nature, no *Treatise of Human Nature* could have been written. He would not be trying to account to himself for his own moral life, even by reducing it to a natural one, would not be asking what nature is to him or he to nature, if he were merely the passive receptacle of natural impressions, and not at the same time constructive and free.

There is of course some justification for regarding the knowledge of nature in the received way as simply an analysis of a given material, though the critical philosophy has shown that, inasmuch as nature can only be known under categories supplied by thought, even in this knowledge we are not properly receptive, but constructive. But in seeking to know the moral world, man is dealing with a world which he has made for himself. No one asserts this more strongly than Hume, when he is maintaining the "artificial" character of the most essential social virtues. Everything that makes human life human, the institutions by which "relations dear, and all the charities of husband, son, and brother first were known," which creates honour and dishonour, loyalty and disloyalty, justice and injustice; which makes it possible to die for one's country or be false to it; to sacrifice one's self to a cause or a cause to one's self; to defraud the fatherless and widow, or befriend them—all these the animals know not. They are not primary but derived, not given by nature but constituted by man. We say, indeed, that laws are not made but grow. This, however, merely means that they are the expression of previously existing relations. These relations themselves are only possible to a being that can consciously make new conditions for itself, and is therefore not properly "natural."

The "natural" is determined to motion either from without, or if (as in the case of animals) from within, yet by a principle within which it cannot distinguish from and present to itself. The development of man, on the other hand, necessarily implies that he is determined by a self at once individual and all-capacious, like nothing in nature, and which he can detach from its actual condition to present to himself as a form for which a new content, a power for which a new realization, may be won in the future. The moral world, therefore, cannot be truly known by an imaginary analysis of "natural" feelings and faculties. To know it must mean to re-construct it in thought, i.e., to take the bare principle of self-consciousness, which has alike made our feelings what they are, and set us upon knowing them, and follow its gradual realization in actual morality.

It was not, however, from any explicit discovery of the radical flaw in its method that the natural philosophy of man got into difficulties, but from the action within it of the free self-consciousness which it really expressed, but ostensibly ignored. The great name which represents this action is that of Rousseau. His philosophic nurture was solely that of the school of Locke. Of other philosophy his ignorance was either absolute, or at least the secondary ignorance of antipathy. "I abhor Spinoza," he said of himself, and the abhorrence of Spinoza meant an abhorrence of the whole system of thought which absorbs sentiment in reason. But in him the philosophy of feeling became the food of a spirit which dealt with it in a way quite unknown to the healthy men of the world, who discussed the difference between their "impressions of reflection" with the same calmness as the distinct flavours of the wines of Burgundy and Bordeaux, to which they assimilated them. It was now the heritage of a brooding eremite, subject to no vows of abstinence or obedience, and whose hermitage was the world. This, however, was the legitimate, the necessary fate of a system which, itself the product of a high-wrought self-consciousness, pronounced the self "a succession of sensations;" and which, while it reasons upon the world of duties and obligations, derationalized it by making the satisfaction of an appetite or a sentiment its origin and end. Self-consciousness believing itself to be a mode of passion, becomes passionate, and, as such, wilful, exclusive, indecent, defiant of gods and men—"savage, extreme, rude, cruel, not to trust." The simple passions, on the other hand, wrought by this self-belying self-consciousness into a system which, if not a

harmony, must be a discord, become morbid, contradictory, "in having still in quest to have." The man who, in following the mere motion of nature, has asked himself the question, "Why should I not?" has proved that he is not the child of nature by the most fatal gift of thinking humanity. Henceforth he is at once self-asserting and self-condemned, insolent and unhappy. If his pleasure is merely that of the most gifted of the animals, his misery is a peculiar and absolutely original privilege. The "Confessions" of Rousseau are thus not to be regarded merely as the expression of an idiosyncrasy. In virtue of his idiosyncrasy and genius he stood to the philosophy of feeling in the same relation in which the great men of action are said to stand to their several ages. He expressed it in its clearest essence and its fullest force, and, at the same time, to the eye of the historian of philosophy, he wound it up. It has retained, indeed, as we have already said, a permanent hold on popular thought, but, since Rousseau, philosophy proper has left it behind, and is interested in it only as an element in the past, which it has itself absorbed. The "good, sound, roundabout sense" of Locke has its legitimate child in the sentimentality of Rousseau, and this sentimentality in indecency; but the grave of them all is the recognition of the constructive energy of reason. It was because this recognition, though but in abstract glimpses,* had forced itself on the introspective gaze of Rousseau, that he was a heretic among the contemporary *philosophes*, yet contributed directly to the new birth of speculation that was gathering shape in the brain of the remote Professor at Königsberg.

On his sentimental and indecent side, Rousseau does not outwardly differ from other French *philosophes*, save that his sentiment is more real and his indecency less gross. But in him—

"An apprehension clear, intense,
Of his mind's work, had made alive
The things it wrought on; I believe
Wakening a sort of thought in sense."

Or rather the thought that is always in sense, as man knows it, had in him attained the utmost intensity of self-consciousness, yet still believing individual sentiment to be its sole source and object, it became monstrous as a drunken god. Instead of recognising in the objective world of art and of religious and moral institutions its sole adequate realization, it sought to find it in

mere personal feelings, where yet its misery proclaimed that its rest was not. Thus it grew loud in its license, and glorified itself in grossness. For true art it substituted that which modern newspaper critics call the "photography of passion,"—not, however, of simple passion, for that, properly speaking, has no features by which to be photographed, but of passion warped and subtilized by a misdirected self-consciousness. In this aberration, it became the fountain of the modern poetry of indecency, which, if denounced by the popular philosophy, can always reply to it with a stone from its own sling. If mere feeling has a value or reality—if, as that philosophy supposes, it is the ultimate spring of our inward life—why should not all its varieties be photographed in their nakedness? *De sensibus non est disputandum.* If that which is to you a stink is to me a savour of delight, why should I not utter my delight before all Israel and the sun, shaking a puny fist at all who would silence me? Custom is against me, but is itself the child of sense and sympathy: my altered sense, winning a new sympathy, may beget another custom. A different philosophy indeed might answer that art has no meaning except as the realization of an idea of perfection, to which sense only supplies the material; that to represent the passions in naked simplicity is impossible, for as such they are at once dumb themselves and indescribable, nor can the attempt to do so produce anything but the mean or the monstrous: that not in themselves, but only as absorbed in will or thought or spiritualized nature—only either as issuing in heroic act, or as making way in collision with each other and destiny for a peace that is not in them, or as breathed into the life of nature and from it taking beauty and repose—are the passions fit material for art at all; that thus not passion but the "high reason of his fancies" makes the Poet.

Such an answer, however, the philosophy that makes "reason the slave of passion" cannot give. Nor can it supply any effective defence of established manners against the wilfulness of self-conscious sentiment. Such sentiment finds itself girt about with the results of what its masters have taught it to call "artifice," whose domain seems to reach further and further back as reflection extends itself, till the "natural virtues disappear." For this artifice it cannot satisfactorily account. The free principle of construction, which is the source of the artifice of morals, is the same as that which, converting simple passion into self-will, comes into inevitable collision with its own artificial creation. Just because it is a principle

* See, in particular, the first part of the *Profession de Foi du Vicaire Savoyard*.

of construction it is also one of negation, and from the war in the members which results there is no escape, till from the denial of the authority of an alien law it goes on to deny its own mere individuality, and to find its own expression in the law which it had before resented. To this double denial, however, the philosophy of Rousseau was inadequate. Custom lay upon him with a weight not almost but altogether deep as the moral life. No sentiment could comprehend it; the reason which underlay it could be "envisaged" by no definite act of imagination. His antithetical logic did not allow him to conceive that the very individuality which he hugged was unreal, except so far as generalized by the relations to others which custom embodies. But self-consciousness, when it has reached such strength as it had in Rousseau, will tolerate no "mystery." That to which its logic is inadequate, that which it cannot rationalize, is alien and a bondage. The coil of custom, therefore, was to be shuffled off, and nature left to herself. The dearest ties of family were to be got rid of as much as the swaddling-bands which restrain the free motion of infancy. Some moral desert was to be found or created, where the pure personality might develop itself in mere abstraction.

Rousseau thus became the father of Jacobinism. The philosophy of feeling which to Hume had been the vindication of absolutism, had by a necessary process recoiled upon itself. Feeling having been pronounced the sole principle of action, had turned out inadequate to account for law and morality. "Artifice," itself unaccounted for, had been introduced to account for them, but to it feeling, being really self-consciousness under the limitations of sentiment, could not adjust itself, and proceeded to assert its admitted supremacy by tearing artifice to pieces. Before the trumpet-blast of natural right "temple and tower went to the ground." Burke pleaded the ancient rights in vain, though with a power which has made all subsequent conservative writing superfluous and tedious. Notwithstanding his violence and one-sidedness, he had so much of the true philosophic insight that he almost alone among the men of his time caught the intellectual essence of the system which provoked him. He saw that it rested on a metaphysical mistake, on an attempt to abstract the individual from his universal essence; *i. e.*, from the relations embodied in habitudes and institutions which make him what he is; and that thus to unclothe the man, if it were possible, would be to animalize him. He saw this without any of the qualifying haze which makes ordi-

nary men "moderate" except when their private interests are concerned, and let fly at the delusion with a speculative fancy which to unspeculative persons at the time, who feared Jacobinism for their estates, seemed almost inspired, but has led persons of the same sort since to pronounce him mad. He did not indeed reflect, as a deeper philosopher might have done, that there is a wisdom in the world wiser than the world itself wots of, and that the wild outburst of wilfulness, which seemed to be tearing up the clothes of humanity, was really powerless to destroy, and was but refashioning the old order into one that reason could more easily recognise as its own. The present generation can see this result, but speculatively seems little the wiser for it. The fabric of European society stands apparently square and strong on a basis of decent actual equity, but no adequate rationale of this equity is generally recognised. The Hedonism of Hume has been turned into Utilitarianism, the Jacobinism of Rousseau into a gentle Liberalism, but neither *ism* could save the "culture" of England, in the great struggle between wilfulness and social right across the Atlantic, from taking sides with the wilfulness. Whatever might be the case practically, it had not learnt speculatively that freedom means something else than doing what one likes. A philosophy based on feeling was still playing the anarchy in its thoughts.

Burke was not a prophet, and died protesting against the inevitable. He saw the rottenness in which the "metaphysics" of the eighteenth century resulted, but had nothing with which to replace them. The practical reconstruction of moral ideas in England was to come not directly from a sounder philosophy, but from the deeper views of life which the contemplative poets originated, from the revival of evangelical religion, and from the conception of freedom and right, which Rousseau himself popularized, and which even in his hands had a constructive as well as an anarchical import. These three influences, however superficially unlike, have yet this in common, that they tend to rid the consciousness of its self-imposed individual limitations. The man to whom nature has become human, who has recognised either a kingdom of God or a power of eternal death within him, who has found in a Free State not a mere organization for satisfying his wants, but an object of interest identical with his interest in himself—such an one has escaped by the true "*solvitur ambulando*," from the hard lines within which sophists would confine him. He has already for himself answered the question whether it is he that is natural, or

nature that is unconsciously spiritual; has practically decided that he is not the passive result of outward impressions, but self-determined, and therefore partaker of the divine infinity; has universalized his individual self up to the measure of the universe of man's affairs. But he still needs the theory of his own greatness. If in a theoretic age like ours such a theory is not achieved, the very fulness of moral and artistic life only thickens the speculative chaos.

In England, it was specially Wordsworth who delivered literature from bondage to the philosophy that had naturalized man. This may at first sight seem a paradoxical statement of the relation between one known popularly as the "Poet of Nature" and a system which had magnified "artifice." It is not so really. It was because the natural philosophy of man, anatomizing him into an aggregate of passions served by intelligence, had ignored the principle of construction, regular at once and free, within him, that as it reduced morals to artifice, so it reduced art to a device for producing agreeable sensations. It could as little account for the device as find any law of beauty in its results. For some time, however, it might disguise its incompetence. While the plastic arts alone, or even epic and dramatic poetry, were in question, it might shelter itself under the sonorous absurdity that man is "an imitative and inventive species," to whom the artificial copying of sensations has a pleasure of its own. For a criticism of the beautiful, while the fingering of sensations still retained some freshness of interest, the "I like" and "I don't like," under many variations, might still do plausible duty. Even in this region of art, however, the rise of a real artist, who has reflected on his art—of one who, like Reynolds, was conscious of an ideal, "which eye had not seen nor tongue spoken, which he was always labouring to express, but must die at last without expressing," made the theory of mere taste and imitation palpably inadequate. The re-awakening of the lyric interest in nature with that intensity of self-reflection which belonged to Wordsworth, gave it the final quietus. It was a proof not to be gainsaid that nature was something more to man than nature would herself explain. The natural man is the passive man, and it is not to the passive man that nature has herself passion, much less beauty and greatness in her passion, but to the creative.

The creative power in Wordsworth had neither a wide range nor a happy spontaneity. But it was deep and strong, and thoroughly understood its own depth and

strength. With the nameless poetic inspiration,—

"The spirit that like wind doth blow,
As it listeth, to and fro,"

—such understanding might be scarcely consistent; but it supplied an inexhaustible fund of antagonism to the philosophy which wrapped the soul up in a "sensual fleece" against the universe, and an art which only set it free by artifice. He knew the wealth of his own spirit, giving when it received and receiving when it gave; that it had kindness to waste on stocks or stones or the vacant air, yet fed itself in passiveness; that through eye and ear it drank the soul of things, yet in doing so came to that which was its own. Thus for him the fusion of the outward and inward was already consciously achieved, and thought released from self-imposed bondage to the metaphor of impression and the abstraction of individuality. It was not "within his own breast" that he had read what he was, but in the open scroll of the world—of the world, however, as written within and without by a self-conscious and self-determining spirit. To say this of him is, of course, saying no more than that he was a true poet, and poets quite as true might not have effected the practical revolution in thought which he did. That which specially fitted him for this work was the explicitness with which, in contemplative detachment, he recognised the nature of his own power and wrought its creations into definite ideas. A fuller or more rushing inspiration might have been less able to account for itself or appreciate its own philosophic import. As it was, he clearly saw that the philosophy resting on the mere passivity and individuality of man gave no room for his own poetic achievement, and met it with the answer of a *fait accompli*:—

"His verse was clear, and came
Announcing from the frozen hearth
Of a cold age, that none might tame
The soul of that diviner flame
It augured to the earth."

It was not, however, properly an augury, but an interpretation. It led man up to the recognition of his own greatness, as universalized by communion with nature and intercourse with his kind. It was conversant, not with subtleties of the imagination, but with the great, the obvious, the habitual—with the common earth, the universal sky, the waters rolling evermore, the abiding social powers that lift man out of his animal self, and render him "magnanimous to correspond with heaven"—with these restored to the ancient glory that belongs to them in

their intelligible relations, but from which the prone and poring gaze of a false philosophy had during a century of conceit been diverted. Hence the clearness and strength of the new utterance; hence the response more free and full than itself which it elicited from Shelley; hence, too, the value which it still retains in a society that mistakes sophistication for thought.

An evangelical Christian will commonly sum up his objections to philosophy in the statement that the philosopher does not know what sin, or, by consequence, what the righteousness of God, is. There is a sense, no doubt, in which this is true of philosophy in every form. To believe is not the same thing as to account for one's belief, any more than to be an artist or to be moral is the same thing as to give an account of one's art or morality. Thus the practical religious experience, in vibration between its two poles of conscious sin and foretasted righteousness, is distinct from that interpretation of the experience, as not a mere unaccountable feeling of individuals, but a necessary result of the manifestation of the Divine Spirit in time, which it is the office of philosophy to give. But as the interpretation presupposes the experience, so, unless interpreted, the experience is liable to self-limitation and self-deceit. It is only a false abstraction of one from the other, reducing religion to an emotion and philosophy to a formula, that brings them into antagonism. The high function claimed for philosophy by Plato, Spinoza, or Hegel, seems ridiculous or blasphemous to an ordinary man, because he thinks of it as a mere intellectual exercise of this or that person's brain, which may be pursued in as complete independence of religion as a geometrical problem. Regard religion in the same way as the experience of this or that individual "heart," and it must seem not necessarily to result in any philosophical theory of itself. Regarded, however, in their truth—in that fulness of their tendencies and relations which can be seen only in the history of thought—while religion is found constantly interpreting itself into philosophy through a middle stage of theology; philosophy on its part is seen to be the effort towards self-recognition of that spiritual life of the world, which fulfils itself in many ways but most completely in the Christian religion, and to be thus related to religion as the flower to the leaf.

The formulæ of the self-recognition, however, may be inadequate to the life. They may confine instead of expressing it. Such was the relation of eighteenth-century philosophy—the philosophy *par excellence* in

popular apprehension—to the religious life as it had been actually realized by mankind. It was not merely, as theoretical, a different attitude of the spirit from the religious life, as practical; it was incapable of a theory of that life. Its "moral sense," however construed, could account for nothing beyond distaste at an observed predominance of unsympathetic over generous passions, or regret for a mistaken calculation of the balance between possible pains and pleasures. Between such distaste or regret, and the consciousness of sin, the chasm is immeasurable. It is of the very essence of this consciousness, as exhibited in the history of religion, to be quite independent of definite acts of vice. It is the consciousness of an infinite vacancy only possible to a being capable of an infinite fulness, and either this must be accounted for, or the whole history of religion from St. Paul downwards erased. Only if we recognise in man a spirit properly infinite, because an object to itself, but which has gradually and with perpetual incompleteness to realize its infinite capacity, does this form of religious experience, of which all other forms are modifications, become explicable. We then understand the spiritual hunger which, trying to satisfy itself with "works of the law," with a special and limited righteousness, does but quicken the consciousness of vacancy, till it opens the soul to the anticipatory appropriation of that righteousness of God, which is being gradually enacted in the world. When in Western Christendom the spiritual form of religion began to emerge again from the shell of ecclesiasticism, it naturally resumed to some extent the Pauline vesture. A spiritual religion is of necessity a religion of the individual, and as such it was recognised at the Reformation. With this recognition, St. Paul's language regained for a time some of its meaning. But how does the individual interpret himself? As a succession of pains and pleasures gathered into unity, or as the dwelling-place of a Spirit that filleth and searcheth all things? On the answer given to this question depends, in an age of reflection, the possibility of reading the New Testament in any of its original significance. Among the countrymen of Luther, the latter interpretation was never wholly lost sight of; but it was otherwise in England. When, in the last part of the seventeenth century, upon the final triumph of individual right, there came the great outburst of personal enjoyment theorizing upon itself, the logic of limitation and exclusion silenced the groanings unutterable of the spirit. For a century or more it had its way. When the consciousness of

sin, with its corollaries, again took hold on men's minds, it came into inevitable collision with the current philosophy. "The dislike of men of taste to evangelical religion," which John Foster wrote a treatise to remove, rested on a deeper ground than any eccentricities in the religion, or any misapprehension of it on the part of men of taste. It had a real connexion with the outcry from men of the same sort against the new lyrical poetry. Each arose from the impossibility of adjusting the conception of man as a bundle of tastes, and therefore passive, to the real activity of his spirit.

If man as an artist, and man as himself a hell or heaven, practically contradicts the philosophy that would confine him within the dark chamber of passive sense, not less certainly, though in more familiar ways, does he do so as a citizen. It is the very familiarity of the contradiction in the latter case that makes it possible for it to be ignored. A theory like Hume's, which derives society and social obligation from passions served by artifice, owes its plausibility to the assumption of the passions as already related to a conscious self and other thinking persons. Only as thus related can they issue even in the most primitive social bonds. The assumption escapes notice, because the utmost investigation of "one's own breast" can never show them to us in any other character. The relation really presupposes the action of a principle for which sensation, as passive and merely individual, cannot account; but this action, from its very primariness, from its involution in the simplest possible intelligent experience, is ignored; and the formation of civil society, as of personal character, explained as a process of necessity, not rational, but natural. Against such a necessity, however, self-consciousness, when wrought to a certain pitch of intensity, inevitably rebels; and the issue of the rebellion is the recognition of its own work in the system which before oppressed it. Rousseau, as we have seen, represents the rebellion, and in him also the recognition first appears. It was involved in his conception of the State as the result of a *volonté générale*. This will is distinct, as he conceived it, *volonté de tous*. It is always rational and for good, however imperfectly actual government and law may express it. It is the *moi commun* from which alone the individual derives the capacity for right, freedom, and duty. As thus in the individual, but not of him; as beyond him in such a way as to be an object of his reverence and love, yet constituting his moral and rational self, it reconciles the three principles—love of self,

love of our neighbour, and love of God—which Butler had left asunder. It is a valid principle of construction for that human world of which social relation and self-consciousness are the correlative differentia. Its recognition means that the individual man, after detachment from implicit unity with the social organism into an imaginary self-isolation, has again found himself in it with a new consciousness of its origin and authority. It is true that in Rousseau himself, this conception is only "shot from a pistol." It would not, any more than Butler's highest ideas, adjust itself to a logic which treated the "universal" as a fiction of thought. He saw that the *moi commun* was the only possible basis for free society, yet the current logic forbade him to regard any such community as other than a kind of invention. Hence his derided doctrine of the Social Pact. Instead of recognising the *moi commun* as the primary principle, whose operation, however immersed in sense, will alone account for the transformation of animal wants into abiding affections, and thus for the family or any other form of society, he treats it as the result of a contract among "individual egos," which yet manifestly presupposes it. Notwithstanding this contradiction, however, and with all its lack of logical apparatus, Rousseau's conception was a power that would work. The quickened consciousness of national life, whose era dates from the declaration of American Independence, has taken from it a form, and given it a reality. The German revival in the days of the "Tugendbund" was perhaps the clearest proof we have yet had, that the modern spirit is being schooled out of its individual egoism, but that revival has reproduced itself, though in more questionable shapes, in all the countries of Europe. Even the English Epicureanism has felt the change. To its formula of the "Greatest Happiness," as the object of the moral life, it has added, "of the greatest number." If this be construed (as, to secure consistency, it must be) to mean merely that the individual, in living for his own pleasure, is to take account of the pleasure of others as the condition of his own; it is, of course, no essential modification of the doctrine of Hume. But the modern English utilitarian is generally better than his logic. In defiance of Hume and Bentham, he distinguishes higher and lower pleasures by some other criterion than that of quantity, and takes as the object to which "expediency" is relative a "good of others," which involves his own. He is not practically the worse for failing to perceive that to live for such an object is to live not for the attainment of any sum of

agreeable sensations, but for the realization of an idea, of which the philosophy that starts from feeling can give no account.

"Not practically the worse"—but man, above all the modern man, must theorize his practice, and the failure adequately to do so, must cripple the practice itself. Hitherto, except from a school of German philosophers, which did not make itself generally intelligible, no adequate theory has been forthcoming, and hence that peculiar characteristic of our times, the scepticism of the best men. Art, religion, and political life have outgrown the nominalistic logic and the psychology of individual introspection; yet the only recognised formulæ by which the speculative man can account for them to himself, are derived from that logic and psychology. Thus the more fully he has appropriated the results of the spiritual activity of his time, the more he is baffled in his theory, and to him this means weakness, and the misery of weakness. Meanwhile, pure motive and high aspiration are going for nothing, or issuing only in those wild and fruitless outbursts into action, with which speculative misery sometimes seeks to relieve itself. The prevalence of such a state of mind might be expected at least to excite an interest in a philosophy like that of Hegel, of which it was the professed object to find formulæ adequate to the action of reason as exhibited in nature and human society in art and religion.

CARL JOHANN GREITH, Bischof von St. Gallen. 8vo. Freiburg im Breisgau, 1867.

6. *English Monasticism: its Rise and Influence.* By O'DELL TRAVERS HILL. 8vo. London, 1867.

THERE was not much exaggeration in the blunt phrase of Dr. Johnson, when, describing the tone of the theological discussions in the English Church of his day, he said that "the apostles were tried once a week for the capital crime of forgery." At the time to which he referred, the dogmatic principle seemed to have gone almost entirely into abeyance. The reaction against that exaggerated view of Church authority which had begun under Laud and was carried to its height by the non-jurors, had its issue for a time in a tone which rose but little above the level of naturalism. Religious belief was reduced to a question of mathematical evidence, and in many instances the teaching of the pulpit assumed a form which it would be difficult to distinguish from that of the moral essay. With all its undoubted excellence, great part of Paley's *Evidences of Christianity* can hardly be said to have been unfairly described when it was called "a balancing of probabilities;" and Johnson's criticism, irreverent as it might seem, is literally verified in Bishop Sherlock's celebrated and long popular *Trial of the Witnesses of the Resurrection*, in which, after the jury have returned a verdict of "Not guilty" in favour of the apostles, on the indictment for false testimony, the judge who has just been trying them receives a retaining fee in the case of Lazarus, which is announced as next upon the list for trial!

With the school of that period, indeed, the truth or falsehood of Christianity was simply a philosophical problem to be dealt with according to the laws of mathematical investigation, or a judicial issue which must stand or fall by the technical rules of legal evidence. No one seemed to think of passing beyond the threshold. We look in vain among these writers for any of those larger and more comprehensive views which, however widely we may differ from them, compel speculation, by their very boldness, in the pages of Henry More, of Stillingfleet, and even of Cudworth; for any discussion of the relations of Christianity to universal history, or its possible place in the general providential order of the world; for any examination of its doctrines or institutions in their bearing upon those of the earlier or of the contemporaneous religions of the ancient world; in a word, for any of those so-called moral considerations, wheth-

- ART. VI.—1. *Les Moines d'Occident, depuis Saint Benoit jusqu'à Saint Bernard.* Par le COMTE DE MONTALEMBERT. 8vo. Vols. 1-5. Paris, 1860-67.

2. *The Monks of the West, from St. Benedict to St. Bernard.* By the COUNT DE MONTALEMBERT. 8vo. Vols. 1-5. Edinburgh and London, 1861-7.

3. *The Life of St. Columba, Founder of Hy. Written by Adamnan, ninth Abbot of that Monastery; to which are added copious Notes and Illustrations, illustrative of the Columbian Institution in Ireland and Scotland.* By WILLIAM REEVES, D. D. (Irish Archaeological Society.) Dublin, 1857.

4. *The Culdees of the British Islands, as they appear in History, with an Appendix of Evidences.* By W. REEVES, D. D. 1864.

5. *Geschichte der Altirischen Kirche und ihrer Verbindung mit Rom, Gallien, und Alemannien (von 430-630); als Einleitung in die Geschichte des Stifts St. Gallen.* Von

er of the whole scheme of the Christian Revelation, or of its several most prominent institutions, upon which modern inquiry has mainly turned. The sole question of that day was the one hard and literal issue—the truth or falsehood of the facts of the gospel history.

Least of all among the institutions of Christianity was that of monasticism likely to enter into the speculations of the eighteenth century; nor can it fail to be regarded as a remarkable indication of the spirit of our own age, that a voluminous history of an institution which enlists so few of the traditional sympathies of Englishmen, and by an author whose religious opinions are at once so pronounced, and so little in harmony with those of the great majority of the British public, as M. de Montalembert, should have been selected for translation into English; and that its prospects of circulation should be quite as much among Protestant readers as within the limits of the author's own communion. The revolution of thought by which this has become possible has been as rapid as it is complete. "Some years ago," asks M. de Montalembert, speaking even of France, "who understood what a monk really was?" For himself, he confesses that his first view of the monastic costume was on the boards of a theatre, "in one of those ignoble parodies which too often hold the place of the pomps and solemnities of religion;" and as regards the great body of the contemporaries of his earliest literary career, he is not going a shade beyond the truth when he says that by them the monks "were treated as a lost species, of whom fossil bones reappeared from time to time, exciting curiosity or repugnance, but who had no longer a place in history among the living."

It is only since the larger and more philosophical treatment of early and mediæval European history, which may be said to have begun with M. Guizot in France and with Hallam in our own country, that the monk has in any degree been replaced in the rank to which he is really entitled in the vital history of the world. But the position of the monk in the pages of M. Guizot, and even of the later and more reverent historians of the philosophical school, is very different from the ideal which, in the volumes now before us, forms the subject of M. de Montalembert's earnest and affectionate, but yet far from indiscriminately eulogistic portraiture. Montalembert is so essentially subjective in his views and his opinions, and all the subjects which he discusses receive so

much light from the circumstances of his own personal history, that we shall make no apology for adverting briefly to the leading facts of a career in which every lover of liberty must feel an interest. M. de Montalembert's personal history must be especially interesting to Englishmen, to whose country and institutions not one of the scholars or statesmen of continental Europe, hardly even excepting M. de Tocqueville, has rendered more ample and yet more discriminating justice. In truth, there are some contrasts, not to say contradictions, in the views and opinions of Montalembert, which are scarcely intelligible unless as interpreted by the circumstances of his history and his position.

Many of those who have been struck by the intimate knowledge which Montalembert exhibits of British institutions, social as well as political, may not be aware that he is connected with this country by ties of blood, his mother having been a member of the Scottish family of Forbes.* He was born, however, in France, in 1810, and he

[* The writer, knowing M. de Montalembert, and full of the loving admiration which his friends feel for him, has counted upon our readers being equally well acquainted with his character. We venture to supply what appears to us as a possible defect.

With many men who have taken the place in politics and literature which M. de Montalembert holds, the boast of ancestry would be superfluous or absurd. But you do not understand the Comte de Montalembert aright, unless you represent him to yourselves as the descendant of Crusading ancestors, gentlemen of Poitou, two of whom followed St. Louis to Palestine. Ten or twelve descents lower down, and André de Montalembert, Seigneur d'Essé, became well known in Scotland. As a boy he had carried arms in the Italian wars. Grown to manhood, he was selected by Francis I. as one of his three brothers-in-arms, at the tournament on occasion of his interview with Henry VIII. of England, in 1520: "We are four gentlemen of Guienne," said Francis, "ready to do battle against all comers—myself, Sarsac, D'Essé, and Chataigneraie." André was a soldier for the working day as well as on the Field of the Cloth of Gold. He had seen the terrible reality of war in Piedmont and Flanders before he was sent, in command of six thousand men, to the assistance of the Regent of Scotland, the Queen-Mother, Mary of Lorraine, against the English in 1548. His expedition was not very successful. He fell on rough times and a divided country, and was only half supported by the Guise princess. But whether charging the English under the walls of Haddington, or playing and willingly losing his gold to the Queen, who loved play, he maintained the character of a good commander, and what he valued more, of a gallant French cavalier—*chevalier de l'ordre*. He died gloriously at the siege of Therouanne. Centuries later, his bust was placed in the Gallery of Battles at Versailles, with the princes and generals who had fallen fighting the battles of their country.

Between the death of André d'Essé in 1553, and the French Revolution of '89, writes the Comte de

was in great part educated in that country, although a considerable portion of his youth was spent in Sweden, where his father resided for several years as French Minister at the Court of Stockholm. His higher studies were completed in the University of Paris, a school at that time singularly uncongenial to sentiments or opinions such as have distinguished Montalembert's later career. And it is no light testimony to the earnestness and strength of his belief, that, amid the whirl of fantastic systems in which a thoughtful student of that day found himself involved, and despite the chilling influences of the cold and colourless scepticism which assailed the instinct of faith, and the more seductive spell of the brilliant and specious theories which appealed to the higher sympathies of the intellect and the heart, the religious impressions of his early education should have grown into the full maturity of profound convictions, and should have been quickened into that active vitality, which, through all the vicissitudes of a busy and agitated career, has formed the very breath of his literary and political life. He has himself more than once avowed that it was mainly his experience of the danger-

ous influences to which he found himself in his own person exposed in the University of Paris, and which he believed to be traceable through all the successive stages of the educational system of the time, that inspired the earnest and almost passionate enthusiasm which characterized that well-known and long-sustained struggle, both within and without the Legislative Chamber, for freedom of education as the birthright of every citizen of France, and to which even those by whom it was resisted were unable to refuse their respectful sympathy.

From birth and family associations, M. de Montalembert's political predilections might naturally be presumed to be in favour of aristocratical institutions. But his first lessons of political life were received amid the storms which the absolutist measures of Charles x. and his last Ministry had aroused. The fall of the elder branch of the royal family was the opening of a new era; and since that time, the cherished dream of M. de Montalembert and his friends has been to combine with those time-honoured institutions which give stability to society, the fullest representation of the rights and interests of the people. He has repeatedly pointed to the contrast of the two almost contemporary revolutions,—on the one hand, the July revolution of France, and on the other, the peaceful revolution effected by the Reform Act in England,—as an illustration of the danger which attends the system of government by repression, and of the beneficial results of constitutional liberty. And thus, with all his instincts of race and order, with all those traditional associations, at once religious and aristocratical, which are embodied in that memorable rallying-cry with which he invoked the sympathy of the Chamber in one of his appeals against the educational monopoly of the University,—*Nous sommes fils des Croisés!*—his earliest connexion with political literature in France was, in conjunction with the Abbés de Lamennais and Lacordaire, in the intensely religious but yet highly democratical journal, *L'Avenir*, and with the same Lacordaire and M. de la Coux in the establishment of a free school for Roman Catholic instruction in Paris; and he inaugurated his career in the Chamber of Peers, which he entered upon the death of his father—the last instance of hereditary succession to a title in France—by an eloquent and successful speech in defence of the rights which it was thus sought to vindicate against the arbitrary and oppressive aggressions of the police.

Montalembert's connexion with the *Avenir* may well be described as the crisis of his life. When the establishment of this jour-

Montalembert, sixteen Montalemberts fell fighting the battles of France. Seven have returned from the wars, crippled with wounds. Within little more than a century—1704–1824—twenty-one Montalemberts have won the cross of St. Louis, conferred only for brilliant or very long service. Montalemberts have died by the guillotine with their King, in the hospital in Algeria, of fatigue before Sebastopol.

Sprung of this heroic race, the Poitevin blood, crossed by a good strain of Scotch Forbeses, our Comte de Montalembert shows the best qualities of both races, and mixes some that seem incongruous. An enthusiastic patriotic Frenchman, he does not hate England. Rough English education, English political life, have even some charms for him, compared with the perfect discipline which drills a Frenchman from the "College" to his grave. It is easy for one whose faith sits lightly on him to be tolerant and liberal towards dissenters from his Church. But it is something rare and noble for an earnest Catholic, looking with fervent reverence to the saintly apostles of his faith, to be able to recognise the spirit of the followers of St. Augustine and of the Columbite missionaries appearing again after many ages, through all mistakes and perversion, appearing again in the early Puritans of England or in the Scotch Free Churchmen of our own time, who threw world's goods behind them for liberty of conscience.

Such is the man we wish our countrymen to know. We would not have them to think of the historian of Western Monachism as himself a monkish (we mean only a narrow-minded) bigot; though we may despair of setting before them M. de Montalembert as he really is,—the constitutional politician, the liberal Catholic, the noble French gentleman, the genial, buoyant, bright companion, the most delightful mixture of opposite qualities that our modern world has seen.—*Ed. N. B. R.*]

nal was resolved upon, he was just entering upon his first manhood, and was engaged in a tour of Ireland; and the friends who had the happiness of enjoying his society during that visit, still recall the generous enthusiasm, the truthful simplicity, the indignant impatience of falsehood or injustice, which characterized all his views, and gave life and earnestness to all his opinions. He hastened back to Paris at the summons of his friends. The story of the first beginnings of this memorable enterprise has been gathered piece-meal from the recollections of the several individuals with whom it originated; and it is impossible even for the coldest reader to withhold his sympathy from the melancholy tenderness which breathes through the reminiscences both of Montalembert and of his friend Lacordaire of their early meeting in the house of the Abbé de Lamennais, at that time the inspirer and the oracle of the undertaking. In the common objects of their association, and in the general conception of the plan by which it was proposed to carry them into execution, there existed the most pronounced and indeed enthusiastic harmony of feeling, and the echo of that feeling may still be detected in many an eloquent page of the volumes now before us. "The object of the *Avenir*," says Lacordaire's latest English biographer,* "was to reconquer freedom for the Church of France, without shrinking on the Church's side from the responsibilities which freedom entails. The actual condition of the Church was harassed and insecure; and the *Avenir* sought to place its liberties on the firm foundation of respect for established and constitutional law and independence of arbitrary power. Its watchwords consequently were, 'Liberty of opinion through the Press—war to arbitrators and privilege; liberty of teaching—war to monopoly of instruction; liberty of association—war to the old anti-monastic regulations, relics of the worst times; liberty and moral independence of the clergy—war to the budget of worship.'" But it is more questionable whether all or any of these young enthusiasts had fully realized the various issues to which this dazzling and attractive programme naturally led. Before long, the conductors of the journal found themselves assailed by storms from the most opposite quarters. A prosecution of the journal before the Court of Assize in 1831, in which the editors obtained a verdict of acquittal, served at once to increase its popularity and to confirm the resolution

of the little band of friends; but their career was fatally arrested by the strong condemnation of some of their views, especially on the essential relations between Church and State, expressed by the reigning pontiff, Gregory xvi. Some memorials of Montalembert's visit to Rome during this memorable discussion, and of the painful conflict through which he, as well as his friends and associates, the Abbés Lacordaire and Gerbet, passed upon the occasion, are contained in the very charming collection of the letters and journals of several members of the La Ferronays family which was published by a surviving sister, Madame Augustus Craven,* and has obtained in France a circulation almost unexampled in a work of purely private and domestic interest. The details, although they are most interesting, would be entirely out of place here; and we must be content with a brief reference to the issue of this unhappy affair. The three friends concurred in suppressing the journal, in deference to the judgment of the Pope. Lamennais, however, as is well known, renewed, against the wishes of his friends, the same obnoxious opinions under another and eventually a far more extreme form; and it appears from some portions of Montalembert's correspondence in Madame Craven's collection, that the remonstrances which he addressed to Lamennais were not only unsuccessful, but were even resented by the latter in a way which led to the complete separation of their paths in life.

Not so, however, the relations of Montalembert with his other *collaborateurs* in the *Avenir*. His intimacy with the Abbés Lacordaire and Gerbet ripened into a tender and lifelong friendship. They were all soon afterwards associated in another literary undertaking, that of the *Université Catholique*, in which they found a congenial colleague in the brilliant and eloquent Abbé Dupanloup, now Bishop of Orleans. And the association thus formed became the nucleus of that still more distinguished union of friends, the Duc de Broglie, M. de Falloux, the Comte de Champagny, Auguste Cochin, M. de Vogué, and the rest, who, in connexion with Montalembert, have in the eloquent pages of the *Correspondant* given a tone to the Roman Catholic literature of France which commands the attention of scholars of every class throughout Europe.

On the fall of the Orleans dynasty, M.

* Lacordaire, by Dora Greenwell, p. 35. Edinburgh, 1867.

* *Récit d'une Sœur. Souvenirs de Famille*, recueillis par Madame Augustus Craven, née La Ferronays. Ouvrage couronné par l'Académie Française. The edition now before us (1868) is the fifteenth.

Montalembert frankly accepted the new condition of public affairs; and, as representative in the Legislative Assembly of the Department of Doubs, he gave a free, although far from indiscriminating, support to the early policy of the Prince President; but he dissented on grounds of justice as well as of expediency from the decree for Orleans confiscations, and he offered a firm though temperate resistance to the series of measures which culminated in the decisive stroke of the 2d of December. Since that date, he has persistently withdrawn himself from public life, and from all direct discussion of public affairs in France. But his earnest disapproval of the Imperial policy is no secret in the world of letters, and has given a tone to many of his publications even on topics of but little direct political significance. Nor is it difficult to detect the same spirit in much of what he has written in the volumes now before us, especially regarding the condition of the church under the Emperors.

Most of M. de Montalembert's independent publications are known in this country by English translations; and it would carry us quite beyond our allotted space to allude to them in detail. Even the single work which most nearly resembles the *Monks of the West* in its subject—the *Life of St. Elizabeth of Hungary*—is in reality very different both in its character and in the mode of treatment. And far more help towards the illustration of the scope and tendency of the work on Western Monasticism might be derived from the history of the public career of the author, from his speeches and addresses in the course of the long struggle for liberty of instruction and of religious association, and above all, from his correspondence, and the other records of his intercourse with his dear and trusted friend Lacordaire. The *Monks of the West* is at once the embodiment and the historical apology of the great principle of liberty of religious association for which the author was contending throughout the conflict which, single-handed but unflinching, he so long maintained in the Chamber against an unsympathizing but admiring union of ministerialists, liberals and doctrinaires.

The English reader of M. de Montalembert's *Monks of the West* must prepare himself for a very different ideal of monasticism, or rather for a different view of the relations of monasticism, from that which he has been accustomed to meet, even in those writers of mediæval history who have most freely recognised certain of the services for which the world is indebted to that institution. M. Thiers can only see in monastic life

"Christian suicide substituted for Pagan suicide."* All M. Guizot's admiration of the monasteries, which he admits to have been great instruments of civilisation, is devoted to them considered merely as, in his own picturesque phrase, *foyers du mouvement intellectuel*.† Hallam's sturdy and eminently practical mind is only reconciled to what he deems the otherwise useless and even burdensome institution of monasticism, by the consideration of the work which it has done in the preservation of ancient literature, in reclaiming and cultivating the waste or barren soil, and in preserving or improving the science of agriculture, partly by precept, but still more by practical example. Dean Milman takes a somewhat loftier view of the functions of the monk. While he regards the monasticism of the West as "the guardian of what was valuable in the books and arts of the old world, as the chief maintainer if not restorer of agriculture in Italy, as the cultivator of the forest and morasses of the north," he also looks to it as the "missionary of what was high and holy in the new civilisation, and as the apostle of the heathens who dwelt beyond the Roman Empire."‡ But although he thus appears to recognise in the monastic institute some higher office than the purely social and intellectual function which the other historians ascribe to it, he is careful in the very same passage to qualify the admission; and he merely accepts these services of monasticism, as "at least in some degree compensating for its usurpation of the dignity of higher and holier Christianity." Indeed, it can hardly be doubted that the latest historian of English monasticism, Mr. Travers Hill, has correctly represented the view of the subject commonly taken by Englishmen, at least outside of the Tractarian and Ritualistic schools, when he declares that "the very nature and instinct of Protestantism forbids all sympathy with the monastery as a religious institution."§

Now it is precisely under the relation which these writers explicitly disclaim and repudiate, that M. de Montalembert desires to consider the monastic institute, and to present it for the consideration of his readers. Not that he does not also contemplate as among its claims upon the admiration and gratitude of society, the great and unquestioned services which it has rendered to the cause of social, intellectual and material progress. But he regards these services

* *De la Propriété*, B. ii. c. 6.

† *Histoire de la Civilisation*, i. 366.

‡ *Latin Christianity*, i. 321.

§ *English Monasticism: Its Rise and Influence*. By O'Dell Travers Hill, F. R. G. S. London, 1867.

as purely extrinsic and accidental, though natural fruits of what constitutes the very spirit and essence of the monastic profession. Self-sanctification is, in his view, the first element, as it is the first end, of the monastic life. "A monk," he says, "is a Christian who puts himself apart from the world, in order more surely to work out his own eternal salvation. He is a man who withdraws from other men, not in hatred or contempt of them, but for the love of God and of his neighbour, and to serve them so much the better, in proportion as he shall have more and more purified his own soul." Assuming this as the true and fundamental notion of monasticism, M. de Montalembert does not hesitate to claim for the monk, "a justice more complete than that which he has yet obtained, even from the greater number of the Christian apologists of recent times."

"In taking up the defence of the religious orders, these writers have seemed to demand grace for those august institutions in the name of the services which they have rendered to the sciences, to letters, and to agriculture. This is to boast the incidental at the expense of the essential. We are doubtless obliged to acknowledge and admire the cultivation of so many forests and deserts, the transcription and preservation of so many literary and historical monuments, and that monastic erudition which we know nothing to replace; these are great services rendered to humanity, which ought, if humanity were just, to shelter the monks under a celestial shield. But there is, besides, something far more worthy of admiration and gratitude—the permanent strife of moral freedom against the bondage of the flesh; the constant effort of a consecrated will in the pursuit and conquest of Christian virtue; the victorious flight of the soul into those supreme regions where she finds again her true, her immortal grandeur. Institutions simply human, powers merely temporal, might perhaps confer upon society the same temporal benefits; that which human powers cannot do, that which they have never undertaken, and in which they never could succeed, is to discipline the soul, to transform it by chastity, by obedience, by sacrifice and humility; to recreate the man wasted by sin into such virtue, that the prodigies of evangelical perfection have become, during long centuries, the daily history of the Church. It is in this that we see the design of the monks, and what they have done. Among so many founders and legislators of the religious life, not one has dreamt of assigning the cultivation of the soil, the copying of manuscripts, the progress of arts and letters, the preservation of historical monuments, as a special aim to his disciples. These offices have been only accessory—the consequence, often indirect and involuntary, of an institution which had in view nothing but the education of the human soul, its conformity to the law of Christ, and the expiation of its native guilt by

a life of sacrifice and mortification. This was for all of them the end and the beginning, the supreme object of existence, the unique ambition, the sole merit, and the sovereign victory."

It is a curious example of the tendency of extremes to meet through some unacknowledged affinity, that this very view, according to which the monastic spirit is but an issue of the world-old strife between spirit and matter, is taken by one of our own thinkers, who might least of all be expected to sympathize with the school of Montalembert. Mr. Froude, in a very remarkable essay on the "Philosophy of Catholicism," after pursuing with much acuteness the diverging lines into which all the ancient schools of philosophy, Pagan, Jewish, and Christian—Platonists, Hellenists, Therapeutæ, Essenes, Gnostics—were led in their several speculations on the mystery, as old as philosophy itself, of the intermixture of good and evil in the moral and material world; and after tracing the crisis of the struggle in the great conflict of the fourth century—that of Manicheism with catholic Christianity, professes, as frankly as could Montalembert himself, to find its issue in that "stumbling-block of modern thought" which he calls the "carnal doctrine of the sacraments, which Protestants are compelled to acknowledge to have been taught as fully in the early Church as it is now taught by the Roman Catholics;"* and he traces with as little hesitation to the same origin "the spirit which set St. Simeon on his pillar, and sent St. Anthony to the tombs,—the night-watches, the weary fasts, the penitential scourgings, the life-long austerities, which have been alternately the glory and the reproach of the mediæval saints."†

These are views for which few of our readers will be prepared. It is no part of our present plan to discuss them, whether in the sense of Mr. Froude or in that of Montalembert; but it would not be possible to understand the purpose, and hardly even the incidents, of M. de Montalembert's narrative, without a full exposition of the ideal whose history he has undertaken. He emphatically disclaims the character of a mere apologist. He refuses to deal with the monastic profession as a thing to be tolerated, a weakness to be indulged—one of those

"Sickly forms that err from Nature's honest rule."

On the contrary, the distinctive character-

* Froude's *Short Studies on Great Subjects* (2d ed.) p. 129.

† *Ibid.* 131.

istic of the great monastic life and energy which he desires to exhibit to his readers is *strength*; not the mere physical strength which man possesses in common with animals, nor the material strength whose triumphs in modern days have so largely demoralized the world, nor that stoical self-reliance—the idol of humanitarianism—which has its root in a cynical pride, and which, even in its best forms, repels by its chilling insensibility; but the strength which “signifies the discipline of self, the power of ruling, of restraining, of subduing rebellious nature—that strength which is a cardinal virtue, and which overcomes the world by courage and sacrifice.”

He rejects with especial scorn what was once a favourite topic even with the Roman Catholic apologists of monasticism :

“One of the most singular of the errors which many apologists of the monastic life have fallen into, has been to regard it as a refuge for sorrowful souls, fatigued and discontented with their lot in the world, un able to hold the place from which society has banished them, consumed by disappointment, or broken by melancholy. ‘If there are refuges for the health of the body,’ says M. de Chateaubriand, ‘ah! permit religion to have such also for the health of the soul,’ which is still more subject to sickness, and the infirmities of which are so much more sad, so much more tedious and difficult to cure!’ The idea is poetical and touching, but it is not true. Monasteries were never intended to collect the invalids of the world. It was not the sick souls, but, on the contrary, the most vigorous and healthful which the human race has ever produced, who presented themselves in crowds to fill them. The religious life, far from being the refuge of the feeble, was, on the contrary, the arena of the strong.

“Sometimes, it is true, by one of those marvellous contrasts which abound in the works inspired by religion, that career full of supernatural combats and triumphs, that life in which virtue and Christian strength attain their apotheosis, was precisely that in which some souls naturally infirm, and hearts wounded in the combats of worldly life, found for themselves a refuge. And as modern civilisation, by the side of its incontestable benefits, has too often the drawback of augmenting the number and the intensity of the maladies of the soul, it cannot be without interest, from a point of view purely social, to preserve for such a shelter, and to procure for them due treatment. It is very possible that even on this account, the ruin of the religious orders has been a public calamity, and has not even been without some influence upon that frightful increase in the number of suicides which is certified each year by the criminal statistics.

“But, to tell the truth, it is only in romance that we find disappointments, grief, and melancholy conducting to the cloister. I have found no serious or important trace of it in

history, not even in the traditions of the degenerated communities of modern times, and much less in the heroic ages of their chronicles. Without doubt some have been thrown into the cloister by great unhappiness, by irretrievable misfortune, by the loss of some one passionately loved; and I could cite some curious and touching examples of such. But they are exceedingly rare. To present us with a general theory of the religious life as an asylum for feebleness and sadness, as a place of refuge for that melancholy which was distinctly proscribed and expelled from the life of the cloister as a vice, under the name of *acedia*, is to go in the face both of facts and reason.”

We feel that we shall be the less expected to enter upon any discussion of M. Montalembert's ideal of monasticism, inasmuch as even in his own pages it is little more than an ideal. The monasticism whose history he has written, although the incident described above is never lost sight of, is presented to us far less in its inner spirit than in those outer works of charity and faith which are its manifestation. And we doubt whether there be many, even of those who by religious sympathies and prejudices of birth and education are most widely separated from Montalembert, that will not be moved, if not to sympathy, at least to respectful appreciation, by his eloquent and touching portraiture of the dear friend and associate of his early career, who was in his eyes a living impersonation of all the highest interior perfection of the cloister, while his relations with the outer world were ennobled by a long series of disinterested sacrifices, and endeared to our common humanity by the most brilliant intellectual triumphs, and the most precious fruits of Christian tenderness and love :—

“And besides—why should not I acknowledge it?—even in the midst of this contemporary world, the downfalls and miseries of which have been to me so bitter, the Divine goodness brought me acquainted in my youth with the type of a monk of ancient times, in a man whose name and glory belong to our time and country. Although he was not yet professed at the time when our souls and lives drew close to each other, and although he has since entered an order apart from the monastic family of which I have become the historian, he revealed to me, better than all books, and more clearly than all my studies of the past, the great and noble qualities which go to the making of a true monk—self-abnegation, fortitude, devotion, disinterestedness, solid and fervent piety, and that true independence which does not exclude filial obedience. His eloquence has astonished a country and a time accustomed to the victories of eloquence; his noble genius has conquered the admiration of the most rebellious critics. But he will be honoured by God and

by a Christian posterity, not so much as a writer and an orator, but as a monk, austere and sincere.

"His name is not needed here—all who read will have divined it. All will pardon me for this impulse of a heart younger than its age, and for this homage to the community of contests, ideas, and belief, which has united us for thirty years, and which has lasted through differences of sentiment as well as diversity of career. Our union, born amid the charming dreams and confidence of youth, has survived the reverses, the betrayals, the inconstancy, and the cowardices which have overshadowed our mature age, and has helped me to overleap the abyss which separates the present from the past.

"Such an example, in spite of all the differences of times and institutions, helps us also to comprehend the influence of the noble character and powerful associations with which the monastic order has so long enriched the Church and the world. For the reality of that influence is incontestable. We are obliged to acknowledge, under pain of denying the best ascertained facts of history, those succours which the most difficult virtues and the most generous instincts of man, even in temporal affairs, have drawn from the bosom of the cloister, when the whole of Europe was covered with these asylums, open to the best intellects and highest hearts.

"None can deny the ascendancy which a solitude thus peopled exercised upon the age. None can deny that the world yielded the empire of virtue to those who intended to flee from the world, and that a simple monk might become, in the depths of his cell, like St. Jerome or St. Bernard, the centre of his epoch and the lever of its movements."

It is hardly necessary for us, more than for the author himself, to say that this "type of a monk of ancient times" was the learned and eloquent Dominican, Père Lacordaire.

It is time however to enter upon what is peculiarly the theme of these volumes,—the actual history of the monastic institute. The author, as we have said, deals far less with the actual constitution of monasticism and the developments and modifications which it has undergone, than with the work which it has accomplished and the place which it has filled in that vast and mysterious providential order of causes and results through which

"The great world spins for ever, down the ringing grooves of change."

Perhaps it may appear overstrained to say, that in M. Montalembert's scheme of Christian history, the era of Western monasticism holds, of course in a minor and very imperfect sense, the place of a second Day of Pentecost. He regards the monastic institute, and especially for the West, as a new apostolate, to which the gospel was, as it were, a second time intrusted. Eastern monasticism was a thing entirely apart. It was

partly the natural growth of an age of persecution and concealment; partly the inevitable development of the Christian spirit in its youthful energy and fervour. But Eastern monasticism was, for the most part, contemplative and quietist. Its activity, when it did burst into action, was chiefly intellectual; and even as such, it was directed towards the speculative rather than the practical. The most abstruse and subtle of the theological controversies of the fifth and sixth centuries had their origin in the Laures of Egypt and Syria; while in practical subjects, even those which relate purely to the ascetic life, the monastic literature of the East is comparatively a blank. As a missionary energy, Eastern monasticism has no place whatever in early history.

In the West, on the contrary, monasticism, a later growth, only appears at a time when action was all but a necessity. Those who are familiar with the historical writings of the high Roman Catholic school in France—of the Duc Albert de Broglie, of M. de Champagny, of Ozanam, and even of the desultory writers on the History of the Roman Empire in the *Université Catholique* and the *Correspondant*—know how gloomy is the picture of the political, the social, and even the religious condition of the Roman world under the Christian emperors. The progress of that fatal taint which, under the successors of Augustus, had poisoned every spring of action, personal as well as political, was hardly arrested by the Christianization of Rome. "Constantine and his successors," says M. Montalembert, "were baptized, but not the emperor or the imperial power." Under them Christianity was robbed of half its purifying virtue, by being stripped of the liberty under which alone its blessed influences can flourish. The theory of absolutism in every department, which makes the very essence of imperialism, was developed as freely in the affairs of religion by the Christian emperors, as though, like their Pagan predecessors, they had enjoyed, by their very office, the name and right of Pontifex Maximus. They had scarcely been enrolled as children of the Church when they aspired to be her governors. Failing in this design, they are found, with hardly an exception, in the rank of oppressors and persecutors. Hardly one of the number—from Constantine laying down the law of controversy for Osius and Eusebius, to Irene settling questions of orthodoxy for a papal legate—who does not figure, not merely as a doctor, but as a legislator, in theology. Not one among the long line of heresiarchs from the fourth to the ninth century, who has not an emperor for his protector, and even for his aggressive

champion. The very name of divinity which the Pagan emperors had claimed was but partially discarded by their Christian successors; and many of the most corrupt of the social institutions of Paganism were protected under its shadow.

It is in the paralysis of all spiritual action produced by this fatal influence, that these historians of the Roman Empire in the fifth century discover the solution of the apparently mysterious failure of the new Christianity under its earliest emperors. Never does the intellect of the Church appear to have been more active. The century which followed the conversion of Constantine is the most brilliant, as well as the most prolific, in the history of Christian literature. In no other age do we behold such a cloud of saints, of pontiffs, of doctors, of orators, and of writers. And yet, with all their subtlety of intellect, with all the fervour of their eloquence, with all the fire of their zeal, and all the weight of their learning, they failed to purify the festering pool of social profligacy, or to lift up the abject heart of degraded humanity into the consciousness of Christian truth and freedom.

There is a startling earnestness in the picture drawn by M. Montalembert, from Jerome, Chrysostom, Augustine, and, above all, Salvian, of the moral condition of Imperial Rome under the Christian emperors, which will almost recall to the reader that which we borrowed on a recent occasion from the pages of Dollinger on the Rome of their Pagan predecessors. We are not disposed, however, to interpret too literally this frightful picture. It was drawn (by Salvian especially) with a preconceived purpose, and in support of a particular view. Nor, making reasonable allowance for one-sided or exaggerated representation, can we persuade ourselves that there is enough to warrant M. Montalembert's sweeping and unqualified conclusion, that

"the old world was at the point of death. The empire gave way slowly, in shame and contempt, stricken by a melancholy weakness which did not even inspire pity. Everything dropped into incurable decay. Such was the fate of the Roman empire two centuries after it had become Christian. In spiritual affairs it was on the road to that schism which, under the Byzantine Cæsars, separated from unity and truth more than half the world converted by the apostles. In temporal affairs it issued in the miserable *régime* of the Lower Empire, the hardest censure we can pronounce upon which is, to name its name."—Vol. i. p. 275.

We have thought it right to dwell somewhat upon what to many persons may ap-

pear but an episode of the subject, because in truth it forms a vital part of M. Montalembert's theory of the origin of monasticism in the West, and of its place in the chain of providential influences which have worked together for the fulfilment of the moral and religious destinies of the world. What the Church had failed to effect amid the corruption and degeneracy of the effete civilisation of the Empire, she was to bring about, he conceives, after the ordeal of anarchy and violence inseparable from invasion and conquest, through the peaceful victory of religion and civilisation wrought by the bloodless and saving ministry of monasticism. The rude energy of the northern barbarian, his untamed independence, his untutored love of truth, his in-born sense of man's honour and woman's purity, were to carry new life into the stagnant pulses of the palsied frame of the old society; and the monk, himself a new instrument of the supernatural energy of the Church, was to chasten these noble but unregulated impulses, and to divert them to God's honour, and to the lifting up and purifying of man's natural destiny.

We cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of transcribing the really splendid picture which he draws of this strange moral revolution:—

"They came;—first the Barbarians. Behold them struggling with the Romans, enervated by slavery, and with the emperors, powerless in the midst of their omnipotence.

"First obscure, victims and prisoners disdained by the first Cæsars; then auxiliaries, by turns sought and feared; then irresistible adversaries; at last victors and masters of the humiliated empire; they come, not as a torrent which passes on, but as a flood which advances, draws back, returns, and finally remains master of the invaded soil. They advance, they withdraw, they return, they remain and triumph. Those among them who were desirous of arresting their course and allying themselves with the terrified Romans, are in their turn set aside, passed over, and surmounted by the tide which follows. Behold them! They come down the valley of the Danube, which puts them on the road to Byzantium and Asia Minor; they ascend its tributary streams, and thus reach the summits of the Alps, from whence they burst upon Italy. They pass the Rhine, cross the Vosges, the Cevennes, the Pyrenees, and inundate Gaul and Spain. The East imagined that it would be spared: vain delusion! The storm bursts from the heights of Caucasus, and overflows these regions in their turn. The wolves of the North (thus St. Jerome entitles them), after having devoured everything, come to drink in the waters of the Euphrates. Egypt, Phœnicia, Palestine—all the countries which they do not visit in their first incursion—are already taken captive by fear. It is not one nation alone, like the Ro-

man people, but twenty different and independent races. 'For many years,' says St. Jerome again, 'Roman blood has flowed daily under the blows of the Goth, of the Sarmatian, of the Quadi, of the Alan, of the Hun, of the Vandal, of the Marcoman.' It is not the army of a single conqueror, like Alexander and Cæsar; there are twenty kings unknown but intrepid, having soldiers and not subjects, accountable for their authority to their priests and warriors, and obliged by force of perseverance and audacity to earn a pardon for their power. They all obey an irresistible instinct, and unconsciously carry with them the destinies and institutions of the Christendom to come.

"Visible instruments of divine justice, they come by intuition to avenge the nations oppressed and the martyrs slain. They shall destroy, but it will be to give a substitute for that which they have destroyed; and, besides, they will kill nothing that deserves to live, or that retains the conditions of life. They shall shed blood in torrents, but they shall renew by their own blood the exhausted sap of Europe. They bring with them fire and sword, but also strength and life. Through a thousand crimes and a thousand evils, they shall reveal, though still under a confused form, two things which Roman society has ceased to know—the dignity of man, and the respect for woman. They have instincts rather than principles to guide them; but when these instincts shall have been fertilized and purified by Christianity, out of them shall spring catholic chivalry and royalty. One sentiment above all shall be derived from them, which was unknown in the Roman empire, which perhaps even the most illustrious pagans were strangers to, and which is always incompatible with despotism—the sentiment of honour: 'That secret and profound spring of modern society, which is nothing else than the independence and inviolability of the human conscience, superior to all powers, all tyrannies, and all external force.'

"They carry with them, in addition, freedom—not certainly such freedom as we have since conceived and possessed, but the germs and conditions of all freedom; that is to say, the spirit of resistance to excessive power, a manful impatience of the yoke, and a profound consciousness of personal right, and the individual value of every soul before other men as before God.

"Freedom and honour! Rome and the world had been bankrupt in these qualities since the times of Augustus. We owe these gifts to our ancestors the Barbarians."

Such is M. Montalembert's theory, as well of the function in regenerating Christian society in the West assigned by Providence to the monastic institute, as of the order of events in European history through which that function was to be exercised. In many of its details this theory is new; and it will attract by its boldness no less than it will charm by the picturesque eloquence with which it is enforced. Much of what the

author alleges as to the social and religious disorganization of the Western Provinces in the last stage of the Roman empire, is not only founded on statements of contemporary chroniclers, but is confirmed by the researches of the best modern writers in the early history of the mediæval kingdoms of the west—by Augustin Thierry, Henri Martin, and Guizot, as well as by the more congenial authority of Ozanam. Nevertheless we feel ourselves unable to accept this view, unless in a certain broad and general application. Admitting to its extremest limit the decay of the social and religious institutions of the empire, we cannot regard the barbarian invasion as other than an evil in the spiritual, no less than in the social and intellectual order; and the very utmost that in our judgment can be said with truth in favour of the theory, regards its second member, namely, the place which monasticism, as understood by Montalembert, and as contradistinguished from the normal influences of Christianity, is to hold in the history of the religious revival by which the society was re-constituted in the West. We think that few readers of early mediæval history will be disposed to doubt that the earnest and self-denying forms of monasticism, and the generous and manly spirit of sacrifice upon which, in most of its typical representatives, they were undoubtedly founded, must have appealed with special force to the simple and hardy habits of thought and action, which, with all its coarse and unregulated impulsiveness, give a life and reality to this rude and half-organized stage of society that were wanting in the stagnant and artificial life which it had violently displaced.

Two volumes of the *Monks of the West* have been for several years before the public, and many of our readers, we doubt not, are familiar with their contents. They relate to the first introduction of monasticism into the West, to its diffusion, under its earliest and imperfectly regulated forms, in Italy and in the southern provinces of Gaul; to its systematic organization under St. Benedict; its intellectual and literary development under Cassiodorus; its entrance into the relations of every-day life under Gregory the Great; and its missionary enterprises among the new nationalities which had successfully settled down among the Roman population in the several halting-places of the barbarian invasion, during its progressive migration towards the West. In all this, however, monasticism is seen surrounded by the old influences, and in its action upon society hardly appears as a distinct and independent power. The Christianization of Italy, Gaul, and Spain, is regarded

as the work of bishops, and of a Church acting strictly according to the normal forms of the episcopal organization.

But in the three volumes which form the second instalment of M. Montalembert's task, the monk appears as the central figure in the great drama; and the scene of his historic mission is that which to us must be of all others the most interesting, the Churches of Britain and Ireland, and those missionary expeditions upon the continent of Europe, which had their origin as well as their centre in the great monastic establishments of the British Islands. "No country in the world," says Montalembert, "has received the Christian faith more directly than England from the Church of Rome, or more exclusively by the ministration of monks. If France has been made by bishops, as has been said by a great enemy of Jesus Christ, it is still more true that Christian England has been made by monks. Of all the countries of Europe it is this that has been the most deeply furrowed by the monastic plough. The monks, and the monks alone, have introduced, sowed, and cultivated Christian civilisation in this famous island."*

It will be understood, from the language here employed, that the author regards the mission of Augustine and his fellow-monks as a new planting of Christianity in a land utterly and absolutely Pagan, in which Christianity indeed had once flourished, but from which it had completely disappeared. "No traces of Christianity," he declares, "remained in the districts under Saxon sway, when Rome sent thither her missionaries. Here and there a ruined church might be found, but not one living Christian among the natives; conquerors and conquered alike were left in the darkness of Paganism." It is to be observed, however, that he speaks only of "the districts under Saxon sway;" and Mr. Travers Hill has been strangely misled when he takes him to task, in a special appendix, for this assertion. Mr. Hill, indeed, argues against Montalembert the palpable inconsistency of the allegation, that no living Christian was to be found among the natives, with his own subsequent narrative of the conflict between Augustine and a body of British bishops and clergy.† But he strangely overlooks M. Montalembert's express limitation of his statement to "the districts under Saxon sway," and in another place‡ to that portion of the "British population which had survived the fury of the

Saxon conquest, and which had not been able or willing to seek for refuge in the mountains and peninsulas of Wales and Cornwall." It is clearly of these only that he speaks as "lost in the darkness of Paganism." We cannot hesitate to accept so much of the statement as almost literally true. The planting of Christianity in this part of the kingdom was unquestionably a new planting of the faith in a Pagan land; and so far as regards Saxon England, there can be no doubt that M. Montalembert is fully entitled to claim for the monks, his clients, the glory of "having made it Christian."

The story of the re-conversion of Saxon England by Augustine and his companions is one of the best known in Church history; nor is there much of novelty in M. Montalembert's version of it. The narrative in the present portion of his work is carried down to the end of the eighth century; and although most of the incidents are derived from sources with which students of English history are familiar, they are presented with a simple earnestness, and with, as it were, an instinctive sense of their bearing upon those higher and holier interests which form the especial theme of *The Monks of the West*, which give somewhat of novelty even to what has already been most frequently told under another form. We may allude, in illustration, to the account of the conflict of Augustine with the British bishops, and to the well-known history of Wilfrid of York.

But by far the most interesting part of the history of monasticism in our islands, is that which regards the monks of Ireland and their colonies in Britain and upon the continent of Europe. On the early history of Christianity in Ireland the author touches but lightly; and the reader may perhaps be disappointed to find some of the most important of the questions which were raised by the publication of Dr. Todd's *Life of St. Patrick* passed by without notice. It must be said, nevertheless, that, for the most part, these questions, however interesting in general controversy, have no direct bearing upon monastic history; and if the reader should desire to see these more largely discussed, he will find ample materials in the learned work of Dr. Greith, bishop of St. Gall,* which is in great part founded on original materials, and which has overlooked none even of the most recent contributions

* Vol. iii. p. 8.

† *English Monasticism*, p. 531.

‡ *Monks of the West*, vol. iii. p. 324.

* *Geschichte der Altirischen Kirche und ihrer Verbindung mit Rom, Gallien, und Alemannien* (von 430-630). Von Carl Johann Greith, Bischof von St. Gallen. 8vo. 1867.

to the history of the ancient Church of Ireland, whether by Catholic or Protestant archæologists.

M. Montalembert's history of Irish monasticism falls naturally into two divisions—that of the missionary monks who, under Columbanus, traversed France, Germany, and Switzerland, and reached to the very furthest extremity of the Italian peninsula; and that of the still more celebrated colony which was planted by Columba at Iona, and from Iona was carried to the new theatre of activity at Lindisfarne, to which England is immediately indebted for almost all those great monastic foundations which in their turn became centres of civilisation and culture, each in its own locality. The history of the foreign career of St. Columbanus will be remembered as the most interesting episode in the first portion of the work given to the public in 1860.* In the history of monasticism in Britain, St. Columba is the great centre of interest.

The life of this remarkable man has been the chief subject towards which the research of Irish and Scotch archæologists has turned since the revival of the ecclesiastical branch of that study. His name is felt by the antiquarians of both countries to be in some sort common property. The short but pregnant memoir in *Chambers's Cyclopædia*, from the pen of the lamented Joseph Robertson, bears the evidence of a genuine labour of love quite as strongly as the elaborate volume of Dr. Reeves; and it may be doubted whether in the really substantial bearings of the subject, the old Franciscan editor of the *Trias Thaumaturga* exhibits a more reverent, or at least a more loving spirit, than the modern Anglican commentator of Adamnan's *Life of St. Columba*. Dr. Reeves's work may truly be described as one of the most remarkable combinations of minute and careful erudition and patient—we had almost said plodding—industry, with boldness, originality, and power of dealing alike with the largest and the narrowest bearings of the subject which our age, with all its progress in antiquarian and archæological science, has produced.

As it would be impossible to attempt within our limits any extensive analysis of M. Montalembert's volumes, we shall probably best consult for the interest of the subject by confining ourselves to this single episode,—the history of Columba, and of the apostolate in Britain inaugurated by him, and continued by successive generations of the great monastic family which he founded at Iona. This history may be regarded as

in a great degree an independent narrative, and, indeed, as such, has been re-cast into a separate publication. It is avowedly founded on the materials drawn from the ancient lives; but it is illustrated by all the various learning of the greatest modern Celtic scholars, and especially from Dr. Reeves's ample stores.

Columba was of royal descent both in paternal and maternal line, his father having been one of the eight sons of the celebrated Niall of the Nine Hostages, supreme monarch of Ireland, and his mother a daughter of the royal house of Leinster. He was born in 521, at Gartán, in Donegal, still a place of pious pilgrimage, and especially of parting pilgrimage for the Irish emigrants to America, who repair thither to offer a farewell prayer in memory of the "great missionary who gave up his native land for the love of God and human souls." The devotion to native country which still lives in this interesting national custom is curiously embodied in an ancient Irish poem, attributed to Columba, and certainly of a very early date, though probably later than the sixth century;—a portion of which, slightly modified in the translation, M. Montalembert has reproduced from Dr. Reeves's volume, in which the original is given entire, with a literal translation. We are tempted to transcribe a few of the opening verses from Dr. Reeves's version. It is supposed to be spoken in the person of Columba, upon his first missionary voyage from his beloved Derry—

"How rapid is the speed of my coracle
With its stern turned upon Derry!
I grieve at my errand over the noble sea,
Travelling to Alba of the ravens.

"My foot in my sweet little coracle,
My sad heart still bleeding;
Weak is the man that cannot lead,
Totally blind are all the ignorant.

"There is a grey eye
That looks back upon Erin;
It shall not see during life
The men of Erin, nor their wives.

"My vision over the brine I stretch
From the ample oaken planks;
Large is the tear of my soft grey eye
When I look back upon Erin.

"Upon Erin my attention is fixed;
Upon Loch Lévin, upon Liné;
Upon the lands the Ultonians own;
Upon smooth Munster, upon Meath! *

The concluding stanzas are thus rendered by M. Montalembert's translator—

* Reeves's *Adamnan's Life of Columba*, pp. 285-6.

"Were all the tribute of Scotia mine,
From its midland to its borders,
I would give all for one little cell
In my beautiful Derry.
For its peace and for its purity,
For the white angels that go
In crowds from one end to the other—
I love my beautiful Derry.
For its quietness and its purity,
For heaven's angels that come and go
Under every leaf of the oaks;—
I love my beautiful Derry.

"My Derry, my fair oak grove!
My dear little cell and dwelling!
Oh God in the heavens above!
Let him who profanes it be cursed.
Beloved are Durrow and Derry,
Beloved is Raphoe the pure,
Beloved the fertile Drumhome,
Beloved are Swords and Kells!
But sweeter and fairer to me
The salt sea where the sea-gulls cry,
When I come to Derry from far,
It is sweeter and dearer to me—
Sweeter to me."

The origin and etymology of the name *Columba* (in Irish *colum*, "a dove"), which is common to this saint with no fewer than twenty others in the Irish calendar, as well as that of his distinctive affix—*cille* "of the churches"—are well known; and the name was an early earnest of the purity and holiness of the youth's career, which is further shadowed forth in one of the characteristic legends regarding him preserved by his ancient biographer:—

"The Irish legends, which are always distinguished, even amidst the wildest vagaries of fancy, by a high and pure morality, linger lovingly upon the childhood and youth of the predestined saint. They tell us how, confided in the first place to the care of the priest who had baptized him, and who gave him the first rudiments of literary education, he was accustomed from his earliest years to the heavenly visions which were to occupy so large a place in his life. His guardian angel often appeared to him; and the child asked if all the angels in heaven were as young and shining as he. A little later Columba was invited by the same angel to choose among all the virtues those which he would like best to possess. 'I choose,' said the youth, 'chastity and wisdom;' and immediately three young girls of wonderful beauty, but foreign air, appeared to him, and threw themselves on his neck to embrace him. The pious youth frowned, and repulsed them with indignation. 'What!' they said; 'then thou dost not know us?' 'No, not the least in the world.' 'We are three sisters whom our father gives to thee to be thy brides.' 'Who, then, is your father?' 'Our father is God, he is Jesus Christ, the Lord and Saviour of the world. 'Ah, you have indeed an illustrious father. But what are your names?' 'Our names are Virginity, Wisdom, and Prophecy; and we

come to leave thee no more, to love thee with an incorruptible love.'"

From the care of the priest referred to in this legend, he passed, in accordance with the usage of the time, to the monastery of Moville, of which St. Finnian was abbot; one of the many monastic schools which were already scattered over the island; but the concluding portion of his career, at least, was passed under the still better known Abbot Finnian, in the celebrated school of the monastery of Clonard. He was here ordained deacon; and from the very commencement of his monastic life assumed so prominent a place, possibly in virtue of his rank as well as of his personal merits, that before he had reached the age of twenty-five he had already established several of the monasteries with which his name is associated as founder—thirty-four in number, including the celebrated establishments of Durrow and Derry. About fifteen years were spent in these home labours, when his energies were turned into another direction by an incident the details of which, though but imperfectly explained, are highly characteristic of the age and country. Partly from a dispute as to the property in the copy of a psalter which Columba had made, in which the king, Diarmid, decided against the claim of Columba; partly from a violation of the right of sanctuary of Columba's monastery by the same monarch, an armed confederation of the northern tribes was formed, through Columba's instigation, against the king, which resulted in the bloody, and, to King Diarmid, disastrous battle of Cool-drewny. A synod, held seemingly under royal influence, passed sentence of excommunication against Columba in his absence; and although, on his having been heard in his own vindication, the sentence was withdrawn at the instance of the Abbot Brendan of Birr, yet the absolution was accompanied by the condition, no less characteristic of the period, that, in penance, he should win a number of Pagan souls to Christ by his preaching, equal to that of the Christians who had fallen in the battle of Cooldrewny. The picture which his biographers have drawn of the mental conflict which followed is curious in the extreme. We can only find room for the closing scene:—

"He was more humble with Abban, another famous monk of the time, founder of many religious houses, one of which was called the *Cell of Tears*, because the special grace of weeping for sin was obtained there. This gentle and courageous soldier of Christ was specially distinguished by his zeal against the fighting men and disturbers of the public peace. He had

been seen to throw himself between two chiefs at the moment when their lances were crossed at each other's breasts; and on another occasion had gone alone and unarmed to meet one of the most formidable rieviers of the island, who was still a Pagan and a member of the sovereign family, had made his arms drop from his hands, and had changed first into a Christian and then into a monk the royal robber, whose great-grandson has recorded this incident. When Columba went to Abban, he said, 'I come to beseech thee to pray for the souls of all those who have perished in the late war, which I raised for the honour of the Church. I know they will obtain grace by thy intercession, and I conjure thee to ask what is the will of God in respect to them from the angel who talks with thee every day.' The aged solitary, without reproaching Columba, resisted his entreaties for some time, by reason of his great modesty, but ended by consenting; and after having prayed, gave him the assurance that these souls enjoyed eternal repose.

"Columba thus reassured as to the fate of the victims of his rage, had still to be enlightened in respect to his own duty. He found the light which he sought from a holy monk called Molaise, famed for his studies of Holy Scripture, who had already been his confessor, and whose ruined monastery is still visible in one of the isles of the Atlantic. This severe hermit confirmed the decision of the synod; but to the obligation of converting to the Christian faith an equal number of Pagans as there were of Christians killed in the civil war, he added a new condition, which bore cruelly upon a soul so passionately attached to country and kindred. The confessor condemned his penitent to perpetual exile from Ireland. Columba bowed to this sentence with sad resignation—"What you have commanded," he said, "shall be done."

Such, according to the simple narrative of the actors themselves, was the origin of a step so momentous in its results. Columba had just attained his forty-second year when, in 563, accompanied by twelve disciples, he set sail in one of those great hide-covered osier barks which for the Celtic populations of that age supplied the only means of navigation. There is something very touching in one of the recorded incidents of the voyage. His first landing was upon the islet of Oronsay; but, on ascending a hill immediately after landing, he found that his beloved Ireland was still visible in the distance; and, unable to summon courage to encounter the life-long struggle which he contemplated for himself in an exile where,

"Full in the sight of paradise,"

he should be perpetually reminded of the home from which he was parted for ever, he at once re-embarked, and again landed upon the more distant island, since known as Hy or I-columb-kill, and more popularly Iona. Finding here that no trace of Ireland was dis-

coverable upon the horizon, he fixed upon this unknown rock as the place which should form the centre of his penitentially imposed apostolate.

To his new home he carried with him the true spirit of the monk:—

"In the midst of the new community Columba inhabited, instead of a cell, a sort of hut built of planks, and placed upon the most elevated spot within the monastic enclosure. Up to the age of seventy-six he slept there upon the hard floor, with no pillow but a stone. This hut was at once his study and his oratory. It was there that he gave himself up to those prolonged prayers which excited the admiration and almost the alarm of his disciples. It was there that he returned after sharing the out-door labour of his monks, like the least among them, to consecrate the rest of his time to the study of Holy Scripture and the transcription of the sacred text. The work of transcription remained until his last day the occupation of his old age as it had been the passion of his youth; it had such an attraction for him, and seemed to him so essential to a knowledge of the truth, that, as we have already said, three hundred copies of the Holy Gospels, copied by his own hand, have been attributed to him. It was in the same hut that he received with unwearied patience the numerous and sometimes importunate visitors who soon flowed to him, and of whom sometimes he complained gently—as of that indiscreet stranger, who, desirous of embracing him, awkwardly overturned his ink upon the border of his robe. These importunate guests did not come out of simple curiosity; they were most commonly penitent or fervid Christians, who, informed by the fishermen and inhabitants of the neighbouring isles of the establishment of the Irish monk, who was already famous in his own country, and attracted by the growing renown of his virtues, came from Ireland, from the north and south of Britain, and even from the midst of the still heathen Saxons, to save their souls and gain heaven under the direction of a man of God."

Still more characteristic, we cannot help thinking, is the following anecdote of the probation of spirit through which many of those earnest souls were compelled to pass before they were accepted as workers in the great cause to which they were to vow themselves:—

"It was one day announced to him that a stranger had just landed from Ireland, and Columba went to meet him in the house reserved for guests, to talk to him in private, and question him as to his dwelling-place, his family, and the cause of his journey. The stranger told him that he had undertaken this painful voyage in order, under the monastic habit and in exile, to expiate his sins. Columba, desirous of trying the reality of his penitence, drew a most repulsive picture of the hardship and difficult obligations of the new life. 'I am ready,' said the stranger, 'to submit to the most cruel and

regards the final conflict of Wilfrid with the Celtic party, before what M. Montalembert justly calls the "parliament" of Whitby. Between this discussion and the former controversy of Augustine with the British bishops, there was, as the author well points out, this vital difference, that the doctrinal or ceremonial bearing of the dispute weighed but little with the Britons, in comparison with the national feeling which was involved in their attitude of hostility to the Roman attempt for the conversion of the Saxons; whereas with the Celtic disputants, the main, and, indeed, almost the sole ground of resistance to what they called innovation, was their reverential fealty to the traditions and teaching of their fathers:

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outlines of the hills sharper." And then the frank outbreak, under the influence of this keen and true observation of natural beauty—"What can equal the beauties of nature! What enjoyment there is in them! Albert enjoys it so much; he is in ecstasies here. He has inherited this love for nature from his dear father." But the scenery was not the sole attraction. A charm not less powerful was in the quietness of the life, the freedom from restraint and ceremony: "Independently of the beautiful scenery, there was a quiet, a retirement, a wildness, a liberty, and a solitude that had such a charm for us." This charm was an abiding one. Throughout the whole journal, solitude is mentioned, with curious emphasis, as a special attraction of any scene.

After all this a Highland residence must have been determined on; but the question strikes one, Why was Balmoral chosen? The first three visits had been all more or less confined to the west of Scotland; and how then came the east to be selected as the place of a permanent home? The extracts we have given show that this did not arise from any deficient appreciation of the beauty of the western side of Scotland. The peculiar characteristics of the west sea-board were not less fully understood than the inland: "I am quite sorry that this delightful voyage and tour among the western lochs and isles is at an end—they are so beautiful, so full of poetry and romance, traditions, and historical associations." The very points in which west and central Scotland is superior to the east are noticed—the greenness, and the richer beauty of the landscape; the gorgeous colouring which makes the autumn woods of Perthshire a blaze of glory;—indeed, an express contrast is once drawn between the "splendid pass of Killiecrankie, with the birch all golden," and Deeside, then "bereft of leaves." Why then was Deeside preferred? We can see in these pages strong, we think conclusive, indications that the determining cause of this was—climate. The same cause, we fancy, must have operated against Ireland. The journals of the visits to Ireland record that the royal party were "enchanted with the extreme beauty of the scenery;" and they are filled with cordial recognition of the frankness, the courtesy, the loyalty of the Irish people. But the dampness of the atmosphere, and the too great frequency of "the useful trouble of the rain," marred the pleasure even of the first knowledge of the Highlands at Taymouth; and so, too, the landing at Cork was on a "grey and excessively 'muggy' day—the character of the Irish climate." On the other hand, the first

feeling on arriving at Balmoral was, how delightfully dry the soil, and how refreshing the clear pure mountain air. And throughout the whole record of the residence there, the same source of health and pleasure—the dry, bracing air—is mentioned again and again. Doubtless the choice was wise. It may well be that the soft and gentle climate of Ireland and the west of Scotland is favourable to longevity in the case of those whose good fortune it is to enjoy it always. But when country-life must be regarded not only as a source of enjoyment, but as a means of invigoration; when the time which can be given to that life is limited; and when its great aim and object is to refresh after the weariness of life in towns, and re-animate for future exertion—then, if we are wise, we seek something different from the languid and relaxing west, and welcome the keen, stimulating air of the north; nay, do not shrink (at least for a brief time of autumn) even from the breezes of the north-east, which Mr. Kingsley has celebrated in eccentric song. There can be no doubt that for those who come from town-life, exhausted, and seeking restoration, the best tonic is to be found in the north-east counties of Scotland. Nor are they without a beauty of their own, more stern, it may be, than that of the west, but such as would strike some minds as of a loftier order. The hills may want variety of form as compared with the fantastic shapes of the "Duke of Argyle's bowling-green;" the foliage may be less rich, the vegetation altogether less profuse and gorgeous than at Killiecrankie or round Loch Tay; the whole scenery may be in some measure monotonous; but there is a grandeur in the dreariness; a feeling of freedom in the expanse of landscape; a certain breadth of cloud-effect; and above all, an ever-changing loveliness of light in the clear, dry atmosphere. Thus, for example, Her Majesty describes an early morning in October:—"Not a cloud was on the bright blue sky, and it was perfectly calm." There had been a sharp frost, which lay on parts of the grass, and the mountains were beautifully lit up, with those very blue shades upon them, like the bloom on a plum. The morning was beyond everything splendid, and the country in such beauty, though the poor trees were nearly leafless."

From whatever motives chosen, Balmoral speedily justified the choice, so far as the affections of its owners were concerned. At the first sight of it, "all seemed to breathe freedom and peace, and to make one forget the world and its turmoils." When, a few years later, a cairn was erected to commemorate the royal family taking possession, her

Majesty expresses her growing affection for the place in a few simple words: "It was a gay, pretty, and touching sight, and I felt almost inclined to cry. The view was so beautiful over the dear hills; the day so fine; the whole so *gemüthlich*. May God bless this place, and allow us yet to see it and enjoy it many a long year." This affection was naturally increased as time went on, when the new house was built, and the whole place laid out under the special care of the Prince Consort. Prince Albert would seem to have possessed unusual skill and taste in these matters; both Balmoral and Osborne, we are assured, were his own "creation, own work, own building, own laying-out."

The characteristics of the people seem to have contributed not a little to the comfort of the royal family. A certain reserve, almost dignity, marks the best type of Scotch peasantry, which secured to royalty the seclusion so much desired. "All the Highlanders," says her Majesty, "are so amusing to talk to, and the men so gentleman-like." We hope this is not too flattering an estimate. It may be national predilection, but we have always thought that the north Highlander was truly characterized by this epithet in its simplest and best sense. To them may be applied the lines in which Belarius describes the royal brothers:—

"'Tis wonder

That an invisible instinct should frame them
To loyalty unlearn'd; honour untaught;
Civility not seen in others: valour
That wildly grows in them, but yields a crop
As if it had been sow'd!"

Among such people the Sovereign could reside, not oppressed with too demonstrative loyalty, undisturbed by intrusive curiosity.

And so we come to the burden of the volume—the life at Balmoral; and a more delightful picture, a more perfect idyll, has been seldom drawn—rare in its beauty under any circumstances; standing quite apart and peculiar, when we consider by whom that life was led and by whom that life has been recorded. Simplicity in manner and mode of life is the surest mark of perfect good-breeding; and here unaffected simplicity is the leading characteristic. And, far beyond the question of good breeding, such a life as the Highland life of the Queen affords, in the present state of English society, an example of peculiar value. For we greatly doubt whether such a life, so unostentatious, so devoid of excitement, so entirely given up to the pleasures of the country, is now-a-days very common among our wealthier classes. The country-life of Eng-

land for long was, and still to some extent is, a speciality of the nation. We are proud, and apt to boast of it, partly because of its good effects on those who can enjoy it, more because of its supposed good effects on the country population. In the present state of society, it is more desirable on both counts than it ever was before. We are becoming more and more concentrated into towns—especially into one great metropolis. The town-life, therefore, is becoming more universal; and, as a necessary accompaniment or consequence, is becoming more feverish and more severe in its strain. It is not probably worse than in former days; but it extends its influences more widely over the community; and these influences are not the best: "For a crowd is not society, and talk is but a tinkling cymbal where no love is." And so the refreshment of true country-life is required by a larger class, and is more necessary to that class than perhaps it ever was before.

"O blessed Nature, 'O Rus! O Rus!'
Who cannot sigh for the country thus,
Absorb'd in a worldly torpor—
Who does not yearn for its meadow-sweet
breath,
Untainted by care, and crime, and death,
And to stand sometimes upon grass or heath—
That soul, spite of gold, is a pauper."

On the other hand, the country needs the presence of this class, not less than this class needs the country. But so long only as they resort to it in order to lead a country life in a true and real sense, can they either confer or receive good. No service can be rendered, no great benefit can be gained, by carrying to the country all the characteristics of the town. One often hears the game-laws upheld, on the ground that sport attracts a certain class into rural residence. But whether this be an evil or a good depends very much, as Sydney Smith long ago pointed out, on the special circumstances of each case. "Neither are a great proportion of those whom the love of shooting brings into the country of the smallest value or importance to the country. A colonel of the Guards, the second son just entered at Oxford, three diners-out from Piccadilly—Major Rock, Lord John, Lord Charles, the colonel of the regiment quartered at the neighbouring town, two Irish Peers, and a German Baron;—if all this honourable company proceed with fustian jackets, dog-whistles, and chemical inventions, to a solemn destruction of pheasants, how is the country benefited by their presence? or how would earth, air, or sea, be injured by their annihilation?" On the other hand, as this

pleasant and most wise and just philosopher admits, people *may* love the country for other reasons than the slaughter of birds:—"Partridges and pheasants, though they form nine-tenths of human motives, still leave a small residue which may be classed under some other head. Some come into the country for health, some for quiet, for agriculture, for economy, from attachment to family estates, from love of retirement, from the necessity of keeping up provincial interests, and from a vast variety of causes."

We suspect that since the time when Sydney Smith wrote, even his "nine-tenths" have grown into a more formidable proportion among human motives. We seem now-a-days bent on carrying the fever and excitement of town life into the country—that is, into the very sphere where such fever and excitement should find an antidote. The country life of England is changing, and changing for the worse. Shooting is degenerating into a mere glutting of destruction; and the same deterioration is spreading over the whole style of country life. Doubtless there are many places not open to this condemnation; but, taking the average, it cannot be denied that the extending influence of town life is acting perniciously on the country.

Therefore when we do find country life sought for its own peculiar blessings, for health, for retirement, for beauty, our admiration is not unjustly called forth. Thus sought and so valued, it affords the enjoyment of friendship as distinct from the pleasures of society, and awakens capacities of the soul to which no other aspect of modern life can appeal:—

"The child who gazes on the colours of the sunset, on the light which ripples with the water, or on the deep blue of the sky, is often ready to bound with speechless and unanalysed delight. Nor need adults any higher beauty to call forth the same feelings, though the scenery of some favoured spots may be appreciated by them with still keener zest. Thus, in short, to call forth the heart into admiration, and prepare it for love, is the appropriate function of all natural beauty."*

Highland life gives all this in a peculiar degree. And yet how few of those who are each year drawn northward by fashion, or by a commonplace love of much slaughter of birds, rise to any conception of what such life at its best may be. And here we find the real value of this book. Highland family life in its brightest aspects, with its varied and simple pleasures, was never more vividly sketched: and the fact that all this was so

thoroughly appreciated and so truly valued by the first family in the land cannot fail to have a wide influence for good.

We have said that this life was thoroughly entered into. The very headings of the short chapters show this:—"A 'Drive' in the Balloch Buie," "A Beat in the Abergeldie Woods," "Salmon Leistering," "Loch Muich," "Ascent of Ben Muich Dhui,"—all these suggest scenes rich in natural beauty, and bright with freshness of enjoyment. To the great masters only has been given the charm which can declare to others the hidden glories of the world round about us; but happily very many have received the gift which reveals those glories to the possessor. To such as enjoy this boon, life among scenes of natural beauty is radiant with a light of its own. Such a light gave its richest colouring to life at Balmoral. There are no set descriptions of scenery in the volume; but almost every page shows a real feeling for nature—ever-present and deeply rooted—almost Wordsworthian. And it is not the "stock" things in Scotch scenery, those enjoying the noisiest popularity, which are here most appreciated. On the contrary, it is the "real severe Highland scenery," as that of Loch Muich, or the gloomy grandeur of Glen Ogle, where we "came to a small lake called, I think, Laragilly, amidst the wildest and finest scenery we yet had seen." And this love of nature is not merely a thing of expeditions, when people are, as it were, of set purpose to admire; it is of their every-day life, not awakened only when they go a-field, but always present—ever alive to the varying beauty of severe mountain scenery; never deaf to the "melodies of winds and woods and waters," never dull to the loveliness of a Highland sky, or to the lights that flicker on the side of a Highland hill. Besides this instinctive love of nature, the observation of the artist is constantly apparent. Thus, at Loch Muich, "I wish an artist could have been there to sketch the scene; it was so picturesque—the boat, the net, and the people in their kilts in the water, and on the shore." And even more noticeably at Loch Inch—"The light was lovely; and some cattle were crossing a narrow strip of grass across the end of the loch nearest to us, which really made a charming picture." Nor should the sketches, which are only too few, pass without a word of notice. They are slight; but some of them strikingly good. The dead stag at page 142, "scratched on a bit of paper that Macdonald had in his pocket, which I put on a stone," has great force; a few lines give the outlines of the hills in the Kyles of Bute with really surprising truth; and perhaps best of all, in its

* *The Soul*, p. 17.

vigour and freedom of touch, is the Prince's shooting encampment at Feithort. This last sketch suggests the part which sport took in the life at Balmoral. In the *Early Years of the Prince Consort*, we were told that the Prince, while fond of sport, was not engrossed by the mere love of destruction. We have here abundant corroboration of that remark. The Prince seems always to have enjoyed sport like a humane and reasonable gentleman, not thinking that its sole pleasure consists in what the Antiquary describes as "cracking off a birding-piece at a poor covey of partridges or moorfowl;" but fully appreciating the air, the scenery, the sociality—in fact all the "surroundings," which make sport in the Highlands the best of recreations. Nothing, to our minds, could be more suggestive of true enjoyment than the accounts we have here of expeditions, in which the ladies of the party accompany the guns, and which are directed both to purposes of sport and to exploring some neighbouring beauty of loch or hill.

What may be called the moral aspect of this Royal life in the Highlands is not less attractive than that of which we have been speaking. We get an insight into the relations of the Queen towards those round about her—both towards her tenantry and the servants of her household. This will undoubtedly be popular; but not, we hope and believe, because it will recommend itself to that ridiculous love of talking about their superiors so common among Englishmen. What is here told is told so simply and naturally, not as characteristic of or remarkable in Royalty; but as the reasonable and natural mode of life for good people with an honest wish to do their duty, and a frank desire thoroughly to enjoy the country, that we cannot but think it must appeal to something better within us than this most absurd propensity. Of how truly the duties of landlord in the special sense have been discharged, in improving the estate and ameliorating the condition of the tenantry, we have here no account; indeed such a matter was hardly within the scope of the journal. But, apart from any economic view of the landlord and tenant relation, surely Royalty was never more truly gracious than in those visits to the poor—the unaffected record of which we would gladly quote, but that it has been quoted so often. More remarkable still is the feeling shown by Her Majesty of the true relation between masters and servants. The entire want, in most cases, of any real tie between the members of the same household, is one of our social sores which did not escape Mr. Thackeray:—

"I do not sneer at the purpose for which, at the chiming eight o'clock bell, the household is called together. . . . I do not sneer at that,—at the act at which all these people are assembled,—it is at the rest of the day I marvel; at the rest of the day, and what it brings. At the very instant when the voice has ceased speaking, and the gilded book is shut, the world begins again, and for the next twenty-three hours and fifty-seven minutes, all that household is given up to it. The servile squad rises up and marches away to its basement, whence, should it happen to be a gala-day, those tall gentlemen, at present attired in Oxford mixture, will issue forth with flour plastered on their heads, yellow coats, pink breeches, sky-blue waistcoats, silver lace, buckles in their shoes, black silk bags on their backs, and I don't know what insane emblems of servility, and absurd bedizenments of folly. Their manner of speaking to what we call their masters and mistresses will be like a monstrous masquerade. You know no more of that race which inhabits the basement floor than of the men and brethren of Timbuctoo, to whom some among us send missionaries. If you meet some of your servants in the streets (I respectfully suppose for a moment that the reader is a person of high fashion, and a great establishment) you would not know their faces. You might sleep under the same roof for half a century and know nothing about them. If they were ill you would not visit them, though you would send them an apothecary and, of course, order that they lacked for nothing. You are not unkind; you are not worse than your neighbours. . . . But so it is; with those fellow-Christians who have just been saying Amen to your prayers, you have scarcely the community of charity. They come you don't know whence; they think and talk you don't know what; they die, and you don't care—or *vice versa*. They answer the bell for prayers, as they answer the bell for coals; for exactly three minutes in the day you all kneel together on one carpet,—and the desires and petitions of the servants and masters over, the rite called family worship is ended."*

Very different from this is the household of the Queen. It need not fear the test even of Mr. Thackeray's sarcasm. Kindly feeling towards every member of it; consideration for their personal comfort under all circumstances, even in the excitement of an expedition; careful knowledge of where they come from, of their relations, of all their "belongings," appear in every page. No reader will refuse to accept cordially Mr. Helps' remark, that "perhaps there is no person in these realms who takes a more deep and abiding interest in the welfare of the household committed to his charge, than our gracious Queen does in hers, or who feels more keenly what are the reciprocal

* *Newcomes*, vol. i. p. 140.

duties of masters and servants." Akin to this is that appreciation of any attention shown to herself, which is perhaps the most remarkable trait of character illustrated in this volume. Her Majesty never seems to take anything for granted. The slightest services, and courtesies, such as would be willingly rendered to any lady, and which to a Sovereign so loved and respected are things of the merest course, are never so regarded by her; but on the contrary, always call forth some special expression of recognition and thanks. Mr. Helps has noticed this characteristic also, in language not at all too strong. After reading this volume, we recognise in the present occupant of the throne, more surely than we ever could before, the wise Sovereign, the considerate ruler of her household, the fond wife, the good mother, the accomplished lady, the cordial sympathizer with all ranks and conditions of her people.

The literary execution of the book is in keeping with the idea of it. There is no pretence, no attempt at book-making, no ambition of style: all is easy, natural, and graceful. There are, as we said before, few set descriptions; but often in a sentence a landscape is forcibly brought before the reader: and the scene of the welcome of the royal party at Taymouth, in particular, is represented with great vividness. As the Journal advances, we think (though this may be fancy) we can trace more freedom in the style; considerable humour, too, from time to time, in the adoption of Scotch phrases, and in recounting the various adventures of the "great expeditions." Nothing could be better than the accounts of these excursions—the idea of which, we are told, originated with the Prince. They are given with a freshness, an evident sense of enjoyment, a frank appreciation of the fun of the situation, which make the reader realize and enter into the spirit of it all very thoroughly. Above all, there are no stock reflections in the book; as Mr. Helps puts it, "the writer describes what she thinks and feels, rather than what she might be expected to think and feel."

Scott, as was to be supposed, is the interpreter most frequently referred to. But Clough, we are glad to say, is not neglected, —a writer who has entered more profoundly, we think, than any other, into the spirit of Highland scenery. We have hitherto refrained from quoting at any length, because the whole book almost has been reproduced in the newspapers; but we cannot resist the following short passage, with its quotation:—

"After this we walked on for a beat quite round *Carrop*; and the view was glorious!

A little shower of snow had fallen, but was succeeded by brilliant sunshine. The hills covered with snow, the golden birch-trees on the lower brown hills, and the bright afternoon sky, were indescribably beautiful. The following lines* admirably portray what I then saw:—

'The gorgeous bright October,
Then when brakens are changed, and heather blooms
are faded,
And amid russet of heather and fern, green trees are
bonnie;
Alders are green and oaks; the rowan scarlet and
yellow;
One great glory of broad gold pieces appears the
aspen,
And the jewels of gold that were hung in the hair of
the birch-tree,
Pendulous, here and there, her coronet, necklace, and
ear-rings,
Cover her now, o'er and o'er; she is weary, and scatters
them from her.'

"Oh! how I gazed and gazed on God's glorious works with a sad heart, from its being for the last time, and tried to carry the scene away, well implanted and fixed in my mind, for this effect with the snow we shall not often see again."

Looking at this Journal critically, the undoubted popularity which it has won may at first sight excite surprise. It contains nothing in itself very original or very peculiar. The scenes described are well known; the life depicted is not the life of a Court, but of an English family. But in this very fact will be found one cause of the book's success. Familiarity of subject has an attractiveness not less than novelty. Every one must have felt the tendency to read and re-read on familiar themes in preference to adventuring on fresh woods and pastures new; and so, too, seeing how others are affected by circumstances and places we are ourselves acquainted with is, in some frames of mind, a pleasure not less keen than to learn of strange scenes and societies. To this must be added also our interest in those who led this life, and in her who has recorded it. Nor can the severest censor with justice condemn such an interest: for loyalty at the present day is not servility, still less a vulgar looking up to the great. Few things are more remarkable in history than the change which has gradually come in the position of princes. In the beginnings of modern society, after the familiarity of feudalism had waned, Louis XI., scorner as he was of outward show, would not take a cup of water from Quentin Durward until he knew that the young adventurer was noble. The Queen of Great Britain, in modern times, wrapped in a plaid, is carried over a burn by two Highland gillies, and

* *The Bothie of Tober-na-Vuolich*. By Arthur Hugh Clough.

suffers no loss of royal dignity thereby. What a contrast between the two states of society! Nay, there is a hardly less striking contrast between the etiquette of a Court like that of Louis XIV., or the stiff ceremonial of our own early Georges, and the Court life (so far as we see it all) of these pages. The change indeed has extended beyond Courts:—

"I fancy that peculiar product of the past, the fine gentleman, has almost vanished off the face of the earth, and is disappearing like the beaver or the Red Indian. We can't have fine gentlemen any more, because we can't have the society in which they lived. The people will not obey; the parasites will not be as obsequious as formerly; children do not go down on their knees to beg their parents' blessing; chaplains do not say grace and retire before the pudding; servants do not say 'Your Honour' and 'Your Worship' at every moment; tradesmen do not stand hat in hand as the gentleman passes; authors do not wait for hours in gentlemen's anterooms with a fulsome dedication, for which they hope to get five guineas from his Lordship. In the days when there were fine gentlemen, Mr. Secretary Pitt's under-secretaries did not dare to sit down before him; but Mr. Pitt, in his turn, went down on his gouty-knees to George II.; and when George III. spoke a few kind words to him, Lord Chatham burst into tears of reverential joy and gratitude; so awful was the idea of the monarch, and so great the distinctions of rank. Fancy Lord John Russell or Lord Palmerston on their knees whilst the Sovereign was reading a despatch, or beginning to cry because Prince Albert said something civil."*

The change has not been for the worse; it is in the direction of greater honesty and greater simplicity, and therefore of better breeding as well as of better morality. Nor has loyalty become weaker. It has but changed with the change in all other things. As an unreasoning sentiment it has passed away; as a rational conviction, based on respectful esteem and affectionate regard, it may now be as strong a feeling as it ever was.

We have heard it maintained as a great historical fact, that bad men, in the common judgement of the world, have always been the best kings. Thus Louis XI. was one of the wisest rulers France ever had; our own Richard III. gave promise to be the greatest even among the great Plantagenets. There is a certain truth in the seeming paradox. For there is no greater mistake than to suppose that the highest principles of personal morality can regulate wholly the transactions of States. But, true or untrue, the doctrine can only have application in those cases

where the Sovereign actively controls the public policy. In our Constitution the duties directly devolving on the monarch are not of such a character. And, for this very reason, other functions assume a peculiar prominence. Foremost among these comes the function of giving the tone of society. To preserve, therefore, a pure standard of morality is a high regal duty, the discharge of which is not only a thing becoming in itself, but which surely tends to strengthen and uphold the monarchy. How much the monarchy of England, in this particular, owes to the Queen and the late Prince Albert, we can only guess, but our children may one day learn. For the most sanguine politician can hardly, we think, look far forward without some anxiety. Not long ago our great English orator, ended one of his loftiest speeches with words of good hope:—"I think I see, as it were above the hill-tops of time, the glimmering of the dawn of a better and a nobler day for the country and the people that I love so well."* We welcome the cheerful prophecy. Yet, ere the splendour of that day shall shine, we fear that many a storm will have swept over us. The present aspect of England does not speak of peace; her immediate future is not unclouded. No man living, we think, has a more anxious prospect before him than the heir-apparent. Should his task prove easier than it promises to be, he will owe this to the fact that the crown will descend to him strengthened and hallowed by the affectionate regard of the whole nation. It can rest on no surer foundation. An aristocracy never yet has proved, in time of need, a support to monarchy—save when the Prince has stooped to be the head of a faction of the oligarchy. This the first two Georges were; unavoidably perhaps, without doubt unwillingly. History will one day do justice to the efforts of George III. to raise himself from such subserviency, and to become the king of his people. With all his faults, and they were neither few nor small, he *did* become the king of his people; and not even his son could break that sceptre. His granddaughter, avoiding his many errors, again holds it; and long may it be hers. "The heart of Britain still beats kindly for George III.,—not because he was wise or just, but because he was pure in life, honest in intent, and because, according to his lights, he worshipped Heaven. I think we acknowledge in the inheritor of his sceptre a wiser rule and a life as honourable and pure; and I am sure the future painter of our manners will pay a willing allegiance to that

* *The Four Georges*, p. 114.

* Mr. Bright's Speech at Glasgow, October 1866.

good life, and be loyal to the memory of that unsullied virtue." She has so worn the crown that it rests easy and secure on her brow; and therein has deserved the gratitude, not only of her descendants, but of all who believe monarchy to be good for England.

We have said that this volume is the natural supplement of the *Early Years of the Prince Consort*. We see how the happiness, the promise of which was there, came to be realized; how truly Prince Albert was the centre of the household. From the former volume we would in some measure understand how much he must have relieved her Majesty from the weight of her public duties, how severe must be the strain of those duties upon her now. Reading this volume, we can partially, and but partially, come to know what a desolation has been the loss of him who, in the simple words of the dedication, "made the life of the writer bright and happy." In a passage of the *Journal*, the feeling of which no reader can fail to note, the writer alludes to the death of the Duchess of Kent. A trivial incident recalls the recent loss, and the awakened grief finds expression in a single sentence: "It made me very sad, and filled my eyes with tears. In the midst of cheerfulness I feel so sad! But being out a great deal, and seeing new and fine scenery, does me good." Here is the true anodyne—not in gaiety or excitement, but in quiet, in mountain air, in the soothing influences of nature. May these in due time have their effect in healing the deeper sorrow which has to be borne now, and which, in so great a measure, must be borne *alone*. To a Sovereign the consolation of companionship is of necessity denied; but since the publication of the *Life of the Prince Consort*, and of this *Journal*, our Queen may feel more than ever assured that the best sympathies of a whole nation attend her sorrow. Few, we think, can have read unmoved the note at page 22, which arrests us in the midst of all the joy and splendour of the visit to Taymouth:—

"I revisited Taymouth last autumn, on the 3d of October, from Dunkeld (incognita), with Louise, the Dowager Duchess of Athole, and Miss Mac Gregor. As we could not have driven through the grounds without asking permission, and we did not wish to be known, we decided upon not attempting to do so, and contented ourselves with getting out at a gate close to a small fort, into which we were led by a woman from the gardener's house, near to which we had stopped, and who had no idea who we were.

"We got out, and looked from this height down upon the house below, the mist having cleared away sufficiently to show us everything;

and then, unknown, quite in private, I gazed—not without deep emotion—on the scene of our reception twenty-four years ago, by dear Lord Breadalbane, in a princely style, not to be equalled in grandeur and poetic effect.

"Albert and I were then only twenty-three, young and happy. How many are gone that were with us then!

"I was very thankful to have seen it again. —1866."

We have heard rumours of a purpose to publish this book at a price which will bring it within the reach of the great body of the people. We sincerely trust that these rumours are well-founded. For it is not the language of exaggeration or flattery, but of simple truth, to say that its wide circulation is on all accounts to be desired. Nothing can be more unreal, nothing therefore more false in morals, than attempts unduly to disparage the dignity of money and the value of position. It is idle to deny that these things can add to the purest pleasures; if in nothing else, at least in this, that they keep away causes of disquiet. But they do more. Recognised position should increase independence, should brace the tone of the mind. And, as Lord Macaulay has observed, even the beauties of nature are more fully appreciated when they can be explored with comfort, though without state, and with those appliances of wealth which make the enjoyment of them easy and secure. There is, however, but little danger that any attempts in this direction will be too successful. It will be long before men come to undervalue either money or position. They seldom look but at one side of the shield. And yet the other side shows a truth also; a truth, if less obvious, more important, and more conducive to our well-being. For, after making all due allowances, the fact remains certainly true, that the sources of the keenest and most enduring happiness are within the reach of most men. Laying aside extreme poverty or sudden calamity, with which the existence of happiness, despite all the wisdom of sages, is utterly incompatible, our best enjoyments are not dependent on wealth or grandeur. There are many sweet murmurs around us if we would only pause to hear. Independence, or the pursuit of it, domestic life, love of study, of art, of healthy physical enjoyment, appreciation of the external world; and, in a word, all mental pleasures of every kind, are, if we so will it, within our power. It is, as we have said, but a half-truth to maintain that these are sufficient for happiness; but even as a half-truth, we do not fully recognise it. A persuasion of how much they can do for us will, more than aught else, give contentment—

the healthiest, happiest, and rarest condition of the mind. It seems to us that the journal of the first lady in the land impresses this persuasion with peculiar power. In every page it is apparent that the keenest enjoyment comes from the simplest sources; and that, not from any force of contrast, but because such is the necessary result when our natures are truly attuned to life. And we see too, the sad aspect of the same teaching—not only how little rank and wealth can confer on pleasure, but how slight is their power to bring consolation. For all classes of society these lessons are good; but none so much as those who, shut out, in a greater or less degree, from external pleasures, are prone to over-value them. Were it for this reason alone, the wider the circulation of this book the better for the community. But it will teach more than this. The value of goodness and truth and pure affection, will be more strikingly brought home to all, especially to certain classes, when enforced by such an example. And we hope the book will be made accessible to all, not only for the sake of the people, but for the sake of the Royal Family. For so will the virtues of our Sovereign be more widely known; so will the Throne be strengthened in the affection of the whole nation; so will the memory of “Albert the Good” be kept green in the heart of that great community whose best interests we now know to have been his constant care.

ART. VIII.—THE ATOMIC THEORY OF LUCRETIVS.

“I know not whether this inquiry I speak of concerning the first condition of seeds or atoms be not the most useful of all”—BACON.

THE popular conception of any philosophical doctrine is necessarily imperfect, and very generally unjust. Lucretius is often alluded to as an atheistical writer, who held the silly opinion that the universe was the result of a fortuitous concourse of atoms; readers are asked to consider how long letters must be shaken in a bag before a complete annotated edition of Shakespeare could result from the process; and after being reminded how much more complex the universe is than the works of Shakespeare, they are expected to hold Lucretius, with his teachers and his followers, in derision. A nickname which sticks has generally some truth in it, and so has the above view, but it would be

unjust to form our judgment of a man from his nickname alone, and we may profitably consider what the real tenets of Lucretius were, especially now that men of science are beginning, after a long pause in the inquiry, once more eagerly to attempt some explanation of the ultimate constitution of matter.

This problem, a favourite one with many great men, has come to be looked upon by most persons as insoluble; nay, the attempt to solve it is sometimes treated as impious; but knowing that all the phenomena of light are explained by particular motions of a medium constituted according to simple laws, and so perfectly explained that the exact motions corresponding to all the colours of the spectrum, with their modifications due to reflection, refraction, and polarization, can be defined in form, speed, and magnitude,—knowing this, we may reasonably expect that the other complex attributes of inorganic matter may be deduced from some simple theory, involving only as an assumption the existence of some original material possessing properties far less complex than those of the gross matter apparent to our senses. It is only in this sense that we can hope ever to understand the ultimate constitution of matter; but as the undulatory theory of light has both suggested the discovery of new facts, and has connected all known facts concerning light into one intelligible series of logical deductions, so any true theory of the constitution of matter would suggest new inquiries, and would group the apparently disjointed fragments of knowledge, now called the various branches of science, into one intelligible whole. To frame some such theory as this was the first aim of Greek philosophers, and to establish the true theory will be the greatest triumph of modern science. Of all the subtle guesses made by the Greeks at this enigma, one only, we think, has been fruitful, and that the one expounded by Lucretius, but learnt by him from Epicurus, who in his turn seems to have derived his most valuable conception from Democritus and Leucippus. As, however, we possess fragments only of these earlier writers, it is convenient to speak of the theory as that of Lucretius, though he seems to have been simply the eloquent and clear expounder of a doctrine wholly invented by others.

Before explaining how far the views of Lucretius are still held by naturalists, and how far they contain the germs of many modern theories, we must endeavour to give a clear account of what his views really were, in which attempt we shall be much

aided by the admirable edition and translation of his works by Mr. Munro.*

The principles of the atomic theory are all contained in the first two books; attention being generally called in the original to each new proposition by a "*nunc age*," or some such expression. Lucretius begins by stating that "nothing is ever begotten of nothing." To this principle, which is assumed as true in all physical treatises of the present day, he unnecessarily adds, that this is not done even by divine power, about which he could know nothing. Lucretius felt little reverence for the Pagan divinities, and states this principle so roundly as at first to shock our feelings; but if we limit the application of the principle to matter once created, and such as we can observe, his principle is true, and invariably acted upon. Not even by divine power is matter now created out of nothing—nor does any effect happen without what we call a natural cause. Lucretius seizes the opportunity of stating that men think things are done by divine power because they do not understand how they happen, whereas he will show how all things are done without the hand of the gods—a bold proposition truly, but one which, translated into modern language, means simply that natural phenomena are subject to definite laws, and are not unintelligible miracles. Lucretius fails to perceive that definite physical laws are consistent with the work of God; and the difficulty of reconciling the two ideas, unreal as it seems to us, has been felt by able men even now-a-days, when the conception of divine power is very different from any present to the mind of Lucretius. To most of us the very conception of a law suggests a lawgiver, while he, to prove the existence of laws, thought it necessary to deny the action of beings who could set those laws at naught. The demonstration which he gives of his first principle is loose, and goes rather to establish the fact that natural phenomena occur according to definite rules than to prove that no matter is created out of nothing, except in so far as this creation would, he thinks, disturb the order of nature. This first principle, as to the creation of matter, cannot indeed be otherwise than loosely stated by Lucretius, for no definition is given of what should measure the quantity of matter,† and until we have defined how this quantity is to be measured, we cannot experi-

mentally determine whether matter is being created or not. But Lucretius meant his proposition to include the statement that nothing happens without a cause, and without a material cause, and his proof of this is precisely that which we should still adduce, being the perfect regularity with which in nature similar effects follow similar causes.

The next proposition is, that "nothing is ever annihilated, but simply dissolved into its first bodies," or, as we should say, components. This statement is complementary to the first. Together, the two propositions affirm that constancy in the total quantity of matter which is a commonplace truth now, but which to Lucretius must have been unsupported by any rigorous proof. His own arguments in support of the law go no further than to show that we have no proof of the destruction of any portion of matter. He shows that rain when it falls is not lost, but produces leaves and trees, that "by them in turn our race and the race of wild beasts is fed;" but he makes no effort to measure accurately the quantity of matter apparently disappearing, but reappearing in the new form, and without that measurement his proposition could not be rigorously proved; moreover, in the mind of Lucretius, the indestructibility referred to all kinds of causes, so that, to make our proposition co-extensive with his, we must interpret it to mean that matter is indestructible, and that no cause fails to produce an equivalent effect, though Lucretius probably did not conceive these two parts of his proposition separate one from the other.

Occasion is taken at this point to state that the components into which bodies are resolved, or out of which they are built, may be invisible. The third distinct proposition states that "all things are not on all sides jammed together and kept in by body: there is also void in things." Lucretius thought that, in order to explain the properties of matter, it was absolutely necessary to admit the existence of vacuum, or empty space containing nothing whatever. If there were not void, he says, things could not move at all! And it does seem, at first sight, that in a universe absolutely full, like a barrel full of herrings, so shaped as to leave not a cranny between them, no motion whatever would be possible; but reflection shows us that what is called re-entering motion is possible, even under those circumstances, provided we do not suppose our fish to stick to one another; there may be an eddy in which the fish swim round and round one after the other, without leaving any vacant space between them or on either side, and yet without enlarging, diminishing, or disturbing the

* *T. Lucreti Cari De Rerum Natura, Libri sex.* With Notes and a Translation, by H. A. J. Munro, M. A. Second Edit. 1866. 2 vols. Cambridge: Deighton, Bell, & Co.

† Afterwards, l. 360, the quantity of body is assumed as proportional to weight.

barrel as they move.* Lucretius either failed to perceive this, or declined to admit the possibility that all the movements of gross matter could be of this class; but he has another argument in favour of a vacuum: "Why do we see one thing surpass another in weight, though not larger in size?" How can things be of various densities unless we admit empty pores in bodies? His proof is insufficient; but here again modern research has confirmed his conclusion, so far as it affects gross matter only, and Lucretius conceived no other.† His explanation of varying density is that which is universally received and taught, and even the modern disbelievers in a vacuum do not deny that some space may be unoccupied by gross matter, but simply affirm, on grounds to be hereafter stated, that all space is full of something, though not of ponderable matter. In support of his proposition, Lucretius points to the pores found in all bodies, and uses the following ingenious though fallacious argument to prove a vacuum:—"If two broad bodies after contact quickly spring asunder, the air must surely fill all the void which is formed between the bodies. Well, however rapidly it stream together with swift circling currents, yet the whole space will not be able to be filled up in one moment; for it must occupy first one spot, and then another, until the whole is taken up;" therefore in the middle a void must have existed for a sensible time.

We are next informed by our author that matter exists, or, in the language of Lucretius, "all nature then, as it exists by itself, has been founded on two things: there are bodies, and there is void in which these bodies are placed, and through which they move about." In his first and second propositions, Lucretius uses the word thing, *res*, which, as we have already explained, comprehended all kinds of things, such as matter, force, motion, thought, life, etc. He now states the existence of matter, and few will be disposed to contradict him; indeed, he appeals to the general feeling of mankind in proof of his assumption. Unless you grant this, he says, "there will be nothing to which we can appeal to prove anything by reasoning."

Lucretius now affirms that nothing exists but matter and void, or, as put in Mr. Munro's translation, "there is nothing which you can affirm to be at once separate from all body and quite distinct from void, which would, so to speak, count as the discovery of a third nature." Here at last we reach

debateable ground. Lucretius hardly adduces a single argument in support of this proposition, contenting himself with showing, first, that no tangible thing but matter exists,—a mere begging the question; and, secondly, that properties and accidents are not entities distinct from matter,—which is true, but little to the point. As examples of properties, he gives weight, heat, fluidity; as examples of accidents, poverty, riches, liberty, etc. Time, he says, exists not by itself, but simply from the things which happen; actions do not exist by themselves, but may be fairly called accidents of matter, and of the space in which they severally go on. Even if all this be granted, we shall not necessarily concede that matter and void have alone a separate existence; but we must not complain that Lucretius does not support his proposition more strongly at this point, for indeed his six books form one long argument in support of his proposition. Lucretius undertakes to show that every fact in the world can be explained by the properties of matter, and that matter itself may be conceived as possessed of but a very few simple properties, from the construction of which the complex facts we see may follow. Of course he fails to do this, but if the proposition be restricted to what are called physical phenomena, it becomes, if not certainly true, nevertheless an hypothesis well worthy of consideration, and not yet proved false. Lucretius admits no subtle ethers, no variety of elements with fiery, watery, light, heavy principles; he does not suppose light to be one thing, fire another,—electricity a fluid, magnetism a vital principle,—but treats all phenomena as mere properties or accidents of simple matter, and produced in simple ways; but to understand what he meant by matter, or "bodies," we must pass on.

The next proposition of Lucretius describes the composition of matter as we perceive it. Bodies are either atoms, or compounded of atoms and void, or, more at length, they "are partly first beginnings of things, partly those which are formed of a union of first beginnings." The words which Mr. Munro here translates as "first beginnings of things" describe the Lucretian atoms; Lucretius does not use the word *atoms*, but calls these "primordia," or "*semina rerum*." These atoms are necessarily solid, or they could not mark off void space from full. They cannot be broken, because they have no void within them to admit a cutting body, or wet or cold or fire, therefore they must be everlasting and indestructible. Lucretius, too, is so persuaded of the great wear and tear that is going on,

* A homogeneous plenum may also be conceived as compressible.

that he remarks, if atoms had not been indestructible, everything would have been destroyed by this time. The constancy of all phenomena is a very good argument in favour of the indivisible atom, for unless the component parts of a machine are unchanged, how can the results produced be constant? unless there be really something indestructible and indivisible in sodium, how can it happen that every little fragment shall retain every physical property of sodium, so that, for instance, when glowing with heat, it shall continually, as it were, ring out the same notes of light, imparting such vibrations to our eye as paint the well-known double yellow line? If we could divide the little bodies which, vibrating at those special speeds, prove sodium to be glowing in the flame, they would no more vibrate at those speeds than a cut violin-string would give out the true note to which it had been tuned. By such division sodium would be destroyed; whatever might be the result, the body named sodium would exist no longer; but as yet no man has been able thus to divide the sodium atom, and no one expects that bodies will ever be decomposed into elements simpler than such as would ring out a single note, a single line in the spectrum. In other words, all men of science believe, consciously or not, in atoms indivisible and imperishable. Lucretius certainly knew nothing of spectrum analysis, nor of the law owing to which chemical compounds have forced an atomic theory into daily language; but the arguments drawn from these sources are simply special applications of his general theorem; if matter really obeys definite unchangeable laws, the ultimate materials employed to make matter must themselves be definite and unchangeable. Newton's exposition of this argument, quoted by Mr. Munro to illustrate our author, is admirably clear:—

"While the particles continue entire they may compose bodies of one and the same nature and texture in all ages; but should they wear away or break in pieces, the nature of things depending on them would be changed. Water and earth composed of old worn-out particles would not be of the same nature and texture now with water and earth composed of entire particles in the beginning. And, therefore, that nature may be lasting, the changes of corporeal things are to be placed only in various separations and new associations and motions of these permanent particles, compound bodies being apt to break, not in the midst of solid particles, but where those particles are laid together and only touch in a few points."

We confess that these arguments seem to us unanswerable, as proving the existence of some unalterable basis of matter. Lucretius

described his atoms as small, but not infinitely small, nay, having parts, yet "strong in everlasting singleness," impenetrably hard, indivisible, unalterable, eternal.

Having reached his atom, before proceeding with the consequences of his assumption, Lucretius pauses to demolish rival theorists, but though he does this very well, we prefer to follow out his own propositions in their natural order, remarking, however, that the next proposition occurs incidentally, as it were, while refuting his antagonists, and is to the effect that the differences between all bodies may be accounted for by the different arrangement of the atoms, and the different way in which they move, or, more literally, "the motions which they mutually impart and receive." Lucretius conceived matter as formed by atoms in continual motion, rebounding as it were from one another. His conception is most remarkable, as being very far removed from the impression produced by inert matter on our own senses, and yet almost indisputably true. Arguments drawn from the laws of the elasticity of gases and from the diffusion of fluids go far to prove the proposition. The former laws may be deduced from the assumption of atoms rebounding in a void; and it is hard to conceive why different fluids or liquids should mix with extraordinary rapidity whenever placed in contact one with its neighbour, unless molecules were continually fluttering as it were, at the limits of each fluid, restrained only from continuing their course by the opposition of other atoms. If these arguments seem insufficient, we may refer to the conception of heat as a mode of motion. If heat be a mode of motion of gross matter, then, as all bodies are more or less hot, the molecules of all bodies will be moving with more or less speed,—precisely what Lucretius taught. Lucretius was led to his conception by considerations very analogous to those which lead us to consider heat and other forms of energy as modes of motion. Probably the reason why he does not state this seventh proposition as a dogma by itself, is, that the proof could not as yet be given; but in discussing rival doctrines he is led to anticipate his own views.

He proceeds to assert that there is no limit to space, nor yet to the total quantity of matter; but these are rather metaphysical than physical questions, although he seems to think that, unless infinite space were full of matter, the universe could not hold together, for he will not hear of gravitation, by which "all things press to the centre of the sun." He is almost comically unfortunate in denouncing the idea, that heavy

bodies which are beneath the earth shall press upwards, or that living things walk head downwards, and that when these see the sun we behold the stars of night; but although it is very interesting to observe that these doctrines were then held, we will examine only the propositions strictly necessary for his theory of matter, passing over also his assertion that atoms were not arranged by design, until we examine how he himself conceived that they were arranged. This explanation is given in the Second Book, containing what we should term the Kinetic branch of his theory, or, to use his own language, he next explains "by what motion the begetting bodies of matter do beget different things, and, after they are begotten, again break them up, and by what they are compelled so to do." The book opens with the proposition that matter does not "cohere inseparably massed together;" it does not stick together as a mere inert mass. Lucretius infers this from the continual change which we perceive, and by which all things wax and wane, although the sum remains constant.

A modern physical treatise would attribute these changes to chemical affinity, heat, gravitation, etc., or possibly, in more general terms, to the various forms of what we term Energy. Lucretius can only suppose this energy to be represented by atoms in motion; and if this be not universally true, it is probably true for many cases. This perpetual motion of the atoms is next reasserted as a distinct proposition. "No atom," he says, "can ever stop, giving up its motion to its neighbour." At first sight, nothing can be more contrary to our ideas of the laws of motion. We repeatedly see a ball strike another, and set it in motion, remaining itself apparently quiescent after the blow; but nevertheless it is quite impossible that the relative motion of two perfectly hard elastic bodies, such as Lucretius imagined, can ever be altered by knocking one against the other. Motion is essentially relative; we only know that a body moves by observing that it changes its position relatively to another. When, therefore, treating of two isolated bodies only, we need only speak of their relative velocity. The motion of the centre of gravity of any system of bodies remains quite unaffected by their collision one with another, and, in considering our two isolated atoms, we may as well, for simplicity's sake, assume the motion of their joint centre of gravity to be *nil*, though this is not necessary to our argument. Moreover, it is found that a certain quantity, sometimes called *vis viva*, sometimes the kinetic energy of the system, is also constant after and before any

collision. This quantity is proportional for each body to the mass of the body, and to the square of its velocity. It must be remembered that we are now speaking of two simple bodies which have only the properties of hardness and elasticity, not being compressible, hot, or susceptible of vibration, so that the transformation of energy due to motion into other forms of energy such as heat is excluded by hypothesis.

Now, in the case of two such bodies striking one another, since their mass will not change, it is impossible that this quantity should remain constant unless each body kept its own velocity. The one cannot hand over a part of its velocity to the other, for in that case the centre of gravity of the system would acquire motion. The velocity of the two cannot increase or decrease simultaneously, or the *vis viva* of the system would alter, so the bodies have no choice but to bound back or to glance aside with their original velocity. In the latter case a spinning motion might represent the *vis viva*, but this would not be rest. If it be asked how it is that we do see the relative motion of bodies after striking one another, we answer that heat and other forms of energy have been found equivalent to *vis viva*, which may therefore pass into these forms, and so allow a change in the relative velocities of bodies. Had Lucretius known this he would have answered, that heat can only be equivalent to *vis viva* inasmuch as it substitutes the motion of small parts for the motion of the whole;—this being the very answer given by Leibnitz to the above objection, urged as fatal to the doctrine of *vis viva* which he had enounced.

It may be seen that our two bodies need not continue to move in straight lines after striking; they may glance off, so as to spin round. The *vis viva*, or energy, will be perfectly represented by the velocity of the rotating masses, and the centre of gravity may remain undisturbed. When two actual bodies strike and come to rest, it is probable that their atoms do acquire some periodic motion, such as spinning, which motion produces the appearance of heat, but is on so small a scale as to be otherwise invisible to our senses. When we consider the collision of a multitude of bodies, innumerable changes may take place in their relative velocities without violating the two principles, that the motion of the centre of gravity, and the energy of the system shall both remain unchanged. Among these combinations some will admit of one or more parts of the system coming wholly to rest, contrary to Lucretius's views, but the following consideration shows that it is difficult to see how this would be

brought about if we adhered strictly to his assumption, that the motion of a hard mass is the sole form of energy. He almost unconsciously and certainly without any express statement, assumes elasticity as a property of his atoms, which he describes as rebounding one from another; but, reverting to our two hard bodies, if they do strike and rebound they must gradually slacken speed, stop for an inconceivably short time, and then gradually resume their pace in an opposite direction, so that, if they rebound, they must stop and pass through all speeds intermediate between zero and their original velocity; so that if we admit no form of energy but a hard mass in motion, we must conclude that no two bodies ever could strike one another, and yet, as neither we nor Lucretius have assumed anything to keep them apart, we find ourselves in a droll dilemma, which seems to prove the impossibility of the existence of a universe containing simple hard atoms in motion. We moderns jump out of the difficulty at once by saying that the hard bodies are elastic, and elasticity is a form of energy, so that the energy or *vis viva* which at one time was represented by the body in motion, is at another time represented by the potential energy of elasticity. Lucretius would have shaken his head at this explanation, and would have much preferred the theory just started by Sir William Thomson, and long since vaguely suggested by Hobbes, that the elasticity of atoms may be due to the motion of their parts,—a proposition exemplified by one smoke-ring bounding away from another in virtue of the relative motions of their parts, these not being necessarily themselves elastic. The energy of the molecule at that point where it strikes its neighbour and changes velocity is on this theory transferred to another part of the molecule which moves faster as the first part moves more slowly. If the molecules of gross matter are made up of atoms in rapid motion, as Lucretius believed, or of a portion of whirling fluid, as Sir William Thompson suggests, and if elasticity itself be only a secondary property, not possessed by the *primordia rerum* at all, then the proposition that a molecule never can come to rest is undoubtedly true;—such rest would be equivalent to the destruction of matter. Lucretius could not have proved this, nor even understood the proof. He did not know the laws of motion even of two elastic bodies, but it is singular to find modern science returning to the never-ending motion of the old Greek atom.

The next proposition of our author explains the varying density of bodies. He says that the greater or less density of bodies

depends on the smaller or greater distance to which the atoms in each continue to rebound after striking one another. They never stop striking and rebounding; they are in perpetual motion, tossed about by blows. Mr. Munro's translation fails, it seems to us, to convey this view, reading as though the atoms struck, rebounded and remained quiet afterwards, hooked as it were together; but Lucretius in many passages describes the never-ending restlessness of his atoms, tossed like motes in a sun-beam, which he describes to illustrate the motion of the atoms in void. This explanation of the varying density of matter is still commonly received, and will be found in all popular text-books; the density of the ultimate particles of gravitating matter is very generally assumed to be the same, the greater or less density of gross matter being supposed due to empty pores, of greater or smaller magnitude, separating the molecules. At first sight it is very difficult to see how any other explanation of varying density can be given, since we find that by compression we actually can increase the density of bodies without altering their weight or mass in any way. Now, unless there were a void space separating the molecules, where can these go to when squeezed? Most men* will find a difficulty in conceiving that space absolutely full of matter, soft or hard, can be made to hold more; but the same space does hold sometimes more and sometimes less gross matter, so that in the latter case it cannot be quite full, or, in other words, the body it contains is composed in part of empty pores. The proof is incomplete, and, if molecules be formed by the motion of a fluid, greater density may possibly be due to a modification in the motion of molecules, and not only to the greater frequency of the eddying molecules in a given space.

Lucretius next points out that his atoms must move very rapidly. In vacuum atoms travel faster than light. His proof of this is extremely vague. He says the light and the heat of the sun (which he calls "vapours") are forced to travel slowly, cleaving the waves of air, and several minute bodies of the heat (vapour) are entangled together and impede one another, but atoms of solid singleness can go ahead wholly unimpeded in a vacuum—not a very satisfactory proof. The idea running in the mind of the writer seems to have been that any matter moving in a medium would be impeded by friction, and therefore necessarily move more slowly than a free atom moving in a void; he may

* Sir William Thomson and Professor Tait find no difficulty in this conception.

also have felt that, if all the power of the universe depended on the motion of exceedingly small particles, it was necessary to suppose them endowed with great velocity; but we do not find this argument used, although it has led the modern believers in atoms to the conviction that if their motion does represent energy, their velocity must be enormous. Lucretius would be glad to know that Herapath, Joule, Krönig, Clausius, and Clerk Maxwell have been able to calculate it; $\frac{1}{4000000}$ inch is the distance named by Maxwell.

The nature of the original motion of atoms is next defined. Atoms which have not struck one another move in straight parallel lines, sheer downwards; gravitation is the evidence of this. An infinite number of atoms eternally pour from infinite space above to infinite space below with enormous velocity. This velocity is conceived as the explanation of the power or energy of the universe. Gravitation thus understood was a property of all matter. The apparent exceptions are correctly explained by Lucretius. The idea of his eternal infinite rain of atoms is enough to turn one giddy; it can be best discussed after we have stated the next most singular proposition. The atoms, at quite uncertain times and uncertain places, swerve a very little from the straight line, then they strike, and from their clashing, matter and all natural phenomena are produced. As Mr. Munro translates it, "When bodies are borne downward sheer through void at quite uncertain times and uncertain points of space, they swerve a little from their equal poise, you just and only just can call it a change of inclination. If they were not used to swerve, they would all fall down like drops of rain through the deep void, and no clashing would have been begotten nor blow produced among the first beginnings; thus nature never would have produced aught."

Most people will think nature would not have produced much had she started in this way, and they are probably right; this is the head and front of our philosopher's offending, and, indeed, there is not much to be said in his defence. Let us, nevertheless, in spite of the ridicule which from Cicero's time downwards has been heaped on this unhappy doctrine of the "Declination of Atoms," try to enter into the mind of Lucretius, and to understand what he sought for and thought he had found. As already said, he sought for power in the velocity of the atoms, power which, deflected hither and thither by obstacles of all kinds, should be the origin of every motion, every force observed on earth. Gravitation in its apparent

action seemed to show a universal tendency in one direction; this, then, he claimed as an inherent property of his atoms,—a claim no broader than the claim made by Newton, that every atom of matter should attract all other atoms at whatever distance they might be—and at first sight much more conceivable; at first sight only, for, indeed, atoms pouring onward, as imagined by our author, could be no source of power. Motion in mechanics has no meaning except as denoting a change of relative position; all atoms moving, as Lucretius fancied, at one speed, and in parallel lines, would relatively to one another have been in perfect rest. A bag of marbles in a railway train could not be employed as a source of energy in the train; they lie at rest; and it is only when brought into collision with something moving at a different pace from the train that they can develop any power, which may then be considerable. But more than this: How are we to conceive direction in space except relatively to something?—what is up and what is down in space? If it be answered, the place atoms come from is up above us, we answer, How, when all atoms are all one relatively to one another in a perfectly similar position, are we poor atoms to know that they are coming from anywhere? So far as we can see, an absolute motion in space is devoid of all meaning. We must conceive a shape or position for space before we can conceive of motion relatively to space, and as we are at perfect liberty to conceive any shape or position, or none at all, it follows that absolute motion in space is anything you please, that is to say, a mere fancy. Lucretius unconsciously assumed the world as his basis by which to measure direction and velocity. The direction in which things fall on the earth was sheer down in void; but really his assumption was meaningless, or, at least, explained in no way the power or force which he wished to explain. Not so, by the way, the older conception of Democritus, who thought atoms moved in all directions freely and indifferently;—a universe so constituted originally might at least contain all the energy we require. One atom would then exert its force on another, but the Lucretian atoms would have remained in profound stillness, except for that occasional swerve at quite uncertain times and places, the cause of which he leaves wholly unaccounted for. This swerving seems but a silly fancy, and yet consider this:—It is a principle of mechanics that a force acting at right angles to the direction in which a body is moving does no work, although it may continually and continuously alter the direction in which the body moves. No

power, no energy, is required to deflect a bullet from its path, provided the deflecting force acts always at right angles to that path—an apparent paradox, which is, nevertheless, quite true and familiar to the engineer. It is clear to us that Epicurus, when he devised his doctrine of a little swerving from the straight path of an atom, had an imperfect perception of this mechanical doctrine; a little swerving would bring his atoms into contact, and a modern mechanician would tell him you require no power to make them swerve. With what triumph Epicurus, and Lucretius his scholar, would have hailed the demonstration; but, alas! their triumph would have been short-lived; they would soon have perceived that their atoms were described as in deadly stillness,—a death from which no life could spring, a rest from which they could never swerve until inspired with power from a source of life. Still we can see that their conception was not stupid, it was simply false, as all physical explanations of the origin of energy and matter must be. There is little to be said for the further conception that matter with its present properties would result from the mere accidental clashing of atoms; this one doctrine of Lucretius is so well known and so little valued, that we will waste no further time on it, merely pointing out that the worthlessness of these ideas as an explanation of the origin of things does not impair the value of the conception of moving atoms as the constituent parts of gross matter as it exists.

The motive for devising the curious doctrine that atoms might swerve now and then from the straight path without being acted upon by other atoms, was, as Mr. Munro observes, undoubtedly the desire to devise an explanation of Free-will. Lucretius believed in free-will. If you believe in free-will and in atoms, you have two courses open to you. The first alternative may be put as follows: Something which is not atoms must be allowed an existence, and must be supposed capable of acting on the atoms. The atoms may, as Democritus believed, build up a huge mechanical structure, each wheel of which drives its neighbour in one long inevitable sequence of causation; but you may assume that beyond this ever-grinding wheelwork there exists a power not subject to but partly master of the machine; you may believe that man possesses such a power, and if so, no better conception of the manner of its action could be devised than the idea of its deflecting the atoms in their onward path to the right or left of that line in which they would naturally move. The will, if it so acted, would add nothing sensible to nor take anything sensible from the

energy of the universe. The modern believer in free-will will probably adopt this view, which is certainly consistent with observation, although not proved by it. Such a power of moulding circumstances, of turning the torrent to the right, where it shall fertilize, or to the left, where it shall overwhelm, but in nowise of arresting the torrent, adding nothing to it, taking nothing from it,—such is precisely the apparent action of man's will; and though we must allow that possibly the deflecting action does but result from some smaller subtler stream of circumstance, yet if we may trust to our direct perception of free-will, the above theory, involving a power in man beyond that of atoms, would probably be our choice. Lucretius chose the second alternative as an exit from the difficulty: Atoms with strict causation did exist, and free-will too. We will then grant free-will to atoms, one and all, not in perpetual exercise, but at quite uncertain times. The idea is startling, but not illogical, and the form in which atoms are supposed to exercise their free-will is quite unexceptionable. We cannot but admire the audacity of the man who, called upon to grant free-will as a *tertium quid*, either to man or to atoms, chooses the atoms without a qualm. We do not agree with him, because observation has detected no such action on the part of atoms, or the constituents of matter.

We cannot hope that natural science will ever lend the least assistance towards answering the Free will and Necessity question. The doctrines of the indestructibility of matter and of the conservation of energy seem at first sight to help the Necessitarians, for they might argue that if free-will acts it must add something to or take something from the physical universe, and if experiment shows that nothing of the kind occurs, away goes free-will; but this argument is worthless, for if mind or will simply deflects matter as it moves, it may produce all the consequences claimed by the Wilful school, and yet it will neither add energy nor matter to the universe. Lucretius thought atoms acted thus; we do not, because we observe no action of the kind in matter, but, on the contrary, strict causation or sequence of phenomena. Whether what we call mind act so or not must also be a matter of observation, but as people have not been able to agree as to the results of observation about free-will made during a great many centuries, we fear the path of observation will lead us no further than we have already come.

We beg pardon for this little digression, which was really necessary to the understanding of our author's physical theory. Lucretius proceeds to state that atoms have always

moved and always will move with the same velocity, or, as translated by Mr. Munro, "The bodies of the first beginnings in time gone by moved in the same way in which they now move, and will ever hereafter be borne along in like manner, and the things which have been wont to be begotten, will be begotten after the same law," for there is nothing "extra," nothing outside and beyond the atoms which can either add to or take away from what we should call the energy of the universe. This proposition foreshadows the doctrine of conservation of energy. It is coupled with the assertion that the sum of matter was never denser or rarer than it now is, a proposition which we may admit, in the sense that the mean density of the universe is constant, but the connexion of this proposition with what may be called the constancy of the total amount of motion in the universe escapes us. But it is clear, in all his work, that Lucretius conceived two things as quite constant: atoms were neither created nor destroyed, and their motion could neither be created nor destroyed. He believed that each atom kept its velocity unaltered. The modern doctrine is that the total energy of the universe is constant, but may be variously distributed, and is possibly due to motion alone ultimately, though this last point has not been yet proved. Many a fierce battle has been waged over the question, whether what was called the "quantity of motion" in the universe was constant. Newton, with perfect accuracy, declared that it was not, defining the quantity of motion in a body as the product of mass and velocity. Leibnitz declared that it was constant, defining the quantity of motion as the product of the mass and the square of its velocity, but observing that when apparently the quantity of motion diminished, it was simply transferred to the molecules of the body, so as to escape our observation as motion. Davy and Joule have proved him right in some cases, and shown that our senses still detect the motion as heat. It is conceivable, but not yet proved, that Leibnitz may be right in all cases, and that what we call the potential energy of gravitation, elasticity, etc., may really be due to the motion either of the atoms of gross matter, or of their constituent parts. If matter in motion be conceived as the sole ultimate form of energy, Leibnitz's proposition is absolutely true, and Lucretius must be allowed great merit in having taught that the motion of matter was as indestructible as its material existence, although he knew neither the laws of momentum nor of *vis viva*. If energy, as he believed, be due solely to motion, then his doctrine is true.

It is unnecessary further to state our author's theory in distinct propositions. He proceeds to explain the necessary properties of atoms. It is not odd, he says, that though they are in continual motion, their sum (i.e., gross matter) seems to rest in supreme repose. Atoms are too minute to be perceived; their forms, he says, are various, but the number of these forms are finite. This doctrine corresponds to the modern idea of simple or elementary chemical substances, each with its special atom, but limited in number. There are, he thinks, an infinite number of similar atoms. Infinite or not, the chemical theory requires that there shall be a great many similar atoms, but nothing, thought Lucretius, is formed of simple atoms; all bodies, however minute, are compound. Atoms have no colour, nor are they hot or cold in themselves; they have neither sound, scent, nor moisture as properties. All these properties Lucretius believed to be dependent on the shape, motion, and relative position of his atoms, but he makes only the most feeble attempt to explain how these various properties can be thus conferred, nor could this be done with the slightest hope of success until the laws of these properties had been established by long series of experiments. Something may now be done in this direction, but it remains to be done, with one exception. The motions producing the phenomenon of light are known, but we do not know what moves.

Of course, Lucretius believed organic bodies to be made of atoms, and atoms only. Sentient beings, he thought, did not require to be built up of sentient materials; but we need not discuss this conclusion, which follows of course from his assumption that nothing but atoms and void exists, a mere assumption, until the manner how atoms can build sentient beings be discovered. He determines in favour of a plurality of worlds, for what has chanced to happen here must certainly have chanced to happen elsewhere.

The Second Book concludes by a contrast between the miserable inefficiency of the gods, who pass a calm time in tranquil peace and the mighty power of the infinite sum of clashing atoms, now building up new worlds, now slowly but inevitably crumbling heaven and earth to dust by the unceasing aggression of their never-ending flood.

He thinks Memmius his friend ought to be very glad when this conclusion is reached, and if fine poetry could please Memmius he probably enjoyed the peroration; otherwise it is doubtful how far looking upon himself as a curious and complicated result

of the accidental collision of little bits of hard stuff is calculated to make a man cheerful.

We do not propose to follow Lucretius further. The applications which he makes of his theory are no doubt curious and amusing, but they contain little that is true, while any criticism of them would lead us to consider the whole field of physical research; nor do they add much to the clearness of his doctrine as to the constitution of matter. Let us rather reconsider what that doctrine was, and what merit it can claim. We shall find that almost all the propositions which refer simply to the constitution of matter are worthy of the highest admiration, as either certainly true, or as foreshadowing in a remarkable way doctrines since held by most eminent naturalists. Confine the following statements to matter as we can observe it, to physical science in fact, and they form a basis which even now would require but little modification to be acceptable to a modern student of physics.

Nothing is made out of nothing, nor can anything perish; both matter and vacuum have a real existence, and gross matter, such as we perceive, contains absolutely solid particles separated by empty spaces. The absolutely solid particles are atoms. These are impenetrable, hard, indivisible, indestructible. These atoms are in continual motion, and the difference between various bodies consists, first, in the difference of the shapes of original atoms, and, secondly, in their arrangement and their motion. The velocity with which atoms move is exceedingly great, and their motion is indestructible; it can neither increase nor diminish. This motion escapes our senses only because atoms are very small. But they are not infinitely small. Atoms have no colour, nor are they of themselves hot, cold, noisy, moist, coloured, or scented. These properties are given by motion, shape, and arrangement. We shall better understand the extraordinary merit and good sense of these propositions after considering some rival theories.

Where Lucretius breaks down is in the attempt to account for the origin of the power found in the universe, and for the various regulated motions required to explain what we observe and for the apparent anomaly between the strict causation required and perceived in inanimate nature, and the free-will of which he was conscious. Here he fails entirely, and many others have failed too. Although he would have cared little for our commendation of his physics, coupled with a rejection of his proud claim to have set free mankind from grovelling

superstition, by explaining the mystery of the existence of matter and man's mind, we may derive sincere pleasure in recognising the early germs of discoveries which have required two thousand years to reach their present development. Let us not be too indignant at his scornful rejection of divine agency. Divinity to him meant either the old Pagan gods or the pale abstract idea of a First Cause, which explained nothing, being but one form of statement that something was left to be explained. What wonder that he rejected both? We may admire those old philosophers who could clothe divinity with noble attributes, and find in their own hearts the motive for their faith, but we need not therefore despise those who, smitten with the great truth that nature's laws are constant, fancied that in this constancy they saw the proof that nature's laws are self-existent. But we are diverging from our subject.

We will not compare our author's views with other ancient theories at any great length; these at first sight seem greatly inferior to the atomic doctrine. Of the idea that the universe is composed of four elements, earth, fire, air, and water, no trace remains except in language, but careful investigation might show that the believers in these elements, or in some one or more of them, as the material of the universe, meant something very different and much more sensible than the vulgar interpretation of their doctrine. Lucretius abuses these philosophers, some because they denied a vacuum, a denial which he thought inconsistent with motion, some because their material wanted the character of indestructibility which he thought essential, some because he quite failed to perceive how all things could be made out of the elements chosen,—fire, for instance; but we must not take Lucretius's account of rival theories as fair; we may with the exercise of a good deal of fancy see in the doctrine of homœomeria, which taught that all things contained the materials of everything else in a latent state, a foreshadowing of the chemical theory which proves that our bodies are made of the same chemical materials as peas, cabbages, etc., but it requires an elastic imagination to link the old and new creed together. Any explanation of the metaphysical conceptions of matter would also be out of place here. To Aristotle the existence of an atom with any properties at all, and the nature of motion, were mysteries demanding, as he says, speculation of a far deeper kind than Democritus and the atomic school attempted. This is true enough, but we think Aristotle and his fol-

lowers got entangled in the "snares of words," to use Hobbes's language, and their teaching led to little or no progress in what we call science. Let us then pass on some two thousand years, and see at the revival of philosophy what some modern great men have taught and written on the possible constitution of matter. We need choose no smaller men than Leibnitz and Descartes to serve as foils to our author.

Descartes, after a hypocritical flourish to the effect that he knew the complete fallacy of all he was going to say, since it did not agree with the orthodox theory of creation, but still that it would be interesting to consider how God might have created the world if he had been of Descartes's mind as to the simplest way of proceeding, propounds the following plan:—

The universe at first was quite full of something; it was all alike, and there was no void anywhere. This universal plenum by and by was broken up into pieces. The pieces of plenum rubbed against one another till they became quite round; the dust rubbed off their angles filled up the interstices,—for of course no void could possibly occur once the universe was quite full. The dust and round balls he calls the first and second kind of materials of which the universe, as we know it, is composed; but besides the dust and balls there is a third material; all the edges of the first fragments of plenum did not get ground into dust; a fair number were merely rubbed into a kind of snake-shape of triangular section,—such a shape as would slip through the interstices in a pile of cannon-balls. These snake-shaped pieces sometimes got entangled, and when so entangled they composed the solid matter which is apparent to our senses. The balls and dust fill all space, the dust forms the great vortices which carry the planets round the sun, the balls are light and go flying about, so do the snakes, which, getting entangled, form gross matter. It is far more interesting to endeavour to understand the views of great men, however removed they may be from our own, than to look merely on the ludicrous side which their ideas may happen to present; but we are unable in all Descartes's theory of matter to perceive anything beyond the most childish fancy. It does not seem to have occurred to him that there would be any difficulty in breaking up an absolute plenum; what would be the nature of the separation between the fragments, what could define the boundary, he nowhere says; he sends his balls, dust, and snakes flying about in any direction he may think convenient; the balls and dust are imponderable, the knotted snakes, made of the

same stuff, and intermediate between the two other kinds, are ponderable. Why three kinds—balls, dust, and snakes? Why not rather fragments of infinite variety of shape and size, from big bits of plenum to dust? No answer to all this, but long dissertation on the knotting of snakes to form spots on the sun. His laws of motion are false, and he knew it, but says we must not judge from our experience of gross matter; and yet, this man insisted on clear conceptions as the very test of truth.

Leibnitz about the same time declared against atoms, against a vacuum, and against Descartes. He will have it to be inconsistent with the perfection of God that a vacuum can exist. It is out of the question that God should leave any part of space unemployed. John Bernoulli, in whose correspondence with Leibnitz these questions are treated with much dexterity, very properly replies that vacuum may be useful, since it may be a condition without which matter would not have its present properties; if so, the void could not properly be called unemployed. Still, Bernoulli admitting that a void is not necessary to the theory of matter, gives it up. We must of course remember that these men did not mean by void the absence of gross matter—the Torricellian vacuum was then known,—they meant absolute emptiness. This argument about what God could or could not do, because it was derogatory to his dignity or wisdom, was at this time pulled in upon all occasions, and led to the strangest paradoxes about his free-will and omnipotence. We do not use the argument now in support of the laws of mechanics; we do not speak of circles as more perfect than other figures, and therefore more consistent with divine wisdom, but in morals a claim of the kind is still frequently made, and Darwin applies this argument to stripes on horses' legs, which he thinks God would not have stooped to create. We are far from saying that an appeal of the kind is without meaning. The argument may be turned thus, when it will no longer seem altogether foolish:—We observe great regularity and very perfect adaptation of means to ends throughout creation, so that what we do understand seems to be perfectly done, and we infer that the contrivances we do not understand are equally perfect. Any contrivance which we can show to be bad or imperfect will therefore by that very fact be proved impossible as a part of creation. The main proposition will very generally be granted; the difficulty lies in applying the minor premiss. When a man says that a vacuum is an imperfect contrivance, he only means that he dislikes

it; and the application of the argument to moral questions is generally open to like criticism. Bernoulli asked Leibnitz how he accounted for the existence of moral evil as part of a perfect universe. Leibnitz returned Bernoulli's own argument about a vacuum. Evil may be necessary to allow of good, just as Bernoulli thought a vacuum might be necessary to allow of matter.

Leibnitz, though he protested against atoms, himself devised what must be called an atomic theory, though his atoms were not separated by a vacuum. They were a kind of bubble (*bulla*), with a glassy shell containing ether. They were of various composition, containing more or less fire, earth, air, or water; not the gross things known by that name, but essences of some kind. Leibnitz does not think his bubbles existed from all eternity, but gives the strangest account of their formation in his "*Theoria motus concreti*." He sets the sun and earth spinning in the midst of a universal ether. Molecules of the sun's mass, too, had a special motion of their own, which impelled some thing or some action, we are not sure which, along the ether, producing light; this light, striking the earthy, airy, watery globe of the earth, sets the whole in fermentation; the dense parts formed in hollow bubbles containing ether; these spun round and so acquired consistency. (This idea of giving consistency by motion, taken by Leibnitz from Hobbes, was in opposition to Descartes, who derived consistency from rest.) Leibnitz explains his meaning by a metaphor: In a glassblower's, glasses of a simple artificial form result from the straight motion of breath, combined with the circular motion of fire, and so "*bullæ*" were produced from the straight motion of light and the circular motion of the earth. These bubbles are the seeds of things—Lucretius's own phrase—the origin of various kinds of things, the receptacles of ether, the basis of bodies, the cause of the force we admire in motions.

The bubbles varied in "contents through density," in "contents through size," in emptiness, or perfect fulness, and in more or less emptiness and fulness. He explains how bubbles for the animal, vegetable, and mineral reigns, of sterile or productive qualities; salt, sulphurous, mercurial bubbles, etc. etc., are formed, and gives the special combination of qualities wanted for each. Thus, one of his bubbles is empty-extraordinary-alkaline-colourable-feminine, another full-extraordinary-acid-coloured-masculine—these two kinds of seeds differ in their way of acting. This seems like idiocy to persons not familiar with the scholastic habit of bracketing off qualities and categories, dis-

tinguishing and dividing things into a kind of verbal Chinese pattern. We have not made out the constitution of Leibnitz's ether, or his earthy, watery, airy globe, out of which he blew his bubbles, but we have found enough to show a very unfavourable contrast with Lucretius, even omitting monads, pre-established harmony, and many other interesting ideas, proposed by the man who claimed to have run a race with Newton in inventing the higher calculus of mathematics, and who enounced the doctrine of *vis viva*.

Adhesion, he thought, was obtained by motion, but how, we fail to understand. His explanation runs somewhat thus—that two bodies in motion, one after the other, are both trying to be in the same place at once, and as they cannot accomplish this, stick together. Even Bernoulli, familiar with the views and terms of the day, found Leibnitz's theory extremely difficult to understand; as found in his *Hypothesis Physica Nova*, it is contained in a series of short dogmatic sentences with very little elucidation; we may therefore be unjust to him in our ignorance, but his criticism contained in his correspondence with Bernoulli seems to us much more valuable than this blowing of little complex bubbles. Thus he would not hear of the usual explanation of solidity, by the supposition that particles were hooked together or entangled by their shape, as taught both by Lucretius and Descartes. What, he asks, is to keep the hook together? and he got no answer. He refused to admit Lucretius's postulate of infinitely hard bodies and infinitely elastic bodies; indeed, the two properties do seem incompatible. The elasticity which we observe is given by a change of position of the parts of the body, and if the parts never change position it is hard to see by what the energy required for elasticity can be represented. He further objected to the assumption that atoms were indivisible, since, however small we conceive a particle to be, we can invariably think of its parts. Leibnitz was not to be satisfied with the idea which Lucretius seems to hold, that a thing may exist just big enough to have parts too small in themselves for independent existence. John Bernoulli, however, did not quite abandon atoms in consequence of this attack; like a sensible man he does not like assumptions of infinite hardness and infinite elasticity, but he replies to Leibnitz that atoms may be so constituted that they may be really indivisible by any process to which they can be subjected by other atoms, although they may have an infinity of parts such as the mind can conceive.

We will now endeavour to trace the de-

velopment of the school which, discarding the hard solid elastic atoms of Lucretius, attempts to deduce the properties of matter from the motion of an all-pervading fluid endowed with comparatively simple qualities. This conception of matter probably differs little from the tenets of those ancient philosophers who held that the universe was built of some one element, such as air, fire, or water. Descartes, who has at least the merit of reviving the idea, in opposition to Gassendi and others who followed Lucretius, could devise no rational hypothesis from this assumption; but Hobbes, contemporary with Descartes, held views which bear a striking resemblance to those recently broached by Sir William Thomson. Hobbes thought that a moist fluid ether fills the universe, so that it left no empty space at all. He understood by fluidity that which is made such by nature equally in every part of the fluid body,—not as dust is fluid, for so a house which is falling in pieces may be called fluid,—but in such manner as water seems fluid; he defines “a hard body to be that whereof no part can be sensibly moved unless the whole be moved;” and in explanation how a fluid can compose a hard body, he says, “Whatsoever, therefore, is soft or fluid can never be made hard, but by such motion as makes many of the parts together stop the motion of some one part by resisting the same;” an admirable explanation of a recent discovery due to Helmholtz, described below, contrasting most favourably with Leibnitz’s subsequent mere verbal quibble on the same point. More than this, Hobbes perceived that elasticity need not be a primary quality of matter, but might be conferred by motion. “If the cause of this restitution (elasticity) be asked, I say it may be in this manner, namely, that the particles of the bended body, whilst it is held bent, do nevertheless retain their motion, and by this motion they restore it as soon as the force is removed by which it is bent.” These are most remarkable propositions, and, should Thomson’s ideas be established, will entitle Hobbes to a very high position as the precursor of the true theory. Unfortunately, Hobbes did not compose an harmonious system out of the above ideas. He missed the conception of vortices of ether as atoms, and introduced particles of gross matter distinct from ether, which may after all be true. He also could not get free from the old nomenclature of elements, and even devised those same glassy bubbles full of ether, which now serve chiefly to prove that Leibnitz took (without acknowledgment which we can find) the best of Hobbes’s ideas, without being able to leave the dross behind. Hobbes has a kind of

undulating theory of light, which he thought was produced by the motion of an ether; Leibnitz took that too; but Galileo might perhaps claim this, as well as the notion that it was the action of this ether which was meant by the spirit brooding on the waters at creation. Leibnitz took that too, and altogether he seems to have been a great hand at appropriation.

Malebranche, who followed Descartes in most things, gave up to a great extent the balls and dust and snakes, and broached the idea that gross matter was made up of molecules, each of which was an eddy or vortex of the primeval fluid. Here we reach an intelligible conception, greatly in advance of the crude and somewhat confused views of Hobbes. The molecule is separated from the surrounding medium by the motion of its parts, it has a distinct existence, and may have very different properties from all the rest of the medium or fluid. If the parts of this fluid do not cohere in any way, but move frictionless, our little vortex-atom may have quite a sharp boundary, and if inertia be granted as an original property in our fluid, the little vortex may go on spinning for ever. Moreover, if it goes at a very great rate it may contain almost infinitely more energy or power than other parts of the medium, even when these are displaced by the motion of the vortex-atom, or a congeries of these, through the medium, which must of course then form a comparatively slow eddy coming in behind our vortex atoms as fast as it is shoved away in front. The vortex plays the part of the Lucretian atom, the medium of the Lucretian void. A few vortices in a given space constitute a rare body; a dense body contains many vortices in the same space. The idea is one of remarkable merit, and has received several recent developments. Malebranche conceives the medium itself as full of vortices almost infinitely small as compared with those constituting gross matter. He thought that cohesion was the result of pressure from this elastic medium against gross matter, as the two halves of a Magdeburg sphere were pressed together by the elastic air outside when the air inside is removed. Here we have a fresh explanation of hardness, as due to the motion of a fluid,—an idea adopted in an unintelligible form by Leibnitz from Hobbes, and also by John Bernoulli, who further argues that this property may be given by re-entering motion.

This very idea, first due, we think, to Hobbes, and now proved possible by rigid mathematics, is perhaps the latest contribution to our subject. Helmholtz has proved that in a perfect fluid one vortex or whirl-

pool cannot destroy another, cannot cut through it or divide in any way from the outside—so that a ring-shaped vortex, for instance, would be quite indestructible by other vortices; by a ring-vortex we do not mean one in which the fluid moves round in a simple circle, but a ring built up of a series of such little circles side by side; each little circle placed as a circlet of thread tied on a marriage ring would be. Such a ring-vortex as this, once set going in a perfect fluid, in which no friction occurs, would go on for ever, if we suppose our fluid endowed with inertia. Our ring-vortex might be stretched, squeezed, even knotted by other similar vortices, but it could never be pierced by them, never destroyed, and would, in all its metamorphoses, retain some of its original characteristics, depending on the velocity of its particles and its magnitude. Sir William Thomson at once pounced on this indestructible vortex as possibly fulfilling the conditions required for a practicable atom. Each vortex would be indestructible, since we could never bring to bear on it anything but other like vortices. It would be elastic, in virtue of the motion of its parts only, without any assumption of elasticity in its materials—an idea this hard to grasp, but to be practically felt by any one who tries to upset a good heavy top. He will find that, as he pushes it over, it resists, and will come upright again, exerting what we may call a kind of elasticity due to motion only. Moreover, Thomson shows that these very vortices have necessary modes of vibration, which may correspond to the special waves of light which the chemical atom of each elementary substance is capable of exciting or receiving; knotted, or even knitted, they would explain cohesion and chemical properties without any supposition of attraction or repulsion between atoms. By their impact they may explain the elasticity of gases in the manner proposed by a later Bernoulli; by other motions, such as those treated of by Thomson himself and Clerk Maxwell, they may cause magnetism and electricity. Nor is more required for the explanation of heat; and although it cannot be said that we yet know with any certainty what motions are required for the explanation of these phenomena, we do begin to know some of the relations which must exist between the several motions; nor need we despair even of explaining light and gravitation with the same machinery. Having traced the theory of a continuous fluid to its development in the hands of Thomson, we find that this school too has arrived at indestructible elastic atoms as the secondary constituents of gross matter, though they reject the

crude atoms of Lucretius as a primary material.

Bacon was very cautious about atomic theories, but on the whole believed in atoms. He devised the idea of groups or knots of atoms, saying, in reference to the argument of Democritus, that if only one kind of atom existed, all things could be made out of all things; "there is no doubt but that the seeds of things though equal, as soon as they have thrown themselves into certain groups or knots are dissolved."

Newton, while approving of some form of atomic theory, was very guarded in expressing his opinions; but his discovery of the laws of gravitation exercised great influence on most subsequent hypotheses as to the constitution of matter. The conception of atoms having the property of exerting various forces across a void space, followed as a matter of course from the idea of universal gravitation. A school arose which taught that atoms might have the property of exerting force at a distance, and that this property might be inherent in the atoms, just as Lucretius taught that hardness and elasticity were original indefeatable properties of the seeds of things. Force came to be considered as having a real existence apart from matter; but this idea, though very popular now, was not established without a hard struggle, and may yet have to be abandoned.

This view is in direct contradiction with the old axiom that matter could not act where it was not, or, as Hobbes put it, "there can be no cause of motion except a body contiguous and moved,"—no unnatural idea, but, on the contrary, universally or almost universally believed till Newton's time. We do not think that the fact of gravitation justifies the assumption that atoms can exert a force upon one another across a void, but Newton spoke of gravitation as an action between two distant bodies, and since then we have got quite accustomed to the idea of finite molecules of matter acting everywhere in the universe, and that, too, without any material medium of communication. This to Leibnitz was either miraculous or absurd. But, in fact, Newton did not teach this; he stated a fact, he did not devise hypotheses; he found that from the law of gravitation the vast mass of facts observed about falling bodies and planetary motions could be logically deduced. The one statement comprehended all the others; his great discovery was the short statement with its proof; he invented no explanation of how the law of gravitation could be brought about, and neither asserted nor denied that some medium of communication

must exist. Leibnitz and other doubters said, How can this be, this attraction at a distance? We cannot see how it can be done, so we will not believe it; it is miraculous or absurd. Newton could only reply it was a fact, and we have been so satisfied with the answer as to be somewhat in danger of forgetting that the question, "How can it be?" deserves consideration; that the statement of the law of gravitation, though a wonderful discovery, does not set a bound to further inquiry.

The law of gravitation considered as a result is beautifully simple; in a few words it expresses a fact from which most numerous and complex results may be deduced by mere reasoning, results found invariably to agree with the records of observation; but this same law of gravitation looked upon as an axiom or first principle is so astoundingly far removed from all ordinary experience as to be almost incredible. What! every particle in the whole universe is actively attracting every other particle through void without the aid of any communication by means of matter or otherwise—each particle unchecked by distance, unimpeded by obstacles, throws this miraculous influence to infinite distance without the employment of any means! No particle interferes with its neighbour, but all these wonderful influences are co-existent in every point of space! The result is apparent at each particle, but the condition of this intermediate space is exactly the same as though no such influence were being transmitted across it! Earth attracts Sirius across space, and yet the space between is as if neither Earth nor Sirius existed! Can these things be? We think not; and Newton himself did not affirm this; his work was to prove a fact, and he neither affirmed nor denied the possibility of a medium of communication. That was a secondary question then, but now that the fact of the attraction is established the secondary question has risen to the first rank, and we must consider whether the intermediate space really contains nothing which plays a part in gravitation.

Analogy is against such a supposition. The influence exerted at a distance by electricity, magnetism, heat, and light, is effected by the substances filling intermediate space. For every one of these influences we suppose some intermediate material, and the existence of this material, often called an ether, is almost demonstrated. Faraday, by proving the influence of the intermediate material in the case of electrical action, by his discovery of magneto-optic rotation, and by showing how lines of force arose in media, rudely shook the theory of attraction and

repulsion, exerted at a distance across a perfect void. Light gives us a very perfect analogy to illustrate our assertion that the law of gravitation is not an hypothesis, but a result capable of and requiring further explanation. Gravitation is not perceived directly by the senses, except in the case of the attraction of the earth. We have a special sense for the perception of light, yet many phenomena of radiation are not detected by the eye. Similarly, some of the phenomena of gravitation may escape our observation. Newton detected some of these. Suppose we had all been blind, Newton, instead of discovering universal gravitation, might have discovered light and its laws. From observations on the growth of vegetation, the sensation of heat, chemical decomposition, and other facts perceptible to blind creatures, he with vast genius might have discovered that a body existed at a great distance from the earth, from which a peculiar influence was periodically rained upon the earth; that this influence could also be produced by fire and in other ways by men living on the earth, and was in a given medium inversely proportional to the square of the distance from the source of light, as we call it. He might have discovered the transparency and opacity of bodies, and the simpler laws of refraction and reflection. To any one of his blind compeers who objected that such a supposition as an influence starting from an amazing distance, occupying no sensible time in the trajet, transmitted, reflected and refracted without the interference of one ray with another, was either miraculous or absurd, and wholly unworthy of consideration as a physical hypothesis, he would have answered; Light exists for all that, and its laws I can prove to you by mathematical reasoning from experiment. He would have been perfectly right, as he was about gravitation, but that need not have prevented subsequent philosophers from devising the undulatory theory of light if they had been clever enough; quite similarly, the fact that gravitation as discovered by Newton does exist need not prevent our trying to devise a scheme which shall explain its action, starting from much simpler postulates than that of a universal influence of each atom on all others at a distance.

The action of a body on its neighbour can be explained without the idea of a force acting even across a small void, by the simple assumption that two bodies cannot be in the same place at the same time, an assumption only tacitly made by Lucretius, and generally received as undeniable, though it admits of rational doubt, for experiment is

by no means conclusive as to its certainty. Still, most people will be and have been unable to doubt it. With this assumption, motion and influence of all kinds can be transmitted either through a fluid constituting a plenum, or from one atom to another, as they clash in a vacuum. By successive blows or extended currents action can produce results at a great distance from its origin upon either of these hypotheses, without the assumption that matter can act where it is not. Some explanation of gravity may be found requiring only the above assumption, coupled with the other dogma, that matter once in motion will continue to move till stopped, and no atomic theory can be received as complete which does not explain gravitation as one of its consequences.

Lesage, a Genevese, undertook to deduce the laws of gravitation as a necessary consequence of the atomic theory, reverting, however, to the chaotic motion of atoms in all directions taught by Democritus, instead of the rectilinear parallel motions of Lucretius. Lesage asked you to conceive two solid bodies in space, say the earth and sun, and atoms coming to assail them equally in all directions; but one side of the earth would be partially screened by the sun, and the corresponding side of the sun would be partially screened by the earth, so what we would call the front faces of the earth and sun, which looked towards one another, would be less bombarded by the atoms than all the other faces. The atoms hitting at the back of the two bodies would push them together. The atoms hitting the sides would of course balance one another. The idea is ingenious, but requires some strong assumptions. The attraction of gravitation is not as the surface of the bodies, but as their mass. Lesage had therefore to suppose his solid bodies not solid but excessively porous, built up of molecules like cages, so that an infinite number of atoms went through and through them, allowing the last layer of the sun or earth to be struck by just as many atoms as the first, otherwise clearly the back part of the sun and earth would gravitate more strongly than the front or nearer sides, which would be struck only by the siftings of the previous layers of matter. This notion involves a prodigious quantity of material in the shape of flying atoms, where we perceive no gross matter, but very little material in solid bodies where we do find gross matter, and it further requires that the accumulation of atoms which strike the solid bodies perpetually should be insensible, and on these grounds, independently of dynamical imperfections, we must reject the theory in its crude form, though it may prove fruitful

some day. Meanwhile it serves to show that the school which denies action at a distance need not have recourse to an absolute plenum.

Three distinct atomic theories have now been discussed: we have found believers in atoms of "solid singleness," in atoms due to the motion of a continuous fluid, and in atoms having the property of exerting force at a distance. Naturally the three elementary conceptions have been compounded in a variety of ways. Leibnitz mentions with great disapproval a certain Hartsoecker who supposed that atoms moved in an ambient fluid, though the idea is not unlike his own. It is difficult to trace the origin of the hypothesis, but Galileo and Hobbes both speak of a subtle ether. The conception of an all-pervading imponderable fluid of this kind has formed part of many theories, and ether came to be very generally adopted as a favourite name for the fluid, but caloric was also much thought of as a medium. We even find half-a-dozen imponderable co-existent fluids regarded with favour,—one called heat, another electricity, another phlogiston, another light, and what not, with little hard atoms swimming about, each endowed with forces of repulsion and attraction of all sorts, as was thought desirable. This idea of the constitution of matter was perhaps the worst of all. These imponderable fluids were mere names, and these forces were suppositions, representing no observed facts. No attempt was made to show how or why the forces acted, but gravitation being taken as due to a mere "force," speculators thought themselves at liberty to imagine any number of forces, attractive or repulsive, or alternating, varying as the distance, or the square, cube, fifth power of the distance, etc. At last Bosovich got rid of atoms altogether, by supposing them to be the mere centres of forces exerted by a position or point only, where nothing existed but the power of exerting a force. A medium composed of molecules flying in all directions has been shown by Maxwell to have certain properties in which it resembles a solid body rather than a fluid. The less the molecules interfere with each other's motion the more decided do these properties become, till in the ultimate case in which they do not interfere at all, Maxwell states that the elastic properties of the medium are precisely those deduced by French mathematicians from the hypothesis of centres of force at rest acting on one another at a distance. Thus the most opposite hypotheses sometimes conduct to the same result. Dalton, assuming that the idea of an atom with an ambient ether was generally believed in, gave an immense support to

the atomic theory by his discovery of the simple relations in which substances combine chemically. Since then it has been heretical to doubt atoms, until Sir Benjamin Brodie the other day broached ideas which seem independent if not subversive of the simple atomic faith.

Reviewing the various doctrines, we find that the problem of the constitution of matter is yet unsolved; but at least it can now be fairly stated. We know with much accuracy the conditions to be fulfilled by any hypothesis, and we possess a mathematical machinery by which we can test how completely any hypothesis does fulfil those conditions. The materials for the work are not wanting, though the architect has not appeared. Inertia and motion seem the most indispensable elements in the conception of the *materia prima* extended in space. Once in motion, it must continue in motion till stopped; when at rest, it must not move without a cause; when in motion, it represents energy, or power, and can exert force. How? The simplest, but not the only mode conceivable, is by displacement, in virtue of the property that two parts of it cannot occupy one and the same part of space. The believers in displacement may assume that space is quite full, or that in parts it is wholly empty; that it contains one, two, or more kinds of primary ingredients capable of displacing one another, or each its own products merely.

The most plausible suggestion yet made by this school is, that a single omnipresent fluid, ether, fills the universe; that by various motions, of the nature of eddies, the qualities of cohesion, elasticity, hardness, weight, mass, or other universal properties of matter, are given to small portions of the fluid which constitute the chemical atoms; that these, by modifications in their combination, form and motion, produce all the accidental phenomena of gross matter; that the primary fluid, by other motions, transmits light, radiant heat, magnetism, and gravitation; that in certain ways the portions of the fluid transmuted into gross matter can be acted upon by the primary fluid which remains imponderable or very light; but that these ways differ very much from those in which one part of gross matter acts upon another; that the transmutation of the primary fluid into gross matter, or of gross matter into primary fluid, is a creative action wholly denied to us, the sum of each remaining constant.

Gross matter, on this view, would be merely an assemblage of parts of the medium moving in a particular way; groups of ring-vortices, for instance. There appears to be

some difficulty in determining the fundamental properties to be assumed for our medium. We must grant it inertia or it would not continue in motion.

The believers in hard atoms can hardly restrict themselves to the combination and motion of atoms of gross matter; these will not explain light, gravitation, and analogous phenomena, for which a second kind of very subtle matter is required; but this may be supposed to consist of almost infinitely finer atoms. If the molecules of gross matter be supposed constructed from these finer atoms moving in certain special ways, this doctrine would be in accordance with that of Lucretius, and would differ little from the fluid theory, except that it would admit a void. Thus far the displacement school.

Those who believe in force exerted at a distance without a means of communication have more elbow-room. They may assume attractive and repelling forces, perhaps oblique and tangential forces; they may assume that these forces vary according to laws, simple or very complex; they may wholly deny the existence of anything but force, and grant extension and inertia to a field of force regulated in a special fashion. This little field of force, or a combination of such fields, may build their chemical atom, and the motions of these atoms in their turn as above, produce some of the properties or accidents of gross matter; they may believe in a plenum or a partial vacuum, and in one or more kinds of matter, precisely as the other school may do; and, indeed, it is impossible to set a limit to their conjectures; because when once the mind admits this conception of an abstract force, such as that of gravitation as popularly understood, it will not refuse to entertain the idea of any other kind of force varying according to infinitely different laws, nor is there any mental limit to the possible set of co-existent forces.

Let each party try. Mathematics provide a sure test of success, though impotent to suggest, a theory. The existence of the chemical atom, already quite a complex little world, seems very probable, and the description of the Lucretian atom is wonderfully applicable to it. We are not wholly without hope that the real weight of each such atom may some day be known, not merely the relative weight of the several atoms, but the number in a given volume of any material; that the form and motion of the parts of each atom, and the distance by which they are separated, may be calculated; that the motions by which they produce heat, electricity, and light may be illustrated by exact geometrical diagrams; and that the fundamental properties of the intermediate and

possibly constituent medium may be arrived at. Then the motion of planets and music of the spheres will be neglected for a while in admiration of the maze in which the tiny atoms turn. Those who doubt the possibility of this achievement should read the writings of Thomson, Clausius, Rankine, and Clerk Maxwell. They will there gain some insight into what is meant by an explanation of such things as heat, electricity, and magnetism, as caused by the motion of matter, ponderable or imponderable. They will also perceive the vast difference between the old hazy speculations and the endeavours of modern science. Yet when we have found a mechanical theory by which the phenomena of inorganic matter can be mathematically deduced from the motion of materials endowed with a few simple properties, we must not forget that Democritus, Leucippus, and Epicurus began the work, and we may even now recognise their merits, and acknowledge Lucretius not only as a great poet, but as the clear expositor of a very remarkable theory of the constitution of matter, though we must admit that he failed in his bolder attempts to abolish the gods, and dispense with creation, or even to reconcile universal causation with free-will.

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- ART. IX.—1. *The State of Ireland.* By LORD DUFFERIN. London, 1866.
 2. *Irish Emigration and Land Tenure in Ireland.* By LORD DUFFERIN. 1867.
 3. *The Church Settlement in Ireland.* By AUBREY DE VERE. 1866.
 4. *Plea for the Celtic Race.* By ISAAC BUTT. 1866.
 5. *The Irish People and the Irish Land.* By ISAAC BUTT. 1867.
 6. *The Church Establishment in Ireland.* By AUBREY DE VERE. 1867.
 7. *The Liberty of Teaching Vindicated.* By ISAAC BUTT. 1865.
 8. *The Irish in America.* By J. F. MAGUIRE, M. P. 1867.
 9. *Report of Select Committee of the House of Lords on the Tenure (Ireland) Bill.* 1867.

THE Irish Question presents probably the most difficult practical problem ever set before a statesman—a problem difficult enough in its inherent and absolute conditions, yet rendered doubly difficult by nearly every conceivable complication that can be gathered round it. There is the economic difficulty; there is the difficulty of race; there is the difficulty of religion; there is the

difficulty of foreign sympathy; there is the difficulty of free institutions; there are the inherited complications of the past; there are the actual complications of the hour. We have to rescue the mass of the community from a depth of poverty which often reaches to positive wretchedness and destitution, and yet to do this by measures and on a system which shall not purchase immediate relief at the cost of future aggravation. We have to keep peace, and, as far as we may, to allay animosity between two sections of the people who hate each other with a bitterness of enmity of which in England we have happily no experience, and both of whom are singularly excitable and prone to violence and fond of conflict. We have to soothe, and content, and loyalize a population who had reason enough in former times to abhor our rule, and whose ulcerated and alienated hearts cannot perceive or will not admit that those former times have long since passed away; who are convinced that those who wronged and oppressed them of old are wronging and oppressing them still; and who demand as the price of their allegiance and tranquillity, and the remedies for their sufferings, either concessions which are simply and obviously impossible, or measures which would only exasperate the evils under which they groan. We have to surmount these obstacles and to achieve these aims, not as a Cardinal Richelieu, or a Czar Peter, or a Frederick the Great might have done, with the clear conception and the strong hand of an unfettered and irresponsible despotism that could act decisively as soon as it saw distinctly; but by the very imperfect and operose instrumentality of a Government which can act only through forms of law and with the aid of a convinced nation, and of a Parliament very inadequately acquainted with the conditions of the question, full of confused perceptions and embittered feelings, composed of parties too equally balanced for any one to feel secure enough to venture on a bold course, and elected in part by the very country to be dealt with, and sharing, therefore, all its conflicting prejudices and passions, and in part by classes utterly opposed both to the religious and social opinions prevalent therein. We have to solve a problem analogous to that of Austria in Venice, and of Russia in Poland, but far more complicated, if not more insoluble, than either; and we cannot solve it by cession and retirement as in the first case, nor by fire and sword and exile, as in the second. We have to set to work with Rome on the one side and America on the other watching over our perplexities, and exasperating them by every means within

their power. And, finally, on pain of panic, disorganization, and turbulence at home, and loss of position and repute abroad, we have to find a solution promptly and without delay, or to sit down in shame and danger, and confess that the problem is insoluble, that the task before us is beyond our wisdom or our strength.

And yet it is of the last importance that we should not act blindly or rashly; that we should not be driven by the urgency of the case or the gravity of the symptoms into the use of anodynes or drastics that would aggravate the malady, though the patient calls for them ever so loudly, or insists ever so plausibly that he must know best where he suffers and what he wants. It is everything, in a case of this sort, to clear the ground, to narrow the issue, to define the problem; to put aside all that is irrelevant, all that is impossible, all that is unattainable,—all, in a word, that lies out of the pale of rational and practical discussion, and to concentrate our efforts upon the seat of the evil and the *feasible* proposals for its cure. There are some things that *must* be done, and some things that *cannot* be done; we may dismiss these in few words, and then give our undivided attention to those points as to which there really is doubt and difficulty, as to which sensible and loyal men differ in opinion, and in which lies the real heart of “the Irish Question.” Unless we are much mistaken, we shall find that the subject simplifies itself wonderfully as we go along; that its several elements separate themselves and grow lucid as we look them in the face; that no new or magic panacea can be discovered, or is needed; but that as soon as we see our line distinctly, and have set our steps in the right direction, all we shall have to do is to act steadily rather than darily, to bear and forbear much, to hope little, and to wait long. The *course* should be determined on and entered on without an hour’s delay; the result and the reward cannot be looked for a generation at the least. The medicine may be administered at once; the cure it is to operate must be the work of time; the blessing and the comfort are for those who will come after us.

First of all, it is of the greatest importance to recognise that Irish discontent is not a simple, but a complex and multiform sentiment. It is threefold at least, and is connected with three questions or grievances. There is the political, the religious, and the social or economic grievance: Fenianism, Catholicism (complicated by its antagonistic Orangeism), and Tenant-Right agitation;—the question of Government and allegiance,

the question of the Church Establishment and education, and the question of the Land Tenure. All complainants alike are bitter against England, but their bitterness fixes on distinct points. All demand “justice to Ireland;” but this justice means in one mouth separation and repeal; in another, perfect religious equality, or the recognition of Romanism as the nation’s creed; in a third, “fixity of tenure,” or the partition of the soil. Nay, there are further divisions of the hostile feeling still: there is the animosity which is based upon some distinct wrong, grievance, or demand, and that which is purely unreasoning and undefined; and, finally, there is that which is simply hereditary, which has its root in the sufferings and oppressions of a comparatively remote past, and has nothing to do with the present at all, which cannot even recognise that the present is altogether different from the past. This form of hatred and disaffection, which is perhaps the most widely spread, is also about the most hopeless of all; it cannot be reached, because, so to speak, it has no seat towards which our attack can be directed; eminently unjust in one sense, it is undeniably just and well-grounded in another; the facts in which the feeling has its source, and whence it draws its perennial nutriment, can neither be gainsaid nor defended; and it is one of the heaviest penalties of wrongdoing in former times that doing right now brings us no reward, gains no credit, and purchases no forgiveness for our ancestral sins. We alienated the hearts of our fellow-citizens by iniquity and oppression generations ago, and now it is too late for either repentance or reform to win them back. The mischief is done; and we are forced, like so many other offenders, to sit down, in the midst of our new-born virtue and our sincere aspirations after a better life, and mourn over the irreparable.

No reflection was so often forced upon our minds as this during the perusal of Mr. Maguire’s very interesting but most one-sided book on *The Irish in America*. The naturalness, the inevitableness of their hatred against England, its clear explanation, its undeniable justification, its perverse *logic* (so to speak), and yet at the same time its utter unreasonableness and injustice, if judged by the facts of the day and in the eye of calm judicial measurement of the whole truth of the case, stand out with singular lucidity. The very men who proclaimed their ferocious and undying abhorrence of England, and their thirst to humiliate and destroy her in retaliation for her cruelties, real or supposed, against Ireland and themselves, had all gained greatly

by their transference to the New World, and many of them had reached a pitch of prosperity there which their own country never could have offered them. In a word, they had exchanged—been forced to exchange—hopeless penury, and perhaps starvation, for plenty and wealth;—but some of them had been forcibly evicted, usually, if not invariably, for non-payment of rent, and could see nothing and remember nothing but the suffering which that eviction brought them at the time; while others merely inherited the rooted animosities of their fathers, who had fled or been exiled when the shameful and cruel penal laws against Catholics were in full force; and all alike had sworn never to forgive either the Government that had enforced the admitted rights of property, or the descendants of those who had repealed all the unjust enactments under which their ancestors had suffered. One prosperous Irish farmer in the Western States, owning 400 acres of fine land, and surrounded by his wife and sons, swore “he would never forgive the British Government the longest day he had to live,” because a quarter of a century ago he had been “turned out like dogs, worse than dogs, on the roadside,” from a wretched cabin and a two-acre plot in Munster (p. 603). Another man, thriving and well conducted in all mundane matters, neglected his religious duties, and could not be induced to go to confession, because he had registered an oath “never to forgive the bloody English Government, that allowed a man to be treated worse than a dog, and sent their peelers and their army to help them to do it to me and others.” The man’s story was sad enough; in the days of wholesale clearances, when landlords could neither obtain rent nor gain possession of their land, and when proprietors, peasantry, and rulers were alike driven nearly to despair, he had been evicted along with a number of others. But his father was ill of the rheumatism, his wife was near her confinement, and both died from the exposure; and the poor bereaved wretch naturally enough remembered nothing but the harshness and the issue, and treasured up his thirst for vengeance as a household virtue (p. 606). The next story illustrates the other point we have alluded to,—the way in which the impressions of the past survive the facts which gave them birth:—

“I remember the look of genuine annoyance with which a high-pressure Fenian, who introduced himself to me in a Northern State, received information on a subject having reference to Irish trade and manufactures. He desired to learn—for an oration, as I afterwards understood—what were the special restrictions which the jealousy of England still imposed on the in-

dustry and trade of Ireland. He was filled with the memory of the ‘discouragement’ of the Irish Woollens by William III.; and he glowed as he thought of the indignant oratory of the Irish House of Commons. But he knew little—indeed, he did not desire to know—of the actual state of things at the present hour; and when I assured him that, so far as the law stood, the merchants, manufacturers, and business men of Ireland were on a complete equality with their brethren in England, he could scarcely bring himself to believe what I said. He was literally disgusted.”—P. 611.

Animosity of the character indicated and explained by incidents like these, it is evident we can do nothing, or next to nothing, to eradicate, or even neutralize and mitigate; and unhappily, nine-tenths of the animosity of the American Irish is of this character. We must accept it, with all its dangers, as our punishment for the misdoings of the past.

Much of our difficulty in dealing with this question arises from the vagueness of thought and language common with the Irish, and habitually, it would seem, adopted from them by their advocates. We are told that we must “do justice to Ireland,” that we must “legislate and govern in conformity with Irish notions,” that we should “rule Ireland as Ireland would rule herself were she independent,” and the like. Thus surely, and thus only, we are assured, can we allay discontent and hatred, make tranquillity take the place of turbulence, and change disaffection into hearty loyalty and acquiescence. And those who use this language both in Parliament and in the Press—among whom are numbers who ought to know better, and to think more deeply and definitely—appear to fancy that in speaking thus they have erected a standard and laid down a principle. Let us look a little more closely into the matter, and learn what “Irish ideas” and Irish notions of “Justice” are on the three questions into which we have divided the subject a page or two back, and then ask ourselves whether it is possible to act in conformity with these ideas and plans, and whether we should really loyalise the Irish or make them prosperous and contented by doing so. And first as to political discontent:—What are Irish wishes and ideas on this head? They may be classed under two broad categories: Irish political malcontents may be divided into Republicans and Repealers—those who desire to separate Ireland altogether from Great Britain, and those who seek to undo the Act of Union, and give her an independent Parliament of her own, retaining only

the dynastic link. Other political grievances than the British connexion and the Act of Union Ireland has none; the most inveterate and malignant ingenuity of faction has altogether failed either to discover any or to fabricate any. Now, are we prepared, or does any sane man in England recommend us, to "act in conformity" with either of these sets of "Irish ideas"? Would such action "loyalize" the people or tranquillize the country? Would it, really and soothfastly, be "doing justice to Ireland"? We have now lying before us three documents expressing the views of those who seek for absolute independence, and the establishment of a Republic—the Fenians, Nationalists, *aut quocunque alio nomine gaudent*. Two of these are singularly verbose, grandiloquent, and rhetorical, the other is admirably concise and well-written; but all are distinct enough in meaning. To avoid all suspicion of misrepresentation, we will quote a passage or two. They are "An Address of the American Fenians to the People of England," a declaration of Fenian principles "by the Brotherhood assembled in Congress at Cleveland, in Ohio," and "Ireland for the Irish, by an American Fenian," published in *Tinsley's Magazine* for December last, the writer of which, if not a "sworn brother" of the order, has (we are assured) habitually consorted with its members in America, and is perfectly qualified to expound their views with fidelity. The Irish newspapers belonging to the "National Party," as it calls itself, echo, week by week, precisely the same sentiments. The "Declaration" says:—

"The God of nature, in placing between the English and Irish nations not only the distinctions marked by differences of national character, but also natural barriers, which—in spite of special legislation designed to obliterate the nationality of Ireland—have kept them separate and distinct as peoples, has written on imperishable record the claims of our country to independent national existence, and made earth and sea the witnesses to the inviolability of our charter of freedom. The Irish people of to-day are still the custodians of that great trust; and, in their name, the Fenian Brotherhood has been organized to demand, and, with the blessing of Heaven, to achieve, what so many of our race have attempted before—the liberation of our country from the domination of England. We demand it in the name of every man of Irish blood throughout the whole earth; and we desire to accomplish it solely for the benefit of every Irishman, without distinction of creed, or class, or political idea. We claim the land of our fathers for the benefit of the people whose birthright it is, who love it with a filial affection, and who, by the eternal decree of their Maker, have earned, in the

sweat of their brows, the right to live upon,* to possess, and to enjoy it.

"Representing the power which 15,000,000 of the Irish people, scattered between the Old World and the New, must necessarily exercise, if they be true to their country, we have adopted the alternative of revolution, because the slavery to which our kindred are subjected has become too galling for human endurance, too degrading to be submitted to unresistingly by beings endowed with the attributes of men. Our rights, the possession of our native soil, are kept from us by force, by the power which grasped both with iron hands. By force and arms alone can they be restored to us in their original integrity; and by force and strength of our own arms we propose to win them back. The task of their recovery belongs to us in the first place; and by our efforts to consolidate and organize our people, we but record our acceptance of the duty, and our determination to acquit ourselves of it like true men and faithful children of our country. Our cause is a just and holy one; it is the struggle of right against wrong, and freedom against oppression. It is not alone the cause of a nation striving for its own independence; it is the effort of enslaved humanity to emancipate itself from the thralldom and debasement of feudal tyranny."

The following is from the Magazine:—

"The first radical error in regard to Ireland is to believe that the Irish people will be contented with anything less than complete independence of England; the second radical error is to believe that they have no chance of securing their independence. From these two errors all others grow. Good English laws, good English government, good English reforms for Ireland, are all very well in their way; but they do not touch the Irish question any more than good Austrian laws, good Austrian government, good Austrian reforms, touched the Italian question. *Is it so very difficult for you to understand that the Irish people want to be rid of England altogether; that they would rather have bad laws of their own making than good ones of yours; that they would rather be badly governed by themselves than well governed by you; and that no possible reforms, even though they were Utopian in their blessings, would be acceptable to the Irish people, so long as they had that hated word 'English' affixed to them?* Why, for the last half hundred years you have been improving your treatment of Ireland, as it is undeniable that many of the worst evils which formerly afflicted her unhappy people have been removed; but yet the Fenian uprising of 1866-7 has been more powerful than any which have preceded it, and is still vital, dangerous, and deadly. Is this the result of your better laws, your improved legislation, your kind reforms? Hundreds of thousands of people have emigrated from Ireland; the population, thus thinned out, is better provided for than ever before; the island is, on the whole, much more prosperous; but still the hatred to England is as deep,

the disposition to conspiracies as prevalent, and the desire for independence as heartfelt, as in the bad old days, while the number and the power of the conspirators have actually increased, and they have been able to carry the war into the cities of England, threaten armouries, release prisoners, and keep the whole country under arms. Past reforms have not settled the Irish question, and future reforms will not be any more effective."

And again :

"Irishmen do not look upon Englishmen as compatriots with whom all difficulties can be amicably arranged, but as foreign enemies, to be driven out of the government of the country. Englishmen complain that the Irish are never satisfied with what is done for them. Exactly so. A hungry man is not satisfied when you give him a toy. The royal visits to Ireland, which were once considered as a sovereign panacea for Irish disloyalty, the land distribution (advocated by John Bright and others), the abolition of the Irish Church Establishment, now mooted as a sure cure for Fenianism,—are toys given to hungry men. *What the Fenians desire is Ireland for Irish; and they look upon all the promised reforms as bribes to seduce true patriots from a righteous purpose.*"

What Repeal meant in O'Connell's day we all remember,—both the arguments and the representations by which it was supported and the object at which it aimed; and now we see it revived in its purest shape in a manifesto recently issued by a body of Roman Catholic priests, with the Dean of Limerick at their head. The gentlemen say:—

"We belong to no party in the State within or without the constitution. We have no alliance with Whig, Tory, or Radical. It would be an error and a crime to say that the disaffection of this country is not deep-seated and extensive. Deplorable as such a fact may be, no one who knows the country can truthfully deny it. Generally a blank hopelessness pervades the mind of the population, a dark brooding, all the worse because every day growing in intelligence. And we solemnly declare that one of the most imminent dangers of the movement of this generation is the magnanimous spirit of self-sacrifice which has animated the mass of those who think of risking their lives or spending them in even a hopeless contest. That they 'cannot be worse,' that 'there is no hope for the country,' and that 'it is as good to die,' are the sentiments and ethics which poverty and degradation have taught, and which are frequently repeated by American success and daring. Again, we declare that the only hope of peace, order, progress, and at last real union, is in tranquillizing Ireland. And we solemnly declare that the only means of effectually tranquillizing Ireland is by a restoration of her nationality. General legislation by the Parliament of Great Britain will never be equal to the task of teaching, enriching, developing, and raising Ireland. Political econ-

omy will never do for a country like Ireland, any more than the ordinary food of health and vigour would do for the weak and sickly. The most exceptional legislation must be employed, the minutest knowledge must be obtained, the most persevering local inquiry must be instituted, and a full, heart-whole, and, we would say, exclusive attention, province by province, must be directed to discover and remedy Ireland's wants; and these things an English parliament cannot perform. And, above all, such a parliament will never satisfy the cravings of a whole people, whose intellects and whose hearts combine in the cry for nationality. A land tenure will accomplish something; removal of the Protestant ascendancy, by placing the Protestant Church in the same position before the State as the Catholic Church, will accomplish much; equality in education, and the removal of the anomaly of giving a freedom of education on the condition of people giving up freedom, will do its share, and we will hail any and all of them with thankfulness; *but we feel bound to say, that when all of them have been granted, safely from foreign danger, perfect development of home resources, above all, the heart of this country will require nationality.* Give Ireland her own legislature and the government of her resources—nationality and her federal amity will be a tower of strength to the empire. *We conclude, then, that Ireland is poor and helpless, not by any fault of the Irish race, but by the force and fault of English legislation.* That the very nature of most of the remedies required to make Ireland rich and contented makes it impossible for a British parliament to adopt and employ them; and, besides, that home aspirations and the plea for Irish intervention from abroad can never be met, unless by restoring to Ireland her nationality, re-establishing the Sovereign and Lords and Commons of Ireland."

It is only after reading such documents as these, and recognising how correctly they represent the sentiments, not indeed of the whole Irish nation, but certainly of the disaffected portion, that we perceive the full hopelessness of the problem,—the hopelessness, that is, of removing the *political* discontent of a people who do not rebel against this or that grievance,—who admit, indeed, that we are doing our poor best to remedy their grievances,—but who tell us that we can never satisfy them, and simply demand of us *that we shall go.* Go it is clear we cannot; we would not if we could, and we ought not if we would. For, putting aside for the moment English considerations and Imperial interests, the Irish people are not homogeneous, and are by no means of one mind in these matters. A large portion of them, and the most prosperous and energetic portion, cling to the British connexion, have no notion either of Republic or Repeal, dread and deprecate the prospect of being handed over to the tender mercies and the wild

policy of their fellow-countrymen, would fight to the death rather than that what are called "Irish" ideas and Irish purposes should prevail,—and though far less numerous than their antagonists, would be by no means unlikely to conquer in the strife. The Protestants constitute one fourth of the population, and the Protestants are loyal almost to a man, while thousands of the Catholics, especially the better educated, are staunch adherents of the British connexion. Ulster, the stronghold of the Anti-Fenian doctrines, when reinforced by the loyal districts of Leinster, will be found to contain nearly two millions and a half out of the five and a half that Ireland now numbers. "Justice to Ireland" according to Fenian notions would be the height of iniquity and cruelty in the eyes of the propertied and cultured classes, and no one who knows the country feels the slightest doubt that the retirement of England from the government would be the signal for a civil war of more than ordinary fierceness,—a conflict of which any man could predict the incidents, but of which no man could foretell the issue. But the idea is of course simply absurd. Nor is that of Repeal one whit more practical. We know what the former Irish Parliament was, and how ill it worked with that of England, even when elected mainly under Protestant and English influences: were it restored now, it probably could not be made to work at all. And as to Mr. Goldwin Smith's suggestion of Provincial Parliaments to deal with all local questions,—an Ulster assembly chosen under Orange inspiration, and a Munster one under the auspices of Cardinal Cullen,—we can only say that no stronger proof could be given of the perplexity and hopelessness of a problem which could drive so sensible a man to so senseless a proposal.

The disaffection and disloyalty of Ireland, then, so far as it has a political source and is directed towards political aims, cannot be removed or laid to sleep. The malecontents seek for the impossible, their demands are of a nature which they are aware cannot even be listened to, since they involve the surrender at once of empire and of duty, a pusillanimity as well as a crime, the giving over of a whole country to the least capable portion of its inhabitants. To go a single step in their direction would, as they tell us candidly, allay no hatreds and quench no desires; while it would be a divergence from that course of action by the steady pursuit of which alone, we deliberately believe, can the ultimate prosperity and pacification of Ireland be attained. We must do what is right and wise unflinchingly, and let loyalty

follow if it will; we must on no account swerve from what is right and wise in the hope of purchasing loyalty by folly or by wrong. Adherence to duty may not always be rewarded; but desertion of it never fails, in public affairs at least, to be punished in the end. It may be sad that we should be reduced to such an issue; and it may be and is a bitter shame and reproach to us that we have so mismanaged matters in the past that we cannot attract to us or govern by the law of love a people so full of excellencies and resources as the Irish—so peculiarly, as Mr. Mill says, "the needed complement of ourselves;" but with Separatists, Fenians, and Repealers we can hold no parley; and these who urge us to govern in conformity to Irish ideas, and to localize the Irish by adopting or humouring their peculiarities and opinions, ought to define a little what they mean, before using language which so lends itself to abuse and misconception.

When we come to the Religious discontent of Ireland the case is very different. Here we have inherited a bitter legacy from the past, and our conscience is not clear in the present. We wronged the Catholics of Ireland for generations, we are wronging them wilfully, knowingly, persistently still, though in a far feebler and milder fashion. We cannot say that the Irish Catholics have not good reason to hate England for her shameful sins and cruelties against them in former days; we cannot even say that she is not giving them some reason to hate her even now. In this matter we have not really and fully *repented* of the misdeeds of our forefathers, for though we have departed from and reversed most of them, we have not altogether abandoned or atoned for them. We have repealed all the old penal laws against Popery; we have emancipated the Catholics and placed them on a perfect social and political and civil equality with Protestants; but with an obstinacy and stupidity which is almost insane, we still retain the Church Establishment as a perpetual, irritating, insulting memento of our past enormities. The religion of the minority is maintained as the religion of the State; as if we were bent upon for ever reminding our Irish fellow-citizens that in Ireland the majority are still oppressed. No one who is acquainted in detail with the heinous penal laws against the Catholics, which continued up to the close of the last century, can wonder that Irishmen should have grown up in the most passionate abhorrence of the Government which enacted and maintained them: no one who realizes how truly the Protestant Establishment is the outcome,

the relief, the memorial of the feelings and opinions from which those laws sprung, has any right to wonder that this abhorrence should endure as long as that Establishment is upheld. It may be true that practically the grievance is little felt; it may be true that Fenianism does not even mention it among Irish wrongs; it may be true that since the commutation of tithes into a rent-charge payable by the landlords, the Irish peasant is not conscious of the pressure, and would be no pecuniary gainer by its removal; it may be true that the chief portion of the property burdened with this rent-charge is owned by Protestant Churchmen; it may even be true that the surrender of the Establishment would not loyalize either priests or people, and that this act of plain but tardy justice would bear no immediate fruit and bring us no clear reward; still, when all admissions are made, the undeniable conclusion remains, that as long as this symbol of alien supremacy and hereditary wrong is suffered to exist, no Englishman can say that justice has been done to Ireland, or that Irishmen are irrational in hating England.

We have treated this subject so recently, that we need add only a very few words here. In what manner the abolition or disendowment of the Protestant Episcopal Establishment in Ireland is to be effected, is a question, and doubtless not an easy one, for statesmen. Many and various plans have been suggested, both of reducing the Establishment and disposing of its surplus revenues, into which we need not enter. It is sufficient to point out that the measure itself has become incomparably more feasible than it was when last practically mooted thirty years ago, at the time of Lord Morpeth's celebrated "Appropriation Clause." In the first place, the principle of Voluntaryism—the separation of Church and State—has made no trifling conversions in the interior of the Establishment itself,—Ritualism, Tractarianism, and the Colenso controversy having effected remarkable changes of sentiment in that direction. Secondly, the political strength of the orthodox Dissenters, and of the middle class generally, who are opposed on system to all religious endowments, has materially increased. And, thirdly, a great obstacle in dealing with the question has been removed by the authoritative announcement of the Catholic hierarchy, that they demand and will accept no portion of the confiscated revenues of the Establishment; for while the majority of the Scotch and English nation would probably prove to be in favour of disendowing one creed, they would to a certainty be resolutely hostile to any scheme for endowing the other. We

believe that the only vehement or formidable opposition that need be anticipated to the measure of justice and policy we advocate will come from the ultra-Protestant province of Ulster,—and this must either be disregarded or disarmed. It will never do, at this day, to suffer Orangeism to hinder us from doing justice to Catholicism in Ireland.

The question of the Church Establishment is, unhappily, not the only one connected with religion on which bitter animosity now prevails among the rival sects. An angry controversy is raging on the question of mixed education, which is widening, and bids fair to render permanent that gulf which the State for the last thirty years and more has been endeavouring to bridge over. In the year 1831 was commenced, under the auspices of the present Prime Minister, then Mr. Stanley, that system of national education in which for a while the prelates of both Churches joined harmoniously, and which, it was hoped, by bringing up Catholic and Protestant children together in one schoolroom, might pave the way for sentiments of mutual good-will and brotherhood. For a time, under the management of Archbishops Murray and Whately, the scheme worked admirably; but by degrees the serpent of religious discord and jealousy crept in to mar the benevolent and Christian plan. The old squabbles between secular and sectarian instruction began again. At first the Protestant clergy objected to the too liberal concessions (as they fancied) that were made to Catholic demands. Then the Catholic clergy became hostile to the very moderate restrictions (as they seem to us) that were placed upon their freedom of action and teaching in the schools. Now, they are fairly embarked in their habitual crusade to render all teaching, whether aided by the State or not, distinctly sectarian, and to get the unreserved management of the education of the entire Catholic population into their own hands. What it will become, and to what purposes it will probably be turned, should they succeed, all history warns us. We have no intention of entering into the controversy. Those who desire to see a very powerful statement of the priestly view should read Mr. Butt's pamphlet called "The Liberty of Teaching Vindicated." Mr. Butt is himself a Protestant, but he gives many facts which seem to show that the Catholics have some grounds for complaint, and that the soundest principles of the national system have already been so far encroached upon or surrendered that it may not be worth while to contend for what remains, at the price of continued bitterness and sectarian animosity. On the other hand,

the last Report of the Irish Education Commission (1866) gives very strong reasons for the continuance of those restrictions, which were designed to prevent the national schools from degenerating into means of proselytism, and indicates pretty plainly that the objection to them arises from the priests, and not from the population generally. It appears that nine out of ten children are educated at schools where there is no mixture of sects; and that in Ulster, where the greatest admixture prevails, the system works amicably enough, or would do so, if sectarians would allow it. Our own impression is, that until these miserable jealousies and unchristian animosities shall die away, our only alternative lies between purely secular instruction, seconded, aided, or provided by the State (time for special religious instruction being of course allowed and enforced), and education on the sectarian system prevalent in England, supplemented by State grants. To advance to the first would be a vast step for Ireland; to retrograde to the last, if we are forced to that, would be a sad concession to the strength of the bigotry which weighs like an incubus upon that unhappy country. With the Church Establishment removed, and a secular education organized, the last grounds of religious discontent would be swept away,—though, alas! the recollection of the bad old days must long survive to punish and to thwart us.

The Land-Tenure discontent is a graver and more difficult matter than either the political or religious disaffection, and goes far deeper into the heart of the nation. The political animosity towards England may be left to die away with time, simply because it is hopeless on our part to try to remove it, and hopeless on the part of the disaffected to indulge it. It is a chronic sore, too, engrained in the constitution, and ever liable to break out from time to time in a more active form under the stimulus of foreign sympathy or tempting opportunity. The hostile sentiment arising from religious causes* admits of more positive remedial treatment, inasmuch as one of its chief objects can and ought to be removed at once. But the question of land-tenure is an affair of interest even more than of idea or feeling; it is, or it is fancied to be, an affair of life or death, of plenty or starvation, of prosperity or ruin, of simple justice or downright wrong to the Irish peasant and farmer,—that is, to three-fourths of the population. It comes home to "men's business and bosoms" in a way that no other question does. If we can solve it satisfac-

torily and completely, other matters of controversy will cease to be formidable. If we cannot, no arrangement, however amicable or equitable, that we may attempt on the field of politics or religion, will do anything to lay to rest the discontent and disturbance which are the curse of the country, or suffice to render it either progressive, prosperous, or tranquil.

And here we must remark, at the outset, that the very prominence and paramount importance and urgency of the land question is *itself*, if not *the* evil to be dealt with, at least the source and gravamen of that evil, and is a fact for which England and English legislation in *the past* are mainly, though not wholly, answerable. Scarcely in any matter have we been more guilty than in this; in no other matter is our guilt being punished with such enduring and unrelenting severity. The great passion of the Irish people is for the possession and the cultivation of land;* they have always and instinctively been too inclined to look to land and cling to land as the only means of livelihood and comfort; the fact that population does increase and that land does not, has always lain at the root of half their difficulties; the cruel and crushing competition for land resulting from this fact and that feeling has led to no small portion of Irish crime, and to nine-tenths of Irish poverty and Irish turbulence, by augmenting the landlords' and diminishing the cultivators' share of the produce, and by making every *actual* Irish tenant regard every *aspiring* Irish tenant as a robber and an enemy. Wise statesmen and a wise legislature would have directed their most strenuous exertions to mitigate this competition and allay this fierce desire; to teach the Irish that there are other branches of industry that yield far richer returns than the tillage of the soil; to turn their energies into new channels; to foster every sort of manufacture which could be introduced into the island; to diminish to the utmost possible extent the proportion of the population immediately dependent upon agriculture; and by so doing at once to lower rents, to create and improve markets, and to raise the price of agricultural produce. Had this course been followed with persistence, Irish tenants would not be at the mercy of their landlords, as they are too habitually now; Irish occupiers would not have been shooting and maiming successful

* It is however satisfactory to learn, from the concurring testimony of nearly all witnesses, that this passion has materially diminished of late years.

rivals for the only means of living which they know; Irish peasants would not have been driven to seek in distant lands for those fields of labour (in their imagination the only ones) which limited acreage will not afford to increasing numbers at home. Instead of this, however, English statesmen, who were not wise, and an English legislature, which was not just, pursued, a couple of centuries ago, and for a long course of years, a precisely opposite line of action. The jealousy and selfishness of British manufacturers and the weak and iniquitous compliance of a British Parliament were allowed to crush and actually to prohibit the various industries which were beginning to take root in Ireland, and which, if fostered, or even if simply let alone, might by this time have supported one-half the population, and become as prosperous as the linen trade is now.* By this means, by this previous

fault, by this heinous injustice, we threw the Irish peasant back upon the land as his sole resource, and shut him up, as it were, within its boundaries; and thus undeniably made ourselves answerable for a large proportion of his subsequent wretchedness and animosity. Of all the wrongs with which England is charged by Irish tongues, perhaps there is no case in which the indictment can be so well maintained as this, or in which the crime has been so heavily visited upon us. Even here, however, equity will call upon us to remember that Irish folly has not been backward in assisting and exasperating the operation of English wrong. If Ireland had been tranquil, British capital would long since have introduced both the cotton and woollen manufactures, and thus have provided employment at home for hundreds of thousands who have been forced abroad to seek it. Over and over again have projects of this sort been nipped in the bud, or discouraged after the first steps had been taken, by renewed proofs of the insecurity which is the horror of wealth and commercial enterprise. Nor ought we to forget that at least one thriving trade—that of shipbuilding—was driven away by the insane and suicidal violence of the trades-unions of Dublin about a generation ago. The want of manufacturing industry on a sufficient scale is Ireland's greatest need at this moment; and for its

* "It has been rather the custom of late to represent the landed interest of Great Britain as the sole inventors and patentees of protection. The experience of Ireland does not confirm this theory. During the course of the last 250 years we have successively tasted the 'tender mercies' of every interest in turn—whether landed, trading, or commercial—and have little reason to pronounce one less selfish than another. From Queen Elizabeth's reign until within a few years of the Union the various commercial confraternities of Great Britain never for a moment relaxed their relentless grip on the trades of Ireland. One by one, each of our nascent industries was either strangled in its birth, or handed over, gagged and bound, to the jealous custody of the rival interest in England, until at last every fountain of wealth was hermetically sealed, and even the traditions of commercial enterprise have perished through desuetude.

"The owners of England's pastures opened the campaign: As early as the commencement of the 16th century the beeves of Roscommon, Tipperary, and Queen's County undersold the produce of the English grass counties in their own market. By an Act of the 20th of Elizabeth, Irish cattle were declared a 'nuisance,' and their importation was prohibited. Forbidden to send our beasts alive across the Channel, we killed them at home, and began to supply the sister country with cured provisions. A second act of Parliament imposed prohibitory duties on salted meats. The hides of the animals still remained, but the same influence soon put a stop to the importation of leather. Our cattle trade abolished, we tried sheep farming. The sheep breeders of England immediately took alarm, and Irish wool was declared contraband by a Parliament of Charles II. Headed in this direction, we tried to work up the raw material at home, but this created the greatest outcry of all. Every maker of fustian, flannel, and broadcloth in the country rose up in arms, and by an Act of William III. the woollen industry of Ireland was extinguished, and 20,000 manufacturers left the island. The easiness of the Irish labour market and the cheapness of provisions still giving us an advantage, even though we had to import our materials, we next made a dash at the silk business; but the silk manufacturer proved as pitiless

as the woolstaplers. The cotton manufacturer, the sugar refiner, the soap and candle maker (who especially dreaded the abundance of our kelp), and any other trade or interest that thought it worth its while to petition, was received by Parliament with the same partial cordiality,* until the most searching scrutiny failed to detect a single vent through which it was possible for the hated industry of Ireland to respire. But, although excluded from the markets of Britain, a hundred harbours gave her access to the universal sea. Alas! a rival commerce on her own element was still less welcome to England, and as early as the reign of Charles II. the Levant, the ports of Europe, and the oceans beyond the Cape were forbidden to the flag of Ireland. The colonial trade alone was in any manner open—if that could be called an open trade which for a long time precluded all exports whatever, and excluded from direct importation to Ireland such important articles as sugar, cotton, and tobacco. What has been the consequence of such a system, pursued with relentless pertinacity for 250 years? This: that, debarred from every other trade and industry, the entire nation flung itself back upon "*the land*" with as fatal an impulse as when a river whose current is suddenly impeded rolls back and drowns the valley it once fertilized."—*The State of Ireland*, pp. 129–32.

* "An amusing instance of the feeling that Ireland was to be sacrificed to England is mentioned by the author of the '*Commercial Restraints of Ireland*,' p. 125. In 1698 two petitions were presented to the English House of Commons from the fishermen of Folkestone and Aldborough, stating that they were injured 'by the Irish catching herrings at Waterford and Wexford, and sending them to the Straits, and thereby forestalling and ruling petitioners' markets.'"

absence both peoples must share the blame—the English in the past, the Irish at the present day.

In speaking of the feelings and questions which grow out of the land-tenure in Ireland, we shall encumber our pages with as few statistics and quotations as possible. The facts we have to deal with and the authorities on which we rely (and as to relevant and important matters there really is not much controversy) are to be found in the various books whose titles are at the head of this article, especially Lord Dufferin's and Mr. Butt's. Our object is to make the essentials of the question clear, and to avoid all side issues or details which might cloud the mind or divert attention from the main, large, simple features of the case. Controversialists and practical politicians would differ far less widely than they do were greater pains taken to strip the subject in dispute of all irrelevancies, and to present it nakedly and in its nucleus, as it were, to the understanding. Under the names of "Tenant-Right," then, and "Landlord and Tenant Bills," and "Tenure of Land," two or three entirely distinct matters are confounded. The claims of occupiers of land in Ireland and the discontent felt by them must be divided into two wholly separate categories, which have no real connexion with each other, and which must be discussed and dealt with in a wholly different manner; and this is the first contribution we have to make towards clearing the popular conceptions of the question. The tenants' demand for "compensation for improvements" effected by them upon the soil is one thing, their demand for "fixity of tenure" is another. The first is a claim for security for the produce of their labour, the second is a claim for security in the possession of their holding. The first asks to be awarded simple and undeniable justice, the second asks to be endowed with a positive and perpetual property. The former is the object of Lord Naas's Bill, of Judge Longfield's recommendations, of the various Parliamentary committees that have taken evidence and reported on land-tenure and landlord and tenants' improvements. The latter is the purpose of Mr. Butt's pamphlets and of Sir John Gray's and the *Spectator's* scheme. The one is surrounded by many difficulties in practical detail, but is just and sound in principle, is virtually opposed by few, and as far as it could be made operative at all, would no doubt operate for good. The other involves the gravest questions of equity and policy, goes down to the very heart of the question of landed property itself, and might turn out the most fatal meas-

ure ever adopted towards the people who demand it.

In England most agricultural improvements—all at least of an important and permanent character—are the work of the owner of the soil, and are effected by his capital. In Scotland, where this is not so universally the case, the farmer is usually a man of means, has a sufficient lease with equitable provisions, and can take care of himself. In Ireland, if we put aside the case of the wealthy English proprietors, and the more energetic and scientific native landlords who have recently introduced a better system, such improvements and outlays as are made were, as a rule, formerly, and are still often, the work of the occupier; * and as the occupier has seldom a lease, and is liable to be ejected or to have his rent raised at the will of his landlord, common justice, as well as the interests of the land and the security for decent farming, obviously demand that for such of his outlays, either of money or labour, as have really benefited the land, and as he has not had time to reap the profit of himself, he should, when he gives up his occupancy, be reimbursed by his landlord or by the incoming tenant, one or other of whom enters into his labour, inherits, as it were, his improvements. Thus much may be conceded without controversy,—is, in fact, generally now conceded on all hands. The discussion now turns upon two points—*first*, Whether the tenant shall be compensated for all improvements which his landlord *has not forbidden*, or only for those which his landlord *has actually sanctioned*? And, *secondly*, On what principle, on what reason, and by what authority, those improvements shall be valued and repaid? The first question is not quite as easy as it appears to begin with; for it often happens that a tenant may wish to effect improvements which, in the landlord's judgment, and the landlord's point of view, are not improvements at all, but interfere with his ulterior projects for the good of the estate; as where the tenant puts up fences, though the landlord desires to throw several fields into one; † or when the occupier will erect wretched small farm-build-

* This, however, is usually stated far too broadly. The larger improvements, especially all those connected with drainage (the most important of all), are the work of the landlords, and the smaller tenants scarcely ever improve at all.—(See Judge Longfield's Evidence, and Lord Dufferin's *State of Ireland*, p. 232. In the case of four estates mentioned by Mr. Trench (House of Lords Committee) whose aggregate rental was £54,000, the landlords had expended in seventeen years no less than £142,719 in permanent improvements.

† It appears that where farms under fifty acres are usual, at least *ten per cent.* of the land is often

ings suitable for a holding of twelve or fifteen acres, but useless, and worse than useless, in the eyes of a proprietor who sees that his only chance of good and profitable management of his estate is to throw several farms into one as soon as he can, and erect suitable buildings for working that one on a large scale, in a scientific manner, and by the instrumentality of a tenant possessed of both capital and skill. The other question presents difficulties, but no insuperable ones. At present, the means provided by Mr. Cardwell's Bill for estimating the value of improvements about which a difference of opinion is entertained, are quite inoperative; nor, looking to the prevalent feelings in Ireland, can it be expected that individual magistrates or agents, or even Quarter-Sessions, will ever be accepted as satisfactory arbitrators; but we have little doubt that the competent and independent set of arbitrators suggested by Lord Dufferin, to be appointed and paid by the Government, would soon be able to establish a system of proceedings and basis of valuations that would practically solve all problems and preclude nearly all disputes. Certainly, there can be no doubt that compensation for all genuine improvements ought to be secured to the outgoing tenant, and as little doubt that qualified and impartial valuers could be found to do the work. Thus far nearly every one is agreed, that what is called vaguely "tenant-right" must be conceded and secured.*

But when persons point to the system of "tenant-right" in Ulster as one that works well, that has created harmony between owner and occupier, and contributed to the improvement of agriculture, and as one, therefore, that ought to be extended and sanctioned by law, they are satisfied with a very superficial and wholly erroneous view of the case. To all such we recommend a careful perusal of Lord Dufferin's evidence before the Committees of the House of Commons in 1865, and republished in his "Inquiry," and we think there will then remain little hesitation in their minds in pronouncing the system vicious in principle and mischievous in practice. It is only very partially, and usually not all in actual fact, whatever it may be in theory, and might have been in its origin, a compensation paid by the incoming to the outgoing tenant for the unexhausted improvements made by the latter.

It is mainly, universally, and avowedly a purchase of the "good-will" of the farm—a payment made, and recognised by custom to be due, in order to secure peaceable possession of the holding, or, as Lord Dufferin calls it, a sort of "black-mail" paid by the new man to the old one to "bribe him not to interfere." In a word, and in fact, the new tenant has not only to *rent* his occupancy from the landlord, but actually to *buy* it from his predecessor in the occupation, and "sometimes to give ten, fifteen, or even twenty years' purchase of the rent," or *half, and more than half, the value in fee-simple of the land.** The mischievous effect of this custom, wherever it is, as it usually is, different from and in excess of that compensation for genuine outlay and improvement which we have already declared to be indisputably equitable, is threefold:—*First*, It greatly diminishes the rent received by the landlord, while it does not at all practically reduce the sum paid by the tenant, and, by thus crippling the landlord's means, incapacitates and indisposes him for those more judicious and permanent and large improvements which he might otherwise be inclined and able to make. *Secondly*, It renders the landlord more careless than he otherwise would be of the solvency of his tenant, and more easy than he ought to be in suffering him to fall behind in his payments of rent, since he is aware that, when his tenancy comes to an end, or when he is obliged to eject him for debt or for bad farming, he will nearly always be able to recover his arrears out of the lump sum paid over to the defaulter by his successor; and, as a matter of fact, he does thus secure and recoup himself against the results of his forbearance. *Thirdly*, The practice is directly conducive to bad farming and to tenant-wretchedness, since the incoming occupier has to hand over to his predecessor nearly or quite the whole of the capital on which he ought to have depended for the good cultivation of his farm, and without which he cannot possibly do justice to it. Nay, the case is often worse than this,—commonly enough he has to borrow the whole, or a large portion of the sum of money in question, and thus enters on his task an indebted, impoverished, and embarrassed man.† It is true that he recovers the sum he has paid (or most of it) at the expiration of his term, supposing that

occupied with fences—*Irish Emigration*, by Lord Dufferin, p. 352.

* There would still, however, be vast difficulties, both of principle and detail, an idea of which may be gathered from Lord Dufferin's *State of Ireland*, pp. 232-245.

* The Digest of the Devon Commission gives instances of far larger amounts than these—even up to fifty years' purchase in former days.

† Often he pays the interest of the sum borrowed, by surrendering to the lender one or two of his best fields!

he is ever called upon to give up possession, but this neither saves him from crippling poverty during his occupancy, nor does it enrich them at the end of it, for a considerable portion of it is too often by that time owing to his landlord. The system is bad in every point of view; and Lord Dufferin told the Committee that he had already spent £10,000 or £11,000 in endeavouring to extinguish it on his estates.

Two other points remain to be noticed in connexion with this branch of the question, —the law of distraint and the practice of granting leases. Many of the most thorough-going advocates of tenant claims would abolish the former and enforce the latter. They argue that to enable the landlord to take precedence of all other creditors, and to distrain upon the occupier's growing crops whenever he may be in arrear of rent, is to give the owner an unfair advantage, and to place the tenant in an unjustly inferior position; while they maintain further that, without the protection of a lease, no tenant can be expected either to take sufficiently deep and permanent interest in his holding to induce him to farm well, or to lay out capital or labour on improvements of which he is never secure of reaping the benefit himself. Those, however, who are practically acquainted with Ireland, even though among the most zealous promoters of an equitable and generous Landlord and Tenant Law, are, for the most part, of a very different opinion. They argue that, but for the security for his rent in ultimate resort which the power of distraint gives to the landlord, he would be forced to be far more strict than at present in preventing the rent from falling into arrear; that he would in simple self-defence be obliged to give a defaulting tenant notice to quit on the first occasion of default, instead of, as now, waiting for more prosperous years; and that evictions would become much more common and more prompt. We believe there is little doubt that they are right. With reference to the lease question, nearly all the most enlightened defenders of the claims and cause of the peasant, as may be seen both in the pamphlets and the evidence extracted by Lord Dufferin, agree that to give leases *indiscriminately* to small occupiers—i.e., under 15 or 30 acres, according to the quality of the soil—would be undesirable and even mischievous; is not demanded by justice, inasmuch as these small holders are improvers; and would promote and stereotype that poor and bad farming which is the curse of Ireland. A good and capable farmer, they say, scarcely ever needs the security of a lease; and none but good and capable farmers ought to have it.

The chief point to notice, however, is that the best law of landlord and tenant, the utmost extension of leases to energetic and deserving occupiers which any well-informed friend of Ireland would advise, the most liberal, equitable, and ready system for securing compensation for *bonâ fide* improvements to evicted or retiring tenants, would affect only a very small portion of the farmers and peasantry of Ireland;—scarcely more, Lord Dufferin shows, than a quarter of a million, even if we include the tenant-farmers of Ulster who desire no change in the law, and the large and wealthy cultivators who need none to protect them. There is no doubt that a righteous and easily workable arrangement between landlord and tenant ought to be contrived. There is just as little doubt that when we had gone the utmost length in this respect that justice and the interest of the land required, we should have done literally nothing towards loyalizing and contenting the mass of the Irish people, because we should not have taken one step towards meeting their demands. They care little or nothing for compensation, for they are seldom or never improvers. The question of leases is irrelevant to them, for they never hold farms of a size to which leases could beneficially be granted. The entire landlord and tenant controversy passes over their head, and concerns them not. It relates to a grievance which they rather desire to retain than to remedy, inasmuch as it gives them allies and sympathizers in their agitation. It is universally admitted and avowed that what they want is not tenant-right but "fixity of tenure,"—i.e., a virtual property in their holding, large or small, so long as they pay the stipulated rent. (Some go a step further, and claim security against ejection whether they can pay rent or not, but these we may leave out of the discussion.) That this is the real demand, the concession "the Irish" claim and believe they are entitled to have, there is no question; they avow it themselves, The O'Donoghue declares it for them, and thinks it ought to be granted,* so does Mr. Butt,† so does the *Spectator*, so does Mr.

* "I look upon the Bill" (writes The O'Donoghue to the National Association) "as utterly worthless.

... According to my judgment, the land question can only be settled by the Legislature enacting that no man in the possession of an agricultural holding shall be dispossessed as long as he pays a fair rent. If the landlord and tenant cannot agree as to the rent, let it be determined by a valuator appointed by the State."

† "I neither criticize nor disparage any efforts to obtain something like a recognition of the justice of the claims of the Irish tenantry. Those efforts may

Bright, in effect. This, then, is the real question before us; this alone will meet the exigencies of the case; this alone will content and pacify the agitation; this alone will allay disaffection and restore tranquillity. To this, therefore, we must address ourselves.

In several respects, we feel ourselves to be in a better position for arguing the question with impartiality than, perhaps, most of those who have discussed it on either side. We recognise as strongly as any one can do the paramount urgency of tranquillizing Ireland, and, if possible, recovering the hearts of the Irish people, and are conscious of as earnest a desire to satisfy and to serve them by any effort and at any sacrifice. We admit fully and frankly that their passionate wish for the possession of land, and their conviction that a paternal and equitable government would secure them that possession, are perfectly natural, without attributing to them any lawlessness or love of spoliation. When we remember the old system of land-tenure in Ireland, the traditions and recollections of the conquest, and of too many pages of subsequent history, their ignorance and consequent inability to look beyond their own experience to considerations which involve the welfare and progress of the country, the sufferings and often total destitution that have often followed ejection from their holdings, and, as much as anything, the persistent endeavours of their agitators and leaders to represent them to themselves on all occasions as victims of systematic robbery and oppression;—we feel that, owing to these circumstances, there is too much truth in the sweeping statement of Mr. Butt, that “the whole system of landed property in Ireland is regarded by the great mass of the people as an alien institution; and all its rights are looked upon as enforced by conquest, and maintained only by a foreign force;” and that it is this perverted view of the subject, sedulously fostered by the enemies of the English connexion, that we have to deal with. Further than this, we recognise the present state of matters as so serious, and we confess in our past conduct so many sins, errors, and shortcom-

be of great importance if they succeed in securing even an imperfect admission of the principles upon which all legislation affecting the relation of landlord and tenant ought to be based. But of this I am perfectly sure, that ‘the Irish Land Question’ never can be adjusted on any other principle than that of establishing fixity of tenure in the occupier, independent of any action on the part of the proprietors of the soil—and that until this is done, the elements of the old quarrel will continue to disturb and distract every relation of Irish social life.”—Mr. Butt—*Plea*.

ings, that we are quite prepared for any “exceptional legislation,” however bold and startling, which shall offer a reasonable prospect of effecting the tranquillization and localization we all desire, provided, only, it be not merely temporary and delusive, and be not purchased at the sacrifice of the true interests and the permanent progress of the people on whose behalf it is adopted. Finally, we are prepared to look at the matter solely in the interest of the masses, and, if necessary, to put aside in so grave a conjuncture the claims and wishes of the landlord class, and courageously to undertake whatever interference with “the rights of property,” as the phrase is, may be truly and imperatively demanded by the public good; for we believe that all a citizen’s possessions, and in a peculiar manner his landed possessions, are held only subject to the paramount necessities of the State and the welfare of the people; and we can see no reason why, if the prosperity and safety of the country require it, a man’s estate should not be taken from him (a full and fair price, of course, being paid him), to be distributed among his poorer fellow-citizens, just as freely, and precisely on the same principles, as for the construction of a railway or the erection of a fort. If it can be made out that it is really for the good of Ireland that “fixity of tenure” shall be decreed, or that peasants and tenant-farmers shall be endowed in fee-simple with the properties they now hold or rent from year to year, we should regard such measures as strictly just, warrantable, and statesman-like. Only we should require—as in the case of railway bills, and far more strictly and severely than with railway bills—that *the preamble shall be fully proved*.

The public has now before it three distinct plans for effecting the object,—that is for transforming the peasantry and actual tenant-farmers of Ireland either into perpetual and immoveable occupiers of their holdings at a fixed head-rent, or into actual proprietors in fee-simple, or into the one as a progress towards the other. The first is Mr. Bright’s. In his notable speech at Dublin, in October 1866, he advises “a Parliamentary Commission, empowered to buy up the large estates in Ireland, *belonging to the English nobility*, for the purpose of selling them on proper terms to the occupiers of the farms, and to the tenantry of Ireland.” A day or two afterwards he explained his crude plan a little more in detail. It appeared then, that he would have the State use its unrivalled credit as a borrower to obtain money at 3½ per cent., and employ this money in purchasing the estates of

absentees, and then re-sell these estates in small portions to the existing tenantry or peasantry; or, rather, let them at such annual rents (say 6 per cent. on the purchase money) as would render the holder absolute owner in fee-simple in fifteen or twenty years without any loss to the State. That is, he would have the Government Commission buy the property of Lord Derby, for instance, at (say) £35 an acre, and let it to Patrick O'Dogherty for (say) £50 or £60 a year, for a fixed term of years, after which period it should become his own.

Mr. Butt's plan is as follows, given in his own words:—

"The great charter of enfranchisement of the *serfs* of Ireland would be a Statute which would contain provisions such as these:—

"Every person in actual occupation of an agricultural tenement in Ireland, under any tenure, should be at liberty to serve a notice on his landlord that he elected to hold under the Statute.

"Upon service of this notice the rent to be paid should be fixed at a fair valuation, and a declaration made by a local tribunal entitling the tenant to be considered as holding at that rent.

"This declaration should be equivalent to a lease for sixty years at the specified rent, and subject to the following covenants:—

"To pay the rent.

"To cultivate the lands in a proper and husbandlike manner.

"To maintain and keep the premises in good order and condition, and not to sublet without the consent of the landlord.

"To these might be added a condition, that within a given number of years, say seven, the land demised should be put into good cultivation.

"The breach of any of these covenants to be attended by forfeiture of the interest; and in ejectment for non-payment of rent the forfeiture to be absolute, and the right of redemption to be taken away.

"All future lettings of land to be made in the same manner and subject to the same conditions.

"The operation of the Act might be limited to ten or twenty years. Within that time the present population would have acquired a proprietary interest in the soil. The country might then have arrived at a state in which such provisions might be dispensed with—most probably, with the approbation of all parties, they would be renewed."

The third plan is thus propounded by the *Spectator*, in its issue of December 28, 1867:—

"Our proposal is that the State should buy from the landlords, at a price to be fixed by scientific calculation, the right of raising the rentals of their farms; that, in fact, the landlords should sell their right of eviction, a right, we may remark, almost surrendered in Ulster. The tenant should then be offered this right in

consideration of an additional payment of, say, five per cent., of which two per cent. should form a sinking fund for the repayment of the principal advanced by Government. He would then be placed in the exact position of the old peasant in Bengal,—that is, he would, subject to a quit-rent at quarter-day and to the rights of sub-tenants, be actual owner of the soil. All disputes about improvements, cultivations, votes, or other subjects would end for ever, for the single claim of the landlord would be limited, as it is in Bengal, to the rent in cash on quarter-day. Further, the tenant would be sure, sooner or later, to sublet his farm,—the practice of which many friends of Ireland express such apprehensions. Let him sublet as deep as he likes or can, but every such sublease must be like his own, a perpetual lease, voidable only if the rent is not paid to the hour. The one grand fear of purely agricultural tenants, that they may 'lose their land,' may, that is, be thrown out of work, and turned out of their homes at one and the same moment, would then be ended; each man would reap the full reward of his own industry, and each would be imbued with that first and strongest of Conservative impulses, the wish to protect his own property from attack. At the same time, the landlord, enjoying his quit-rent and his demesne, would be the natural chief of the population round him, the greatest capitalist, the best educated resident, the man with the highest social position. So far from his property being confiscated, he would be guaranteed by the State alike in his present rental and his possible future profits; would lose nothing, except indeed the power to drive his tenants to the poll, or to take possession of improvements made with their cash."

The several schemes, it will be observed, differ in many of their details, and in their range of operation,—Mr. Bright's being the most moderate and the least complete; but all of them are pretty courageous and thorough-going, and propose to concede, if not quite all that the Irish occupier and labourer desire, at least all that their advocates, and those who share their sentiments, feel it decent to ask for them. Virtually, they would all, within their range of operation, effect a complete change in the ownership of the soil, and render the cultivators substantially the proprietors—as they claim to be. As we have said, we have no objection to offer to any of these schemes, provided they would effect the desired aim, viz., really be good for Ireland, really create a prosperous and happy peasantry and tenantry, really promote good agriculture, really satisfy, tranquilize, and loyalize the people. We have only therefore to consider how far they are likely to work these desiderated miracles.

The first comment we have to make is one that applies most obviously to Mr. Bright's proposal, but affects them all in a proportionate degree, and will be held by many to

be fatal to such plans *in limine*. *They would eliminate the one improving and progressive element and influence in Irish agriculture that now exists.* By general admission, one of the greatest and most universal of the evils of Ireland is the wretched condition of the cultivation of the soil,—its slovenliness, its clumsiness, its want alike of capital and science,—its backwardness, in short. At the time of the introduction of the Poor Law it was officially stated, and we believe never contradicted, that the number of persons engaged in cultivating a given acreage was *five* in Ireland against *two* in Britain, while the produce obtained was as *one* to *four*. It is notorious that nearly all the improvement—and it is very great in some parts—that has been effected since that time has been effected by the larger landlords, and not by the small tenants; and that the best cultivation, as well as the most prosperous tenants and the most comfortable peasantry, is almost invariably to be found on the estates of those wealthy and usually English proprietors, whom Mr. Bright would buy out and supersede by those who are, for the most part, among the worst farmers in Europe. The reason is simple enough: only large proprietors have wealth enough, science enough, enterprise enough, power enough, to oblige the Irish tenant to introduce and adopt those improved processes towards which his ignorance and fond foolish clinging to ancestral habits and ideas so strongly indispose him. But more than this, we do not find that security of tenure—not even the Ulster tenant-right which Mr. Butt so praises and so wishes to extend—is in the least degree a guarantee for a better state of things, or conducive to more careful and efficient culture. It would even seem to be the reverse. One of the most competent observers we know, just returned from the north of Ireland, writes thus:—

“The agriculture of Ulster, speaking generally, is such as, if seen in the worst cultivated parts of Scotland, would be held as proof that the farmer was a drunkard, or a bankrupt, or both; and the condition of the mass of the farmers, as to housing, clothing, and food, seems to me below that of the Scotch farm-labourers.

“Further, in almost all places where I found a better aspect of matters, I also found that there the owner had, so to speak, overridden the tenant-right system, and had taken the management of the land, as to houses, draining, etc., into his own hands, giving leases to competent and deserving tenants where they wished it, which, strange to say, they often do *not*, apparently owing to the general Irish repugnance to act on commercial rules, or to do anything of which the whole result is not visible or immediate.

“The same spirit keeps even those holding under practically permanent tenures from expending money on drainage; the outlay is immediate and the fruits distant, and therefore they prefer to hoard their means.”

The evidence before us is nearly uniform as to the fact that the small farms are in a worse condition and far worse cultivated than the larger ones; and that often farms held under an actually permanent tenure are the most maltreated and inefficiently cultivated of any.* The error of the advocates for the artificial introduction of peasant proprietorship into Ireland lies in the assumption, which has no warranty either in experience or in reason, that mere ownership or security of possession will supply the place or insure the advent of capital, science, sense, enterprise, and readiness to learn and to improve; everything, in a word, that is necessary to judicious and profitable tillage. We say, then, and we believe that all the facts of Ireland will bear out the conclusion, that to exchange large proprietors for small, wealthy ones for those of comparatively scanty means, still more, English for Irish ones, as Mr. Bright proposes, would be a retrograde measure towards the evils from which the country is only just beginning to emerge, would throw its agriculture back for half a century, and go far to banish that element of capital and science and enterprise in which alone progress and salvation can be found. If Mr. Bright, instead of looking at the question in his study or lecturing upon it in Dublin, would visit in succession the estates of those whom he proposes to eliminate, and the farms of those to whom he would transfer them, and compare the cultivation of the soil and the condition of the residents, whether labourers or tenants, we believe he would speedily come to doubt the success of his panacea.

That panacea, moreover, involves one special condition which is entirely left out of sight by its inconsiderate advocates, and which constitutes one principal if not fatal objection to the scheme. *The purchaser would have to spend in buying his farm the capital which he needs for its cultivation,* and which, if he is to do justice to it, and to succeed, he *must* devote to that purpose. In Ireland, at all events, he would rarely have money enough for both objects. The curse of Ireland and of agriculture is the want of capital among the farmers. The main reason—one of the main reasons at least—which keeps the cultivation of the soil, even in Ulster, where there is tenant-right and security of holding, in so deplorable

* Lord Dufferin—Evidence 2. 1499.

rably backward a condition, is, as we have already shown, that the incoming tenant has to spend, in purchasing from his predecessor the good-will of the farm, a sum of money, the sacrifice of which leaves him for life an impoverished and indebted man, incapacitated from tilling his land decently or to advantage. Mr. Bright's plan would start nearly all his newly-created proprietors in the same position. Political sects, amateur doctors, and off-hand statesmen of this school, forget that the strongest recommendation of the system of landlord and tenant, of placing the ownership and the culture of the soil in different hands,—and which maintains that system in the Lothians and in other districts of England and Scotland (to say nothing of Italy) where farming is carried to its utmost perfection, and where the farmers are exceptionally wealthy, skilful, and independent,—is that it leaves the occupier free to employ his whole means in carrying on his business; his capital is floating instead of being sunk; and manufacturers and producers are well aware that this circumstance constantly makes all the difference between success and failure. An Irishman with £1000 might make an excellent and improving *tenant* for a farm of twenty-five or even fifty acres; but he would be an embarrassed and crippled *proprietor* if he spent that sum in buying it. To obtain the land he would have sacrificed his means of making it a source of profit or of comfort or of peace.

The scheme propounded by Mr. Butt, and, with a trifling modification, endorsed by the *Spectator*, is not open to this objection, but to one or two others yet more fatal. Mr. Butt proposes to perpetuate the existing holdings, to render those who happen at this moment to be in occupation of certain plots of ground, the permanent possessors or owners of those plots, subject to the payment of a yearly head-rent which shall not be raised,—Mr. Butt says not for sixty-three years, the *Spectator* says never. Now, the first remark to be made upon this proposal is to point out its flagrant injustice to that portion of the people, certainly the most numerous, the most needy, the most discontented, and probably by no means the least avid of land, who at present are not holders, but merely labourers, paupers, or seekers of a subsistence of some sort. According to the last census, the entire number of land-occupiers (allowing five to a family) in Ireland was 2,767,320, or just half the population of the country.* The holders

(including families) of less than thirty acres, all of whom may be classed as poor, and most as very poor, were 2,031,280, out of a total number of certainly four millions and a half. This notable plan for pacifying and doing justice to Ireland, and contenting her population, would leave more than half her people not only without holdings, but deprived for ever of any chance of obtaining them, except, as now, by the ruin, or at the pleasure of landowners. By what pleas could the equity of such a plan be made good to the understandings of the excluded majority, and what would be their sentiments towards their luckier brethren, probably not one whit more deserving or more industrious than themselves, and assuredly not at all more passionately anxious to become landowners?

The second point to be noticed is, that this plan seeks to perpetuate, sanction, and solidify a division of the soil which, by the universal testimony of all observers, is recognised as the special curse and misery of the country. Out of 553,654 occupiers of land in Ireland, more than half, or 278,357, hold less than fifteen acres, 125,549 less than five acres, 40,080 only one acre or less. The condition of these small occupiers is described as usually wretched in the extreme; they are often, if not habitually, worse off than day-labourers; their cabins poorer, their garments more ragged, their sustenance more precarious and inadequate, while their fashion of the cultivation of the soil is disgracefully slovenly and unproductive. Probably a more evil deed could scarcely be done for Ireland than to perpetuate such a state of affairs and such a class of miserable landholders. The *Spectator* does not know these facts, for the *Spectator*, though the most thoughtful of all our public instructors, is sadly apt to fancy it can make thought do the work of knowledge, and to construct facts as well as theories "out of the depths of its own moral consciousness." But Mr. Butt does know his countrymen and their habits and conditions, and that he should have been betrayed into such recommendations may well surprise us. We have promised our readers not to overwhelm them with quotations, otherwise we could fill pages with corroborative testimony. The small occupiers are too poor to make improvements; they are too ignorant and unscientific to know how to improve; their holdings are too small to admit of anything like good farming; and they have not the means of main-

* According to Lord Dufferin, the case is even stronger. He states the adult male population of Ireland to be 1,900,000, and the number of actual

occupants of farms to be 441,000, many of whom are about the very worst that could be picked out as recipients of the boon of "fixity of tenure."—*State of Ireland*, p. 201.

taining or purchasing the necessary stock. They *half* cultivate the land in the way they saw their fathers do. Ireland, by its climate, is made for a grazing country; but holders of farms of five acres cannot take to grazing; they dig, because they cannot plough, on such holdings; they grow oats, which the weather often forbids to ripen, and fall back on potatoes, which bitter experience has shown to be the most perilous crop on which a people can depend. But whatever be the cause or *modus operandi*, of the fact there can be no doubt, nor, so far as we know, is there much difference of opinion about it. To establish and perpetuate the present holders and the present size of holdings in Ireland, would be to stereotype the worst form of agriculture and of agricultural life known in civilized countries in our days.

But, say our *doctrinaires*, filled with the half-known and half-understood details of *la petite culture* in Belgium and France (a large question, into which we shall avoid entering), and forgetting that the Irish soil and climate are entirely different from those of Belgium or France, and that the Irish are utterly dissimilar in character and habits from the French and Belgians, all this wretchedness and bad cultivation arises from insecurity of tenure. Once make the tenant owner or irremovable occupier, and his whole habits and nature will be changed, and the wilderness will blossom like a garden. Is it so? Here again a grain of observation and experience is worth an ounce of inference and speculation. The most unassailable and concurrent testimony of all acquainted with Ireland, whether we seek it in the records of the Devon Commission or of Mr. Maguire's Parliamentary Committee—among whose witnesses advocates of "justice to Ireland" were not wanting—declares in the most emphatic manner, not only that the smallest farms were, as a rule, incomparably the worst cultivated, but that the worst of all, those which showed the most villanous, slovenly, and backward agriculture and the most discreditable and miserable people, were invariably those let on long leases (three lives, and sixty-one years), and especially and notoriously those held in perpetuity, and at low rents.* A tenant-at-will often does his best, because he knows that he must farm decently or quit; a tenant secure in his holding can set his landlord at defiance, scratch a few fields, fatten a few pigs, and go to sleep. The Devon Commission, in particular,

abounds in instances and proofs. One witness says:—"In this district long leases have proved injurious to the condition of the tenants and the cultivation of the land. The tenant having secured a long term, procrastinates, gets into lazy habits, neglects his business, goes on conacing and impoverishing, until his land is exhausted and covered with paupers—himself the greatest." And he goes on to detail four cases of the sort, all on his own property. Another witness says:—"I know a farm which is upon lease for 999 years, and there is not such a badly managed estate round the country, nor one on which the people are so wretched." A third:—"On the estates let in perpetuity in this barony, the tenants generally are the poorest in the neighbourhood, have subdivided their farms to a great extent, and cultivate them very badly." And so on *ad infinitum*. The testimony of Judge Longfield and other friends of a fair tenant-right before Mr. Maguire's Committees all points in the same direction. What Ireland and the Irish peasant really need is the very opposite of the treatment Mr. Butt and the *Spectator* recommend.

We have now to notice a point on which these two authorities diverge. The *Spectator* would permit subletting and subdivision to the new proprietary, or quasi-proprietary, it would create by its "permanent settlement." Mr. Butt, more awake to the danger, and enlightened by some acquaintance with his countrymen and the experience of the past, would prohibit it, or give the landlord the absolute right of prohibiting it. It would come to precisely the same thing. No one should know better than Mr. Butt that however you may *prohibit* the practice, you cannot *prevent* it. Lord Dufferin (*Irish Emigration*, pp. 96-114) collects quantities of convincing evidence showing that the strictest covenants against subletting have always proved inoperative. They simply cannot be enforced. Even if a tenant is withheld from granting a lease or agreement to a sub-tenant, he cannot be prevented from dividing his farm among his children or friends, or allowing them to squat upon it and run up a miserable cabin on each separate field; and this, in fact, is the practice followed—with what evil and ruinous results no one is more aware than Mr. Butt. This practice is, in truth, the master mischief of Irish agriculture, that which, more than any other cause, brought Ireland to its present wretched state of overpopulation and destitution, that which culminated in the famine of 1846. Yet it is this which the recommendation of the *Spectator* would inevitably renew and multiply. It is impossible to describe the practice and

* It cannot be said that the scheme of "fixity of tenure" has not been fully tried, and is always self-condemned; for it is calculated that *one-thirteenth* of the soil of Ireland is thus held in perpetuity, and that this portion is always the worst farmed.

its fatal consequences as fully as would be desirable within our limits; but we must give a few lines to make its gravity in some measure understood.

The average Irishman, every Irishman nearly who is not exceptional or placed in exceptional circumstances, has three characteristics. He has not only an eager desire for land, amounting in many classes to an absolute craving or passion, but he has almost as strong a wish to be a *landlord*, and to have tenants under him. He greatly prefers the *otium cum dignitate* of receiving rents to the incessant labour of cultivating his own farm. Hence, as soon as he obtains possession of a holding of adequate size on a tolerably secure tenure, especially if in perpetuity or on a long lease, his invariable practice is to sublet, and probably in small lots, all that he does not need for the maintenance, according to his standard of maintenance, of himself and his family. But, besides this tendency, the Irishman is both gregarious in his tastes and a man of strong family affections; he likes to have those he loves about him; he cannot find in his heart to deny to his children the gratifications in which he has indulged himself; and therefore as they grow up and wish to marry (and most of them marry very early, both from wish and from priestly influence) he allots them each a few acres of his farm, and allows them to run up a miserable cabin in a corner of it. He does this for each in succession, and they in the next generation follow his example, till *morcellement* can be carried no further. This, moreover, is not all: the Irishman in his way is a philosopher—of the Epicurean school; he is contented rather than ambitious, satisfied with little, desirous rather to enjoy life than to rise in life; the very realized ideal of the poet's lines:—

“Happy the man whose wish and care,
A few paternal acres bound,
Content to breathe his native air,
In his own ground.”

Sociable, pleasure-loving, indolent, good-natured, inclined to live in the present rather than the future, his wants and requirements diminish rather than increase; and as long as he is safe from ejection, and is among friends and connexions, he can be happy with the minimum of comfort and subsistence, and that minimum, and the area of land that will yield it, grow ever smaller and smaller. From these three tendencies and characteristics proceed subdivision of farms, inordinate increase of population, spreading poverty, a continuous lowering of the standard of plenty, comfort, and decency, miserable cultivation, reliance on potatoes, ill-paid or unpaid rents,

excessive amount of those rents, evictions, famines, discontent,—in a word, all those evil consequences which so long contributed to make Ireland what it was, and what it is only now beginning to cease to be. Those who are not aware that this is the case, and that these are the consequences, wherever there has been security or perpetuity of tenure, can have taken no pains to master the subject, for the means of informing themselves are abundant enough and easy of access; and if they are writers and public instructors their wilful ignorance is culpable dereliction of duty. If they believe that the security and perpetuity of tenure which they now advocate and would extend over the whole country, and confer on the whole people, will not produce in the future the same fruits it always has produced in the past, they are at least bound to give us some reason for the faith that is in them.

Of the extent and universality of the practice of subletting or subdivision, and of the utter failure and futility of all attempts made to prevent it, both the Devon Commission, Mr. Maguire's Committees, Sir George Lewis's pamphlet on Irish disturbances, and Lord Dufferin's two instructive *brochures*, contain the most abundant evidence and exemplifications. Lord Devon's inquiry about twenty-five years ago found 16, 20, 50, tenants or sub-lessees on farms let sixty years previously on long lease to a single farmer, often where the lease contained stringent provisions against the practice. Every tenant, as a rule, divided his land among his sons, till *ten* families were found subsisting, or trying to subsist, on *six* acres. In one case, the year 1747 saw sixty-three tenants on a given area,—a few years since there were 419 tenants and 274 cottiers. In 1747 each tenant had 110 acres; in 1847 the average was only 16 acres. On Lord Dufferin's property are two estates, which, in 1745, were let in perpetuity, the one to six, the other to seven tenants; the six farms are now twenty-five, and the seven have become twenty-seven. In both cases the sub-rents levied are higher, and the land in far worse condition than in the adjoining districts. In another instance, mentioned by Mr. Trench, where their were originally thirty-eight tenants on 44,000 acres, there were in 1841, 8000 tenants and 44,000 souls. Another case given in the Report of the Devon Commission, showing the subdivision effected in a single generation, by which two tenants have grown into twenty-nine, and 205 acres into 422 lots, may serve to complete the picture. It is a striking instance, but not an exaggerated one, of an almost universal fact.

But the scheme of Mr. Butt and the *Spectator* for contenting and redeeming the peasantry and tenantry of Ireland by rendering them secure and perpetual holders of their farms, which, if it were really operative, would infallibly produce the consequences we have just described, a few moments' further consideration will show could not practically be made to operate at all so as to secure the objects they have in view, and which constitute its sole recommendation. In the first place, what reason is there for believing that content and loyalty, and the peace which is to follow in their train, would be the issue of a system which must create, in a single generation probably, certainly in two, a swarming, unimproving, miserable population, ill-fed, ill-housed, and always on the verge of destitution—such, in a word, as the famine of 1846 fell upon? But, in the second place, it would be impossible to carry out the system in effect,—for one simple reason. Both Mr. Butt and the *Spectator* of course enact that there shall be the power of ejectment for non-payment of rent, if for no other cause; and the latter authority, as we saw, contemplates an immediate enhancement of the present rents in order to provide the sinking fund required. Now an immense preponderance of evidence shows that, even at present, ejectments for any other cause than non-payment of rent are rare in the extreme; yet ejectments, we are assured, are deplorably numerous. The fact is that existing tenants are frequently in arrear, are perpetually unable to pay at all, and they would be so under any system, and would be so of course increasingly when their rents were raised. Were the scheme proposed to be carried out, not a year would pass over our heads before some of the newly-established permanent tenants would have to be dispossessed for non-fulfilment of their one condition of tenure; the first two years of bad harvests would see evictions deplorably numerous; and before ten years were gone, what with default of rent, ruin in consequence of borrowed money, sale of right of occupancy by emigrating or despairing or drinking farmers, probably half the land would have passed back into the hands of the landlords or of other purchasers.* The energetic, the

frugal, the skilful tenant, the man possessed of a little capital, a little ambition, a little science, would thrive, as he does now. The indolent, the impoverished, the careless, the convivial tenant, would soon be in arrear with his rent, and be forced to forfeit his holding, just as he is now; and, as now, the latter class would be the many, and the former class would be the few. And the evicted, though obviously evicted only for their own default, and as a consequence of their own incapacity, would be just as discontented as they are now; would hate England, and abuse the English Government as the source of their misfortune, precisely as they do now. That any one who knows the average Irishman, his qualities and his characteristics, his agriculture and his habits, can bring himself to believe that he will for a series of years pay a fixed rent without fail, or that if he be owner he will not sell his land, or so sublet it as himself to become an evictor, and that matters will not thus soon fall back into the old vicious routine, with increased numbers to suffer from it, does seem to us a strange example of what Dr. Johnson calls "the triumph of hope over experience."

One final objection yet remains to be noticed, an objection applying to the wisest and fairest form that can be devised of the scheme for regenerating Ireland, by rendering her farmers permanent and irremovable occupiers of their tenancies. It is, that the area of the country would not suffice for the purpose. The main proportion of the population lives on the land, and subsists by its cultivation. The *borough* population of England is 44 per cent. of the whole; that of Ireland is only 14 per cent. The proportion living in *towns* (of 2000 inhabitants) in England is 61 per cent.; in Ireland (in towns with 1500 inhabitants) it is only 20 per

eviction is subject to redemption by the tenant at any time within six months. This privilege I propose to abolish, and to make the eviction absolute at once.

"I propose to bind the tenant to proper cultivation of the farm, and to the maintenance of all improvements; and, in the event of his failing in either of these conditions, he incurs, in like manner, the forfeiture of the interest which the Statute confers upon him."—*Fixity of Tenure*, p. 5.

* In discussing this question, we have been anxious to confine ourselves strictly to the consideration of what could be best for the tenants and the peasantry,—what would really conduce to the well-being and content of "the people." But those who are disposed, as all fair-minded persons will be, to regard the equity and justice of Mr. Butt's proposal as concerns the landlords, may see its enormity most ably and temperately exposed in Lord Dufferin's *State of Ireland*, p. 29 *et seq.*, as well as Judge Longfield's and Mr. O'Connell's indignant denunciations of the scheme.

* We have here greatly understated the case, for on looking further we find that Mr. Butt would eject these "fixed" tenants not only for failure to pay the covenanted rent, but for bad farming also:—

"The interest in the soil thus conferred upon him he should retain only so long as he proves himself a punctual and improving tenant. Non-payment of the rent should be followed by forfeiture of his interest. I propose to make the ejectment for non-payment of rent an absolute one. At present the

cent. The *country*, or agricultural population of Ireland, the numbers to be provided with land, must therefore be taken even now, reduced as it has been, at 4,500,000, or 900,000 *families*. Now, most of the witnesses examined specify twenty or thirty acres as the least which can be farmed to advantage, so as to enable the occupier to live in decent comfort, and to pay regularly a fair rent; to make him a safe and desirable man, in fact, to give a lease or a permanency of any sort to. Several men of experience, and well-disposed towards the tenant, place it a good deal higher, but of course much depends on the quality of the soil. If we take the minimum at twenty-five acres of *average* land, we shall certainly not be overstating the size of farms that is desirable. But the entire surface of Ireland cultivated, or capable of and able to repay cultivation, putting aside towns, water, bog, and irreclaimable waste, is only 15,000,000 acres; and this, if the *whole* were divided among the 900,000 families, would only allow seventeen acres to each instead of the needed twenty-five. The plain fact, notorious in spite of all attempts to blink it, is, that in Ireland far too large a proportion of the people are dependent on the soil. She needs other resources, other industries, other occupations. And one word in conclusion on a cognate subject before quitting this part of our question. Those who point to France, Belgium, and Switzerland, as examples of the good effects of peasant proprietorship and subdivision of land occupancies, are apt to leave out of view three or four very relevant and significant facts:—*First*, That all three countries are eminently manufacturing ones, and that a very large proportion of their inhabitants subsist wholly or mainly on a variety of non-agricultural pursuits. *Secondly*, That in France the population of the rural districts does not and cannot be allowed to increase; in several parts it is even diminishing; the surplus flock into the towns. *Thirdly*, That in Switzerland large numbers leave the country for many years to seek their fortune abroad, and return home enriched men to enjoy it. *Fourthly*, That both in Switzerland and France the natural increase of the population is artificially checked and discouraged, as indeed in all countries of peasant proprietorship and *morcellement* it must be. And, *finally*, that in France, the land *par excellence* of subdivided holdings, more than half the proprietors are both indigent and indebted to the extreme.

That the condition of the mass of the Irish people has enormously improved in the course of the last thirty years, that this improvement has been continuous and marked,

notwithstanding the apparent check given to it by three wet seasons in succession, that this improvement has been consentaneous with the consolidation of farms that has taken place and the restoration of much land to the sort of crops for which it was best adapted, and has been in no small degree traceable to that process, that the wages of all kinds of labour have risen from 25 to 60 per cent., however Mr. Butt and Lord Dufferin may differ as to their precise amount, and that the extraordinary emigration which has continued for so many years, has been a main and indispensable agent in these changes for the better, though some persons may regret its extent and its consequences on political or sentimental grounds,—these are points as to which there is and can be little controversy. That the introduction and extension of manufacturing industry, especially of the woollen and the cotton trade, is needed to supplement and aid the progress that has been already made there can be no question. If there were a brisk demand for manufacturing labour land would be less run upon, competition would become less keen and bitter, and rents less excessive and unpayable. That emigration will continue with little diminution it is impossible to doubt, in the face of the fact that half a million of money yearly is remitted from the Irish in America to the Irish in the old country, in order to assist it. Nor till manufactures are largely introduced, and till the number employed upon the land is reduced to that really required for its thorough cultivation, is it easy to see that the annual expatriation of 100,000 redundant hands and mouths can be other than a blessing both to those who go and to those who stay; though we may fully sympathize with the emigrants who are forced (as so many Scotch and English and Germans are forced likewise) to leave their native land in search of plenty and prosperity. It is necessary simply to recognise the truth, that for all people, except under the rarest circumstances, it is impossible in the Old World both to multiply *ad libitum* and to stay at home. To all who are disposed to repine at the necessity, as it bears upon the sister isle, we recommend the perusal of Mr. Maguire's most interesting, wordy, overflowing, suggestive, but one-sided book, *The Irish in America*. It is true that he sees everything Irish *en beau*, that he writes as if the Irish emigrants were not only the *élite* of settlers and of humanity, but far the most prosperous and successful; that he ignores, if he does not altogether misrepresent, the estimate formed of his countrymen in America and the feelings with which they are regarded by the natives

of their adopted country. But his work brings out two most important points in the clearest light, and in strong, and apparently quite unintentional, relief. The first of these is, that the Irish do not change their nature, nor greatly the lot which that nature entails upon them, by merely crossing the Atlantic, showing pretty clearly that it is not solely English misgovernment or English injustice which is answerable for their misfortunes at home. They succeed or they fail in the New World just as they display those qualities and retain those habits which have brought them success or failure in the Old World. Where they are frugal, energetic, industrious, and sober, they get on splendidly. Where they are improvident, reckless, convivial and inclined to drink, they always go to the bad. Where they go at once into the interior, and take to farming or farm-labour, they prosper and rise in the world as fast as others. Where they linger in cities, live on odd jobs, or as navvies and dockyard labourers, they usually remain nearly as wretched as in Ireland, and constitute the lowest portion of the population,—discreditable to the land they have quitted, a mischief, an embarrassment, an evil element, and a bad example in the land they have adopted. Wherever the Irish are in a degree isolated, and scattered among natives or English and Scotch settlers, they seem to adopt their habits, and character, and mode of life. Wherever they congregate together in considerable numbers, there, as a rule, they remain Irish still. In the mines and ironworks of America, as in Ireland and England, they too often constitute the turbulent, unmanageable, combining, “striking,” disaffected portion of the workmen. In New York—there especially, though not there alone—they are a source of great injury to the best interests of the city and the State, not liked, not respected, but ruthlessly used and duped. Mr. Maguire draws a deplorable picture of their wretchedness, but he says not a word of their rough proceedings or their political operation. We are left to learn this from other and from native sources. It appears, from two remarkable articles in the *North American Review*, that in the great metropolis of the United States, the “foreign vote”—nearly all Irish—constitutes 60,000 out of 100,000, or a decided majority; that these usually vote together, and have therefore become a power in all elections, must be considered, must be won, must be managed, must be bought, in a word;—that there, as at home, they are fond of politics, and a most evil influence in politics, and that to these men, and to the newspapers which are chiefly in Irish hands, some of the worst features, and

much of the lamentable degradation of American political life is traceable. They elect the judges in New York, they elect the municipal council,—sometimes, indeed, they become councillors, and share in and divide the spoil; and what sort of men the judges and councillors there are, the two articles in question, well known, never controverted, and from purely American sources, will enable our readers to understand. Anything more corrupt, unscrupulous, shameless, or pernicious, it is not easy to conceive. Nor are the men they send to Congress or the State Legislature much better.

The other reflection strongly impressed upon us by the perusal of Mr. Maguire’s glowing, and we have no doubt strictly correct, description of the prosperity of Irish settlers in Canada and the United States, the former especially, is wonder how any friend to his countrymen can wish to keep them at home. To go from Ireland to Nova Scotia, to Illinois, or the banks of St. Lawrence, would seem to be like stepping (through a temporary but very brief *mauvais pas*) from Purgatory to Paradise, from penury to wealth, from starvation to abundance. Nearly every man had the same tale to tell. “I landed at Halifax or New York eight, ten, sometimes only five years ago, without a shilling, or only with an axe; I went up country, worked for wages till I could purchase a few acres of my own; laid by, and struggled hard; and now I have a good house and a comfortable farm, all my own property, of 200 or 300 acres, am worth £2000, £3000, £5000; and every one of my sons can be certain of doing just as well.” Yet these men when in their native country had, as a rule, only a miserable holding of three or five acres—for which they were often unable to pay rent—a wretched cabin, no hopes, and no ambition. Now compare for a moment the average, the *certain* prospect, which awaits the sober and industrious Irishman who emigrates to America, with the best prospect that he could dream of at home, were he ever so sober and industrious. Suppose Ireland “governed in conformity to Irish ideas,” tranquil and prosperous almost beyond rational hopes, manufactures introduced, wages trebled, “fixity of tenure” conceded, what would be the brightest possibility within reach of the ordinary Irishman? To earn 18s. a week, to hold ten acres of not very rich soil, to feel that his sons, if they did not emigrate, could have only five or three, to live in a cabin, comfortable perhaps according to his notions of comfort, to forget the future, or, if he remembered it, to remember it with anxiety. What lies before him ten days further west? In a very

few years a position as landed proprietor, a career, a political career if he desire it, yearly increasing wealth, absolute plenty and comfort, and perfect freedom from all anxiety either for himself or his children. What country in the Old World, what government in Ireland, though "native" to the core, could offer him anything like this? And wherein lies the secret of the marvellous contrast? Not in government, not in race, not in religion, not because he is oppressed in the one country and free in the other; but simply and solely in two facts, which no people and no sovereign can alter: that in Ireland men are redundant, and that in America they are scarce; that in the Old World labour can be had for a shilling a day, and land only for £50 an acre; whereas, over the water, labour commands five or eight shillings a day, and land can be bought for five shillings an acre—or less. In one case *one day's* work can purchase one acre; in the other case not *three years'* work.

That emigration from Ireland has not, thus far, gone on too fast is certain, for as we have seen, there are still 300,000 families more than are needed for the cultivation of the soil, and the manufacturing industry that should absorb them has not yet been established, and shrinks from so restless and turbulent a land. Whether it may not be found in a few years to have gone far enough,—and to be still going on when we might, under altered circumstances, wish to check it,—is another question, and a grave one, which has not received the attention it deserves. There is one feature especially in the emigration that calls for particular notice, and that is, *the age of the emigrants*. The population statistics of Ireland are not yet perfectly accurate, but the *natural* annual increase—*i.e.*, the excess of births over deaths—may be stated at about 50,000, while the average annual emigration is about 110,000, showing a balance of decrease of 60,000. Now, if this number consisted of old and young alike, or equally of all ages, the drain would be no greater than appears on the face of the figures, and might well be borne. But it is not so. It consists of the breeding ages; those who go are precisely those from whom the population is recruited—namely, those between 20 and 40, and to a great extent young couples recently married, or beginning to have young families. It is obvious that if every year we were to export all who married at the age of 20, and to do this for twenty years, the country would speedily be depopulated, though an equal number of those between 40 and 50 would entail no such result. In the one case we export only the actual number of emi-

grants; in the other case we export not only themselves but all their future progeny. Now, we have no means of stating with certainty the ages of the emigrants each year, but we know enough to be sure that they are mainly of the class referred to, and that our conclusion is confirmed by the analysis of the population that remains. Thus, of the emigrants from Irish ports for the five years between 1851 and 1855, *fifty-one* per cent. were between 20 and 40 years of age, and 26 per cent. between 10 and 20,—*i.e.*, we may say at least *sixty-five* per cent. were of the breeding ages. In 1865, of Irish emigrants sailing from all ports, 65 per cent. were between 15 and 35 years of age,—or we may say 70 per cent. of the breeding ages. This has already told on the population at home, for the proportion between 20 and 40 years of age, which is 30 per cent. in England, is only 27·8 per cent. in Ireland; and in comparing the census returns of 1851 and 1861, we find that while there is an increase of 134,000 of those under 5 and over 55 years, there is a decrease of 886,000 of those between those ages. It may, therefore, be expected, as this process has now been going on for twenty years, that ere long we shall perceive a marked diminution in the state of national increase, and that the births will cease to exceed the deaths in the same ratio as at present.*

Of sundry minor schemes, many of them mere modifications of the larger ones, for setting Ireland to rights, we have left ourselves no space to speak, nor perhaps is it necessary; but we may just notice in passing the recommendation of the writer, "Philocelt," who, in the columns of the *Daily News*, has often been an eager antagonist of Lord Dufferin. This gentleman, while utterly repudiating Mr. Butt's plan of "fixity of tenure," as sure to prove a mere aggravation of Ireland's evils, advocates the creation of a "peasant proprietary" as the real cure (January 14). He would abolish primogeniture, bring land freely into the market, and sell it in small lots adapted to the means of really qualified purchasers, *how small* he does not say, but we may assume not in smaller ones than, as all witnesses agree, admit of being farmed with advantage. Now, without going into the question of the social and economical effects of peasant-proprietorship, a subject which has been discussed *usque*

* The Irish Registrar-General's Reports, were the figures complete and trustworthy, would strongly confirm the above results. They give the birth-rate in Ireland as one in 40; in England it is one in 28. But the system of registration has been too recently established in Ireland to enable us yet to trust the records.

ad nauseam, and on which a vast amount of information, collected from various sources, is contained in Lord Dufferin's second pamphlet, we may remind "Philocelt" of two or three facts which he appears to have overlooked. The first is, that the abolition of primogeniture, or any artificial scheme like Mr. Bright's for making the soil of Ireland change hands by purchase, can scarcely be necessary, when within a very few years sales, for the most part *bonâ fide* sales, to the amount of upwards of £30,000,000 have been effected by the Encumbered Estates' Court; that, according to a statement made by the Solicitor-General for Ireland in 1861, when only £23,000,000 had been sold, more than *five-sixths* of the proceeds had been paid by Irish purchasers; that more than a sixth of the whole area of the island, or upwards of 3,200,000 acres, had thus been disposed of, and disposed of so as to effect a very considerable subdivision of the larger properties; 3547 estates having, at that date, been conveyed to 8364 purchasers, and, as far as we can make out, in 11,024 lots, which gives an average of 300 acres, and of course implies that many lots must have been of far smaller area. The average number of the sales effected in the last three years has been 340, and the average price paid for each lot about £3300.

It appears, however, that new evils are arising, as they were certain to arise in Ireland, from that very plan of selling in small lots to suit purchasers which "Philocelt" advises as a remedy:—

"A very acute observer" (writes Lord Dufferin), "the agent of an estate in the north of Ireland, though himself a native of the south, thus signalizes the dangers which are already becoming apparent from the minute division of property now promoted by sales in the Encumbered Estates Court:—

"I have several times mentioned to you the evils likely to arise from the sales in the Landed Estates Courts. Under the original Encumbered Estates Court, properties were brought to sale in large lots, suitable only for the purses of moneyed men, and accordingly they were purchased at such a price as enabled the buyer to let the lands at fair rents to the tenants. After a time the demand for land in small lots became so great, owing to many of the farming class returning with money from the gold diggings, etc., etc., that persons having the carriage of sales at once decided on making the 'lots to suit purchasers,' and in almost every instance the landlord class of gentry were, and still are, beaten out of the market; the large prices given by the class I have mentioned, being such as to reduce the interest on the outlay in several instances which I could mention below two per cent. . . . The buyer is not of the standing in life to care for the

comforts of those under him; his income is small—much smaller owing to the high price he gave for the lot. . . . The reason I mention middle men is that I see daily a class of men becoming landlords, in consequence of the sale of small lots in the Landed Estates Court, who are in every respect similar to those men."

Professor Cairnes has made the same observation:—

"There is, however, a partial counter-current, of which I have not seen any public notice. A class of men, not very numerous, but sufficiently so to do much mischief, have, through the Landed Estates Court, got into possession of land in Ireland, who, of all classes, are least likely to recognise the duties of a landlord's position. These are small traders in towns, who, by dint of sheer parsimony, frequently combined with money-lending at usurious rates, have succeeded in the course of a long life, in scraping together as much money as will enable them to buy fifty or a hundred acres of land. These people never think of turning farmers, but, proud of their position as landlords, proceed to turn it to the utmost account."

The *Economist* newspaper in last November contained perhaps the best practical suggestion as to the method of proceeding which has yet, so far as we know, been put forth. It recommended "experimental legislation:"—

"Why," it asks, "when we cannot *know*, should we not *try*? Why, whenever practicable—and it constantly is perfectly practicable—should we not ascertain the effect of a measure about which we doubt and doctors disagree, in one or two districts, instead of introducing it blindly over the whole country? Why, of two rival schemes for correcting a great mischief or rectifying an admitted grievance—neither of which schemes seems perfect, and each of which has yet much to recommend it—should we not try one scheme in one place, and the other scheme elsewhere? A wise and modest physician when dealing with a new remedy or a new disease—or with diseases and remedies which he is conscious he only imperfectly understands—does not administer the same medicine in the same doses to all his patients, but gives one drug to one and another to another, or ten grains to one and five grains to another, and then watches their operation, and determines upon his ultimate and general mode of practice, according to the ascertained result. Why do the physicians of the State so seldom dream of acting in a similarly rational fashion? Why, in a word, being ignorant and devoid of the gift of unerring foresight, are we not more tentative and experimental in our legislation? There are surely scores of instances where we might be so, easily, safely, and with manifest advantage; and the amount of political wisdom and experience we might accumulate by such a course of action is incalculable.

"There is one question especially which is now pressing upon us with unprecedented urgency,—which will admit of no delay, no trifling, and no blunders,—which is singularly grave, singularly difficult, singularly complicated by the fierce passions engaged on both sides of the controversy,—the solution of which depends, or ought to depend, mainly on the results which would flow from the adoption of this or that principle or scheme, while yet those results are peculiarly difficult to foresee, or at least are matters of much discrepancy of opinion among those concerned as well as among grave, impartial, and observing politicians,—a question, therefore, especially fitted for decision by experiment—by such fair, limited, adequate experiment as is practicable, safe, and uncommitting. We mean the Irish land question. Lord Dufferin, in his address to the Social Science Association at Belfast the other day, threw out a wise and prolific suggestion on this subject, which well deserves most deliberate consideration by our statesman. Politicians differ *toto celo* as to the way in which this great question ought to be decided, but they all agree that, till it is decided one way or the other, there will be no tranquillity in Ireland and no comfort for England. Some argue that it is but just that the land should be owned in one shape or another by the people who live upon it and cultivate it;—that this conviction and the passion for property in land are so deep-rooted and so fierce in the Irish peasant, that yielding to them will loyalize and pacify him at once, and that nothing else can;—that 'fixity of tenure' or actual ownership would develop in him, as by magic, those virtues of industry, forethought, good husbandry, abstinence from undue reproduction, in which he has hitherto been so deficient;—that, in short, *la petite culture* and peasant proprietorship are the remedies for the woes of Ireland, and the true mode of inaugurating her prosperity and developing her resources. Others take precisely the opposite view:—they argue that 'fixity of tenure' cannot be granted or insured, because it involves and implies regular payment of the stipulated rent, and that the Irishman will constantly fail in this, and thus necessitate ejection or distraint, and its consequent irritation, disloyalty, and outrage;—that the Irish peasant, if fixed in his small holding, would increase and multiply as he did in the cottier times, and thus get the country once more overrun with multitudinous paupers as before; that if he became owner in fee-simple, he would instantly sublet his farm in smaller lots, on which tenants could not live, or could live only in wretchedness;—that the Irishman, left to himself, is essentially and incurably a bad, unscientific, unimproving, and exhausting farmer;—and that to hand over the soil to him as he desires in small properties or holdings would be simply to sink back into the Slough of Despond from which the country is only just emerging, and to begin to tread the old vicious and fatal circle once again. We have, of course, our own distinct opinions on the subject; but why should we not, in place of idly *speculating*, practically *ascertain* which anticipations are

correct? Why should not the Government—which has taken, which has been forced to take upon itself so many strange functions in Ireland—purchase encumbered estates, or the estates of willing sellers, on a great scale,—say half a province, or three or four counties, such as Donegal, Mayo, Galway, and parts of Limerick and Cork? Why should it not then proceed to let one portion in suitably-sized farms to suitable tenants, at reasonable and remunerative rents, with such precautions against subletting as are equitable and could be readily enforced, and with only such provision for enforcing payment of rent by process of eviction as is obviously indispensable; and thus try the Hindu Ryotwar plan, or the Irish 'fixity of tenure' plan, on a scale which would render the experiment a fair and conclusive one? Why should it not further *sell* out and out, with a simple Parliamentary title, other portions of its acquired territory, to such Irish purchasers as had means of purchase or could give adequate security, and then leave them to 'do what they will with their own?' Probably not a generation, perhaps not half a generation, would elapse before all men might satisfy themselves, not only which set of political prophets had shown the sounder wisdom and the juster appreciation of the Irish nature, but which scheme—absolute ownership, or fixity of tenure with a determinate yearly payment, or the existing landlordism and tenant farming—was best adapted to the country and the people,—and during that generation or half-generation, at least, we might look for peace. And a generation of peace might be the salvation of Ireland: it would, at all events, be a blessing and a novelty. And during that generation we should have had three agricultural experiments working side by side—*la grande culture*, under wealthy and powerful and enterprising landlords,—*la petite culture*, under controlled tenancy,—and peasant proprietorship in its unrestricted form;—so that we should be unteachable indeed if we could not draw irrefragable conclusions from the spectacle."

A few parting words by way of summary. We have tasked the reader's patience by an undeniably long article, because we have had to travel over much ground, but we have been far briefer than we should have been had we ventured to adduce proofs and testimony in support of the several propositions we have laid down. But this would have made our article absolutely unwieldy, and we can only affirm that we have, to the best of our belief, made no statement that is not amply borne out by the several irrefragable authorities to which we have referred. As to the widespread discontent and dissatisfaction of the Irish at home, and the bitter and fanatical animosity of a large number of those who are settled in America, there can, we fear, be little doubt. As little doubt can there be that these sentiments, though partly traceable to, and in a great

measure justified by, the conduct of England toward Ireland in former times, have no warranty whatever in our present attitude or behaviour, or in any with which we can be fairly charged for eight-and-twenty years—with the single exception of the Church Establishment, which, though a wrong and a grievance, is notoriously not the source of the disloyalty or misery we lament. Least of all can it be doubted that this bad feeling, which might otherwise have died out under the many proofs of English anxiety to do justice and relieve distress, and under the indisputable improvement which has been effected in many parts and in most respects, has been sedulously fostered by foreign enemies, by malignant friends, by leaders of the populace who seek for nothing short of revolution, by perverse and shallow politicians whose nostrums and denunciations are among Ireland's greatest dangers and saddest symptoms. Nor does it seem to admit of question that of the several objects aimed at, and the several demands made on behalf of Ireland, by those who arrogate to themselves the exclusive title of her friends, some are simply impossible, others futile and irrelevant, others again utterly pernicious and suicidal; that in a steady maintenance of the just rights of property, and a strict discharge of its duties, and not in an invasion of the one or a transfer of the other, is the future good of the country to be sought; that in continuous, but natural and unstimulated emigration, and in the restoration of the land to that mode of culture for which soil and climate are obviously best adapted; *i.e.*, in the very processes which are now going on, and which so many speculators lament, lies the surest road to prosperity and comfort both for those who go and those who stay; and that if only Ireland were permitted by her wretched children to have a single generation of tranquillity, the healing work would be completed and sealed by the introduction of commerce and manufactures. Let us not be driven from the sound course on which we have entered either by despair at the slow processes by which only salvation can be reached, or by the impatience and turbulent discontent of those who cannot wait for the future because they suffer so severely in the present, or by idle doubts of the correctness of our policy, merely because it is inadequate to undo in half a generation the consequences of ten generations of blunder and misrule. There is no panacea for Irish woes; there *can* be no sudden cure, no magic nostrum, no infallible antidote, for evils which are deeply rooted in history, more deeply rooted still in the character and habits of the people. “Exceptional legisla-

tion for exceptional evils” if you will, provided you can prove that it will mitigate and not aggravate those evils; but, *failing such proof* (and such proof always has failed most signally), there is nothing for it but perseverance in plain work and discharge of ordinary duties, the enforcement of equal laws, protection to landlord and tenant alike, and, if possible, the restoration of tranquillity by the most prompt and reliable administration of justice,—and then to await the result (giving time for such result to come) with untiring patience, but with no sanguine hopes. Meanwhile, in our conception, those are the worst enemies of Ireland, and among the worst citizens of England who persist in dangling before the eyes of a deluded and fanatic people either the phantom of independence or the vision of repeal, or the still more fatal hope of a division of the land among the peasantry, in any shape, under any disguise, or by any means. It is in abandonment by the Irish of Irish faults and of Irish dreams, and not in such sedulous fostering of both as it is now becoming the fashion to recommend, that rescue and redemption must be sought. It is most desirable that the actual state of the case should be declared in the plainest and most uncompromising language both to Ireland and the world. Every proclivity towards, or attempt at, separation, all Englishmen and Scotchmen, and at least one-third of Irishmen, are resolved to put down, by the strong hand, at all hazards, at any cost, and with any necessary sternness. It is indispensable that we should do so; it is certain that we shall do so; it is at once our duty, our policy, and our right. Repeal we will not even discuss; it has already been discussed *ad nauseam* fully and fairly; nine-tenths of us will listen to it no longer. “Fixity of tenure,” legislative expropriation of landed proprietors in favour of peasants or cottiers, in any shape, we may be confident will lose advocates the longer it is argued and examined. “To govern Ireland in conformity with Irish ideas”—that is with the ideas of the mere Celtic and unreflective majority—is simply impossible; it is idle to talk of it; it would be fatal to attempt it. Those who persist in repeating the parrot-phrase are mere hinderers of work, postponers of the day of real practical progress and education. The language of statesmen to Ireland should be:—“We will rule you justly, beneficially, forbearingly, to the utmost of our power; we will not leave you the ghost of a genuine grievance; but we will never let you go; we will never undo the Act of Union; you shall share for weal or woe in all the privi-

leges and in all the obligations of the common empire; and you shall not be given over to be irretrievably ruined by the crude conceptions or the futile dreams or the bitter passions of the least cultivated, least advanced, and least energetic portion of your people. Cease to cry over spilt milk; accept the irreparable; renounce the unattainable; and all may yet be well,—and be well speedily.”

One word in conclusion,—which perhaps might have been more fitly placed at the commencement of this paper. The general impression now prevalent in the public mind, and traceable mainly to that outbreak of chronic discontent, aggravated by foreign exacerbations which calls itself Fenianism,—that Irish wretchedness, destitution, and social disorder are increasing, and have at length reached a pitch which necessitates immediate and decisive action,—is, we believe, entirely erroneous, and is contradicted by every unquestionable fact which can be adduced and established. All statistics, as well as all observation, show that Ireland is improving, and improving rapidly, and needs nothing but steadiness, time, and repose. Wages are rising, and have risen greatly, and are nearly as high in most places as they are in Dorsetshire and Somersetshire, while the cost of living is much lower. Indeed, there is much reason to believe that, at the present moment, we have severer distress in England than in Ireland. Even during the last three years—two of them, at least, bad seasons—improvement has been going on. The number of acres under tillage has increased in proportion to the population (*i.e. per head*) fifty per cent. since 1847. The aggregate value of the crops has risen since 1860 *twelve* per cent.; the number and value of live-stock *twenty-five* per cent.; crime has decreased *thirty* per cent.; pauperism (since 1863) *eleven* per cent.; emigration *forty* per cent.; lastly, the number of families living in mere

mud one-roomed hovels decreased *sixty* per cent. between 1841 and 1861; those decently housed remained the same; those well housed increased *thirty-three* per cent.* In the face of these facts, to cry out, as we are doing, that “something must be done at once,” and to be prepared, as we are, to do something very rash, is not creditable to our honesty or good sense; and statesmen, and Liberal politicians more especially, should set themselves to quiet the clamour, not to swell it, or to make political capital out of it.

P. S.—Since this article was in type, Earl Russell and Mr. Mill have given to the world their respective notions on Irish questions. The views of the two eminent Liberal politicians are, as might be expected, utterly divergent on the Land Tenure question; and the Peer has as decidedly the advantage in wisdom and in temper as the philosopher has in mere force and incisiveness of style. The member for Westminster scarcely alludes to the Irish Church at all; he simply *assumes* its abolition as a settled point, and almost a *fait accompli*. The retiring Premier puts it prominently forward, but proposes to deal with it in a fashion that will scarcely find favour with our readers,—viz., by endowing all three sects with the temporalities of the existing Establishment in proportion to the members of the several adherents. Earl Russell adopts unreservedly the principles we have here advocated as to Land Tenure; Mr. Mill not only gives in his adherence to the “Perpetual Settlement” scheme of the *Spectator*, but insists on its instantaneous and submissive acceptance, with an intemperate and dictatorial vehemence that, coming from so great a master of reason and of thought, is absolutely startling. Mr. Mill absolutely mixes too much passion in his advocacy to be a safe guide; he is more prone to have his hobbies and his crotchets than so leading a philosopher ought to be—and peasant-proprietorship has always been one of these. But he brings no new facts or arguments to strengthen his recommendation, and of old facts and arguments he ignores some and mistakes others. He treats Fenianism as a universal feeling among the Irish, and as the most formidable outbreak of disaffection we have seen; whereas it is notorious that no one of the least social weight, capacity, or consideration has joined it; that it is confined almost exclusively to the most ignorant classes; that in this respect it differs from every previous outburst of disloyalty; and is therefore the feeblest and the least alarm-

* The degree of improvement in house accommodation in Ireland is better measured by relative than by absolute figures. The percentage of families living in houses of the first and second class, and in those of the third and fourth—the fourth being mere mud cabins with one room, and the third larger and roomier, but still built of mud—is as follows at the dates given:—

	1841.	1851.	1861.
First and second class, . . .	19 per cent.	28 per c.	33 per c.
Third class, . . .	39	49	49
Fourth class, . . .	42	23	18
	100	100	

It is scarcely possible to have a better test, or a more encouraging picture of an advance in the social condition of the poor.

ing, as well as the most irrational of any. He argues that we must abolish landlordism at once and altogether, and make the cultivators the owners of the soil, because "the Irish" demand it, and it will be satisfied with nothing less. But he takes no trouble to define who "the Irish" are, or to consider the fact that a very considerable portion—and certainly the most energetic and thriving portion—earnestly deprecate his sweeping scheme; nor does he deem it worth a philosopher's while to reflect what might turn out the probable operation of his remedy

if the Irish should prove less like the French than he chooses to believe, and should obstinately refuse to limit themselves to two children for each married couple. It is painful to say so of a man whom we have always been trained to reverence and admire, but we cannot but feel that in tone, temper, and argument Mr. Mill's pamphlet is unworthy of his well-earned reputation, and must greatly add to the difficulty of settling the question on a sound basis, by lending the sanction of so great a name to so mischievous a project and to such delusive and disturbing hopes.

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ART. I.—A LIBERAL EDUCATION —
SCHOOLS AND UNIVERSITIES.

1. *Suggestions on Academical Organisation, with especial reference to Oxford.* By MARK PATTISON, B.D., Rector of Lincoln College, Oxford. Edinburgh: 1868.
2. *Essays on a Liberal Education.* Edited by Rev. F. W. FARRAR, M.A., etc. etc. London: 1868.

MR. THACKERAY was fond of contrasting, with a whimsical regret, the dulness and the torments endured by children of his time with the varied felicities daily multiplied for the present generations of youth. He might have carried the contrast further; for now it seems as if not only the years of childhood are to be made happy with tales of wonder and lovely pictures,—the days of school-time are to be no longer laborious, our universities shall become scenes of occupations which are but pleasant play. In the approaching scholastic millennium, already present to the kindling imagination of Mr. Farrar of Harrow, idleness will disappear from our academic groves; they will be thronged with eager and happy seekers after knowledge. All difficulties are to be removed from present work; new studies of strange attractiveness are to arise. What these are to be is not perhaps stated with quite that precision that might be wished; but they will certainly possess such a charm that youths who now turn away from Shakespeare and think Scott "slow," will, for their sake, forswear racquets, and take no pleasure in cricket or boating. It is a roseate picture—to the elders of the community perhaps rather exasperating. We can fancy a morose man, who in his youth had suffered

much at pedagogic hands, filled with envy at this fair prospect for his successors. Why should he have been born so soon? Why should his early days have been embittered with grammars and lexicons, when now it turns out that Greek and Latin are not good for anything; or if, that they can be learned without any trouble?

The fulfilment of these high hopes seems to be made dependent on the downfall of classical studies from their present eminence—one of those questions which is sure to turn up from time to time. Long ago, Locke and Dr. Samuel Clarke successively attacked the abuse of classical learning in England; more recently, the vigour and wit of Sydney Smith was brought to bear against it; and within the last few months the controversy has started up in all the freshness of youth. In his late address at St. Andrews, Mr. Mill delivered the most judicious and most powerful vindication of classical studies which our time has heard. More recently, Mr. Grant Duff, at Aberdeen, carried away by no unworthy theory indeed, but yet by a theory quite impracticable, advocated an encyclopædic training, which should aim at giving a knowledge of everything; and last winter, Mr. Lowe devoted all the skill and all the resources which a classical education can give, to disparage the study, not only of the classical languages, but of the whole life of antiquity. Mr. Lowe did not limit his attack to our present *methods* of teaching. Had he done this, he would have met with general sympathy; for it is in vain to defend a system which would educate young men up to the age of two or three and twenty, as if they were all to be clergymen or editors of classical authors. But Mr. Lowe has gone much further than

this. He has disparaged the study of ancient literature, ancient history, ancient ethics; and here he will encounter the opposition of men who are no bigots in the cause of mere scholarship, but who are persuaded that the study of the life of antiquity through the medium of the two great languages of antiquity affords the surest basis for a rational and elevating education. And at this present time, it is fitting that such opposition should be frankly given, for the just claims of classical studies are in some peril. The reaction shows signs of going too far. Our education is in danger of being lowered to material ends; the narrowing effects of a training exclusively scientific are beginning to appear.

Mr. Lowe put forward four "principles" which he maintained to be subversive of classical studies. The first of these, *i. e.*, that we ought to know things rather than words, is a tinkling and unmeaning phrase, unhappily echoed by several authors of *Essays on a Liberal Education*, which, when Mr. Lowe used it, was demolished even by the utilitarian *Times*. His second, *i. e.*, that we must teach things practical rather than things speculative, has been seldom better answered than in the following passage from a very forcible lecture on Classical Teaching, by the Professor of Latin in the University of Edinburgh:—

"Is it true that our speculative or critical faculties, and our intellectual sympathies, are of such little consequence—harmless contributions perhaps to the amusement of idle men—that their education may be left to the casual intercourse of society? Is it not the case that we cannot read an article in a newspaper or review, we cannot listen to a speech or a sermon, we cannot hold a serious conversation with any one on any subject worth talking about, without having to exercise whatever speculative capacity we may have, and to bring into use whatever speculative opinions or sympathies we have formed for ourselves, or have taken unquestioned from the current speech of society? We live in a world not of words and things only; but also of speculations; and if we have not educated our faculty of originating, or at least of judging of speculations, we are at the mercy of any sciolist, rhetorician, or fanatic who may be kind enough to take upon himself the office of forming our opinions and stimulating our feelings on the most important subjects of human thought. It is because I believe that liberal, as distinct from popular and professional education, should be speculative rather than practical, should develop the highest capacity of human thought and sympathy, that I so strongly urge upon you the claims of classical study."

Mr. Lowe's other two principles may be easily disposed of. One—that a knowledge

of truth is better than a knowledge of falsehood—is most fallaciously brought to bear on the present question, by contrasting English history with Greek mythology; the other—that a knowledge of the present is better than a knowledge of the past—is a fallacy in itself. Indeed, throughout the whole of this celebrated address, we meet with arguments and illustrations to which a man like Mr. Lowe should never have stooped. To say that the teachings of ancient history can have no value for us because the idea of representation was then unknown, is like depreciating the study of ancient ethics because the speculations of their philosophers were without the light of Christianity. Whereas the truth is, that as the absence of Christianity gives a peculiar interest and instructiveness to the study of ethical speculation, and, indeed, to the whole life of antiquity, so does the want of representation to the study of ancient politics. Contrasts can teach not less forcibly than similarities. And that narrowness of judgment, to which History is the best antidote, is more surely cured by a knowledge of institutions different, in some essential, from our own, than of institutions wholly or nearly the same. Again, if Mr. Lowe is serious in his position, that the writings of M. Prévost Paradol or M. Sainte-Beuve are not less "beautiful and refined," and will "exercise taste" not less perfectly than the masterpieces of Greek literature; or in his contention that Greek history is of little value, because the Greek States were so very small while we are so very big, we can only wonder; argument would be quite useless: and while from ignorant men disparagement of grammatical studies, on the ground that "Homer did not know the difference between the nominative and accusative case," may be set aside as merely silly, coming from a man of Mr. Lowe's knowledge it must be condemned as wilfully fallacious and misleading. But worse than these extravagances are Mr. Lowe's perversions of fact. He has given a picture of English education, with especial reference to Oxford, which, as a representation at least of the Oxford of the present day, is ludicrously incorrect. It is not true of Oxford now that a man need not know anything of arithmetic: that science forming a leading feature in the examination for Little-go. It is not true of Oxford now that men of high attainments would fail to obtain honours because they could not write Latin verses: the highest honours in Oxford, and the most valuable prizes, *i. e.*, the fellowships, may be got without writing a single line of verse. It is not true of Oxford now that men are taught to

draw no distinction between the authority of Cornelius Nepos and the authority of Thucydides. It is not true of Oxford now that her students "are taught nothing, and need know nothing," of the feudal system and the polity of the middle ages; on the contrary, a school of Law and Modern History has existed in Oxford for more than twelve years, which, popular from the first, has increased in popularity every year, while the whole weath of All-Souls has been appropriated to these studies. Mr. Lowe, when receiving his degree at Edinburgh, was pleased to express his regret that his own university had never conferred upon him a similar honour. We must say that a man who makes an attack on a university, based upon such wilful ignorance of her real state, can hardly expect any favour at her hands. But worse than fallacies, worse than clap-trap, worse even than misrepresentation, was the tone of Mr. Lowe's address as a whole. It was clear, hard, and ignoble; deficient in breadth of view; regarding only the practical and the material; utterly ignoring the highest side of human nature.

Mr. Lowe's views are so extreme as to stand quite apart. Educational matters engross at present a great share of the public attention, but few, even of the most zealous reformers, go the length of the great Adulamite. Thus the volume called *Essays on a Liberal Education* attracted considerable notice, but more from the position of the writers than from the novelty of the views therein contained. For, while the conclusions at which the writers arrive are, as a rule, sensible, they are not new. We do not think they get beyond—we doubt whether the controversy has at all advanced beyond—an article of Sydney Smith's, written some sixty years ago, and called "Too much Latin and Greek." That sound philosopher was heartily opposed to the over-estimate of classical studies prevalent in his day.

"Attend, too, to the public feelings—look to all the terms of applause. A learned man! a scholar! a man of erudition! Upon whom are these epithets of approbation bestowed? Are they given to men acquainted with the science of government, thoroughly masters of the geographical and commercial relations of Europe, to men who know the properties of bodies, and their action upon each other? No; this is not learning; it is chemistry, or political economy—not learning. The distinguishing abstract term, the epithet of scholar, is reserved for him who writes on the Æolic reduplication, and is familiar with the Sylburgian method of arranging defectives in α and μ . The picture which a young Englishman, addicted to the pursuit of knowledge, draws—his *beau idéal* of human nature—his top and consummation

of man's powers—is a knowledge of the Greek language. His object is not to reason, to imagine, or to invent, but to conjugate, decline, and derive. The situations of imaginary glory which he draws for himself are the detection of an anapest in the wrong place, or the restoration of a dative case which Cranzius had passed over, and the never-dying Ernesti had failed to observe. If a young classic of this kind were to meet the greatest chemist, or the greatest mechanician, or the most profound political economist of his time, in company with the greatest Greek scholar, would the slightest comparison between them ever come across his mind? Would he ever dream that such men as Adam Smith and Lavoisier were equal in dignity of understanding to, or of the same utility as, Bentley and Heyne? We are inclined to think that the feeling excited would be a good deal like that expressed by Dr. George about the praises of the great King of Prussia, who entertained considerable doubts whether the King, with all his victories, knew how to conjugate a Greek verb in μ ."

But Sydney Smith was too wise to rush into the other extreme. Though writing at a time when the pretensions of scholarship were tenfold what they are now, his admirable sense could not be led into the extravagances of Mr. Lowe. On the contrary, in this very essay he expresses a "sincere hope that classical learning will always be held in great honour in this country;" and he denounces any system of education from which classics are excluded as "radically erroneous, and completely absurd."

The substance of the *Essays on a Liberal Education* may be fairly given in two propositions:—(1.) That our method of teaching Latin and Greek must be changed; (2.) That certain other subjects must be added to the present teaching of our universities and schools; and not only must be added, but must be put in their proper place, and receive their due recognition. From neither of these propositions will many men be found to dissent. The first of them conflicts with the prejudice, dear to the English mind, that difficulties are not inevitable evils, but are to be cherished for their own sake. "If the English were in a paradise of spontaneous productions, they would continue to dig and plough, though they were never a peach nor a pine-apple the better for it." It is the theory of the pure scholar that we must learn the classical languages as a mental discipline only, with no aim beyond—that the instrument is to be cherished rather than the end—the difficulty preferred to the reward—the mere vehicle studied, heedless of the wisdom and the beauty which that vehicle might convey to us. Mr. Clark, in the *Cambridge Essays*, lays it down that "it is a strong recommendation to any study that it is dry

and distasteful." Now, in educational matters at least, no idea can be more pernicious than this. For, as Locke has pointed out, the true mode of teaching is to remove difficulties as fast as may be:—

"In teaching children, this, too, I think is to be observed, that in most cases, where they stick, they are not to be further puzzled, by putting them upon finding it out themselves. . . . This wastes time only, in disturbing them; for whilst they are learning, and apply themselves with attention, *they are to be kept in good-humour, and everything made easy to them, and as pleasant as possible.*"*

Doubtless our teaching has improved in this respect. That most afflicting absurdity, for example, of learning Greek through Latin, has ceased many years ago. Still, there is vast room for improvement. Are boys still forced to commit to memory innumerable lines of indifferent Latin, and worse verse, at a time when they can barely scan or construe them, in order to acquire a knowledge of the gender and quantity of Latin words? How much of this sort of thing now goes on we do not certainly know; but we gather from Mr. Bowen that grammar is still a medium for great torment. This gentleman has taken up what seems to us the greatest question of school reform, *i. e.*, the reform of our grammatical teaching; and the only criticism we would make on his vigorous essay is that he does not tell us with sufficient precision how far he would go. Would he adopt the Hamiltonian method in its entirety? Or would he make the school-grammar a mere skeleton, as it were—not teaching it in the abstract, but only in illustration of the concrete example? We rather apprehend the latter to be his plan. "Plunge boys at once into the *Delectus*," he says; "make your accidence and syntax a result instead of a basis." In this we heartily concur. Mr. Bowen has hit upon a truth of importance, when he says that the Latin grammar is simply too hard for boys. High grammar—and grammar as we now teach it is high grammar—ranks in abstractness, and therefore in difficulty, with metaphysics, and far above ordinary logic. Such instruction to boys is worse than useless; it puzzles and disgusts them. This is conspicuous in the teaching of English grammar in our Scotch schools. Owing to the poverty of that grammar as such, English grammarians have been compelled to "poach on the province of the metaphysician and the logician."† Thus the

Scotch Assistant Commissioners report that the English grammar taught in our schools cannot fail to be "perplexing and distasteful to any scholar."* The text-books are filled with an elaborate nomenclature expressing abstract ideas quite beyond the boy's powers of apprehension. The truth is, the facts of grammar may be learned at school; the science of it must be studied afterwards. In appreciating this distinction the French schools have advanced beyond the English or German.† But in either aspect grammar is best taught by those languages which have "distinct forms for the greatest number of distinctions in thought," and in this the classical languages are unrivalled. Therefore we would teach one good grammar only—the Latin grammar,—and simplify that to the utmost. Science should not be forced upon the schoolboy, all unprepared to grasp grammatical ideas. The two great objects to be kept in view are—to gain time, which may be given to other subjects, and to make classical study easier, and therefore more attractive. Both objects would be advanced by a vigorous reform of our grammatical teaching. They would be not less advanced by the abolition of our dismal treadmill of Latin and Greek verse-making. Against this deformity in our educational system, Mr. Farrar has directed his loudest thunders. We heartily sympathize with his object, and we cannot think success far distant. Harrow has taken the lead among our schools, and the rest will soon follow. Mr. Farrar, in his accustomed strain of fervid rhetoric, calls the universities to action:—

"Let the colleges, then, boldly loosen these gilded and fantastic chains, which were formed in an age of logomachy, and tightened in an age of artificiality and retrogression. Let them determine more decidedly, and avow more distinctly, that verses are not essential for scholarships or for honours."

Cambridge, we believe, yet lags behind in this matter; but at Oxford, as we have already said, the highest honours, including fellowships, are attainable without verse-writing. The cause of common sense has of late made considerable progress; and notwithstanding Mr. Farrar's indiscreet advocacy, we believe it will go on and prosper.

The second proposition into which we have ventured to analyse this volume of essays, is that the present teaching of our schools and universities should have greater width and

* Locke on Education.

† See Report by Mr. Ross, Rector of the Arbroath High School.—*Scotch Commission Report*, App. p. 216.

* Report, p. 119.

† Mr. Arnold's Report to the Schools Commission, p. 504.

elasticity. When Mr. Farrar enumerates as "among the studies," we must add to the present subjects, "comparative philology, history, modern languages, the Hebrew language, and the language and literature of our own country, and, foremost, the study of science," we cannot but feel that this vague and rhetorical way of writing is not calculated to advance a good cause. The evil of overburdening the minds of youth is too serious, and the cry against "cram" is too easily raised, for this dashing style of attack to be at all safe. Therefore, the more heartily we agree with Mr. Farrar in his main object, the more is it necessary, for the sake of the object itself, to protest against this exaggeration; and especially against a tendency, plainly discernible in Mr. Farrar's writings, to recommend the teaching of a great variety of subjects—to confuse education with the imparting of knowledge. The "general information" theory of education is like the feeding of Strasburg geese: one organ, the memory, is unduly developed, to the great detriment of the general system.

But we get some comfort when we turn to Mr. Sidgwick, and see what are the "practical changes," which he gives as the result of his elaborate essay. They are merely to the effect that "a course of instruction in our own language and literature, and a course of instruction in natural science, ought to form recognised and substantive parts of our school system." And, he adds, more stress should be laid on the study of French. It will be observed that this does not involve bifurcation, that is, the separation of the school into modern and classical departments. In fact, this plan, though it has been tried at all the great schools of late foundation, has not been found to answer. It has proved unpopular with parents, because they have been reluctant so to educate their boys as to preclude the possibility of their eventually going to the universities; and it has been found impossible to prevent the modern side from degenerating into a mere refuge for the idle and the dull. In the recent Report of the Schools Inquiry Commission* the bifurcation theory is not recommended. It was discountenanced also by the Public Schools Commissioners; and we gather from Mr.

Arnold's report to the Schools Inquiry Commission that it cannot be said to have proved successful abroad. The difficulty then is, has a boy time to learn these new subjects in addition to what he learns now? We cannot doubt that he has. And, moreover, it is presumed that time will be gained by changes in our present school system. Our teaching of grammar, as has been shown, may be simplified; our teaching of verse-making may disappear; and Mr. Sidgwick would catch another year or two by postponing the study of Greek till the age of sixteen, or perhaps rather fifteen. We believe this latter step might be taken with safety, and without any detriment to the study of Greek. It would fit in, too, with the views of the Schools Commissioners, who would confine the teaching of Greek to what they call education of the first grade, that is, to education which goes on to eighteen or nineteen years of age. But even without this last measure natural science may be introduced into our school teaching without fear. The Schools Commissioners give the whole weight of their authority to the support of this opinion:

"Whilst recommending that natural science should be taught in all schools within our province, we do not suggest that it should displace any existing subject held to be of importance. We believe that an amount of knowledge of natural science may be acquired in schools side by side with classics, mathematics, and modern languages, which may be of the greatest advantage to young men proceeding to the universities, or to professional training, or directly to the business of life. Probably some slight modification of the existing arrangement of studies in classical schools may be called for; but we are under no apprehension that the classics will suffer in consequence. On the contrary, we have good reason to know that natural science may so quicken the intelligence and increase the mental power of boys as greatly to contribute to their advancement in other studies. In the City of London School, where there are upwards of 600 boys, all the boys are taught natural science; and while some of them through means of this instruction have carried off distinctions in several of its branches at the University of London and South Kensington, it has not been found to prevent them from achieving the highest honours in classics and mathematics at the Universities of Cambridge and London."

The Public Schools Commissioners express similar views, and Mr. Mill speaks so powerfully on this point that we make no apology for quoting him at some length:—

"I am amazed at the limited conception which many educational reformers have formed to themselves of a human being's power of acquisition. The study of science, they truly say, is indispensable: our present education

* As we shall have occasion to refer to both these Reports, it may be well to give the names of the Commissioners. The Public Schools Report (1864) is signed as follows:—Clarendon, Devon, Lyttelton, Edward Twisleton, Stafford H. Northcote, W. H. Thompson, H. H. Vaughan. The Schools Inquiry Report (1868) is signed:—Taunton, Lyttelton, W. F. Hook, F. Temple, Anthony W. Thorold, Thomas Dyke Acland, Edward Baines, W. E. Forster, P. Erle, John Storrar.

neglects it: there is truth in this too, though it is not all truth: and they find it impossible to find room for the studies which they desire to encourage but by turning out, at least from general education, those which are now chiefly cultivated. How absurd they say, that the whole of boyhood should be taken up in acquiring an imperfect knowledge of two dead languages. Absurd indeed, but is the human mind's capacity to learn, measured by that of Eton and Westminster to teach? . . . If all the improvements in the mode of teaching languages which are already sanctioned by experience were adopted into our classical schools, we should soon cease to hear of Greek and Latin as studies which must engross the school-years, and render impossible any other acquirements. If a boy learnt Greek and Latin on the same principle on which a mere child learns with such ease and rapidity any modern language, namely by acquiring some familiarity with the vocabulary by practice and repetition, before being troubled with grammatical rules—these rules being acquired with tenfold greater facility when the cases to which they apply are already familiar to the mind; an average schoolboy, long before the age at which schooling terminates, would be able to read fluently and with intelligent interest any ordinary Latin or Greek author in prose or verse, would have a competent knowledge of the grammatical structure of both languages, and have time besides for an ample amount of scientific instruction. . . . I will say confidently that if the two classical languages were properly taught, there would be no need whatever for rejecting them from the school course, in order to have sufficient time for everything else that need be included therein.”*

Therefore, the first proposition with which we started, namely, that the teaching of our schools must be improved, is the beginning of all reform. If we fail to do this, we shall accomplish nothing; if we succeed in this, to make room for a broader course of study will be found easy. Hence, of all the essays in this book those of Mr. Farrar and Mr. Bowen are of the most immediate practical importance. The abolition of verse-making save in particular instances cannot be far distant; but the subject which Mr. Bowen has taken up is of greater difficulty and far wider scope. We may venture to express a hope not only that he will persevere, but that other practical educationists will come to his aid. To change our whole mode of teaching grammar, though of vital moment, is no light task. It implies the creation of a new educational literature. It implies the downfall of the prejudices that there should be a universal text-book for the teaching of grammar. It implies therefore, the active and continuous exertion of able, liberal, and experienced men; and it is a

sanguine hope that such will arise in great numbers from the present generation of school-masters. We dwell upon this the more earnestly, because we can discern in some quarters a disposition to put the cart before the horse, and introduce new subjects before room has been made for them by improvement in the teaching of the old. This is but to shirk the whole question; and will surely lead to the half recognition and eventual degradation of these new subjects. They will come to be regarded as mere amusements, or as work to be “knocked off” in deference to popular prejudice. No immediate advance, however, can be hoped for in this direction without the co-operation of the head masters of our public schools. Unless they join heartily in the movement little will be accomplished by the individual efforts of assistant masters. But at this present time there are not wanting grounds which encourage the expectation that assistance will come from this quarter. It is a thing as cheering as unusual to see the head master of Eton inaugurating important reforms.

It is no part of our purpose to set forth the advantages of the study of science. We are content to assume these; and would refer all who retain any lingering doubts on the subject to an eloquent and convincing article in a recent number of the *Quarterly Review*.* The value of scientific instruction in respect of the mere information which it gives, this writer, agreeing with Mr. Mill, does not think great. In fact, he disparages the “useful-knowledge,” view of science altogether. This knowledge, if it is good for anything, may easily be acquired by a man for himself; but should never be given to a boy under pretence of education. Far better the modesty of conscious ignorance. But so to teach science as to impart the scientific habit of mind is a very different thing. Thus taught it gives a mental discipline which neither language nor philosophy can give; it can best train us how to reason from the known to the unknown; it fosters “wakeful attentiveness of the senses, and scrupulous sincerity of mind.”

But to teach science on the general-knowledge theory is very easy; to teach it in this latter fashion is very hard; so it is no wonder that we are met by the preliminary difficulty of determining what sciences shall be the subjects of instruction. Mr. Sidgwick would seem to recommend physics (rather a wide word) and chemistry; and the Schools Inquiry Commissioners, without hesitation, fix upon experimental physics and chemistry,—though we think they had bet-

* Inaugural Address at St. Andrews.

* *Quarterly Review*, No. 246.

ter have refrained from the dangers of a reason: "inasmuch as they constitute the common platform of all the rest." Surely it is impossible to say this of chemistry. Mr. Wilson, on the other hand, in the *Essays*, objects strongly to chemistry, because, "as an exercise in reasoning, it is very deficient," and because "it is of all subjects the most liable to cram, and the most useless when crammed." He gives the preference to botany and experimental physics. The Quarterly Reviewer, again, objects both to chemistry and botany, advocating experimental physics and mechanics. Geology and physiology are rejected by all. It is plain that much consideration is required here before any definite conclusion can be arrived at. There is, however, one error worthy of remark, into which both Mr. Wilson and Mr. Farrar have fallen. They think that boys should not only be taught accurately one or two sciences, but also several superficially. Mr. Wilson quotes with approbation the report of a committee appointed by the Council of the British Association to consider the best means for promoting scientific education in schools, which lays it down that boys should not only attain "a thorough knowledge of the facts and principles of one science," but also "a general acquaintance with what has been said or written about many;" should know "the simple facts of astronomy, of geology or physical geography, and of elementary physiology;" and Mr. Farrar would require from a boy leaving school, *inter alia*, "that he should be acquainted with the nature and greatest results of the sciences in general." Mr. Farrar's use of the English language is not such as to justify criticism on the assumption that he expresses accurately what he means; but precision may be expected from the Committee of the Royal Association; and we must say we do not like the opposition, in their Report, between a "*general acquaintance*," and a "*thorough knowledge*." It is quite true, as Whately long ago pointed out, that general knowledge is not necessarily superficial knowledge. We may know the leading truths of a subject thoroughly, and so gain a conception of it as a whole: this is to have a general knowledge of that subject; and that knowledge is not superficial, though we may be quite ignorant of details. If the Report means no more than this, no exception need be taken to it; only thus far, that we doubt whether knowledge of this nature can be well communicated by teaching to schoolboys. It is rather knowledge of a kind which a man gains for himself in later life, and which he can only gain if his mind has been trained to distinguish

between what is thorough and what is superficial, that is, if he has had a sound education. At all events, in order that science may soon obtain, and securely hold, her due place in our school-teaching, don't let us begin too violently. If one or two sciences are thoroughly taught as a part of the curriculum, we need have no fear that the sciences in general will fail to receive their due recognition. At present we think it is of more moment to bear in mind this recommendation of the Commissioners:—

"The great object, especially with boys sufficiently forward to be capable of exact scientific teaching, should be to secure thoroughness of knowledge as far as it goes; the important distinction between *elementary* and *superficial* knowledge should be upheld as rigorously as it is by the most notable teachers of grammar and mathematics."

Mr. Mill thinks that physiology might be included at least in the university course. This suggests the idea, whether it would not be possible to give boys some latitude of choice as to the sciences they may learn. May not the sciences be distinguished into two classes, according as they do or do not involve mathematics? For example, what is taught in the natural philosophy classes of the Scotch universities is, we apprehend, for the most part, applied mathematics. On the other hand, are there not many of the sciences of experiment or observation—such as chemistry, botany, zoology, etc.,—which can be pursued without any mathematical knowledge? Can no use be made of this distinction educationally? A certain amount of mathematics, perhaps, should be required from all. But surely no one would advocate forcing boys into the higher mathematics who show a decided inability for the study? Now, while the sciences to which we refer do not afford us the same perfect types of reasoning as the mathematical sciences, they teach us how to reason by experiment, that is, from experience,—perhaps the more valuable lesson of the two; while their power in cultivating the faculties of observation is all their own. It rather seems to us as if some liberty of selection would, in this, be attended with good results.

There is also a difference of opinion, though not indeed so wide, as to the place which the teaching of English should occupy in our system. We confess to the belief—not, we hope, the offspring of national vanity—that in Scotch education this problem has been to some extent solved. At our best schools, instruction is given in English composition, with readings from good authors; and when the boys go to the universities no

long time elapses before they get the best kind of English teaching in the classes of logic and moral philosophy. Besides this, at two of our universities, Glasgow and Edinburgh, there is now a chair of English literature. Mr. Johnson, one of the Essayists, thus expresses himself:—"The use of the English language by itself has been, if I am not misinformed, tried and found wanting in Scotland and in New England; the fruit of essay-writing has been shallow and tasteless fluency." We do not know whence Mr. Johnson has obtained his information as to New England; certainly Mr. Fraser's Report to the Schools Commission does not justify this criticism. But he is in error as regards Scotland. In the first place, the English language by itself is very rarely taught in Scotland. Latin rightly holds the place of honour among our school subjects; and, in the second place, while it is true that the value of English teaching, to a greater extent than any other subject of instruction, must depend on the capacity of the teacher, yet we see no reason to believe that English well taught, beginning with reading and dictation and rising to recitation and composition, must lead to shallow and tasteless fluency. The Schools Commissioners are nearer the truth when they say that the results of our English instruction are excellent.

We may safely conclude that English taught in this fashion should form part of a liberal education. It does not at present do so in England; and its introduction has been strongly advocated by many of the witnesses examined by the Schools Commission, especially by Lord Harrowby and Mr. Dament. Mr. Thring of Uppingham assured the Commissioners that he had succeeded in introducing it without injuring the classics at all. Professor Seeley, in his evidence, takes a somewhat different view. He would teach English to boys, not grammatically, as a language, but, to use his own words, "artistically, rhetorically," aiming not so much at "precision and accuracy," as at "brilliancy and elegance." The great objection which the Commissioners state to this is the difficulty of finding fit teachers to use such a method. In schools we should think this difficulty quite insurmountable. "Average teachers," they truly say, "will be, after all, average men, with little perhaps of brilliancy or elegance in their nature; and it may be questioned whether much would be gained by setting before them so high, and in many cases, perhaps, unattainable an aim." Moreover, there would be a danger of giving boys a positive distaste for the masterpieces of English literature, by

associating these in their minds with the idea of task-work. This is no imaginary danger. The feeling operates strongly now in the case of Latin and Greek authors; it would be unfortunate were it extended to those authors to whom, after all, we most frequently turn in after life for pleasure and instruction. And, after all, it can hardly be doubted that the most thorough and scholarly knowledge of English can be gained through Latin. We cannot concur with Mr. Sidgwick in thinking it "a grotesque absurdity" to say that *Paradise Lost* must lose its characteristic charms to the non-classical reader. On the contrary, this seems to us eminently true. And if acquaintance with the classics is thus useful to the general reader, it is essential to the historical student of modern authors. A thorough knowledge of our own literature must be a historical knowledge; and that can only be gained by going to the source. And surely that knowledge need not of necessity be pedantic. Assuming the classics to be so taught as not to instil a hatred of all literature, why should an acquaintance with them make men insensible to "brilliancy and elegance" in English? Intelligent teaching of the literature of Greece or Rome can hardly fail to inspire some love and appreciation of our own. As a consequence of such teaching, all who have any taste for letters will readily gain for themselves a familiarity with English authors, and a knowledge of English literature; those who have not this taste, will never do so—no; not if they were drilled over Milton and Jeremy Taylor every day in the year, to the exclusion of all other instruction: the only result of that would be that positive hatred would take the place of ignorant indifference.

This long survey, then, leads us to the conclusion that the highest authorities agree with the propositions which we ventured to give as the substance of the *Essays on a Liberal Education*. But, in the interests of educational reform, it is impossible to leave that volume without expressing our strong sense of its many faults. And this is the more necessary, because there can be no doubt that the extravagances with which it abounds will be found powerful weapons in opposing the beneficial changes which it advocates. There are not a few extreme views in this volume, which, if put forth seriously, are, in our opinion, clearly wrong; if they are exaggerated with a view to effect, this is unskillful pleading. Valuable reforms should be urged with temperance, especially in the face of a prejudiced and vigorous opposition.

In the first place, we think the idea a

mistake. Changes such as those we are discussing should be advocated on some organized plan, the end or ends should be clearly stated, and the efforts of each laborer should be distinctly directed to that end. Nothing of this sort can result from a disconnected series of essays; each writer dealing, as his own fancy may dictate, with some one of the thousand subjects which are embraced in the word Education. The natural consequence of this plan, or rather of this want of plan, is what we find here—repetitions, inconsistencies, contradictions; and, above all, a failure to produce any impression on the mind of the reader as to the result of the whole argument. An editor might have, in some measure, removed these evils by a clear summing-up in the shape of a preface; but, in a greater or less degree, they are inseparable from the original scheme. Nor is it possible to say that we forget this error of design in perfection of execution. No good that we can discover is served by the dilution of Hallam with which Mr. Parker of University begins the volume, or by the pages of commonplace with which the inevitable Lord Houghton ends it. One unconscious service this volume will doubtless render to the anti-classicists. It will shake the traditional belief that a knowledge of the classics tends to give a good English style. All these gentlemen are presumably good scholars; yet they do not uniformly write pure English, or even always in good taste. There are frequent inelegancies; sometimes a forced humor; and very often a turgid and tumultuous style of writing—singularly out of place in treating of such subjects, and especially so from critics who censure “ungracefulness” in Thucydides, “unshapely work” in Lucretius, and talk of the “monstrous fatuities which disfigure Æschylus.”* The faults which we remarked as incidental to the scheme as a whole, appear in many of the essays—vagueness; a want of precision of object, and a consequent want of application in the arguments used; and self-contradictions. Thus for example, even Mr. Bowen does not bring us up to a distinctly stated result as to the method of teaching grammar; it is impossible to find out exactly what place in education Mr. Hales would claim for English; the only definite suggestions (so far as we can discover) which Mr. Johnson makes for improving the “education of our reason-

ing faculties,” are “to substitute the French for the Latin language as the vehicle of youthful thought, and to resort to French instead of English books for the study of the rudiments of science and philosophy”—neither of which suggestions seems very reasonable. Why French writers, admitted by Mr. Johnson himself to be inferior to the best English writers, are to be preferred for the study of anything, Mr. Johnson does not explain; and, with great deference, we should have imagined that English was the proper vehicle for the thought of youthful Englishmen. It is extravagant too in Mr. Johnson to lay it down, seemingly as an indisputable proposition, that French writers “are wiser than the ancients;” we should rather hold it an evil seriously counterbalancing the advantages of knowing French, that the study of that language may popularize among us French ideas, especially on politics.

The greatest number of these faults, and in their most striking development, will be found in the writings of the Editor—both in his essay in this volume, and in his lecture delivered at the Royal Institution, and published in the *Fortnightly Review* for March. Mr. Farrar's object is so good, the strength of his convictions and his sincerity of purpose so apparent, that to speak of him in any language but that of approval is an unpleasing duty. But, as we have already said, the more we are satisfied of the importance of the subject he has taken up, the more imperative does that duty become. For we are firmly persuaded that a worse leader for this great educational movement could not have been selected; and we come to this persuasion at once from the want of any directing and harmonizing power in the editorship of this volume, and from the exaggeration of statement, confusion in thought, and weakness of reasoning which characterize his own writings.

His object in the essay is to abolish, or at least curtail, verse-writing as a part of our school training; his object in the lecture is to expose the faults of our present school system generally. Both objects are good, but they are intemperately urged. For success in neither was it necessary to indulge in disparagement of all classical learning; on the contrary, by so doing he imperils the success of his special aims. Besides, this disproportion of means to ends leads him into serious error; especially, it leads him into a very fallacious use of authority. He can quote great names against verse-writing, and in condemnation of our present school-teaching,—Thirlwall, Macaulay, Mill, and Jowett. But then in the next page he soars

* Want of space prevents our supporting this criticism by quotations. But the reader is referred to pp. 224, 226, 237, 286, 302, 305, 307, of the volume of Essays; and to Mr. Farrar's lecture, republished in the *Fortnightly Review*, *passim*.

into diatribes against classical learning in general, from which none would dissent more heartily than these very men. Now this is deceptive. We do not for a moment mean to accuse Mr. Farrar of wilful deceit; but his method exposes him to the charge of so representing his authorities as to leave the impression that they go with him further than they really do. His weakness in argument is shown mainly by his arguments being too strong. They are more extensive than the conclusion he wishes to arrive at. They would carry him a great deal too far. Thus we have the threadbare folly about Keats knowing no Greek, as if a system of education could be organized on the theory that all schoolboys are such as he was. Then, again, as an argument against verse-writing, we have the following:—"Among our best and finest writers are those who have drunk simply and solely at the pure wells of English undefiled. Is it conceivable that Shakspeare or Burns would have written as they have written, if they had been drilled for years in Latin verse?" We cannot answer this question, though we certainly see nothing "inconceivable" in an affirmative reply. But surely Mr. Farrar must see that he has proved too much. What he wishes to prove is, that boys can have a sufficient knowledge of Greek and Latin without writing verses. What he does prove, if he proves anything, is that men will be more likely to write like Shakspeare or Burns if they are ignorant of Greek and Latin altogether. There is no more dangerous error in controversy than this. It rouses enemies, and it shows them where to strike with effect. Again, in his lecture, Mr. Farrar's object is to improve our school-teaching, and the bulk of the lecture is taken up with reiteration of his preference, "if he must choose," of science to Latin and Greek. But why introduce the idea of this choice at all? Who forces it on him? Is not the object of the whole volume to show that there is no need for any such choice; that, by improvements in our method, we can make room for science without any injury to classical study? If this can be shown, as we believe it can, we conciliate those who hold to the belief that the classical languages are the best basis of a sound education. These men are in a numerical majority, and are not surely so weak in weight of authority, or in mental power, that their opposition should be needlessly provoked; and by adopting this line of argument not only do we conciliate opposition, but we can quote in our support the authority of both the Commissions, to which we have so often referred. And then with what

reasonings does Mr. Farrar justify his preference! We give one specimen:—"Which was the happier, Linnaeus falling on his knees to thank God for the golden splendour of a field of furze, or St. Bernard travelling all day long by the Lake of Geneva, and asking in the evening where it was? And which is likely to be the happier, the youth who goes to bed with his thoughts reeking with Juvenal and Aristophanes, or he who, in the sweet air and blessed sunshine, has been taught to regard the world around him as a Sibylline leaf, inscribed by God's own finger with revelations of His laws?" It is almost idle to point out, that this contrast is entirely of Mr. Farrar's own making; but it is melancholy to see any one stooping to this old cant about the indecency of classical writers. Mr. Farrar is strong for a knowledge of French history and literature. Can this be given, and yet the mind of the student kept untainted with evil? If we must choose—to adopt Mr. Farrar's own style,—we think the mind may just as safely "reek" with Juvenal and Aristophanes as with Rabelais or Voltaire, to say nothing of modern writers.

When ill-directed and insufficient argument fail, Mr. Farrar falls back upon assertion and declamation. Thus, in the essay, we have the well-worn cry of "things, not words," coupled, as usual, by the equally well-worn observation, that the Greeks knew no language but their own. Both are given again in the lecture; and yet Mr. Farrar, when he wrote that lecture, had Mr. Mill's Address before him, (for he quotes it), in which it is shown—(1.) That words, in a sense, and an important sense, are things; (2.) That the study of language has perhaps its highest value in that it frees us from the tyranny of words—one of the deepest causes of human error; and (3.) That from the want of this study, the greatest intellects among the Greeks are continually led away by words, mistaking the accidents of language for real relations in nature. It would have been satisfactory if, instead of this vain repetition, Mr. Farrar had attempted to grapple with Mr. Mill's reasonings. Lastly, we must give an example of Mr. Farrar's declamation; and we take not by any means the most perfect, but the shortest:—

"Why, when Christianity has been in the world for nigh two thousand eventful years,—while all that time philosophy has been waving her torch in the dimmest caverns of human speculation,—while the thoughts and actions of men are hourly thrilling from continent to continent on the wings of electric fire,—while navigation has been girdling the earth with a

hundred bands, and has flung open to us for three centuries the golden doors of the Western Continent,—while Science has gone so far on her triumphal march with an unimaginable growth of strength and stature at every stride, it would be strange indeed, it would indeed be a deplorable stigma on the feebleness and imperfection of humanity, if the modern literature of a scientific and Christian world did not contain 'streams from that unemptiable fountain of wisdom' far wider and far deeper than any which flowed in the two languages of a long-vanished Paganism, of which even the younger has ceased to be spoken for thirteen hundred years."

With what a different effect of conviction, to say nothing of the relief in point of style, do we turn from all this to the thoughtful precision of such a passage as the following, from Mr. Mill's Dissertations:—

"Not only do these literatures furnish examples of high finish and perfection in workmanship, to correct the slovenly habits of modern hasty writing, but they exhibit, in the military and agricultural commonwealths of antiquity, precisely that order of virtues in which a commercial society is apt to be deficient; and they altogether show human nature on a grander scale, with less benevolence but more patriotism, less sentiment, but more self-control; if a lower average of virtue, more striking examples of it; fewer small goodnesses, but more greatness and appreciation of greatness; more which tends to exalt the imagination, and inspire high conceptions of the capabilities of human nature. If, as every one may see, the want of affinity of these studies to the modern mind is gradually lowering them in popular estimation, this is but a confirmation of the need of them, and renders it more incumbent on those who have the power, to do their utmost towards preventing their decline."

Or to the simplicity and moderation of this, from Mr. Arnold—

"To know himself a man must know the capabilities and performances of the human spirit; and the value of the humanities, of the science of antiquity is, that it affords for this purpose an unsurpassed source of light and stimulus. Whoever seeks help for knowing himself from knowing the capabilities and performances of the human spirit, will nowhere find a more fruitful object of study than in the achievements of Greece in literature and the arts during the two centuries from the birth of Simonides to the death of Plato; and these two centuries are but the flowering point of a long period, during the whole of which the ancient world offers, to the student of the capabilities and performances of the human spirit, lessons of capital importance."*

Or the weight of this authority—

"The languages of classical antiquity are almost indispensable helps to all sound acquirements in politics, jurisprudence, or any of the moral sciences. They are also requisite for the formation of those elevated sentiments and that rectitude of judgment and taste which are inseparably connected with them."*

There is one other fallacy connected with this subject which we must notice, though very shortly, and the rather because it receives some countenance from Mr. Sidgwick and has been distinctly upheld by a recent writer in the *Edinburgh Review*. It is, that an adequate knowledge of ancient literature and ancient life can be gained from translations, and from modern writings. That we can thus gain a certain knowledge of them is true, but that knowledge is, in no sense of the word, education, nor is it very valuable in itself. It is no use talking of translations. The argument on that point never gets beyond the everlasting reference to Keats. But the other branch of the fallacy is sometimes strongly pressed. Now, in the first place, the student of antiquity is forced to interpret the original writer for himself, and this is no slight matter. The mental discipline to be derived from following the sequence of thought in a page of Thucydides or Tacitus is a very different thing from finding the result given in a few sentences by Grote or Merivale. And when we add to this the value of the thought itself, the difference becomes yet greater. For then we find that, by such studies, not only do we gain the mental discipline above alluded to, not only do we familiarize ourselves with some of the most perfect examples of literary art, but we enrich our minds with wise thoughts and keen observations, which it is not the province of modern writers on antiquity to respect, and which, though elicited by states of society widely differing from our own, nay, sometimes because of this very difference, are fraught with lessons of capital importance for our own time. In the second place, we do not know that knowledge gained from modern writers is true. We do not learn what the Greeks and Romans were; we learn what some modern writer thought they were. This is so plainly true with regard to their philosophical writings as to require no illustration; but it is hardly less true of their history. And it is hardly necessary to mention the names of Mitford and Grote, of Arnold and Mommsen, to show how very different the ideas of modern writers may be. Nor can it be maintained that such writers will correct each other; for the reader whom we are supposing has

* Schools Commission Report, vol. vi. p. 593.

* Austin on Jurisprudence, iii. 368.

no test to which he can bring them. He will be at the mercy of the author who writes most effectively, or of the author whom he has first read. The student who can go to the originals is in a totally different position. Yet again; as Mr. Mill has pointed out, it is no small part of the worth to us of classical knowledge, that so we can read history in the original sources. Some of our ablest historians assure us that to do this, and to know what contemporaries wrote, is alone real historical study; all else is but to take on trust the theories and opinions of other men. Still further, these original sources, fortunately for us, often deal with the most important epochs of Greek or Roman history, and are of such compass that we can easily grasp them. Hence it would appear that the study of them combines, in a perfection altogether its own, the leading conditions of true historical research. The reader of Thucydides, for example, studies a contemporary record of an epoch in Grecian history most fertile in political lessons, and the record is so brief that he may easily master the whole. He will know how the events were regarded at the time; how the actors at the time were judged. His reason will be exercised on the original materials; his imagination will gradually form a picture of the period, to which, as he reads on, each new detail will add some striking feature or some richness of colouring; and he will thus gain an historical training and historical knowledge which could never be his were he forced to accept untested the picture which has been drawn for us by Mr. Grote. If this be thought too favourable an instance, take a book of a very different stamp, and which illustrates a more complex period of history—Cicero's Letters. From these letters the student will hardly be able to form a conception of the time so complete or so true as from the Greek historian. He will there find much that is erroneous, the natural result of political passion and prejudice. This he can correct by the opinions and arguments of other writers. But he will thence gain an insight at first-hand into the events and characters of that day which no other source could supply; which will afford him the means of testing modern writers; which will not leave him at the mercy of every new theory; which will lead him to receive with caution the estimate of the empire now so favoured by French historians,—to distrust Mommsen's condemnation of the last republicans of Rome.

Space forbids our enlarging on the manner in which Greece and Rome are mixed up with our language, civilisation, and social economy. The argument is well-worn; but

not on that account the less weighty. Without some knowledge of this we should be trammelled with the ideas of feudalism, or else break loose from the past altogether. The Schools Commissioners do not hesitate to say, that without this learning many of our classical authors must be but "half intelligible;" and Professor Jowett, whom no one will regard as too rigid a conservative, "thinks that Greek and Latin are in such endless ways entwined in modern language and civilisation, that it is difficult to say that a person is a perfectly educated man who does not know something about them."* Yet the life and languages of the ancients, though thus "entwined" with our own, are widely dissimilar. And herein is their peculiar value. Modern nations are too much like ourselves; Oriental nations are altogether remote and apart: Greece and Rome alone present this strange combination—are unlike us, yet closely connected with us. The solution of the whole question must be a compromise. The humanists must improve their method, and widen the scope of their teaching. On the other hand, the realists would do well to abate not a little of their high claims. For if the battle has to be fought out to the bitter end, the humanists will come off victorious. Education, says Newman, is the preparation for knowledge, and it is the imparting of knowledge in proportion to that preparation. This leaves the question what that knowledge must be; and to that we would answer, a knowledge of man. To know the external world is a great thing; but to comprehend the capacities of the spirit of man is a nobler learning. To stimulate the observing faculties is well; to cultivate the taste and the feelings is yet better. The Schools Commissioners put this very strongly:—

"The human subjects of instruction, of which the study of language is the beginning, appear to have a distinctly greater educational power than the 'material.' As all civilisation really takes its rise in human intercourse, so the most efficient instrument of education appears to be the study which most bears on that intercourse, the study of human speech. Nothing appears to develop and discipline the whole man so much as the study that assists the learner to understand the thoughts, to enter into the feelings, to appreciate the moral judgments of others. There is nothing so opposed to true cultivation, nothing so unreasonable as excessive narrowness of mind; and nothing contributes to remove this narrowness so much as that clear understanding of language which lays open the thoughts of others to ready appreciation. Nor is equal

* Evidence before Mr. Ewart's Committee.

clearness of thought to be obtained in any other way. Clearness of thought is bound up with clearness of language, and the one is impossible without the other. When the study of language can be followed by that of literature, not only breadth and clearness, but refinement becomes attainable. The study of history in the full sense belongs to a still later age; for till the learner is old enough to have some appreciation of politics, he is not capable of grasping the meaning of what he studies. But both literature and history do but carry on that which the study of language has begun, the cultivation of all those faculties by which man has contact with man."

Fair terms of compromise are, as we have above shown, suggested by Mr. Sidgwick; and the recommendations of the Schools Inquiry Commission, and of the *Public Schools Commission*, lead to a very similar result.

When we come to consider the question of a liberal education in connexion with our universities, we are relieved to a great extent from the task of determining what subjects that education should embrace. For the university can, with propriety, allow the student great freedom of choice. The school education, being compulsory, and (with a few peculiar exceptions) the same for all, must be determined upon with anxiety and care. But university teaching should have an elasticity which to school teaching could not be allowed. If the universities get boys well grounded in their school-training, they may permit them, in what remains of their education, to follow the bent of their own inclinations. The very name suggests this—a place for the diffusion and extension of all branches of knowledge. Therefore, when we turn to universities we find ourselves concerned more particularly with the rearrangement of subjects of study; and with the reorganization of the body with a view to its full efficiency.

In the case of our Scotch universities, the former of these is the more pressing point. Not that the constitutions, as fixed by the Act of 1858, are at all perfect; but we can hardly say that any change is imperatively required. With regard to our teaching the case is different. This Journal has before expressed an opinion that the regulations of the Commissioners appointed under that Act, as to teaching, and as to degrees, were not satisfactory.* The experience of the last few years has strongly confirmed that opinion. There is with us a want of that breadth and elasticity which we have just mentioned as a fitting feature in a university system. The paths of study by which

our students are permitted to obtain degrees in Arts are few. They are debarred from history, from law, from the experimental sciences (practically), from philology, from anything like an intimate knowledge of the life and literature of antiquity. Besides this, from our pass-men we require too much. This indeed necessarily results from denying them freedom of choice. We impose a definite course of study, leaving no room for natural predilections to assert themselves, and then, in order to escape the charge of narrowness, we make that course too extensive. Our pass-men cannot graduate without attendance on lectures for four, or, when the school training has been unusually good, for three years. The consequence of this is that graduation is not general, except with students who propose to enter a profession in which a degree in Arts is either absolutely required or saves an examination. Graduation among men not destined for such professions is not more common than it was before the Act—nay, it is less so, for the disposition to enter active life at an early age is growing in society, and requires strong inducements to counteract it. Hence the separation between our universities and the bulk of our community is becoming greater; hence too we have constant proposals for adding various branches of study to the curriculum. But to make additions in this way would not meet the evil, it would rather increase it; the whole scheme must be recast. The true theory is to require a sound basis as essential—which we would hold to be Latin in the case of every one; Greek and Latin in the case of all who sought honours; that is, who aspired to a liberal education; and, thereafter, to make the choice of subjects as wide and as free as possible. Especially does the limited curriculum bear hardly upon honour-men, for in proportion as men are willing to study subjects thoroughly should the range of subjects be extended. And even in the subjects which are open men get small encouragement to effort. The honours awarded are a farce. Nobody hears of them, or cares for them; nobody ever will care for them until they are granted by the four universities acting together. Still more preposterous is the regulation that requires students who propose to go in for honours in any subject, first to go through a pass examination on that very subject. The effect of this is, that before a man can become a candidate for honours at all he must pass an examination in seven different departments! Anything more entirely impotent for good than this, anything more certain to do mischief, it is impossible to conceive. Small wonder, indeed, that our

* *North British Review*, No. 78.

Scotch honours are not in much request. The Commissioners never seem to have reached that very elementary academical truth—the difference between pass-men and honour-men. The former may be treated, perhaps, somewhat roughly; their studies may be prescribed to them with a certain degree of rigour. But the latter are the life-blood of the university; they should be fostered by every means in our power, especially by setting before them some worthy distinction, and by giving them the utmost freedom of choice in their studies. The great problem to be solved is how to turn pass-men into class-men. The Commissioners, on the contrary, would seem to have done all in their power for the discouragement of the latter. And the worst of it is that the universities are prevented from making any alteration, even in such matters as the teaching they are to give, and the degrees they are to confer, without the sanction of the Privy Council.

The result of all this—of these varied studies, and of these repeated examinations on different subjects—is to increase what may be described as the hand-to-mouth system of Scotch universities—taking up one subject after another, the new one driving out the old. Examinations may be so arranged as merely to require the cramming up of a certain amount of forgetable matter. Very different is an examination at the close of a complete course of study—the supplement of the whole curriculum. That not only affords to the student the advantage of proving with what industry these studies have been pursued; it brings to him a real benefit; it is, in the words of Dr. Arnold, “the only means of making distinct to him his knowledge and his ignorance.” In our system we have rejected the good examinations and chosen the bad. Hence a want of thoroughness in anything becomes the rule. And classical studies suffer most, because they come first in the curriculum, and are therefore likely to be soonest forgotten. So far as they at least are concerned, the danger is not imaginary. The decay of classical learning in Scotland is a subject of general complaint. Greek, perhaps, at no time has crossed the Tweed in any great force; but the time is not far distant when Latin scholars in Scotland were neither few nor weak. Unfortunately there is a great change now. The want of classical learning, and the consequent want of culture generally, even in the learned professions, is very striking. It can be remarked in many ways—conspicuously in the style of writing now so common in Scotland. At no distant date beauty of style was a characteristic of Scotch writers.

But now we look in vain for anything resembling the “perfect composition, the nervous language” of Robertson, or the “careless inimitable beauties of his friend and rival,” which made Gibbon close the volume with “a mixed sensation of delight and despair!” The eloquence of our pulpit is turgid and tawdry. Even men whose training and habits might be supposed to have taught them some impatience of “tall talk,”—lawyers, professors, judges,—too often indulge in a tumultuous rhetoric suitable only for a debating society. And there are worse faults prevalent among us than rudeness or gaudiness of style. Real cultivation of mind not only brings with it a certain urbanity and propriety of speech, but it gives a tone to the mode of thought. It enriches the mind with an experience which makes us take up great subjects with a certain gravity and dignity. It causes us to handle ideas with a due appreciation of their true bearing—not stolidly rejecting them on the one hand, nor on the other treating them with an easy-going frivolity. It gives, in a word, a tone of reality to the mind. These qualities are not conspicuous in the angry and sterile discussions which are daily waged round about us.

How far our Scotch schools supply a sound basis for a liberal education it is hard to say. In certain branches, English for example, they are in advance of the English schools. Mr. Fearon, who has reported on them to the English Commissioners, has formed a high estimate of their excellence. But this gentleman does not seem to us to have supported by adequate facts the flattering estimate he expresses of the Scotch system. The enthusiastic language of his general Report is not borne out by the details of his special reports on particular schools. He once, indeed, says in a note that he can perceive some “important defects” in our burgh schools. But he gives us no idea what these defects are, and a sentence thus hidden in a note cannot do away with the mischief which will result from what we may almost call the confessedly erroneous tenor of his Report as a whole. Certainly his conclusions are very different from those which are arrived at in the thorough and elaborate Report by Messrs. Harvey and Sellar to the Scotch Commission. These gentlemen, judging from an infinitely wider induction, come to much less favourable conclusions, which, both in their general and their special reports, they have expressed in temperate language, but yet with a firmness becoming in the discharge of a public duty. They are at variance with Mr. Fearon as to many important points—the organization of our schools, the mode of promotion, the

value of the subjects, and the excellence of the methods of instruction,—especially, for example, as to the merits of the English teaching in our schools. Moreover, the general tone of Mr. Fearon's report is not calculated to inspire confidence. The style in which he has thought fit to compose an official document, and the flights of sociology into which he soars, are perhaps matters between him and the Commissioners. They may possibly approve as good style in a document of this sort, a contrast between "fat, easy pass-men" as teachers in England, and the ideal Scotch master (happily an ideal quite of Mr. Fearon's imagination) "gaunt, muscular, and time-worn, poorly clad and plain in manner and speech, but with the dignity of a ruler in his gestures, and the fire of an enthusiast in his eye;" they may sympathize with his conviction that in the examination of a few school-girls we are to hail "one of the greatest social improvements of our day,"—even with his half-expressed opinion that women should be admitted to our universities; and they may share his aspirations after a time when "a generation shall be produced among whom poverty is no shame, and honest labour with moderate gain be thought a worthy mode of existence." Perhaps with these things we have no concern. But, in the name of the public, we have a right to complain of the language in which Mr. Fearon has thought fit to express his social views. Facts plainly germane to any educational question, must of course be stated, however unpleasant; but they should be stated with a certain gravity and reserve. We cannot think it right, in a document of this sort, to describe the middle classes of England as "not yet sufficiently civilized to make the necessary efforts or sacrifices" for education, still less to speak of them as "those barbarians, those very uncultivated rich or substantial people, whom one sees every summer lounging at the Welsh and North-country sea-side towns, or hurrying through the Continent." Mr. Fearon was required to report upon the teaching in nine Scotch schools, not to denounce his fellow-countrymen, like a Hebrew prophet of old or Mr. Matthew Arnold in the *Cornhill Magazine*. Moreover, we distrust Mr. Fearon's praise of Scotland, both socially and in an educational point of view, not only because of his very limited experience, but also because he always contrasts us with England. We don't like this comparative style of criticism; it irritates the one side and puffs up the other. At all events we cannot defer to it, as coming from a man who only spent six weeks in one of the contrasted countries, during the greater part

of which time he must have been engaged in schoolrooms, or in looking over papers. We regret to speak thus of Mr. Fearon's Report, and only do so because it has attracted some attention, and we fear that his hastily formed, and too strongly expressed opinions, may prove obstacles to essential reforms. Already we suspect that they have done harm by inducing the Scotch Commissioners in their Report to preserve an uninteresting and colourless neutrality between his enthusiasm and the cooler judgments of their own Sub-Commissioners.

When we come to the English universities, we enter on more debatable ground. For such is the position of these great bodies, that changes cannot take place in their constitution, or even in the subjects of their teaching, without affecting in a greater or less degree the whole of English society. Some of the points, too, which yet remain to be determined with regard to the English universities, such as the application of endowments and the maintenance of tests, take us directly into the region of politics; we seem to change the pure air of the Academe for the more stimulating ether of political life.

Curiously enough, Cambridge, more liberal than Oxford in the matter of tests, is less advanced in some other respects highly important in an educational point of view.

The best Cambridge men, so far as we can observe, are agreed that verbal scholarship and pure mathematics occupy too exclusive a place among Cambridge studies. The extension of the range of study is a matter which may generally be left to the university itself. But in the present case this is mixed up with other changes, urged with great force by Professor Seeley, and as to which we are not sanguine of any voluntary action on the part of the university. These are, first, that the names in each class of every tripos should be arranged alphabetically instead of in the order of merit; second, that the fellowships should be thrown open to the whole university; and third, that instruction should be given by the university independently of the colleges. The first of these seems on all accounts desirable. Not even the most competent examiners can, with anything like certainty, arrange men in the order of merit, and far too much depends on what can but imperfectly be done. Besides, the system of so doing brings the idea of competition into a prominence unbecoming the dignity of learning, and thus, to use Professor Seeley's language, vulgarizes the studies of the place. Examinations are at best a necessary evil; in examinations conducted on this principle of men racing

against each other, all the evil is intensified.

The abolition of the order of merit in the tripos would necessitate this further change, that fellowships would not be given as the result of the Senate-house examination, because the respective merits of individual men would no longer be ascertainable from the lists. Each college would, therefore, hold special examinations for fellowships, and that system once introduced, the absurdity of limiting the field to in-college men could not long be maintained. The narrowness incidental to a close collegiate system would be modified by the introduction of men from other colleges; and the studies of the place might be more easily extended if the great rewards were no longer exclusively reserved for eminence in classics and mathematics, but could be conferred, at the discretion of each college, for attainments in any department of literature and science. With regard to both points the experience of Oxford gives strong testimony. The great mischief of the present system seems to be, that the examinations of the Senate-house have too much power. Cambridge, Professor Seeley happily says, "is like a country invaded by the Sphinx: to answer the monster's conundrums has become the one absorbing occupation." Thus the "vulgar competition" is fostered, and the teaching is narrowed so as to bear only on the mathematical and classical tripos. And the system tends powerfully to keep up this narrowness. When so much depends on an examination, examiners naturally prefer subjects which best enable them to arrive at a decided conclusion. Hence the preference given to these two subjects, and hence, in classics, the value set upon felicity in translation, so utterly disproportionate to the value set upon a knowledge of ancient literature or ancient history.* If these examinations were for honours alone, and had no other consequence, the range of subjects might be widened with comparative ease. Fellowship examinations differ, or ought to differ, from the university degree examinations in many important points—often in the age of the examined; always in the nature and objects of the examination. Professor Seeley has made out a stronger and a clearer case than has been made out by any of the essayists; and it is matter for regret that, so far as we can judge from the evidence given before Mr. Ewart's committee, the feeling in Cambridge is on the whole opposed to his views. So much the greater is the ne-

cessity for legislative interference. Trinity, however, has taken an important step. It has thrown open the scholarships; and Mr. Hammond seems to have no doubt that the fellowships will soon follow. And if Trinity finds the present system of restriction irksome, much more must the small colleges. Moreover, as will be seen afterwards, a change in this Cambridge custom (for it is only a custom) is quite essential to the proper working of the lodging-out system.

So far as having some division of labour among the fellows of the same college, and so far as opening lectures and out-college men, the best colleges in Oxford have done something even in the direction of Professor Seeley's third and most radical reform. That she has so advanced at all is plainly owing to the superiority of her fellowship system over that of Cambridge. But this point really involves the whole position of the university towards the colleges, not only as regards instruction, but as regards the use of endowments; and that again really embraces every aspect of university reform. We can only touch on a few of the leading topics in this wide field, and we shall confine our observations mainly to Oxford. The reasons for this are obvious. Firstly, such questions are more keenly agitated at Oxford than at Cambridge; secondly, two recent works on university organization have special reference to Oxford; thirdly, Oxford has, as we have said, advanced further than Cambridge, and therefore has opened up more topics for discussion; and fourthly, whatever applies to the one university will, with but slight modification, apply to the other.

Fifty years ago Sydney Smith could write with truth—"A genuine Oxford tutor would shudder to hear his young men disputing upon moral and political truth, forming and pulling down theories, and indulging in all the boldness of youthful discussion. He would augur nothing from it but impiety to God and treason to kings." In 1867, Mr. Mill, with equal truth, pronounces a very different judgment—"The old English universities, in the present generation, are doing better work than they have done within human memory, in teaching the ordinary studies of their curriculum; and one of the consequences has been, that whereas they formerly seemed to exist mainly for the repression of independent thought, and the chaining up of the individual intellect and conscience, they are now the great foci of free and manly inquiry to the higher and professional classes south of the Tweed."*

* This is well put by a writer in *Fraser's Magazine*, February 1868.

* Inaugural Address at St. Andrews.

This high praise is, in an especial degree, true of Oxford. Within the last ten or twelve years that university has so extended the range of examination as to include many subjects of study; and this to the advantage of the pass-men, and, what is of infinitely more importance, to the great increase of the honour-men. In schools the "bifurcation" principle is, we think, objectionable; but the case is quite different with universities. Liberty of divergence is there practicable without breaking in upon any system of forms or classes; the teaching is ready at hand, and the men are presumed to have acquired the necessary foundation before they come up. This last condition can, of course, be easily tested by an examination. Oxford has endeavoured to carry out the idea of studying natural aptitudes, and so bringing out whatever taste for study may be in a man. After passing moderations, which may be after about a year's residence, an honour-man has his choice of four divergent schools: the school of *Literæ Humaniores*; of Mathematics; of History, Jurisprudence, and Political Economy; and of Natural Science. On the whole, this latitude has worked well. "I believe," says Mr. Goldwin Smith, "industry has unquestionably increased, and many students who would have been flung aside as hopeless by the old system have done well in the new schools."* Professor Jowett expresses himself even more decidedly:—"I believe that the present system, with two or three alterations, would do all that is required with regard to the study of other subjects."† One change, however, is obviously necessary. The examination called moderations should come sooner. Moderations are really school-work. Professor Jowett would not only put moderations earlier, but would extend the range of them, and would allow honours therein obtained to count as equivalent to a year's, or a year and a half's residence. This might in some cases be a valuable privilege; but we venture to think it a secondary matter compared with allowing moderations to be passed early. The length of residence required is not too great for honour-men. The present evil is that, owing to the lateness of moderations, men have not sufficient time, after they are freed from that examination, to give to the work of the final schools; and are thus compelled to put off their degree till the very latest term at which they can obtain honours. On the other hand, if they could devote themselves at an earlier period to their degree studies, the residence might

in many cases be shortened, and going in for honours in two of the final schools become more frequent. With these alterations, we should feel disposed to leave the present Oxford system of examinations as it is—to be gradually modified, of course, by the wider experience which the next few years will give. We should deprecate any sudden subversion of the present order of things, with the view of substituting therefor a system, more complete perhaps and more symmetrical, but the introduction of which, in the present state of Oxford, might affect her whole future in a way no man can foresee, but which it would then be beyond our power to check.

It is with no small regret that we find ourselves here at variance with Mr. Pattison. His *Suggestions on Academical Organization* cannot be read without pleasure and admiration. They are, in some ways, the most valuable contribution made of late years to educational literature. Candour, thought, and extensive knowledge, are apparent on every page. Yet we venture, with all respect, to differ from his views on two points—the arrangement of the examinations, and the disposal of the endowments of Oxford. Mr. Pattison's aim is to introduce a more scientific teaching than at present obtains in Oxford; and, from that point of view, he specially objects to the school of *Literæ Humaniores*. What that school is, he thus states himself:—

"The present practice is for the candidate to offer a list of six to eight books—viz., Aristotle—*Ethics*; Plato—*Republic*; Thucydides (the whole); Herodotus (the whole); Livy, 1-10; Tacitus (a portion). To these are sometimes added, Bacon—*Novum Organum*, i.; and Butler—*Sermons*. It is not usual to name any logical author; logic is examined in as a subject, which the candidate learns from books or from lectures, as suits him best."

But this list of books gives a very imperfect conception of the examination. Close and correct translation of the text is indeed exacted. Accurate knowledge of the special matter of the books is also required. But there is much beyond this. The historical books afford occasion not only for questions on the details which these books record, but for questions which test historical reading of a varied extent and a philosophical character. And then there is the "history of philosophy," and the logic papers, in which questions are set ranging over a very wide field of speculative philosophy. In short, the school may be roughly said to test exact translation, speculative power, and historical power. Mr. Mill's praise of the English

* *Oxford University Organization*, p. 27.

† Evidence before Mr. Ewart's Committee.

universities, above quoted, has special, if not an exclusive, application to this school.

Mr. Pattison's objection is a want of scientific exactness. Yet he objects with hesitation and reluctance. That this school has done—nay, is doing—good service, he frankly admits; it "possesses a high educative power;" it "takes a powerful hold, and moulds the man towards a fine ideal." These might be considered hasty sentences; but in two distinct passages Mr. Pattison records his deliberate judgment on this point:—

"I not believe that there exists at this moment in Europe any public institution for education, where what are called 'the results of modern thought,' on all political and speculative subjects (the philosophy of religion, perhaps, alone excepted), are so entirely at home, as they are in our honour examinations in the school of 'Literæ Humaniores'—the examination, be it observed, not as prescribed by statute, but as actually worked."

"So far from underrating the Oxford training, I believe it to be the best to be had at this time in Europe. When it is attacked by scientific men without culture, or positive philosophy which ignores the world of imagination, it is right to point out how much more complete our scholastic curriculum is than anything which is proposed in its place."

It is surely no light matter to overthrow a system on which such a judgment can be with truth pronounced. And we regret that Mr. Pattison should have proposed this at the present time. We regret he should have made it possible that the weight of his authority, justly great, can be cited in favour of cutting out philosophy from the final classical school. He has made this possible. His object, indeed, is only that philosophy may be more profoundly studied. But that is not the object of those who will now claim him as their auxiliary. The priestly party in Oxford are struggling hard to exclude philosophy from the classical school, in pursuance of a deliberate purpose to "cretinize" the whole education of the place. They wish to exclude moral philosophy; or, if that is not possible, to make it, as they think, harmless by the rejection of the best text-books;—in a word, to bring us back to "the safe and elegant imbecility of classical learning," which sixty years ago moved the wit and wrath of Sydney Smith. They will not succeed without a struggle.

"Moral philosophy has hitherto been the most characteristic study, and the pride of Oxford; and there can be little doubt that Oxford students have owed to it qualities, interests, and sympathies, which, in spite of some notable educational defects, have made a remarkable number of them in their generation leaders of men."

The aim of the clerical party is, if they cannot get rid of this study altogether, at least to put it in a school by itself, to reduce the classical school to its old narrowness, and to make it the popular school, by securing to it the disproportionate share it now enjoys of the university endowments. Thus they hope freedom of thought may be discouraged, and finally banished. They wish to restore the days when Adam Smith was censured because he was found reading Hume's treatise on Human Nature. A writer in the last number of the *Quarterly Review* hardly attempts to conceal this. His great objection to the philosophy of the schools is, that it makes men read Mill and Lewes. Imagine a university which desires to reform its teaching by putting the works of Mr. Mill in an *index expurgatorius*!

It is hardly perhaps a conclusive argument against Mr. Pattison's scheme that it is capable of being tortured into the support of views widely different from his own. We must add, therefore, that we object to the scheme on its own merits. We think he begins the "specialization," as he calls it, of studies too soon. The result is that, according to his scheme, a man who chooses the faculty of Language and Literature is shut out from the study of history and of moral and social science—these latter falling under the faculty of Law. We humbly think this a great mistake. Exactness of knowledge will be dearly purchased by narrowness. We confess to a liking for the free, if somewhat vague, discursiveness of the present school. Nor do we quite appreciate the force of Mr. Pattison's objection, that men answer the questions "out of" Maine, or Austin. Why should they not? Can they, at that age, be much better employed than in reading such books, and in so mastering them as to be able to apply the speculation they find there readily and appropriately to cases set before them?

The question of age is important in this matter. Under a good system the B.A. degree should, as a rule, be taken at twenty-one. Scientific training must come after that. Those who devote themselves to a life of learning will acquire it without difficulty; others must find it as best they can in their professional pursuits; many will never get it at all. It is undoubtedly to be said with truth for English universities, as compared with the German universities, that they want Science. But we would supply this want after the Arts course had been concluded. This is the old theory of uni-

* Mr. Goldwin Smith's letter to the *Manchester Examiner*, May 2.

versity teaching, and we believe the true one. And so we should retain the characteristic in which, according to Mr. Pattison himself, we are superior to the German universities and all others—our educating powers. The philosophy taught in this school is really as thorough and as exact as men at that age can well acquire. The notion which prevailed in old days of twisting Plato or Aristotle into a sort of accordance with Butler has been long exploded. The *History of Philosophy* is now the leading idea in the schools, and that affords security against any such absurdity. Again, to divorce history from the classical school would be not less fatal than to banish philosophy. It seems to us beyond dispute, that for the cultivation of the historical faculty, setting altogether aside the merits of the writers, the study of ancient history is far excelling. Modern history is too extensive, too unsystematic, too much beset with the ideas of the day, to form a sound basis for academical training. After the historical sense has been educated it is all very well. And hence at Oxford, men who have taken honours in the school of Literæ Humaniores always show the most conspicuous excellence in the school of Modern History and Law. Ancient history is good as a means of instruction and of education for many reasons. As a rule, the vital crises in the destinies of nations only are studied; the materials are such as can be mastered by any one for himself; and, most important of all, in ancient history the great forces of society are seen working in their simplest form—not fettered or complicated by any system of nations. On the whole, then, we are clear for leaving the school of Literæ Humaniores as it is :—

“Severe strictures have been recently passed on the School of Moral Philosophy as too showy, ambitious, and vaguely comprehensive. The authors of these strictures, however, seem to have in view some intensely scientific and coldly critical idea of education, the superiority of which, I venture to think, is not established; there is a life of the mind, which gives all imparted knowledge life, and which is not to be awakened by mere criticism, or even by mere science. Nor does it seem to me a decisive proof of the unsoundness of knowledge that it is derived partly from oral teachers, and not entirely from books; Physical Science itself being to a great extent orally taught. I can only say of the Philosophy School that it has produced many men able in the estimation not only of philosophers but of statesmen; and if a portion of the talent which it has trained has been taken up by the public journals, this is deplorable and discreditable to the University only on the theory that we are a community of intellectual monks, to whom it is

degrading and contaminating to do anything for the world without.”*

We would urge strongly the changes above mentioned with regard to moderations. We think also that a greater breadth and elasticity might be made to characterize the final examination. Especially, for example, a more prominent place might be given to Political Economy. And, with a view to that scientific teaching, the want of which is an undoubted blot on our system, the Faculties might in some measure be restored. Some scientific study of Law and Medicine might with advantage precede the practical lessons of London. Oxford has been so long and so closely connected with the English Church, that any development of the theological faculty seems to be given up as hopeless. This is, indeed, a necessary consequence of such connexion. Identification with a church is the certain degradation of theology. Yet it is hard to abandon the hope that Oxford may yet so come to the knowledge of her true greatness as by the encouragement of free and fearless theological study to seek for us some resting-place in a time of religious doubt, some sure footing in the face of an impending religious revolution.

With the more serious views of university duty which have of late years obtained, the position of the pass-men has come to be regarded as a pressing and a difficult question. The new schools have decreased the number of pass-men; but possibly the idleness of those who remain has been intensified; certainly it has attracted more general remark and franker condemnation. Mr. Pattison and Mr. Goldwin Smith concur in the opinion that the pass examinations ought to cease; thinking that men who are unable, after reasonable effort, to reach the lowest standard required for honours, are out of place in a university at all. Mr. Fowler of Lincoln seems to have very nearly reached the same conclusion; Mr. Roundell, when examiner, addressed a letter to the Vice-Chancellor complaining of the pass-men in the school of modern history of law; and, so far as the evidence is before us, every examiner in every school entertains a similar opinion.† Mr. Goldwin Smith thinks they derive no good from their residence at Oxford; but on the contrary much harm :—

“Elsewhere they may be useful and prosperous; but in a place of intellectual pursuits for which they are not fitted and have no taste, they are exposed to very dangerous influences,

* Mr. Goldwin Smith on the Re-organization of Oxford.

† Evidence before Mr. Ewart's Commission, *passim*.

without, as it seems to me, any countervailing advantage. The Society in which they live being merely that of men like themselves, can hardly improve or refine them; while they are liable to contract habits of selfish luxury which may cling to them through life. Their reading, being carried on without interest in the subject, without ambition, because without hope of success, and generally under the rod of an impending examination, only serves to disgust them with books; the papers which it is necessary to set them at the age of twenty-one or twenty-two are a humiliation in themselves; and to this humiliation is added, in a large proportion of cases, the disgrace, at some period or other of their career, of a pluck.*

And to this we would add, that their presence has no small influence for evil upon others. The great object is to make the university a place of study; that object is more or less defeated by the existence in the university of such a class as the present pass-men. It would seem, however, an odd beginning on University Reform to dismiss at one swoop about half our students. And it would be wrong to do so suddenly. The true way, as we have said before, of turning pass-men into class-men, is by extending the range of study. Oxford has done much in this way; perhaps she may do yet more. It might be that, if less were required of pass-men at one time, if they were free from Greek and Latin earlier in their career, and if more English subjects were given them, a greater proportion of them would take to work. All a university can do is thus to adapt education to various capacities, and so call out any natural aptitudes which may exist. A statute for altering the pass examination is, we believe, at present under consideration at Oxford. But reform in this point must be brought about by the schools. The university, however, can urge on the schools by instituting an entrance examination—not, as at present, an examination which each college can manage as it pleases; but an examination conducted by the university. The results will be, first, that men really unfit will be excluded; and, second, that the schools will be shamed into some effort to send up fewer unfit men than they do at present. In order to achieve this, their first endeavour must be to discourage the present mania for athleticism. It is some years since this plague entered into our literature: we do not remember which was its earlier, we cannot decide which is its more offensive form; whether when tempered with Christianity or when in its native brutality—as represented by Mr. Kingsley, or by the

author of *Guy Livingstone*. Now it has spread over all society. At college it makes the whole summer term useless; at eleven, says Mr. Pattison, the drag comes round, and work is at an end. But it is at school that the remedy must be applied. They have fostered this mischief; and it is theirs now to check it. But the other day, all Harrow, past and present, was stirred up on the question of a new cricket-ground. Perhaps it was required; but, without being very scientifically disposed, we should rather have seen a subscription got up for a laboratory. Parents are eminently absurd in this matter; but they are infected by the tone of the schools. It lies with the head masters of our public schools to take the initiative in repressing this pernicious craze.

There is no aspect of University Reform more interesting to the community at large than the question how the endowments of Oxford and Cambridge should be administered. At Oxford, about 80 scholarships, amounting on the average to £65 per annum each, are open to competition every year; and about 30 fellowships, which we may safely average at £250 per annum each; and the revenues of many of the colleges are largely increasing. This is independent of unincorporated and school exhibitions in connexion with the colleges, which may be taken at about £40,000 a year. And Cambridge has, if not quite, yet very nearly as much to give. To what purposes can this wealth be best applied?

Mr. Pattison has suggested an elaborate scheme, for the purpose of which he would divert these scholarships and fellowships from their present application. We will consider this scheme presently; but Mr. Pattison urges two special objections against the scholarships which must be met first. He maintains, first, that in principle they are a mistake; and, second, that in fact they have been a failure. To endow a professor he holds to be as necessary as to endow a minister of religion. But "to attract pupils round the professor by largesses of money is as little allowable as to pay people for going to church." The illustration is ingenious, but unsound. Setting aside the fallacy so cleverly insinuated by the word *largess*, what real analogy is there here? People don't require money to go to church. However poor a man may be, church-going will make him no poorer—will in no way interfere with his labouring to become rich. But money is very much required to enable a man to reside at college from eighteen to twenty-one. Devoting himself to study for those three years must make him poorer—at least in this sense,

* Mr. Goldwin Smith on the Re-organization of Oxford.

that it will make it an impossibility for him to labour in order to become rich, or even in order to live. But Mr. Pattison has a further objection. These paid pupils, he says, hurt the teacher. *He* must be endowed. But all endowments tend to induce supineness; and if you provide the Professor with pupils by paying them to attend him, you increase this tendency. Mr. Pattison's plan, therefore, is first so to endow the professor as to expose him to this temptation, and then to stimulate his energies by giving him only rich pupils, or none at all. Again, surely this principle of Mr. Pattison's is inconsistent with his general scheme. For, as we shall presently see, he does not propose to endow teachers as such. He would devote the fellowships to the support of men engaged in study; he is never weary of repeating that men in Oxford are to be for ever, and above all things, learners. If this be so, how can he draw any distinction between learners at one age and learners at another? How can it be right to give a learned man of thirty £300 a year that he may become more learned, and wrong to give a clever boy of eighteen £65 a year in order that he may attain to learning? The history of universities justifies the one system not less than the other. If either is open to attack on practical grounds, it is that which Mr. Pattison upholds. Experience has amply proved that to bestow endowments on men merely *because* they are poor is mischievous in a high degree; but it has proved not less amply that to enable men who show a capacity for learning to acquire it, despite their poverty, is a thing good and profitable for themselves and the country.

But further, Mr. Pattison says the scholarships have been a failure. They have not done what was expected from them: they have not brought the university within the reach of poorer men than came to it before. This is too broadly stated. In our own small experience we have known several instances of men going up to Oxford of late years who could never have done so but for the open scholarships. And we believe that the number of such men is increasing. But, to a certain extent, Mr. Pattison is correct in this. The scholarships have not penetrated so deeply into society as the reformers of 1852 expected; nor is the reason hard to find. It is in the monopoly of the college system. Under that system when a man gets a scholarship of say £80 a year, he requires at the very least as much again before he can avail himself of it. Now, such a boon is of course no gain to the poor man. Allow a man to live where and how

he pleases, and he will live easily on £80 a year; force him into a college where a certain rate and manner of living is kept up, and this becomes impossible. Therefore, the present system can only attract to Oxford those who are able to supplement the scholarship by a considerable expenditure of their own. The remedy, as has been before urged in this Journal, is to allow students to live as and where they please.* In this matter, moved perhaps by the evidence laid before Mr. Ewart's Committee, more probably by fear of a Reformed Parliament, Oxford has recently taken a step which all Liberals regarded with surprise and pleasure. Last term a statute passed both the Council and Congregation, allowing students to "lodge out" in connexion with a college or not, as they please. There are certain provisions regarding superintendence which seem unnecessary, and may be vexatious; but on the whole, the measure is a liberal and a fair one; and imposes no tests of poverty or other offensive restrictions.

Doubtless this is a great advance; and it is earnestly to be hoped that the statute will pass safely through Convocation. It is impossible to say that it will be immediately productive of any marked results. Certainly Dr. Pusey's fears of seeing Oxford crowded with troops of obstreperous young men, eager for immorality, will not be realized. Yet we cannot but hope that this wise concession will attract to Oxford students of a different type. It will offer to them many inducements. First, it will give them the power of living as economically as they can, without submitting to the irksome restraints of a "poor" college, or stooping to the ignominious position of a servitor in a rich one; second, it will allow them freedom of choice as regards their instructors; and third, it will enable such of them as are Dissenters to enjoy an Oxford education without being brought under the ecclesiastical influences of the place in their fullest force. But to give this scheme fair play, there must be a change introduced with regard to the endowments, and especially the scholarships. It will be of little avail to invite poor men to come up and live in Oxford lodgings, if they are to be debarred from all scholarships and exhibitions. Therefore the rule that requires a scholar to belong to a college in the sense of living in the college, and being liable for its expenses, must be relaxed. In principle, as Mr. Jowett says, the right course would be to make all the scholarships university, and not college, scholarships; but if this be thought too violent a change,

* *North British Review*, No. 91.

then at least the colleges must be coerced into allowing any one who may gain a scholarship to continue out of college if he should think fit. In this way, it might be hoped that the universities would be enabled to draw their students from a larger area than at present,—from the whole community, in a word, in place of from a small section of it. At present the universities command what may be roughly called the upper hundred thousand at most. The object is to bring them into connexion with all classes of society. It would be a great thing if it could be said with truth that any boy of unusual ability, however lowly his position, would find no difficulty in winning for himself a university education. By a proper system of our national schools and grammar schools, and by bringing our scholarships freely to bear on these schools, this seeming dream might be realized. And here, as the Schools Inquiry Commissioners have pointed out, we find a strong argument for retaining Latin, even in schools of the lowest grade. If we abandon Latin in the elementary schools, we make a clear breach between those schools and the universities. No boy going to such a school, however great his ability, could have any chance of rising to the highest education the country can give. To make this possible, there must be a chain connecting the highest with the lowest grade of education. To maintain such a connexion is matter of the highest moment; and it is necessary to its maintenance that Latin should be retained as the basis of education generally.

But here we encounter Mr. Pattison's ideal university, the existence of which would be quite destructive of these pleasant fancies. "We must do nothing less," he says, "than ask that the college endowments be restored to their original purpose—that of the promotion of science and learning." They must be devoted "to the maintenance of a professional class of learned and scientific men;" "trading teaching" of any kind is to be abolished altogether.

It may be our own fault, but we fail to gather from Mr. Pattison's book any precise statement of what he conceives to be the true position of a university with reference to education. It seems, however, pretty clear that he thinks education a very minor duty. His great aim is the creation of a body of men who may, if they so choose, "recline at ease, careless of mankind," but who are expected to be actively devoted to learning and science. Teaching at best is to be an accident. And, in order to realize this Utopia, he "cantons out" the various colleges for the encouragement of special studies—giving up Oriel to Moral Science, Queen's

to History, All-Souls to Law, Corpus and Merton to the Physical Sciences.

It is never satisfactory to oppose any elaborate plan of reform on the ground that it is impracticable. Mr. Pattison's plan seems to us hopelessly impracticable; but there are weighty considerations which seem to show that it is also undesirable. As Mr. Goldwin Smith has pointed out, thus to fix the endowments which are to encourage different studies without, is to pre-suppose a knowledge of the future requirements to learning and science which we do not possess. The true method is, for those in whose gift the endowments are, to apportion them from time to time among those studies which, in the state of learning throughout the country, may appear deserving of a foremost place. Thus a varied range of study is secured; and that range may be so modified as to suit the changing requirements of the time. Another practical difficulty is—who are to elect to these professor fellowships, or whatever they may be called? Election by examination is of course out of the question; and the nature of the office is such that there can be no definite standard of excellence to guide selection. To elect men who are to discharge fixed duties—the duty of teaching for example—is not easy; but to elect, on any satisfactory principle, a large body of cultivated sinecurists, would be simply impossible. To what electoral board could we with safety intrust such a power over the studies, the speculations, the fortunes of the intellect of the nation? A third practical objection is, that these sinecures will produce no good result. It is thought, of course, that men who enjoy them will devote themselves zealously to the advancement of learning, will live laborious hours, shunning delights, or, what is much harder, overcoming laziness, without stimulus, without hope of reward. But whence do we get this sanguine expectation? Does human nature suggest it? Does experience justify it? Dr. Johnson frankly declared that no man would work except from necessity, and we suspect he was right. Certainly men cannot be trusted to work laboriously and continuously from love of truth alone. They are rarely so single-minded. It may be too much to say that human nature is, on the whole, moved by low motives; but assuredly the motives which have most power over it are very various, and not always the highest. And experience confirms this less sanguine view. The history of our chapters, of the headships of houses, even of our professorships, gives us little encouragement to hope that by establishing another great body of sinecurists we shall improve education, advance learn-

ing, or even secure that result, so longed for by some, the perpetual publication of learned books.

Lastly, we venture to doubt whether this idea of providing literary leisure for eminent men is the true idea of a university. History does not sanction it. Even in the earliest times, when the universities were rather places of study than places of education, the endowments were given for the support of students during a long course of study, beginning at an early age, and protracted till the doctor's degree. Such an application of them is no precedent in favour of Mr. Pattison's theory. Nor did the universities ever willingly neglect the duty of education. Did not they assume it whenever opportunity offered? Were not their proudest days when they numbered their students by thousands? Above all, Mr. Pattison's plan is singularly ill-adapted for our time. There is no necessity now-a-days that learned men should be withdrawn from a turbulent society, and sequestered in quiet and leisure within the precincts of a university. Men in active life are not necessarily divorced from the pursuits of literature or science. There is no incompatibility between that life and such pursuits; and if in some quarters there is a belief in such incompatibility, the oftener that prejudice is refuted the better. It is in training able men for the world, in enabling them to dignify and liberalize their daily avocations by the influence of true culture, that the universities will discharge their highest duty to the present generation. To relinquish or limit the educational functions of the universities is to break off all connexion between them and the world. Nothing could be more unfortunate. Even in the mediæval times secluded study was never the whole being of the universities. For the clergy were then a great intellectual caste; in their hands was all education and every profession, save that of arms; and so through them the universities had no slight connexion with, and no small influence upon, the conduct of affairs. Mr. Pattison's own description of the university men of those days is that they were "keen-minded men, who were daily passing out into the world to take the most responsible business of political life or ecclesiastical government." Now this monopoly has passed from the clergy. Lawyers, physicians, statesmen, even the "philosophers" of the press, whom our Premier so tastefully sneers at, have come into the place of the mediæval priesthood; and should our universities be asked to let go their hold over these classes of society? They have a hold now, not only

by devoting themselves to education, but also by the substantial rewards which they can bestow on ability. Through their scholarships and fellowships the universities exert an influence over the whole country.

These views were some time ago urged in this Journal in a passage which Mr. Pattison quotes with disapproval.* It was there suggested that, allowing for the changes of time, the Universities might in part be to the present day what the Church was to the middle ages, and what the Church, in some measure, then made the Universities—an avenue into life. In spite of Mr. Pattison's argument we retain that idea. We cannot think that to devote some portion of their endowments to the furtherance of this end is misappropriation of them. Not every man will do most for learning and science if shut up in a cloister at Oxford. Many will give more and better work while busied in active life; and by enabling such men to enter on their various careers the university will be found to consult truly for the advancement of these pursuits. We are speaking now of the direct effect of the two courses; the indirect benefits arising to cultivation in general from the universities thus supplying able men to the professions need not be enlarged upon.

On all these grounds, therefore, we dissent from Mr. Pattison's scheme. We cannot think it either sound in principle, justified by experience, or likely to be beneficial in its results. But while we retain our opinion that a portion of the university endowments may be with propriety applied in furthering the early studies of professional life, we are far from thinking the present way of working the fellowships satisfactory. Before the Commission of 1854, it was matter of reproach to Oxford, that, with all her wealth, she offered no position worthy of an able man who desired to devote himself to teaching, especially if he should also desire to marry. The Commissioners failed to remove that reproach. They instituted one or two good professorships, and that was all. The time has now come when the whole fellowship system must be re-arranged, and the principle on which that arrangement should proceed is not doubtful. It has been stated by more than one of the leading witnesses before Mr. Ewart's Committee. The fellowships must be divided into two classes—one Prize fellowships, the other Teacher fellowships. The former would be elected to as at present, would be smaller in amount, say £200 a year, and should (we think) be terminable. The Teacher-Fellows should be

* *North British Review*, No. 91.

appointed at any age, and not by examination, at least not necessarily. They should have larger incomes, and should hold their fellowships as long as they are engaged in tuition. There are minor differences between some of the witnesses, but such an outline as the above is concurred in generally. All agree that under this system, requirements of celibacy or of taking orders should disappear. To this we would add an increase in the endowment of the principal professorships, and then the teaching of the university would be adequately provided for. But to give this system fair scope, the college monopoly must be abolished. The Teacher-Fellow should be allowed to take pupils from any college. Already, as we have said, this system of interchanging has made a beginning in Oxford. Balliol and New College have, we understand, established it. The importance of this change it seems difficult to over-estimate. When it comes to prevail in the University generally, the teaching of the place will be animated by a new life. The ridiculous idea that each college must be sufficient in itself, and consequently that some twenty-four complete systems of instruction can all go on at once, leads surely to bad learning and bad teaching. The pupil, forced to pay for lectures he does not want, and, worse, forced to attend them, does so with reluctance, and without profit; the teacher, secure from rivalry, deprived of interest, is urged by no more powerful motive than a sense of duty. On the other hand, undergraduates will readily attend and zealously work for lecturers whom they have chosen for themselves; a salutary stimulus will be applied to the teachers; and men with powers of communicating knowledge will no longer feel themselves condemned to a dreary treadmill, but will have before them a field of labour in which distinction may be honourably won. To accomplish these and other necessary changes, the Legislature must give us an Executive Commission, wielding powers at least as extensive as the Commission of 1854,—a measure which would be heartily welcomed by all the intelligence of Oxford.

It is impossible to conclude this article leaving untouched the subject of Tests. Mr. Coleridge's Bill will probably pass any future House of Commons—will certainly encounter bitter opposition elsewhere. The purpose of the Bill may be stated in a sentence. It opens all the degrees, except those in divinity, without requiring any signature to the Thirty-nine Articles, or to any other formula of faith; and it deals in the same way with professorships and fellowships. As things are at present, there are certain

minor differences between Oxford and Cambridge, into which we cannot enter; but the practical result is the same in both, *i. e.*, that those who will not sign the articles, or declare their conformity to the liturgy of the Church of England are shut out from all power and all share in the endowments. This is the state of matters which Mr. Coleridge's Bill proposes to remedy, and which the English clergy are banded together to defend.

These tests are upheld mainly on two grounds; first, that they protect the Christian religion; and, second, that they protect the English Church. Of these, the first is a good end, but is not accomplished; the second is a very bad end, and is accomplished only too well. The first ground is always stated vaguely, and, as stated, is fallacious. For these tests cannot protect the Christian religion in any true sense; they can only protect certain forms of belief—the Christian religion according to the Church of England. But whether we take the expression in its wider or its narrower sense no tests will accomplish this end. There is nothing so difficult as to bring to book these excited defenders of the faith. They seem incapable of definite statement. Two deputations, one from Oxford and one from Cambridge, as a rule consisting of men occupying, indeed, imposing positions, but taking little part in academical work, and utterly without academical knowledge, have appealed to the Archbishop of Canterbury on this, as they call it, "vital religious question." But they assume such to be the nature of the question, without any attempt to prove that it is so. We seek in vain to learn from their fervid denunciations how the abolition of these tests can affect true religion in any way whatsoever.

In what way do they protect religion? In the case of the teachers of Latin, or Greek, or science, no protection is needed. They have no right to touch upon religion; and, in point of fact, they never do so, whether they are bound by tests or not. Under the present system, no such teacher would be tolerated, were he to inculcate religious opinions of any kind; and why should it be assumed that, under a more liberal system, such teachers will eagerly proceed to attack religious opinions of all kinds? Certainly the very last men to do so would be those who are now excluded. The man indifferent to all forms of religion will probably sign the test with a smile or a sigh according to his temperament; the man strongly attached to some one form of religion will not, as a mere point of honour, give in his adhesion to another. Neither,

we believe, would abuse his trust by enforcing his peculiar views; but certainly the latter would not be the more likely to do so. Our Scotch experience has proved the truth of this beyond doubt. But by these tests the man who has no strong convictions is made welcome, the conscientious man is kept out. And this is exactly what the clerical party desire. They prefer, and always have preferred, indifference or dishonesty to heterodoxy, or what they consider such.

But then we have the cry about the religious teaching of our universities. It is difficult to believe that any one who knows anything of our universities can use this argument, or rather re-echo this cry, honestly. For the plain truth is that, excepting theological lectures for men going into the Church, there is no religious teaching in our universities. At Cambridge, men are required to construe the Gospels, and to answer questions in Paley's *Evidences*. At Oxford, they must construe the Gospels, have some vague knowledge of Old Testament history, and be able to stumble through the text of the Articles. But this may be avoided by any one who chooses to declare himself not a member of the Church of England. At Cambridge, we believe, the colleges give no religious instruction at all; at Oxford, they afford what may be requisite to prepare men for the arduous examination above described. How can any one seriously call this religious instruction? Still more, how can any one seriously maintain that, whatever it may be called, it will be in the least affected by the admission of Dissenters to fellowships and the M. A. degree?

But the real argument yet remains, that these tests protect the Church of England. Doubtless they do so, after a fashion, and for a time; but the fashion is degrading, and the time will be short. Apart, however, from these considerations, the answer to this argument is short and plain—the Church of England has no right to protection from such a source. Historically, the universities are not hers, but the Church of Rome's. Legally, they are lay corporations, subject to the control, and at the disposal of the Legislature. In reason and justice they are modern places of learning and education, where all men, without distinction of belief or nation, should be welcome. When they belonged to the Church of Rome they were, if not regarded as national property, yet in truth devoted to national purposes. When the great overthrow came, the ecclesiastical policy of the Tudors, perfected by that of the Stuarts, took the universities from the

ancient Church, and forgetting to what ends that Church had used them, delivered them over to a section of the people. To quote the powerful words of Mr. Goldwin Smith—

“These tests are the vestiges, the last lingering vestiges, of an age of religious tyranny and oppression of conscience,—an age when the best of Christians and of citizens, guilty of no offence but that of loving the truth, and desiring to impart it to their brethren, were treated as felons, harassed, fined, thrust into noisome dungeons, and kept there till they died, at the instigation of ecclesiastics who dishonoured the Christian name, and by the hands of politicians, who equally dishonoured it, and who in many cases had no convictions whatever of their own; when the Eucharist itself, the bond of Christian love, was prostituted to the purposes of political hatred with the approbation of a so-called Christian clergy, though with a profanity worse, because deeper in its nature, and polluting holier things, than the impieties of the ignorant heathen; when in Scotland, many a peasant, merely for worshipping God in the way he thought the best, was shot down by a godless soldiery hounded on by bishops styling themselves the successors of the Apostles; when Ireland was oppressed by a penal code which bribed the child to apostasy by enabling him, as a reward, to strip his father of his property, and not only of his inherited property, but of that which he might himself acquire; when immorality and infidelity went hand in hand with spiritual slavery; and, while Baxter and Calamy lay in prison for their convictions, obscene plays were being acted in the harem of a Defender of the Faith, who lived a careless infidel, mocking at morality and God, and who died a craven infidel, calling in his panic for the viaticum of superstition. Is not that age, with all that belonged to it, numbered with the past? Are not its practices disclaimed even by those who have not yet eradicated its sentiments from their hearts?”*

But here is the whole matter: such practices are indeed disclaimed by the lips, yet these sentiments still rule in the heart. The clergy of our day can no longer torture or shoot the Dissenter; but they can still keep him in a position, if not of degradation, at least of inferiority; can still exclude him from educational privileges and academical prizes. See to what the contest is now narrowed. It is no longer a question of religious teaching. That was disposed of when Catholics and Dissenters were admitted as students. It is a struggle to prop up the Church by the influence and the wealth of great national institutions. The spirit in which the contest is carried on may be learned from a recent occurrence. At

* A Plea for the Abolition of Tests.

Merton College one half of the fellowships are clerical. This has been found most injurious; and that society, by an almost unanimous vote, applied to their visitor, the Archbishop of Canterbury, for his concurrence in a proposal to limit the clerical fellowships to one-third. The Archbishop refused his sanction—"in the interests of the Church." We read without surprise that the society felt itself aggrieved by that decision, thinking that "the duty of the visitor, as the guardian of the educational interests of the College, had been made subordinate to the supposed interests of his ecclesiastical capacity;"* but we are surprised that the society should have expected any different response. Of what avail is it to reason with these men of the interests of the universities, or of justice to the nation—to remind them that Trinity has lately seen two Senior Wranglers in succession leave her walls, to show what a mockery are schemes of university extension, so long as you exclude Dissenters from the great prizes of the place, and give them but an inferior degree? Against all such reasonings the clergy stand up valiantly *pro aris et focis*—for their loaves and fishes.

It is an edifying spectacle. At no time, we think, had the Church of England so slight a hold over the educated laity as at present. The mob of titled fanatics who the other day hooted down Dean Stanley can give her no real support. But they may hurry her to destruction. The alliance of Mr. Disraeli's "heated imagination" is a thing for laughter. But it is matter of sad and serious earnest that there is at this present time a desperate rally on the part of the old Tory section of the English Church. They see their ascendancy passing away, and they are banding themselves together for a fierce struggle to regain it. They have chosen their time unwisely. The most marked characteristic of our age is an indifference not only to the Church of England, but, in a measure, to all recognised forms of belief. But while we are thus breaking with tradition and authority, we are keenly alive to truth and justice, we rest our hopes for the future on intellectual progress. And it is at such a time that this Church of yesterday would arrogate to itself the majesty of the Vatican, will spare no effort to maintain in Ireland the greatest ecclesiastical iniquity in Europe, and to banish from our universities all freedom of thought and breadth of culture! Men are beginning to ask how it is that the bulk of the Established clergy are always opposed

to peace and freedom and right; and the question is full of danger.


If the Church would only learn in this her day! But her destiny is not our present concern. Our care now is that the universities be kept free from the stains of this ignoble strife,—that the marks of old struggles which yet cling to them be taken away. Mr. Goldwin Smith fears lest he should seem to dream, were he to tell what the career of our universities might be. It is a foolish and false thing to say that the Dissenters are hostile to them. Dignified in their wealth, venerable in their antiquity, appealing to every feeling of romance, every sentiment of beauty, they cast a spell over the imagination even of those who are shut out from them, and rule in their hearts with a charmed sway. The Dissenter longs to share their spirit, to breathe their atmosphere; he looks on them with admiration, even with pride; and if here and there some expressions of indignant envy may be heard, who can wonder? The more profound this admiration, the keener the sense of the wrong which has been inflicted. Striving, then, to fulfil their high destiny, the universities will meet no slow response from all classes of the community. What that destiny may yet be, accomplishing itself not in England alone, but in all the great communities which speak the English tongue, and not by teaching only, but by directing and controlling the teaching of others, we can hardly venture to imagine. Such fancies may seem fond. Yet we will not part with the hope that they may be one day realized. But if the splendour of that day is ever to dawn, "the pestilential coils of party in which the university has lain for three disastrous centuries choked, paralysed, isolated from the nation, must be untwined; the party ostracism which decimates her administration must be brought to an end; academical aims must prevail over political and ecclesiastical aims in her councils, and those councils must be freely opened to all who can serve her well, and who will serve her for herself."

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- ART. II.—1. *Mirèio, Pouemo Prouvençau de Frederi Mistral*. Avignon, Marseille, Nice, Paris. 3^{me} Edition, 1864.
2. *An English Version of Mirèio*. By C. H. GRANT. Marseille, Avignon, etc., 1867.

ABOUT twenty years ago the son of a poor gardener of St. Remy, in Provence, proud

* Evidence before Mr. Ewart's Committee.

of some schoolboy verses in correct school-French, dedicated them to his mother, and when he proceeded to read them to her, was shocked to find that the old Provençal woman did not understand them. The *patois* of southern France, in truth, is much nearer to Spanish and Italian, or to their common mother, Latin, than it is to the French of Paris. How Joseph Roumanille, the native of St. Remy, should only then and thus have discovered this, is not of much consequence. But the fact is, that along all the French sea-board of the Mediterranean, across all the fair provinces of Guienne and Gascony, Languedoc, Dauphiné, and Provence, all the way from the Pyrenees to the Alps, the spoken language is that *patois* to which its modern cultivators give the time-honoured name of Provençal; and few of the natives of the degree of farmers, labourers, tradesmen, understand any other. All through that country a traveller is met with "We don't speak French," as in our West Highlands the natives have "no Saxon." Joseph Roumanille, loving his old mother at St. Remy, was also full of love for the country of his youth and the language in which he had lisped his first prayers; and he dedicated his talents to the same task that inspired Burns to wish—

"That I for poor auld Scotland's sake
Some usefu' plan or book could make, 
Or sing a sang at least."

Roumanille was no dreamer. He had energy and perseverance to make a fair beginning of the revival of Provençal literature. He caught the tone of his countrymen. Mistral describes him as one

"who mingles

In his harmonies the people's tears,
The laugh of maidens, and the flowers of spring."

He has spoken sweet, innocent words, sung chaste and holy songs, to his own people, in their native language, that despised tongue—*nosto lengo mespresado*—which had hitherto been the vehicle of no literature higher than a coarse ribaldry. He has rescued his mother-tongue from that degradation, has spread innocent delight through the farms and villages of Provence, and he has had his reward in seeing his patriotic undertaking carried forward with enthusiasm by a worthy school of followers and rivals.

Avignon, the old city of the Popes, a place full of historical associations,* is the

centre of the Provençal movement, and from the press and the book-stalls of Avignon have already gone forth some remarkable literary efforts in the revived *patois*. These authors and their works were noticed in a late number of the *North British Review*, and the attention of the reading public was called in particular to the *Mirèio* of M. F. Mistral, to which we propose to dedicate this paper. Mistral is the greatest of the new Troubadours, and *Mirèio*, his own favourite,* is the most successful and popular of his works. The poem is now in its third edition.

It would seem that the pastoral or idyll thrives best in *patois*. Without going back to the Doric of the Greek shepherds, and eschewing the vile affectation of rusticity in

silia, with Greek inscriptions and sculpture as fresh as if carved yesterday. The contents are sepulchral urns, lachrymatories, and many vessels of many-coloured glass and unknown use. The sculptures are chiefly of the crowd of guests assembled at the funeral feast. These tombs are found round Avignon, and all down the Rhone valley. To all collectors of ancient coins and *bric-à-brac* Avignon is an attractive resort. The magnificent remains of the palace of Popes, the church—which some will have to be of ancient Roman masonry,—the city walls, more picturesque from their decay, would detain more travellers, if all the world were not rushing by the great rail to Marseilles, *en route* to Algeria, to India, "on business."

To such "measurers of sea and land" it would be useless to suggest the interests of Vaucluse, of the Pont-du-Gard, of Nîmes, Arles, Orange, bringing Rome and its magnificence face to face with you. Still less would it avail to whisper that a walk on the *Rocher des Doms* on a spring evening, with the noble rivers joining at your feet, while the setting sun lights up the old towers and the Banksia roses clinging to their walls, and the *Arbres de Judée* dazzle the eyes with the blaze of their blossoms—such a walk, always with a good companion, and *amid the music of innumerable frogs*, is a thing never to be forgotten.

We don't take up the cudgels against Murray and the Guide-books, who rail at the wind there, and rake up some old scandalous doggerel of—

"*Avenio ventosa,
Sine vento venenosa,
Cum vento fastidiosa!*"

We can afford to laugh at such libels, and offer a translation *ad libitum* :—

Old Avignon's the place for wind!
And ague there you'll often find;
But blow the wind, or shake the fever,
We'll sing—Old Avignon for ever!

The northern man, tired of his long winter, dreading the severe punishment of his northern spring, may do worse than make his tryst to meet the sun and the swallows on the Rock of Avignon.

* In his dedication to Lamartine he says

"*Es moun cor e moun amo,
Es la flour de mis an.*"

'Tis my heart and my soul,
It is the flower of my years.

* There is a little Museum of Antiquities at Avignon, full of tombs of the old colonists of Mas-

some of our English pastorals, we have the best example among ourselves. Burns was far greater when singing the simple language of the Kyle ploughman, in his shepherd plaid, by the banks of the Doon, than when living the conventional life, and using the book-language of his patrons and patronesses in Edinburgh. He felt himself more a man, more a true poet, when like his own immortal "Tam-o'-Shanter," buffeting the rough weather, and—

"Now crooning o'er some auld Scots sonnet,
Now haudin' fast his gude blue bonnet."

It is true that Burns had an advantage over those Provençal poets, and indeed over other writers in a provincial dialect. Burns's song, in the broadest Scots, was something else than vulgar then. In his day, not a high-born dame of Scotland but had heard that language in her nursery, and learnt to love the sweet sentiment as well as the melody of our old ballads from her nurse, long before she was called to weep over the tender verses of—

"Ye banks and braes o' bonny Doon,
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair?"

The educated classes had not to look back to Barbour, or even to Dunbar and Lindsay, for the Ayrshire ploughman's dialect. The rhythm was familiar. Was it not the ring of the Border ballad of love and war, as it was still sung by the blythe milkmaid and the crone at her wheel! Even the broad musical Saxon tongue was still the common language of the nursery, and of the never-forgotten companions of nursery days. Feeling that our own partiality should put us out of court, we call in the authority of Longfellow, who, speaking of his own version of *Jasmin's* pretty pastoral, the "Blind Girl," says—

"Only the tongue of Lowland Scotland might,
Rehearse this little tragedy aright."

We accept the testimony of the pure English poet, though it may have an unconscious bias from associating the language with the genius of Burns.

Now, something of Burns's advantages the knot of Provençal enthusiasts claim to have. They pretend to resuscitate an ancient poetical language—the *langue d'oc*,—the speech, a thousand years ago, of the Princes and Counts of the court of Toulouse, where the constitution was not merely, as was said later of France, "a despotism tempered by songs," but where songs were paramount to politics and the constitution. It is not a mere romance. For several centuries, in all that country, kings and queens, knights and

soldiers thought it their highest honour to make verses, and to sing them. Love and song were the business of life; and lords and ladies held debates about the tender passion, the philosophy of love, with as much gravity as serious people now throw into a dispute about church music. But that language, cultivated by the old Troubadours, and fixed by them, was gone; either quite forgotten, or preserved only in the mouth of the uneducated peasant, who has handled it roughly and degraded it to vile uses. It was gone as thoroughly as the Latin of the Roman *Provincia*, as the Greek in which St. Cesaire preached to the people of Marseilles in the sixth century.

Has the character of the people as much changed? It is hard to say. The people are still peculiar; very different from the Gauls of midland France. Tradition, or belief of ancestry, does not go for much in national character. But the shepherd of the Gardon, who has never heard of the Greek colonists who settled Massilia, for whom Theocritus may have invoked the Sicilian Muse two thousand years ago, does not look without emotion on the marvellous aqueduct that spans his native valley, or the remains of Roman art scattered round Arles and Nîmes, telling the tale of imperial power and colonial civilisation. He does believe that his forefathers had something to do with those stupendous monuments. Tradition is something real when vouched by such evidence.

Actual "race" and blood descent will have more influence than the traditionary belief and pride of ancestry. Why should we doubt that it will affect the character as it is known to affect the physical constitution of animals and mankind! We Britons are ready enough to fancy the stout Anglo-Saxon strain cropping out in the uttermost parts of the earth. Those Greeks, be they Dorian or Ionian, capable of such early civilisation, of so poetical a temperament—those middle-age Troubadours, living in an atmosphere of church and chivalry and song, may perhaps have influenced the character of the present people who inhabit their seats—a people addicted to music, of a very poetical temperament, religious to extreme superstition,—sober, gentle, slow, almost dull—yet so easily excited to dangerous excesses.

It is possible, then, that the peculiar character of the people, like their language, may be traced to their historical ancestry. That may be one element. Another is more certain. About their climate there can be no mistake. It is still the sunny land of love and of song, where the blood bounds with a wilder throb of passion, where the

rudest music has the effect of the tarantula, and the common air breathes sweet and wooingly through the mulberry leaf and the almond blossom.

The French critic, like the French policeman, is all for centralization and submission to "the authority" in all things. He sees no advantage in reviving a language dead or doomed to die. He has not much sympathy with the wish to speak to that fine impulsive people in the only tongue they understand, to save them from the polluted ribaldry of their familiar songs, and to give them the use and the delight of a homely literature of pure thoughts, not unmixed with humour and gaiety. If the people are capable of appreciating something above their coarse *virelays*, let them learn French! If their authors feel the power of the true artist, let them write to intelligent men in French! We poor insulars may be pardoned for cherishing a different opinion. Without fighting the battle of suppressed nationalities, we submit that the Avignon revivalists have done well in writing pastorals and tales and songs in the language of their countrymen, simple *patois* though it may be. We are prepared to maintain that there are good reasons for writing popular poetry in the language of the people, and there are special reasons against writing it in French.

Of modern languages, perhaps French is the least suited for pastoral or idyllic composition. Its very perfections, which none but a Parisian can hope to master, are against such a use. Its sharp precision, the unyielding accuracy of its grammar, its intolerance of colloquial "vulgarisms," of incomplete sentences, of childish prattle, all join to make the polished language unfit for the talk of ideal shepherds and ploughmen. May we say further, there is a want of frank, natural, kindly, old-world expressions in its vocabulary, and of full rich tones in its speech. French is best adapted for the life of cities. It is the special language of science. It is admirable in the witness-box, more excellent and admirable in comedy, and in familiar letters,—especially ladies' letters—and indeed generally in the conversation and intercourse of educated people. But it is not a poetical language, as compared with English or German, nor a musical speech, when compared with Italian or Spanish or Lowland Scotch.

But this is not a question of comparison of languages. The simplicity which unfits the Provençal *patois* for expressing the loftier or more subtle thoughts of educated men, recommends it to the ear of the peasantry of southern France; and any language is worth

cultivating that is spoken by millions—an language that is the sole speech of a people. It is hardly possible to confer a greater boon on a people situated like these *patois*-speakers of the South, destitute of anything worthy of the name of literature, than by opening to them, in their own tongue, a wholesome literature, full of innocent, generous, tender charities, sympathizing with their rude but well realized feelings of religion, and brought home to their common occupations and daily use.

Perhaps it would have been better if the adventurous champions of the new or restored language had banished French readers entirely from their thoughts, and French translation from their pages. When Burns, under the full *afflatus* of the Muse, sang to his peasant-love, his bonnie Jean, or told a tale to his neighbours that was destined to immortality, he despised for the nonce Edinburgh critics, and took no thought of Homer and Virgil. What would have been his answer, had Creech proposed to print "Tam-o'-Shanter" with an English version *en regard*? Undoubtedly those Provençal enthusiasts at first meant their songs for the shepherds and peasants of the Rhone valley; but, bolder grown, they strike for the honour of Provence and its literature as worthy to rank with French. In other words the poet who prints at Avignon, though he loves his beautiful province and its people, has an *arrière pensée*—"what will they think of me at Paris?" Perhaps no Frenchman can overcome that feeling. Moreover, M. Mistral is a scholar and a classic. In the first lines of his pastoral he professes himself "*umble escoulan dou grand Oumero*;" and he shows in some places too plainly that he is imitating his great master. His pastoral poem would have been more successful if he had written for the Provençals rather than the Parisians, and banished Homer quite from his thoughts for the time.

But the convenience of the Paris public demands a translation; and it is only part of the evil that M. Mistral encumbers his racy Provençal poem with a literal French prose version, like a school Horace with "Smart" *vis à-vis*, if, as the French critics tell us, the work bears marks of the original Provençal being cut and carved to suit the French translation.

But now we have done of our critical grawl. In truth the faults we have found are not so much the author's, as arising out of the circumstances which he has to contend with; and shall now endeavour to make our English readers in some degree acquainted with his very singular and very charming poem. In one particular, M. Mistral has

had rare good fortune. He has found among his own countrymen, even in the great trading city of Marseille, a gentleman well versed in Provençal, perhaps to the manner born, in every respect worthy to render into English this remarkable poem. Mr. Grant evidently appreciates the beauties of the original, yet with infinite taste forbears from any embellishment of his own. His natural unaffected English, following the order of the original where possible, becomes really musical, and contrasts, to our mind, favourably with the French prose which M. Mistral has joined to his Provençal poetry. For the most part we propose to use Mr. Grant's translation in the specimens we shall require for making the poem known to our readers. We say, for the most part, but having said so, we shall not consider ourselves bound to follow Mr. Grant in every instance, nor to break our narrative by stating when we leave his translation for one we prefer.

The scene of M. Mistral's pastoral is not in the most beautiful spot of the Provençal Arcadia. At the mouth of the Rhone, on the left bank, is a district some twenty or thirty miles broad, of wild, rugged land, that seems in some remote prehistoric age to have been overspread with the *débris* brought down by the two great rivers from their Alpine valleys. The natives called it the *Crau*, and M. Mistral, willing to keep up the connexion with the Greek colonists, derives the name from the Greek *κραῖπος*—*arid*. The books tell us that it is part of the old *campi lampidei*. It is pastured by wild, shaggy cattle and sheep, and only in a few spots is capable of tillage. One of these oases is cultivated from the *Mas de Palabrego*, that is, the farm-steading of the lotus or nettle-tree. You can tell it at a good distance by the fine old olives, and hedges and alleys of almonds and vines. It is one of the best properties in the Crau. Master Ramon, its possessor, has six ploughs at work, and the plough marks but a small part of the produce of a farm in that land of the silk-worm, of the olive and almond, not to speak of the grape, and all manner of fruits. The farmer is as proud of the land he has reclaimed with the sweat of his brow as Tennyson's northern farmer was of stubbing Thornaby Waaste. His daughter, Mirèio, is the heroine of the tale. The author translates her name into French, Mireille, and we beg leave for the present to call her Muriel. She is the prettiest girl, and promises to have the best dower in the Crau.

For such a girl there is no lack of suitors.

"Vengue lou tems que li violeto
Dins li pradello frescouleto
Espelisson a flo—"

Come the season when the violets in the meadows so fresh blow in bunches; when the sea calms down her angry bosom, and her billows gently heave! in that sweet season come three suitors for fair Muriel's hand. First is Alári:—

"Vengué proumié lou pastre Alári
Dison qu'avie milo bestiári. . ."

They say he had a thousand sheep that grazed the rich sea pastures all the winter through. In summer he went with his flocks to the Alps, but when the snow came on the hills, you should have seen the rich flock passing down from the glens of Dauphiné to pasture on the broad plain of the Crau!

"You should have seen this multitude
Defile into the stony road;
The early lambkins heading the whole band,
Come on in merry throngs,
The lamb-herd guiding them: then come
The asses with their bells, in pairs, their
foals beside,
Or in disorder trotting after them.

Captains of the Brigade
With horns turned back;
Next come on abreast, jingling their bells,
And with looks askance,
Five proud buck-goats with threatening
heads.

Behind come the mothers
With their little mad-cap kids."

After march the rams, the sires and leaders of the flock, with muzzles in the air. You know them by their great horns thrice twisted round their ears. At the head of the flock goes the head-shepherd, his plaid about his shoulders; and then in a cloud of dust, hurrying and hustling, come the ewes, answering with their bleating to their bleating lambs; the woolly wedders slowly follow.

From break to break the shepherd boys are heard to their dogs shouting—*a la voulo!*—(*far yaud!*) Then comes the flock immense, all pitch-marked on the sides. Apart the yearling ewes, the two-year-olds, and ewes from whom they have taken their lambs, and the twin-breeders that wearily their heavy burdens bear along.

And all these sheep and goats are Alári's—all young and old and fair and foul. And when before him they defile, and march past in hundreds, his eyes sparkle, and as a scap-tre he grasps his maple cudgel. When to pasture going, followed by his large white sheep-dogs, his knees in leather leggins but-

toned, with looks so calm and brow so wise, you would take him for the beautiful King David, as at even to the wells of his fathers he went in his youth to water his flocks.

Alàri, with his flock and his noble presence, is too Homeric a figure to suffer any degradation. He should not imitate Virgil's shepherd boys, and offer Muriel a box-wood bowl of his own carving, all cut with his own shepherd knife! He should not occupy his leisure in carving castanets and sheep-bells and collars. It savours too much of the drawing-room shepherds of Watteau. The bowl might be a masterpiece worthy of Alcimedon, but that was not the way for the noble shepherd Alàri to woo his love. Perhaps Muriel thought so. She examined the bowl and admired the figures carved upon it—three nymphs wakening a sleeping shepherd by putting a bunch of grapes on his mouth—and then she tells Alàri to take back his bowl, and she goes off with a bound, crying, "Shepherd, your offering is very pretty, but my lover has one more beautiful."

"Moun bon-ami n'a 'no plus bello!
Soun amour, pastre! E quand me bélo,
O fau que baisse li parpello,
O dins iéu sènte courre un bonur que me poun. . . ."

"My lover hath one more beautiful!
It is his love, shepherd! And when on me he looks
Needs must I close my eyelids,
Or else a bliss runs through me that destroys me."

"Then like a sprite the maiden vanished.
Alàri the shepherd wrapped up
His goblet carefully again, and slowly, in the twilight,
Departed from the farm, disturbed to think
A maid so fair so much in love should be
With any one but him."

The next of Muriel's suitors is Veran, from Sambuc, in the great salt marshes, where he has a hundred mares, all white, cropping the reeds of the marsh—a hundred white mares, with manes uncut and wildly floating. Doubtless they are the horses of the sea, broke away from the car of Neptune:

"For when the sea moans and scowls,
When ships part their cables,
The stallions of Camargue neigh for joy,
And smack like whipcord
Their long hanging tails,
And paw the ground,
And feel within their flesh
The trident of the terrible god
Who raises the tempest and the flood,
And stirs from top to bottom the depths of the sea."

This Veran, the master of the fiery steeds, comes proudly, with long white frock, of the fashion of Arles, thrown over his shoulder, with belt chequered like a lizard's back, and hat of wax-cloth, shining in the sun. Of old his grandsire had lent his wild teams to tread out the corn on the threshing-floor of the Falabrego Mas, and now he approaches, not the maid herself, but Muriel's father, Master Ramon, and claims acquaintance. He tells of his great stud and ever-increasing store, and offers himself as the old man's son-in-law. Master Ramon hears, well pleased. He soon tells Muriel. The poor girl hears him, pale, and trembling with emotion, prays her father not to think so young to send her from him. She reminds him how he has told her, that before one marries one should know and be known. Her mother comes to her aid, and the lord of the wild horses retires with a smile,—“For I tell you,” says Veran, “a Camargan stud-master knows the bite of a mosquito!”

In the course of the same summer comes a third suitor, Ourrias, “*lou toucadou*,” “the brander”—the cattle-brander of the *Souage*, the desert beyond the river. Black and fierce are the famous cattle of the *Souage*; and there, in midst of his herd, born there, brought up with his oxen, Ourrias was like them in shape, in the savage eye, and in blackness. Between his eyes he has a scar, got in a famous bull-fight, a single combat, hand to horn, with a savage bull, at a great branding, still remembered in Camargue.

The mighty “brander” finds Muriel at the well alone, with sleeves and skirt tucked up, washing her cheese-forms. Saints of Heaven! how beautiful she was! (*Sainto de Diéu! coume era bello!*) her little feet in the clear water dabbling!

“Good day, fair maid,” said Ourrias, “if you don’t forbid me, I will give my white beast a drink at this clear well.” “Oh!” said the girl, “the water never fails here. You may let her drink as much as you please at the dam-head.” Then follows a dialogue of sharp repartee, which ends with Muriel sending the black brander about his business. And now—

“The shadows of the white poplars are lengthening,
The Ventourese breeze is freshening;
Still has the sun two hours of height;
The weary ploughmen are turning their eyes
To him from time to time, and wishing
That eve would come, that they might meet
their wives
On the threshold.”

That was the time that Ourrias the brander

left the spring, revolving in his mind the insult he had received from Muriel. His head was in a whirl, and from time to time the rush of gathered rage sent the blood of shame to his brow. Across the fields he gallops, furious, muttering his wrath. He could have fought with the pebbles of the fields. He could have charged the sun with his spear!

In this mood "the brander" meets with a foe to vent his rage upon; but for this new and chief person of our simple drama we must turn back some leaves.

The hero of our tale, Muriel's love, is no lord of mighty flocks and herds, no prince in disguise; M. Mistral is incapable of that vulgarity. Vincent is the son of a poor cottager of Valabrego, on the left bank of the Rhone, and he and his father earn their bread by making baskets,—the large crates used in the husbandry of olives and almonds, of mulberry-picking and vintaging. We introduce them in a musical stanza:—

"De long dóu Rose, entre li pibo
E la sausetò de la ribo
En un paure oustaloun pér l'aigo rousiga
Un panieraire demouravo
Qu' emé soun drole piéi passavo
De mas en mas e pedassavo
Li canestello e li panié traucan."

"Among the willows by the river side,
The Rhone with poplars bordered,
In a poor damp mouldy hut,
A basket-weaver dwelt,
Who, with his son,

At times went round from *mas* to *mas*,
And patched old cribs and baskets full of holes."

One evening—it is the opening of our pastoral—the basket-makers, father and son, seek shelter at the Mas of Falabrego, where wanderers are not rejected. They have their supper with the household, servants and family, all at one stone table. Muriel, active and graceful, seasoned a dish of beans with olive oil, and, running, brought it to them.

Muriel is not quite fifteen—a true Provençal! Her brown cheek shows the ripening of the sun, and her bright, honest face and sparkling black eyes would banish sorrow. About her head her glossy black tresses fall in wavy curls. Twin peaches not fully ripe her rounded bosom seems. Somewhat shy she is, yet merry, laughter-loving.

Much pressed by all, chiefly by Muriel, and cheered by a goblet of Crau wine, the old basket-maker sings a song of the sea. Old Master Ambroi had sailed and fought with Suffren, and he fights his battles and beats the English o'er again, in song, like a true tar. Then the labourers, delighted

with the old sailor's song, from table rose, and went to lead their six yoke to the stream; and while their mules are drinking, they beneath the branches pendent from the trellis still keep humming the old Valabregan's song. Meanwhile Muriel sits and talks with Vincent, the young basket-maker.

Vincent is sixteen, with cheeks as swarthy as you please,—but darkish land is known to yield the finest wheat, and black grapes make the wine that sets all dancing:

"Certo, acó 'ro un beu drole e di miéu estampa."

"He was, I assure you, a handsome boy in face and figure."

Muriel and he talk of their lives and daily labours. She envies him for travelling about and seeing so much. "Oh! what ancient castles and wild places you must see! What places of pilgrimage and holy saints! While we, we never leave our dovecot!" So encouraged, he tells of his wanderings—of the path through the olives all draped with flowers, when the whitened orchard loads the air with their perfume—of hunting the *cantharis*—of picking the gall-nuts from the oak—of getting leeches in the good old way, by wading till the wader's leg is covered with the blood-suckers—and other gipsy-boy trades. But above all, he tells her of the wonders of *i Santo*, the shrine of the "Three Maries" of Carmagne, where there is such divine music, where all the people bring their sick to be cured, where the blind receive their sight. "Ah! young lady, should ever misfortune overtake you,

'*Courrés, courrés, i Santo! aures leu de soulas,*'

Run, run to *i Santo*. There you will have solace!" Then he changed the strain, and described with vivid words and gesture a foot-race at Nîmes, in which he had himself run and been defeated. Muriel and Vincent sat close together. She was never tired of listening. "Oh, mother! sleep is for winter! Now the nights are light, too light to sleep: let's listen, listen to him! I could pass my evenings and my life in hearing him!"

Another day of spring, when the mulberry was in leaf, and all the girls of Provence were picking its leaves in baskets and sacks for their silk-worms, Muriel, as she climbed a mulberry-tree, saw Vincent passing, and called him. He asks leave to help her in stripping the branches, and the pair of children are soon busy picking leaves, taking a bird's-nest, and making love in simple, innocent, charming prattle. In the midst of their talk the branch on which they were sitting broke, and both fell to the ground in each other's arms. Vincent eagerly asks if

Muriel was hurt. No, the fall had not hurt her; but something was the matter, something tormented her—took away sight and hearing, and sent her blood bounding through her body. Poor Vincent makes guesses at the cause of her disturbance. Was it fear of her mother chiding for idleness? Was it a stroke of the sun? "No, no! it is none of these that ails me. My breast can hold it no longer. Vincent! Vincent! must you know it?—I love you, Vincent"—"*De tu sieu amouroso.*" Vincent is at first incredulous—that the princess of the Mas should love the poor basket-maker! But the Provençal girl scorns the difference of fortune. "What matters it to me whether my lover be a baron or a basket-maker!" and her lover answers to her passion in a fine rhapsody. There is nothing he would not do for her—nothing she could desire that he would not get for her. If she wished the bright star above them, he would rush through seas, woods, torrents, nor fire nor sword should stop him; to the tops of the peaks touching the heaven he would go, to seize it, and, on Sunday, he would hang it on her neck. The passionate girl heard him, nothing loath, and no doubt the eloquence came bettered from his lips—for he was a beautiful young fellow, full of life and vigour and confidence in himself, though estimating his love so far above him. It is the passion of the South, with the innocence of childhood and of simple manners. In the whole scene there is nothing to raise a blush, nothing to require even the thin veil of the uncouth *patois* to gain admittance to modest ears. The youth had ventured once to clasp the maiden to his breast—had ventured one kiss,—when a shrill voice, the voice of an old woman, is heard in the alley,—"Muriel, the silk-worms will have nothing to eat at mid-day!" Like a covey of sparrows when a stone is thrown among them, the lovers separate—she to the *Mas*, without a word, with her gathering of leaves on her head; he stands immovable, and watches her from a distance, as she ran swiftly across the fallow.

Such was the person whom the savage Ourrias encountered as he rode from the well at the Mas, galloped over the fields, raging, ready to fight with man, or bull, or devil, with the stones on the fallow, or the moon in the sky. He had no reason to suspect that Vincent was his favoured rival, but he was going in the direction of the Mas, he was at least acquainted with its inhabitants. At any rate he was a victim to vent his rage upon. "I suppose it is you, you ragged barefoot," he cried, "who have bewitched that foolish girl of the Mas?" and then he spoke insultingly of Muriel, and

sent contemptuous messages to her. Vincent was roused to madness, and both men were ready for battle, but they spent some time in the preliminary war of words, after the fashion of the old world, when men about to fight loved to whet the appetite for the feast of battle with threats and boasts, which we moderns—perhaps more correctly, we English—have banished even from the most plebeian encounters. Ourrias screams and howls with rage, and our hero is not silent. The war of words over, they rush together like two bulls. The ground shakes, the pebbles fly from under them. Vincent is light and quick, and plants the first effective blow, but when he was following it up, Ourrias catches him with his huge fist, and fells Vincent to the earth. Then more boasting. Then Vincent is up, and they rush together and grapple—like Scotsmen—like Lancashire men,—it is a fierce wrestle more than a boxing-match. In their fury they scratch and bite:—

"Diéu! quanti cop Vincen i'ajounglo!

Diéu! quanti bacelas mando lou bouvatiè!"

"Heavens! how Vincent peppers him with blows! Heavens! what awful hits the herdsman deals! His club-like fists crushing, smashing!"

It is the battle of two of Homer's heroes. And again it is the fight of Dares and Eutellus.

Tired of storming round and round him, Vincent puts down his head and makes a rush full at his stomach. Then as he bent—

"The puissant herdsman seized him by the small, and in Provençal fashion tossed him o'er his shoulder like a shovel of wheat, into a field a far way off."

But the youth rises, claims a third round, and—

"At the risk of perishing, on the Camargan savage rushes, and a blow delivers him, a straight-out-from-the-shoulder blow, fair in the stomach. The Camargan staggers, feels for something to support him, to his misty optics all seemed turning. Icy cold sweat broke out on his forehead. Then upon the stony plain, and with a falling tower's crash, great Ourrias falls! Into deep silence all La Crau was hushed."

Vincent places his foot on his breast, but, after a time, dismisses him with a jeer, vanquished. The savage brander skulks away and mounts his horse, which he had tied to a tree, and then—

"Chafing, storming, cursing all around! What is he seeking? Aie! Aie! he stoops. Now he has found it! Now he brandishes his trident savagely, and rushes right upon Vincent."

"Say your prayers," thundered the traitor. Vincent fell under his huge spear as he looked a last look at the white dwelling of his love. The brander gallops off, scattering the pebbles as he flies. "To-night," he says, "the Crau wolves will have a feast!"

Yet, not without compunctious visitings the traitor rides away from the scene of his murder, and coming to the river bank, hails a boat to take him over. Three fishers in the boat take him on board, and his mare swims at the stern. "Ho! master pilot, have a care! your boat is shaky!" "I have noticed it just now."

"Pourtan un marrit pes, vous dise,
Responde lou pilot, et piéi digué plus ren."

"We have a wicked freight, I tell you," the pilot said, and no word then said more."

But when the boat pitched and staggered, and took in water till she was like to sink, said the pilot again—

"As tua quaucun miserable!"

"Villain, you've murdered some one!"

At last the pilot gets communicative. The Rhone is full of phantoms to-night, and ghosts and spiritual appearances; for it is St. Medard's night, when the souls of the drowned revisit the earth, taper in hand, searching, searching, seeking for any good deed of their past life, any act of faith that may open the gate of Paradise to them. There are ghosts of fishers—

"Fishers who caught the lamprey and the perch, and now have food become for perch and lamprey. Now behold another troop defiling. All disconsolate on the shingle, they are maidens fair and loving, who, abandoned by their lovers, in despair besought the Rhone for hospitality, and in the river drowned their grief immense."

"Desesperado

An demanda la retirado

An Rose, pér nega soun immenso doulour."

"There is a band of atheists, traitors, murderers. These also seek some saving deed, but in the gravel of the river find but heavy sins and crimes, in shape of stones, 'gainst which they stumble with their naked feet. . . . Beneath the roaring wave, Heaven's pardon these shall seek in vain, for ever."

Here Ourrias clutched the pilot's shoulder. "The boat is filling!"

"The bucket's there," replies the pilot quietly. And Ourrias sets to bale with all his might. And he toils bravely: *but that night the spirits of the river danced on Trincataio bridge.*

Courage! bale, Ourrias, bale! The mare tries to break her halter. "What is it,

Blanco? Art afraid of the dead? said her master, his own face white as chalk, and his hair on end. And silently the water rises, rises to the gunwale, splashes over!

"Captain, I cannot swim! Can you save her?—save the boat!"

"No! In the twinkle of an eye she'll sink; but, from the river's bank a cable will be heaved us by the dead—that procession of ghosts that frighten you so." And as he spoke down went the boat in the Rhone.

In the dark distance, the pale lamps trembling in the hands of the drowned send a long ray as bright as lightning from bank to bank, and as you have observed a spider spinning her thread in the sun, and then gliding along it, those fishers, who were spirits, caught the brilliant beam and slid along it. From the middle of the gurgling water, Ourrias, too, stretched his hands to seize that cable; *but the spirits of the river that night danced on Trincataio bridge*,—and down went the assassin to the bottom!

A passage like this suffers from the condensation necessary here. But even in our bald rendering, relieved here and there by Mr. Grant's version, the whole episode of Ourrias seems to us highly vigorous and picturesque. In the closing scene, the supernatural is not employed till the mind of the assassin, equally with the mind of the reader, is worked up to the pitch necessary for receiving such impressions. None of Scott's ghostly scenes are so fine or so natural. The *diablerie* of "Tam-o'-Shanter," though perfect in its kind, is pitched on a lower key.

But, after all, Vincent is not killed outright. He is found in a miserable state by some swineherds returning from the fair of St. Chamas the Rich, and borne by them to the nearest dwelling,—the Mas of Falabrego. The bliss of the wounded knight, tended by his lady love, the ecstasy of recovering health in her company, are not for him, however, or they must be supplied by the reader's imagination. M. Mistral prefers an unmeaning visit of the lovers to a witch's cavern,—a very foil to the scene we have just described. Vincent recovers and returns to his father's hut, from whence the presumptuous youth sends his father on an embassy to the Mas of Falabrego.

The old basket-maker arrived on St. John's Eve, along with a gang of reapers, who were to begin cutting next day; but first they had their feast at Master Ramon's board, and then they went, as befitted, to heap and trim the balefires proper on that night. Ramon the farmer, and Master Ambroi, are left together at table. The

ambassador tells his tale cunningly in the third person, and asks advice. Ramon has plenty, and all for stern coercion. If a father is a father, he should make himself obeyed. When we were young, had any son opposed his father's will, it's more than like his father would have killed him."

"Mais afebrido e blavinello
L'enamorado pichounello
Ven alor a soun paire. Adonc me tuarés
O paire! Es ieu que Vencén amo
E, davans Dién et Nostro Damo,
Res autre qu'én n'aura mon amo!
Un silenci mourtau li prengué touti tres."

Fevered and pale, the impassioned girl interrupts her father, "You will kill me then, my father. It is me that Vincent loves, and, before God and Our Lady, none but he shall have my heart!" A dead silence held all three.

Her mother first gives Muriel a good scold. "You have refused Alári with his thousand sheep, and Veran the great stud master, and Ourrias so rich in cattle! Well—be off! Tramp with your beggar-love from door to door. Go! join the gipsy troop, and boil your porridge-pot upon three stones under a bridge."

But her father was even more furious. She should not go though he should chain her, or put a hook in her nose like a wild animal! "Though I should see your cheeks grow pale and wear away with sorrow—fade like snow upon the hill-sides under the hot sun, yet you shall stay. You shall never see your beggar more!" And he struck the table a blow with his fist that made it tremble. As a vine its over-ripe grapes sheds to the wind, pearl by pearl Muriel sheds her tears.

The old farmer then turned upon Master Ambroi. "And who knows, you old traitor, but you and your young beggar have woven this plot together in your hut?"

But now Ambroi is roused.

"Malan de Dién! eridé tout d'uno
Se l'avén basso la fourtouno,
Vnci aprenes que pourtan lou cor aut!"

"God's mischief!" cried he all at once; "if our fortune is low, you shall know this day that we carry our hearts high. I am yet to learn that poverty is vice or stain. Forty years I have served my country. Scarcely could I a boat-hook handle when I went as a ship-boy in a man-of-war. I have seen the empire of Melinda, and heard the cannon roar with Suffren in the Indian war. As a soldier too I have traversed the globe, done my duty in the mighty wars of the great Captain who rose from the South and scat-

tered destruction from his hand over Spain and to the steppes of Russia, till the world, at the sound of his drum, shook like a tree of wild pears; and in the horrors of boarding, in the agony of shipwreck, the rich have never done what I have. But I, child of poverty—I, who have not in my native land a corner to put a plough in—for my native land I have bled and suffered for forty years, but no one remembers it!"

"What would the old grumbler have?" said Master Ramon; "I too have heard the bombs rattle, filling with thunder the valley of the Toulon folk. I have seen the bridge of Arcola fall, and the sands of Egypt soaked in blood! What then! When we returned from those wars we set ourselves to work like men, to dig and scarify the ground. We were at it tooth and nail. Our day began before the sun was up, and the moon has caught us hanging over the hoe. They say the earth is generous, but it is like the walnut-tree,* it must be well beaten first! Ah! if one could count the knocks and drops of sweat each morsel of this ground has cost me to reclaim! By Saint Anne of Apt! and am I to hold my peace? or, like a satyr, toil and moil always; eat my siftings, that the homestead might grow rich—that I might with honour stand before the world! and then I am to give my daughter to a beggar haunting the hay-lofts! Go, in the name of thunder!—keep your dog; I will keep my swan!" Such was the rough talk of the farmer. The other old man, rising from the table, took his cloak and his stick, and said but two words:—"Adieu! may you never have cause to rue this day!"

And as he left the Mas, his path was lighted by the fires of St. John's Eve, round which the reapers were dancing the farandole, and shouting, "St. John! St. John! St. John!"

And what of Muriel? In her sombre little room, dimly lighted by the stars, she on her bed is lying weeping, with her brow between her hands: "Oh! tell me, our Lady of Love, tell me what to do!" (*Nostro Damo d'Amour, digas me que farai!*) Oh! cruel fate! Oh! father hard who treads me under foot! If you saw my heart-break and trouble, you would have pity on your child—me whom you called your darling!"

While thus upon her bed the lovely child laments, her heart consumed with love, with fever throbbing, while she recalls the spring-

* In the original, *avelano*, the hazel. It seems to stand in the Provençal adage like our English slander against the spaniel, the woman, and the walnut-tree.

time of her love—bright moments, happy hours,—she remembers too Vincent's counsel: if mischief or misfortune come, run, run to: "the Saints" for solace! Now has misfortune come. "Let me go! I shall return content." Then from her little white crib sliding she descends the wooden staircase stealthily, carrying her shoes in her hand, removes the heavy door-bar, recommends herself to the good Saints, and rushes out into the dark night. She makes her way through servants and shepherds unperceived; the dogs know her, and are quiet. She had to travel right across the rugged plain of Crau; to cross the Rhone, and through Camargue to the chapel and shrine of her patrons (*i Santi*) the Three Maries.

"Ni d' aubré, ni d'oumbro, ni d'amo!"

"No tree, no shade, no living soul."

"Under a sun of June Muriel flies."

(*Lampo, e lampo, e lampo*) runs, and runs, and runs."

As the sun rose high the heat was dreadful. Sinking with thirst she called on good St. Gént:

"Lou bon Sant Gént, de l'empirèio
Entemdegne prega Mirèio."

The good Saint Gént, from the empyrean, heard her prayer, and suddenly she beheld a well, an old well with a stone cover, shrouded in ivy. And then there is a charming episode of a little boy sitting and playing by the well, and singing to the basket of snails which he had gathered; but we have not room for this pure and graceful idyl. The child is good to Muriel, and takes her to his father's hut, a fisherman on the Rhone, and tells her, by the way, of the marvels and grandeur of Arles, and of the sea, which the maid of the Crau had never seen. At length, said the boy, "see, yonder! there is the canvas of our hut moving in the wind. Look! on the white poplar which shades it my little brother is climbing. He is hunting grasshoppers, or maybe looking out for me. Ah! now he has seen us. My little sister, Zeto, who lent her shoulder to help him up, turns; and you see her running to my mother, to tell her to prepare the *bouillabaisse*;"—and then the hearty playful welcome of the honest fisher! It is a bit of pure Arcadian, unspoilt by affectation.

But Muriel has half her journey still before her. Next morning the little boy rows her across the broad Rhone, and saw her jump ashore. Then, handling his sculls, "he backed with one, and with the other pulled his boat's head round." Over the desert of Camargue, through the treeless,

burning desert, through the marshes crusted with salt, through the rank fen herbs, the home of gnats, through the delusion of the mirage, under a fiery cloudless sky, poor Muriel flies, with Vincent in her thoughts. At length the relentless sun pierces her brow as with arrows, and she falls death-stricken on the sands. A friendly swarm of gnats find her prostrate, and sting her poor hot hands, and all her neck and brow, till she is forced to crawl forward, and arrives at the chapel of the Saints of the Sea. There she casts herself down on the pavement, and has strength to pray: "Oh! Holy Maries, who can into smiles change bitterest tears, I am a maiden young, and love a youth. Handsome Vincent!—him, dear Saints, I love! I love with all my heart! I love him! I love him as the brook loves to run! as the bird loves to fly! And they would have me extinguish this cherished fire, which will not die; and they would have me tear up the almond-tree! Oh! Holy Maries, who can change our tears into flowers, quick incline your ear to my grief!"

The poor child, gasping on the flags, her head bent backward, her eyes wide open, seems to see heaven open, and three women, divinely lovely, in white shining robes, descending down a path strewn with stars. "Poor Muriel!" they say, "take comfort. We are the three Judæan Maries. We are the patron saints of Baux. Your complaint ascended to us ardently as flames of fire. Your faith is great, but your prayer distresses us. You would drink at the fountains of pure love foolishly before death! Where have you seen happiness in this world below? . . . This is the great saying that man forgets—Death is life! (*La mort es la vida*.)

"The meek, the simple, and the good are blessed. With favouring gales they wing their way to heaven quietly, and, white as lilies, leave a world where the saints are stoned.

"Oh Muriel! could you but see how full of suffering is your nether world, how poor and foolish your passion after matter and your fears of the grave, unhappy lamb! you would bleat for death and forgiveness. But the seed-corn must decay before it shoots. It is the law (*Es la lei*). We too, before we had our beams of glory, had drunk of the bitter cup."

And then the three Saints of the Sea tell their earthly history, of their leaving Jerusalem after the ascension of our Lord; while the people of Judea were still lamenting—

"Ah lou plagnien dins la Judéa
L'ou ben fustié de Galileio
Lou fustie de peu blound!"

"Ah they mourned in Judea the handsome carpenter of Galilee, the carpenter of the fair hair!"

They tell of their miraculous voyage—a crowd of men and women, without sail or oar. Martial and Saturnin, and Trophimus and Maximin; Lazarus and his sister Martha, and the Magdalen; Eutropius and Sidoneus, and Joseph of Arimathea, and Marcellus and Cleon; and of their being cast ashore in the marshes of the Rhone. At Arles they were struck with horror at the Pagan rites in honour of Venus. The people singing—

"Canten Venus la segnonresso,
La maire de la terro e dou poble Arlaten."

"Venus they sing, the lady, mother of the earth and of the people of Arles."

Then Trophimus, with the mere name of Christ, tumbles the statue of the goddess from her pedestal. The enraged crowd is appeased by the serene face of Trophimus, as if already encircled with a glory; and by the beauty of the Magdalen, more lovely than their Venus. The Provençal poet, writing to his countrymen, speaks to their senses. It is the beautiful Jesus with the fair locks!—the Magdalen more lovely than the Pagan Venus!—Magdalen, whom angels peeped through the chink of her cot to look at, and when she let fall a tear, gathered it and placed it in a golden chalice. But we do not care to criticise such painting with Protesting coldness. When all Provence and Languedoc had been brought to the true faith by that shipful of Saints, the three Maries found their rest on the wild shore of Camargue. Their tomb was long forgotten, till they revealed its situation to the last king of gay Provence. King René handed down the reverence of the Saints of the Sea to France.

The Saints bid adieu to Muriel, and ascend to prepare, against her death, the roses of the snow-white robe for the virgin, the martyr of love (*virgineo e martiro d'amour*). Their words fade in the distance—

"As when at eve, harmonious, the sounds of bleating goats, of shepherd's pipe, of songs of love, along the serpentine Argens banks, over the hills and fields, along the lanes, grow faint and die among the mountains brown, and night and melancholy come (*e vèn l'oumbro emé la languissoun*), so their words fainter grew and fainter, from cloud to cloud of gold—seemed the last note of some church hymn, or like a far-off strain of music floating o'er the ancient church, swept by the breeze—and Muriel seemed to sleep."

There her parents find her. The hard old father is quite broken.

"Mirèio ma bello mignoto
Es iéu que saire ta manoto
Jéu toun paire."

"Muriel, my pretty darling! it is I that press your hand, it is I, your father. . . . Oh Saints, let her live, she is so pretty, so innocent, such an infant! Take my life instead. Send my old bones to dung the mallows!"

They move her to the upper chapel to catch the sea-breeze, and there her quick sense tells her her lover is come. He too had hurried madly over the fatal plain, so fatal to his love, and finds her dying. He raves wildly. "What have I done to be so punished? Have I cut the throat of her who suckled me? Has any one seen me light my pipe at a lamp in a church, or drag the cross through thistles like the Jews? It wasn't enough to refuse her to me, but they must make a martyr of her!" Then he embraced his love. "*E'mbrassé soun amigo*."

The Saints breathed over the dying girl a little strength, and her face flushed with a sweet joy, for the sight of Vincent was to her pleasure unspeakable. "*Car de veïre Vincèn i agradé que nounsai*."

"Tell me, love," said she, "do you remember that time when we were sitting together talking under the trellis, you said to me, if any misfortune come, run quick to the Sainted Maries, and soon will you have solace. Oh, dear Vincent, that you could see into my heart as in a glass. Of solace! of solace my heart is running over!" (*De soulas, de soulas, n'en regounflo moun cor!*)

"My heart is a spring running over of delights of all sorts—graces, pleasures—of all I have abundance. I see, I see the choirs of God's angels!" Then again she is rapt in ecstatic vision, and passes into a sweet delirium. "Would," said Vincent, "I had seen the Saints who cheered her. Oh! I would have said, Queens of heaven, our only help remaining, take my eyes from my head, my teeth from my mouth, the fingers from my hands. But her, my little fairy! oh, give her back to me in health!"

"Mai elo, ma bello fadeto
Oh! rendés-me-la gaiardeto!"

It is evening; they give her the last rites of the dying. All is still. In the chapel nothing is heard but the *Oremus* of the priest.

"Against the wall the setting sun his horizontal last beams casts, and slowly come the sea's long waves, and dully break upon the beach—her parents and her lover knelt sobbing around her."

Muriel speaks again—"The time of part-

ing is at hand—quick! shake hands! Lo, the glory waxes on the Maries' brows. Already, along the Rhone the rosy-hued flamingoes are assembling, and the tamarisks in bloom beginning to adore. Oh blessed souls! they beckon me to go with them. They whisper I have nought to fear, their bark to Paradise will take me straight, and they the constellations know." Then the old father broke out in a piteous wail,—
 "What boots it to have grubbed up all that wild wood, my darling! What use is it if you leave the house? All my courage came from you. The heat struck down, the fire of the turfs parched me, but the sight of you carried off both heat and thirst."

She said to him, "Good father, when you see a moth fluttering round your lamp, that will be me. The Saints are on the prow waiting me. Yes, dear Saints! wait but a single instant. I cannot go fast, I am so ill."

Then breaks out the mother:—"It is too much! you shall not die! Stay with me! you must! Then, when you're well again, my Muriel, we will go together and carry a basket of pomegranates to your aunt Aurane. It isn't far!"

"No, it isn't far, good mother, but you will go alone. My mother, give me my white dress! See you the white and splendid mantles the Maries wear! the snow on the mountains is not so bright."

Then it was the swarthy basket-weaver that spoke;—"My all! my beautiful! thou who hadst opened for me your fresh palaces of love! thy love! my flowering almond. Thou, thou, by whom my poor clay brightened as a mirror,—thou, the pearl, of Provence,—thou, the sun of my young life!—shall it be said that you, great Saints! have seen her in her agony, and embracing your sacred lintels in vain!"

The maid replied, all softly (*plan-planeto*):—"O my poor Vincent! what is it you see? Death,—that deceitful word! what is it? A cloud which vanishes with the knell of the bell! a dream that wakes us at the end of night. No! I do not die! with ready step on the bark I mount! Adieu! Adieu! Now we are at sea. The sea—the beautiful rippling plain is the avenue to Paradise. The blue sky meets the sea all round. Aie! how the water rocks us! Among so many stars hung up there, I shall soon find one where two loving hearts can love at freedom. Saints! Is that an organ playing in the distance?" And the dying girl sighed and turned her brow as if to sleep.

A smile was on her face as while she spoke; but she was dead.

We know nothing more. Vincent pro-

poses to die, and be buried with his love. He asked to have one grave for both in the sand, where, beneath the trembling water, she at his ear may still speak to him of her Maries:—

"Aqui ma bello a moun auriho
 Tant-e-pièi mai de ti Mario
 Me parlar."

Whether his wishes were fulfilled our author saith not.

Such is the simple story of rustic love, round which M. Mistral has thrown the graces of genuine poetry. Like a true artist, he has dashed in some pictures of the rural life and occupations of his dear countrymen, not less poetical that they are absolutely true—the labours of the field, relieved with the pleasure which in that happy climate the mere cessation of labour gives; the song, the dance, the rustic feast, are there not ideal—not like the deluding festivities of English cottagers, admitted one day of the year to the Squire's park in holiday suits to make their obeisance. Some of our extracts show with what taste M. Mistral has discarded the scenic dresses and adornments that disfigure our English and some Scotch pastorals. He has painted his countrymen as they are—in the simplicity of nature—an uncultivated but impressive and poetic nature, not readily passing into vulgarity or falling into childishness. His shepherd of the Alps is a real shepherd; his Veran, the master of the wild white horses, dressed up to the dandy standard of Arles in blouse and glazed hat, is not thereby spoilt for the purposes of Art. How true to nature is the sweet heroine herself, with her airs of spoilt daughter, rural beauty, heiress, village queen! Her impertinences to her suitors, even her burst of rebellion against her parents, we forgive them all for such sweetness of charity, such a fulness of passionate love, such a present sense and feeling of religion, as are to be found nowhere else in literature except in some of Shakespeare's characters, where, as here, we find the truth of real passion—the passion of the South—sudden, absorbing, consuming, freed by its very intensity from any taint of coarseness.

Before parting with this little volume we wish to give a fair representation of Mr. Grant's rendering of Mistral. We have already spoken hurriedly of the heroine's flight across the Crau. Taking it in the middle, here is Mr. Grant's translation:—

... All alone
 In the vast scorching wilderness,
 With neither spring nor pool

To slake her thirst—she slightly shuddered.
 "Great St. Gent!" she cried, "O hermit
 Of the Bausset mountain! handsome
 Youthful laborer, who to thy plough
 Didst harness the fierce mountain-wolf!
 Divine recluse, who the hard rock didst open
 For two jets, of water one, and one of wine,

To flow and quench thy dying mother's thirst!
 Like me thou, while they slept,
 Thy family desertedst, and thy mother
 Found thee all alone with God
 Among the Bausset gorges. As she was
 I am. So open for me, good St. Gent,
 A spring of limpid water; for my feet

Are blistered by the hot and stony ground,
 And I am dying of thirst!"
 In the empyrean good St. Gent
 Mirèio heard. Accordingly she soon
 Perceived a well with a stone-cover
 Shining in the distance. Like a martin
 Through a shower of rain, she through

The flaming sunbeams flew to it.
 It was an ancient well with ivy overgrown,
 At which the flocks were watered.
 By it, in the scanty shade
 One of its sides afforded, sat
 A little boy at play. Beside him
 Was a basket full of small white snails.

The child was one by one withdrawing
 With his little brown hand from the basket
 The poor little harvest-snails and singing to them—
 "Snail, snail, little nun!
 Quickly come out from your cell,
 Quickly show your little horns
 Or I'll break your convent-walls."

The lovely Crau maid who had dipped
 Both lips and face into the bucket, looked up,
 With her rosy visage flushed with running
 Now, and said,—"Why little one!
 What are you doing here?"—A slight pause.—
 "Picking snailies off the stones and grass?"—
 "Thou'st rightly guessed," the child said.

"See how many I have!
 I have harvest-snails, nuns, and *plattello*."
 —"And you eat them?"—"I? not I!
 On Fridays mother carries them to Arles
 To sell, and bring us back delicious soft bread.
 Hast thou ever been to Arles?"
 —"No, never."—"What! hast never been to
 Arles!"

"I speaking to thee have!
 Ah! poor young lady! If thou knewest
 What a large town Arles is!
 How Arles spreads and covers
 All the wide Rhone's seven mouths!
 Arles has sea-cattle grazing on the islands
 Of her lakes! Arles has sea-horses!

In one summer Arles yields corn enough
 To keep her seven years. She's fishermen
 Who bring her loads of fish from every sea
 And river. She has mariners who go
 And brave the storms of distant seas!"
 Thus marvellously glorying in
 His sunny mother-land, the pretty boy

Told of the blue sea varying rough and smooth,
 Of Mount-Majour that feeds the mills

With hampersful of olives soft,
 And of the bitterns booming in the marshes.
 But, O charming nut-brown city!
 He'd forgot to tell of your supreme
 Phenomenon. The child forgot to say

Your sky, O fertile land of Arles!
 Dispenses to your daughters beauty pure,
 As it does wings to birds, aroma
 To the hills, and grapes to autumn.
 Meanwhile pensive, inattentive,
 Stood the country-maid. She said at last,
 —"Bright boy, before the frog is heard to croak

Upon the willows, I must be across
 The Rhône, and left there to the care of God."—
 "*Pecaire!* thou hast fallen on thy feet,"
 The little fellow answered;—"we are fishers,
 And to-night, dressed as thou art,
 Thou'lt sleep with us beneath the tent,
 Pitched at the foot of the white poplars;

And, at dawn to-morrow, father
 Over in our boat will put thee."—"No!
 I'm strong enough to wander on to-night."
 —"Forbear! dost thou then care to see the band
 Escaping plaintive from the *Il! il! il!*"
Trau de la Capo? If they meet thee, down
 Into the gulf they'll drag thee after them"

—"Trau de la Capo! what is that?"—
 "While walking o'er the stones,
 Young lady, I will tell thee." He began.
 "There was a treading-floor that groaned
 Beneath its weight of sheaves. Thou'lt see
 The spot to-morrow by the river side.
 For a whole month or more the piled-up sheaves

A round of Camargue horses trod
 Unceasingly. Not e'en a moment's rest
 Had they. Their hoofs were aye at work.
 And on the dusty floor were heaped
 Mountains of sheaves still to be trod. They say
 The sun was so intensely hot
 The treading-floor glowed like a furnace.

Wooden pitchforks pitched in unremittingly
 More sheaves. The bearded ears
 Were shot like cross-bow arrows
 At the horses' muzzles,
 On St. Charles' as on St. Peter's day
 The Arles bells rang and might ring.
 Neither holiday was there nor Sunday.

For the harassed steeds. But aye
 The weary tramping, aye the pricking goad,
 And aye the husky shouting of the keeper
 In the fiery gyrating turmoil.
 Miserly as hard, the master
 Of the white corn-traders actually
 Muzzled them. Our Lord's day in August came.

Upon the heaped-up sheaves the beasts
 As usual coupled, were still treading,
 Bathed in foam, their livers sticking
 To their ribs, and muzzles slobbering;
 When lo! a blast of cold wind blows in,
 I! a blast of the *mistral*, and sweeps
 The floor! The greedy eyes of the despisers

* Mr. Grant, in translating for the English reader,
 not unnaturally writes to the English eye. The ex-
 clamation in the original is *Ai! Ai! Ai! Ai!* The
 forefathers of the little fisher of the Rhone two thou-
 sand years ago, if they troubled their heads with
 spelling, would have written it *al! al! al! al!*

Of God's day into their sockets sink.
The treading-floor quakes horribly and opens
Like a huge black caldron. Whirls the piled heap
Furiously. Pitchforkers, keepers,
Keepers' aids, unable are to save it.
Owner, treading-floor and van, van-goats
And mill-stones, drivers, horses, all

Are in the fathomless abyss engulfed!"
—"You make me shudder," says Mirëio.
—"Ah! but that's not all, and may be
For a little fool thou takest me.
But by the place thou'lt see to-morrow,
In the water playing, carp and tench,
And hear marsh-blackbirds singing on the reeds.

But when our Lady's day comes,
And the fire-crowned sun to the meridian
Climbs, then lie down softly and with ear to ground
And eye upon the water, thou shalt see
The gulf from limpid darken with the shadow
Of the sin; and gradually thou'lt hear
A humming sound as of a fly's wing

Rise up from the troubled deep.
Then t'will be like the tinkle of small bells;
And then thou'lt hear among the weeds
A tumult horrible, like voices
In an amphora. 'Twill next be like
A sound of weary trotting on a hard
Dry sonorous surface; horses trotting,

Very lean, and that a swearing shouting
Keeper brutally insults.
But as the holy sun declines
The blasphemous sound arising from the gulf
Grow gradually faint,
The limping stud are heard to cough,
The tinkle ceases of the little bells

Among the weeds,
And on the tops of the tall reeds
The blackbirds sing again."—
Thus chatting, walked the little man,
Basket in hand, before Mirëio.
With the sky the mountain was now blending
Its blue ramparts and its yellow crests;

And as the sun receded with his glory,
He the peace of God left to the marshes,
To the Grand Clar, to the olives
Of Vaulongo, to the Rhône extending
Away yonder, to the reapers who unbend
At length and drink the sea-breeze.
—"Now," the little fellow cries, "Young lady!

Look! there's our pavilion's canvas fluttering
In the wind. The poplar-tree that shelters it,
See! brother Not is climbing. He's cigalas
After, or may be, he's looking out for me.
Ah! he has seen us. Sister Zeto, who
Was lending him her shoulder, has turned round;
Away she runs off to advise our mother

She may set the *bouïabaisso** on at once.
So now there's mother stooping for the fresh fish
At the bottom of the boat."—Then as the two
With equal haste were nearing the pavilion,
Cries the fisher—"Wife, our Androun soon
Will be the pink of fishers, for already,
See, he's bringing us the Queen of eels!"

ART. III.—*Histoire de Saint Louis*. Par
FÉLIX FAURE. Paris, 1867.

VOLTAIRE said of Louis IX., "*Il n'est pas donné à l'homme de pousser plus loin la vertu*," and Voltaire can hardly be expected to be prejudiced in favour of a king considered by the Church of Rome as a fit subject for canonization. The only rival, from a moral point of view, perhaps in all history, who can be found for Saint Louis, is Marcus Aurelius. Both were perfect representatives, the one of a religion, the other of a philosophy, which enjoined the practice of self-abnegation to an almost superhuman extent. But history, as a rule, may be said, like children, not to evince any extravagant attachment to those held up as paragons of exemplary conduct. She is more fond of associating herself with the *grands scélérats* of all ages—the Borgias, the Catherines de Medici, the Richards III., and Philips II.; and to say the truth, unless the paragon happens to be born in an age of revolution and trouble, his life is not likely to have much to do with those tragic vicissitudes and episodes of terror which rouse the wilder emotions into activity. And the reign of Saint Louis especially, so far as France is concerned, could, without his Crusades, hardly be made very attractive reading by any expenditure of human art. Happy, it has been said, are the people who have no history; and France, from the date of the battle of Taillebourg in 1242, down to the end of the reign of Saint Louis in 1270, was in the enjoyment of profound peace. The only history of the country consists in a record of the yearly journeys of the King from town to town, vigilantly looking after the interests of his people,—of his administrative and legislative reforms, and in long accounts of the immense expenditure of his inexhaustible charities,—none of which subjects offer very attractive material for readers fond of stimulants, and not given to special habits of study. One portion of the achievements of his reign would indeed be of the highest interest to the student of art, if its history could be fairly exhibited—the progress of ecclesiastical and civil architecture,—since the pointed-arch style reached its perfection in this reign. Saint Louis was the Augustus or the Pericles of the so-called Gothic style; the marvellous cathedrals of Amiens, Bourges, the choir of Beauvais, and many other masterpieces of ecclesiastical structure;

*The cosmopolitanism of cookery is wonderful! This name for water-zoutchee, from the *bouts de Rhone*, turns up again at the very extremity of the

langue d'oïl, in *Bouillabaisse*.—See *Life in Normandy*, by Mr. Campbell.

such choice *bijoux* as the Sainte-Chapelle, built as a reliquary for the crown of thorns, procured from the Emperor of Constantinople; a countless number of abbeys, convents, hospitals, and fine specimens also of pointed-arch civil architecture;—were either completed or commenced in the reign of Saint Louis. To use the picturesque language of the Sire de Joinville—"As the transcriber illuminates the book which he is writing with gold and azure, so the said king illuminated his kingdom with the fine abbeys which he built there, with Maisons-Dieu and the monasteries of the Preachers (the Dominicans), and the Chartreux (the Franciscans), and other religious orders."

But it is as the last of the Crusaders that Louis stands in the most romantic light before posterity, and that history finds a tragic and sentimental interest in his life. The Crusades, which began with Godfrey de Bouillon, ended with Saint Louis—both men of the grandest types of humanity, and the difference of which well illustrates the progress of ethics and religion during the two centuries and a half which intervened between them.

If it were not for the precious record which has escaped oblivion—the life-like and charming narrative of the Sire de Joinville,—we should have a very imperfect acquaintance with the real character of Saint Louis; and as it is, notwithstanding their close intimacy, and the delightful example of how a king and a hero can be familiar with a subject and yet retain his veneration, it is clear that Joinville was not capable of entirely comprehending the elevation and nobility of the King's mind, and that Saint Louis exercised a good deal of reserve towards him in the innermost convictions and highest aspirations of his soul. The piety of Saint Louis, like all true piety, was in the highest degree modest and sensitive; and he forbore to make any display of it, except so far as he thought it for their own and the public good. He showed, in the unforeseen way in which he proclaimed both his Crusades, that he knew how to keep his own counsel up to the very last moment in matters in which his whole soul was engaged; not that he was in any degree morose, or naturally reserved—on the contrary, his disposition was constantly cheerful; what pleased him especially in Joinville was his gay and frank nature; and he laughed at his blunt repartees, even when they did not coincide with his own sentiments, in the greatest good-humour. But on one occasion he said to him—"Je n'ose vous parler, à cause de l'esprit subtil dont vous êtes doué, de chose qui touche à

Dieu." Joinville was a pious man, but this speech characterizes the difference which existed between him and the King. The light smart nature of the good-hearted Champenois feudal chief was not congenial to Louis, but it was not one to which he would be likely wholly to unburthen himself of his inmost deliberations.

One anecdote portrays well the friendly familiarity which existed between the King and the Seneschal. When they were both at Acre, in Palestine, a number of Armenian pilgrims came to De Joinville and asked him to show them "le saint roi." De Joinville went and found the King sitting on the bare sand in his tent, leaning his back against the tent-pole, and said to him, "Sire, there are some people here from Armenia in pilgrimage, to Jerusalem, and they want to see 'le saint roi;' but as for me, I do not desire yet to kiss your bones"—"*Et le roi rit moult clairement et me dit de les aller quérir.*"

Saint Louis, indeed, could be familiar with all, even with mendicants, without losing his dignity; and as for a "*prud-homme*," meaning in the language of the time a "valiant and true man," he always rose from his seat to welcome him when he entered his presence. To his most familiar friends he signed himself in writing Louis de Poissy, having been born at Poissy, on the 25th of April 1215. He set indeed small value on his kingship compared with his membership by baptism in the Christian community. "Bel ami," he said finely to one of his nobles whom he admitted to his intimacy, "*je ne me considère que comme un roi de la fevè dont la royauté ne dure qu'au soir.*"

Saint Louis, both by birth and education, owed most of his fine qualities to his heroic-minded and pious mother, Blanche of Castille, who became a widow by the death of the feeble-minded Louis VIII., in consequence of the fatigues of the siege of Avignon, when Saint Louis was of the age of six. Blanche was grand-daughter of Henry II. of England, and of Alphonse VIII. of Castille. Thus Richard Cœur de Lion was his great-uncle. And since Philip Augustus, his grandfather, married Isabella of Hainault, descended from the last of the Carlovingian princes, Saint Louis, had not only Hugues Capet, but Charlemagne, Alfred, and William the Conqueror, among his ancestors.

Blanche of Castille told her son one day that she would rather see him dead before her than know he had committed one mortal sin, and the education she gave him was in accordance with this precept. As a boy, Saint Louis was remarkable for his

fine features, his fair and delicate complexion, and his abundant blonde hair; but later in life his delicate constitution, his daily austere religious practices, and the fatigue and sufferings of the first Crusade, made his cheek thin and pale, and his form spare, and gave him an air of premature age. The expression of his face was one of habitual sweetness, so that after death, when stretched on the sands of Carthage, he seemed to smile on his beholders. His infancy and youth were spotlessly pure, and his religious habits were early formed, at a time when the daily life of princes partook of all the severity of the cloister. A prince of regular life—was not only present every day at mass, but followed all the canonical rites from matins to vespers; read daily not only his breviary, but the works of St. Augustine, St. Cyprian, St. Anselm, and other doctors of the Church. The education, then, of Saint Louis was of a cloistral kind. He got little of what we now call secular and scientific training; he thought, up to his latest hour, that Cairo was the ancient Babylon; and his biographer mentions that he was never given to singing profane songs, but preferred the chanting of Latin hymns, of which *Ave Maria Stella* was his favourite.

He learnt, in common with the noble-born youths of his time, all the exercises of chivalry, and the chase with hound and falcon, but never conceived any great passion for the latter, and remarked in later days, when he heard that observations were made of the time he devoted to his religious duties, that if he spent daily twice the time with dice or in the forest, no one would have thought it extraordinary.

In those turbulent times, when the feudal chieftains were still fierce and impatient of any power superior to their own, the accession of a young king of six, with a widowed mother, a stranger in the kingdom, seemed a splendid opportunity for making all possible aggressions on the royal power, and the coronation of the young boy-king offered few circumstances of good augury. Scarcely any of the great barons attended, to avoid paying homage to the child, whom they intended to despoil to the utmost of their power. And shortly after the coronation ceremony at Rheims, when Blanche was at the royal castle of Montlhery, some of the great feudal chiefs made a plot for seizing the Queen-mother and her son. But the prestige of feudalism had received a deadly blow at the great battle of Bovines, a year before the birth of Louis. The burgesses of the towns, who received their privileges from the crown, and hated the

social oppressions of the great barons, were warmly attached to the royal cause; and when Blanche sent word to Paris that she was afraid to come there, because the great barons threatened the road, the whole of the citizens turned out in arms and lined the way from Montlhery. The memory of this devotion of the people to the royal cause in his boyhood sank deep into the heart of Louis; he spoke of it with affection to his latest day, and he never ceased to love his people as his children. "Beau fils," he said to his eldest son in 1259, "je te prie que tu te fasses aimer du peuple de ton royaume, car vraiment j'aimerais mieux qu'un Ecosais vint d'Ecosse et gouvernât le peuple du royaume bien et loyalement que si tu le gouvernasses mal appertement."

It might indeed have fared ill with the boy had he not possessed such a mother as Blanche of Castille; and the two are inseparably connected in history. She was beautiful, high-minded, able in government, and of spotless reputation. Not seeing any one in whom she could trust to direct the affairs of her son, she assumed the Regency herself; she managed the affairs of the royalty so dexterously, that she again and again dissolved or broke up by force factious leagues of the rebellious feudal lords; even after Louis became of age, his reverence for his mother was such that he disturbed her position as little as possible; and up to her death, which happened when her son was in Palestine, she continued to be the Regent of the kingdom in fact, if not in name.

She married Louis at twenty to Marguerite, the daughter of Raymond, Count of Provence. Marguerite was seven years younger than her husband, was beautiful, high-spirited, and generous; and the marriage was an admirable one, though the jealousy of Blanche, who was fearful of her influence over the son she had watched over and adored, was a great trial to both Marguerite and her husband. And when Blanche of Castille died, and Louis shut himself up at Acre in private sorrow for two days, Marguerite also showed signs of great sorrow; but on being asked what cause *she* had to grieve, confessed she mourned not on her own account, but out of sympathy for her husband.

The events of the reign of Saint Louis may be divided under five heads:—

I. His repression of the rebellious spirit of the great feudatories, in pursuance of the policy tending to the consolidation of the French monarchy, commenced by Louis le Gros, carried on by Philip Augustus, himself, and Philip the Fair, and completed by Louis xi.

II. His relations with England, in connexion with the English possessions in France.

III. His position as neutral in the great quarrel between the Popes and the house of Hohenstauffen.

IV. His legislative and other reforms in the internal government of France, and his character as Sovereign.

V. His conduct as chief of the two last great Crusades proclaimed in Europe for the defence of Palestine.

As for the great feudatories, after raising endless troubles in the kingdom during the whole of the minority of Louis, they made a final great effort to override the royal power in a league headed by the Comte de la Marche and the Comte de Toulouse, and backed by our Henry III. and thirty hogsheads of *esterlings*. But the league was utterly broken up at the great combat of Taillebourg and the battle of Saintes, conducted by the King in person, then twenty-seven years of age. The young Sovereign displayed great personal valour, and made good on that occasion the words which he spoke at fourteen, when advised to retire from an impending conflict, "*Jamais ne combattrait-on ses hommes, que son corps ne fût avec.*"

The difficulties between England and France were relative to the confiscation of the French possessions of John by Philip Augustus. Henry III., after waging a long desultory warfare, and assisting the rebellious outbreak of the great French barons, accepted terms of peace offered by Louis, and renounced all claim to Normandy, Anjou, Maine, Touraine, and Poitiers, and to the homage of other provinces, but was confirmed in possession of Limousin, Quercy, and Périgord, on condition of doing homage to the French King, which he rendered at Paris in the orchard before the royal place near the Pont Neuf, on the 6th of December 1259, bareheaded, without cloak, sword, or spear, and on his knees, with his hands between those of his *suzerain*.

In the great quarrel between the inflexible Innocent IV. and the elegant sceptic Frederic II., who wrote Provençal poetry, kept Mohammedan *Bayadères*, and wondered that God should have preferred the barren rocks of Judea to the neighbourhood of Naples, the mild, conciliatory, and Christian spirit of Louis was unable to effect any arrangement. He endeavoured in vain to mitigate the unforgiving obduracy of Innocent IV. towards the enemy whom he had twice excommunicated, and even deposed,

in the Council of Lyons, so far as an ecclesiastical deposition could go. But Louis was the true representative of the Christian on earth, in contrast to the obdurate and angry priest, when in his interview with him at Cluny, he suggested that Scripture bids us forgive not only once, but seventy times seven, and Innocent threw back his head in scorn. The Pope had been anxious to engage Louis on his side, and even to obtain the King's permission to hold in France the council subsequently held at Lyons, then a free city. He got up a great scene at Cîteaux, at the famous monastery, where five hundred monks fell at once on their knees before Louis to implore his hospitality for the Pope. But Louis, religious as he was, always was able to withstand priestly influence, and escaped the trap by saying he was willing *si tel était l'avis de ses barons*; and the barons were by no means willing to have the Pope and his devouring host on their territories.

The improvements introduced by Saint Louis into the internal administration, law-courts, and judicial procedure, were of immense importance, founded on principles in maturity or in germ which necessarily resulted in an entire change of feudal society, with immediate abolition of its worst abuses. He extinguished the right of private war as far as his authority extended, he suppressed the most barbarous custom of feudalism—the judicial duel, and he improved the administration of justice to such an extent, that the people said commonly, so fine a state of things had not been known since Charlemagne. But the most important of all the measures which he introduced was the formation and management of a trained body of lay lawyers, versed in the study of that body of "written reason," the Roman law, in spite of the vehement opposition of both ecclesiastic and feudal dignitaries, who foresaw the total destruction of their own jurisdiction in the ominous introduction into public life of a body of non-noble functionaries, looking to the Crown for advancement, as subtle as the clerical canonists themselves in dispute, and endowed with a learning and a facility in the arts of reasoning and distinguishing which drove the ignorant barons in disgust from their own Courts, to leave them under the control of men whom they despised. The decrees and ordinances of Saint Louis were collected later in that famous body of mediæval law known as the *Établissements* of Saint Louis, and which occupies so important a chapter in the history of French jurisprudence.

But Saint Louis was not content with

mere law reforms which judges might administer, he himself formed a last court of appeal for his subjects; he was always on horseback, travelling from one part of his dominions to another, and wherever he went all had free admission to his person, and one of the most gracious pictures in all history is that of Saint Louis, sitting day by day after mass, in patriarchal fashion, with his back against an oak, at Vincennes, and his council around him, giving orders that all, rich and poor, who had any grievance to complain of, should come and state their case in person before him, and redressing the errors of justice as well as the wrongs of those prevented from appealing to it.

But even his love of justice was exceeded by his charity, which was inexhaustible, and it is difficult to understand how he was able to exercise it in such boundless fashion and yet have his treasury always full. Wherever he went he visited the poor as friends; he entered leper-houses and hospitals, made inquiries after impoverished gentlemen, pensioned poor widows, gave dowries to poor girls, and fed hundreds daily from his table.

He shrunk from no form of contagion and no object of disgust; he fed the leper and the blind with his own hand, washed the feet of the mendicant, and embraced the sick, the diseased, and the homeless, on the hand and the cheek, in reverence for the sanctity of affliction. One of the most exemplary instances of the incredible delicacy and fortitude with which he practised this virtue, was under the walls of Sidon, where he assisted with his own hands to bury the bodies of the workmen who had been slain by an invasion of Saracens while engaged in repairing the fortifications. The bodies were in the last stage of decay when he arrived at the town, and he alone walked among the putrefying corpses, and lifted them in his hands with a serene countenance, and without a sign of disgust or inconvenience. In fact, he saw in the poor and afflicted of every form the image of Christ, and the words "What ye shall do unto the least of them" never were put in practice with such devotion and self-sacrifice. Many of the maxims by which he regulated his life have been recorded from his lips by Joinville, and give an admirable notion of the delicacy of his conscience: "Voulez-vous," said he, "être honoré dans ce siècle et avoir paradis pour mort? Gardez-vous de faire ou de dire rien que, si tout le monde le savait, vous ne puissiez avouer: J'ai fait cela; j'ai dit cela."

The ascetic side of his character is the

one which we have now the most difficulty in sympathizing with. It appears he was at one time willing to withdraw into a monastery, if he could obtain the consent of his wife; but she extracted from him a promise never to speak of such a project any more. He got up at midnight to say matins in his chapel, and yet rose before daybreak in winter to join the chants to the Virgin; after the service was done he often remained in the cold chapel, prostrate, with his head on the pavement, absorbed in long prayers. Every morning he heard two masses,—one for the dead and one for the day,—besides other religious exercises in the course of the day and in the evening.

His fasts were frequent and severe, he wore haircloth, and he went often barefoot, but generally with shoes with the soles removed, not to attract attention, and he always carried about with him a small scourge, with five knotted cords, in an ivory box, which it was the duty of his confessor to administer to him; and he made presents of similar boxes to his children and his friends. His bed was made of a few planks, with a thin mattress of cotton, with a piece of common stuff for covering; and after his return from Palestine he never wore any gold ornament, nor anything gilt, not even his spurs, and his dress from that time was so plain that he thought it his duty to indemnify the poor of his household, who considered his worn-out raiment as their perquisites.

He used every known device to stimulate his piety, and it seemed the grace of God was removed from him if he was unable to shed tears at the contemplation of Christ crucified, and cried, "*O sire Dieu! je ne requiers fontaine de larmes pas, mais me suffiraient petites gouttes de larmes pour arroser la sécheresse de mon cœur.*"

It was not possible for a king endowed with this intensity of faith not to join in all the enthusiasm of the time for the Crusades, and to feel more deeply than any for the calamities which then fell upon the Christian colonies in the East. He had long contemplated a Crusading expedition, when a severe illness came upon him, and his deliberations on the subject took the form of a public vow.

His health which was always weak, had never completely recovered from the fatigues of the campaign of 1242, and, during one of his last journeys about his kingdom, two years later, he fell dangerously ill of dysentery at Pontoise. As soon as it was known his life was in danger, the public consternation was universal. The people were struck with terror at the thought of

losing their young Sovereign, whose reign promised to be a new epoch of peace and justice upon earth, and bishops, abbots, and barons, and all who had access to the Court, rushed to Pontoise. In all churches the reliquaries were uncovered and the bones of saints exposed to public adoration, and the altars were crowded with suppliants. The malady of Louis grew more virulent, and he was prepared to die. He called his chief officers of state and his barons about him, thanked them for their good services, and besought them to serve God with the same zeal as they had served himself. He then fell into a lethargy and was thought to be dead, and the Queen-mother and the Queen were entreated to leave the apartment. Two ladies were left with him; the one was for preparing him for burial, but the other contested the fact that he was dead. While they were in dispute he sighed, stretched himself, and uttered, in a ghostly voice, "*Visitavit me per gratiam Dei. Oriens ex alto et in mortuis servavit me.*" He sent immediately for the Bishop of Paris, Guillaume d'Auvergne, who came to his bedside, accompanied by the Bishop of Meaux, and demanded to receive the cross, and took the vow of a Crusader. "Quand la bonne dame, sa mère," says Joinville, "sut qu'il avait recouvert la parole, elle eut une telle joie que plus grande n'était possible; mais quand elle la vit avec la croix sur la poitrine elle fut ainsi transie, que si elle l'avait vu mort." Every effort was made to dissuade Louis from his intention, even Guillaume d'Auvergne, one of the most learned of the University doctors, learned by the side of Thomas Aquinas, he who had given the King the cross, endeavoured to persuade him that his duty to his crown released him from a vow taken in the extremity of sickness, when his mind was not in a sound state. "You say," said he, "that the weak state of my mind was the reason of my cross. Well, then, in that case I do as you wish, and give it back willingly into your hands." The joy of all those present was immense, until the King gravely said, "My friends, of a verity I am now neither deprived of my sense or my reason. I am no longer sick. I am perfectly self-possessed. And I demand now to have my cross back again; for He above, who knows all things, is witness that nothing which can be eaten shall pass my lips until I have the cross again on my shoulder." The bystanders cried, "It is the finger of God!" and no one afterwards ventured to dissuade him from his design.

The *Recouvrance des Saints Lieux, La*

Guerre du Seigneur, Le Saint Voyage d'Outre Mer, had, indeed, long occupied the secret thoughts of the young King. Writers of the last century, and others of those who follow in the track of thought of their predecessors, have condemned the Crusades of Saint Louis as forming the most blame-worthy episodes of his career. A deeper philosophy, however, will take a different view, and the chief of the Positivist school, M. Littré, one of the most learned and accomplished writers in Europe, passes another judgment on the Crusading side of Louis's character and on the political merits of the Crusades themselves.

Leaving aside what in the present time may be called the sentimental view of the question, as to whether it is honourable for Christianity to permit a country, hallowed above all others by sacred associations, to remain permanently in the occupation of the champions of a hostile creed, it may be argued that the Crusades preserved Europe from the fate of Greece and of Spain; that they checked the flood of Mussulman invasion to the East, and prevented it from overrunning Europe. At the time of the first Crusade, the whole of Asia was in a terrible state of commotion and disorder. The Mohammedan power was shared between two races—that of Mongolian origin, and that of the Arabs. The fury of conquest inspired by the religion of Mohammed had abated in the latter after their great defeat on the banks of the Loire by Charles Martel, and they had settled down in the countries they had overrun, and reached a high degree of civilisation and refinement. But these were, in their turn, assaulted by the later converts to Mohammedanism—the barbarous Seljukian Turks and Tartars, who came pressing up from the depths of Asia in interminable hordes of ravagers, carrying destruction and massacre wherever they went. The Grecian Empire was overrun in Asia Minor, and Asia Minor was lost. The Greeks themselves felt imperilled in Constantinople, and cried piteously to all Europe for assistance; and unless what might have well seemed an impossible coalition of force could be brought to stem the tide of barbarian ravage, the Greek Empire would have fallen four centuries at least before it did, and the road to Europe would have been laid open. Europe was on the eve of an immense invasion, far worse than that of the Arabs, and what hope could reason discover of uniting the nations of Europe to oppose an effectual resistance? Europe was at that time a sort of Christian anarchical republic, plunged in the deepest ig-

norance, divided into an infinity of interests, and perpetually distracted with the thousand wars which its thousand feudal chiefs were carrying on against each other. The greatest political genius of all time might have appealed in vain to the incongruous multitude of feudal despots and vassals and serfs, to unite together for political purposes. But that which a Charlemagne or a Cesar would have been unable to perform, was done by Peter the Hermit. He appealed to the one principle which was capable of uniting them, the Faith common to all,—and Europe and Christian civilisation were saved.

That these expeditions were for the most part miserably conducted, that there was a stupendous loss of life for two centuries and a half, that the great part of those engaged there were mere blind instruments in the hands of Providence, proves nothing. The object aimed at was not impossible, for it was achieved—the deliverance of the Holy Sepulchre; and if the prize of the valour of the first Crusaders was subsequently lost, it was more owing to the follies, intestine divisions, and decay of faith of its Christian defenders, than to the strength of the Mohammedans, and their superior skill in warfare.

The religious fervour of Saint Louis must not be measured by the tepid devotional regularity of our own time; with him *La gloire de Notre Seigneur* predominated above all earthly considerations, and to that he was prepared to sacrifice at any moment his repose, his life, and his crown; and it was by a singular dispensation of Providence that at the time when mediæval faith was waning throughout Europe, he should appear before history as its last and most perfect representative.

At the time when the French King took the cross, his religious sympathies and his imagination had long been excited to tragic intensity by the deplorable news brought to Europe of the condition of the Christians in the East. The Latin empire of Constantinople was verging to its fall; and its last Latin Emperor had been parading his sorrows through all the courts of Europe. And the terrible invasion of the Tartars under Djinghiz-Khan and his successors seemed to menace not only the destruction of Germany, but even that of Paris and London.

This mediæval Attila burst forth from the steppes of Central Asia with his Mongol hosts. He overran China, he devastated all the great cities of Central Asia so horribly that each was a mere necropolis, in which corpses lay by hundreds of thousands. In

the words of Gibbon, they “ruined the whole tract from the Caspian to the Indus, adorned with the habitations and labours of mankind, in such a way that six centuries have not been sufficient to repair the ravages of four years.” This flood of destruction came rolling onwards. Moscow and Kiew were laid in ashes. The sons of Djinghiz carried on the work of their father. The right wing of this enormous host were bringing massacre and ruin on the Slave nations and all Eastern Europe, while their left wing was menacing Bagdad and Syria. Poland and Hungary were invaded in 1258; and the entry of the savage host into Bohemia and Moravia seemed to lay open the heart of Europe. This monstrous crowd of ravagers advanced with a savage hilarity to the conquest of the world, giving out with barbarian gaiety divers reasons for their march. Now they said they were going to Cologne, to take back the bodies of the Three Kings to Asia; now they were going to finish their military education in France, or to make a pilgrimage to the shrine of St. James of Compostella. The princes of Germany, with the Elector of Saxony, with the Emperor Frederic II. at their head, cried clamorously for help.

In all Europe the fear of the Tartars weighed heavily on all hearts; the weaver in France ceased to ply his loom in the face of impending destruction. Matthew Paris tells us that in England the price of herrings fell, because the sailors of Norway and Holland were afraid to leave their homes unprotected, and there was consequently less demand for the usual supply. In most of the countries of Europe there was a prayer added to the litany, “*A furore Tartarorum libera nos, O Domine,*” and of the state of things in France, an idea may be formed by an anecdote, related also by Matthew Paris. “*What shall we do?*” said the Queen-mother in anguish to her son; “the march of the Tartars announces our ruin and that of the Church.” “My mother,” replied Louis, “if they come here, either we will send them back to Tartarus, or they will send us to heaven.” This was called a “*belle et louable parole*” in those simple days, and comforted men’s hearts on all sides. A victory of the Germans, however, on the banks of the Danube, and internal dissensions among their chiefs in Asia, arrested the march of the Tartars in Europe; nevertheless, the fury which was then arrested westwards was let loose upon Palestine, and the remaining establishments of the Franks in Syria.

Jerusalem, as is well known, was virtually lost to the Christians by the conquest of

Saladin in 1187. Nevertheless, Frederic II. during his Crusade, by astute diplomacy, and by taking advantage of the dissensions and jealousies of the Mussulman potentates in the East, had recovered possession of the Holy City in 1229. But the situation of the Christians in the East in the midst of the interminable warfare with which the Sultans of Cairo, Damascus, Aleppo, Emessa, and other towns, disputed for the fragments of the empire of Saladin, was still most precarious, and the invasion of the Tartars made matters still worse. A Crusade had been organized ten years after that of Frederic II. for the support of the Christian dominion in Syria under Thibaut, the celebrated Troubadour king of Navarre, and Count of Champagne, in co-operation with Richard Earl of Cornwall, brother of Henry III. and nephew of Richard Cœur de Lion. The military results of the expedition were not very successful, and the treaty which was then concluded was fatal to the Christian establishments in Palestine. The Franks still held possession of Jerusalem, Bethlehem, Nazareth, and the route to Jaffa, of Cæsarea, Acre, Tyre, and other places on the coast, and their alliance was sought for equally by the Sultan of Egypt and by the league of the Princes of Aleppo, Damascus, Emessa, and Hamath, with which the former was at war. The Grand-Masters of the military orders of the Temple and the Knights of St. John, and the barons of Palestine, concluded an alliance with the Princes of Syria, as best suited to their interests, in 1244. The Sultan of Egypt, alarmed at this formidable coalition, called to his aid the Kharismian Turks, a nation who had been driven from Persia by the hordes of Djinghiz-Khan, and were now in a nomad state on the borders of Syria, waiting, like hungry beasts driven from their usual haunts by a deluge, for something to devour. The Sultan of Egypt proposed to this horde of barbarians to unite together in a common effort to crush the Mussulman and Christian sovereigns of Syria.

The Kharismians seized at the offer with avidity; they set themselves at once in motion to effect a junction with the Sultan of Egypt, who advanced from Gaza. They invaded the kingdom of Jerusalem by the side of Tiberias—burning, destroying, and massacring everything in their route, after the usual fashion. The majority of the Christian population of Jerusalem resolved to fly before the coming storm, and wait for better times; but on their march to Jaffa they were decoyed back by a stratagem, overtaken in a second flight, and

seven thousand Christians were slain in the mountain passes between Jerusalem and Jaffa. Jerusalem itself was ravaged with fire and sword. The Kharismians burst into the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, and murdered the Christians before the altars, and in the Holy Sepulchre itself, ripping up and disembowelling men, women, and children. They destroyed the tombs as well as the altars, and the bones and bodies of Godfrey de Bouillon, with his companions and successors, were torn from their graves, and, together with all the relics of the saints, either burnt or cast out on the heaps of refuse at the gates of the city. Such was the manner of the final loss of Jerusalem to Christianity. And not long after, the Christians suffered another terrible disaster in the loss of the great battle of Gaza, which was fought in company with Malek Mansour, the Sultan of Damascus, against the Sultan of Egypt, and in which an entire army was annihilated. The Sultan of Egypt having got all the use he could out of his Kharismian allies, quarrelled with them about the division of the spoil, allowed them, in their turn, to be annihilated by Malek Mansour, who collected a fresh army and gave battle under the walls of Emessa; and the Kharismians now disappear in history.

Such was the state of Syria when Louis IX. undertook his Crusade. His earnest and pious soul had long felt the most genuine desolation at the miserable condition of the kingdom of Jerusalem, founded and maintained at the cost of such an extravagant expenditure of Christian blood, the object of all the most ardent devotion of the time, and he foresaw that its absolute extinction could only be averted by another great sacrifice on the part of Christendom.

But he has been censured not only for undertaking the Crusade at all, but for having directed it towards Egypt. Such, however, was not the opinion of Leibnitz, who addressed a most remarkable memoir to Louis XIV. on the advantage which would ensue to France and to Europe from the conquest of Egypt, and proposed anew a sort of Egyptian Crusade in the seventeenth century; nor of Napoleon, who acted on the conviction that the occupation of Egypt was the most effectual way to the establishment of a permanent Eastern dominion.

The Sultan of Egypt at that time was Malek-Saleh-Negour-Eddin, an Ayoubite prince, grandson of the celebrated Malek Adhel, the brother of Saladin, and son of the Sultan Malek Kamel, who defeated Jean de Brienne at Mansourah; and he

was the most powerful Oriental potentate of his time. It was the Egyptian power which had conquered Jerusalem from the Franks; and to strike at the heart of that was the surest way to effect the liberation of Palestine.

The preparations for the Crusade were made by the King with great care and foresight. Louis did all in his power to leave his kingdom in a state of well-ordered security, and he was the less solicitous about the prejudice which might be caused by his absence, on account of his confidence in the vigour of character and political capacity of the Queen-mother. His chief anxiety was the pacification of Christendom, and he did his utmost, but in vain, to reconcile the Pope with Frederic II., for open war was now being carried on between the two, and the Pope had even excommunicated and deposed the German Emperor, and preached a crusade against him contemporaneously with that forming under Saint Louis.

The French King appointed Cyprus for the general rendezvous of the armament. He hired a Genoese fleet to convey him to Limisso, a southern port in the island, and he gave directions for collecting in its neighbourhood enormous stores of provisions, of wine and corn and barley, purchased in all the most fertile countries of Europe, which were so faithfully executed by Thibaud, Count of Bar, and Hubert de Beaujeu, Connétable de France, that when the Crusaders arrived off the coasts of Cyprus they found mountains of grain piled up on the sea-shore; and his foresight even went so far that he had prepared not only the necessary materials for the construction of siege-towers, catapults, and military engines of all kinds, but every sort of agricultural implement for the permanent occupation of Egypt.

All the most illustrious nobles of France naturally took the cross likewise; he was accompanied by his wife Marguerite, and his brothers Robert Comte d'Artois, Alphonse Comte de Poitiers, Charles Comte d'Anjou and Provence, whose wives also shared the perils of the expedition "*d'outre-mer*" with their husbands. His parting with his mother, who had protected his childhood, and with whom he had lived on terms of unalloyed affection, heightened by veneration for her piety, and by the admiration and gratitude which he owed her for the prudent administration of his affairs during his minority and afterwards, was necessarily an immense trial on both sides. Blanche felt a presentiment that she should see her son no more; she fainted twice at

the final interview. "Beau très doux fils," she said to him, "beau tendre fils, jamais je ne vous verrai plus! Le cœur me le dit bien."

After passing the winter at Cyprus the French armament put to sea from Limisso, and arrived in sight of Damietta, which was announced by the pilot of the first vessel crying, "*Que Dieu nous aide, que Dieu nous aide, nous voici devant Damiette!*" and the King gave orders to make preparations for landing.

The Egyptian troops were drawn up on the shore expecting them, under the command of Fakreddin. He was an able general of the Sultan, who himself was very ill, and on the point of death.

"When the good King Louis," says Joinville, "saw that the *enseigne Saint Denis* (the Oriflamme) was on shore, he no longer waited for his boat to approach nearer the land, but he threw himself into the sea, and the water reached up to his shoulders; then he went straight towards the '*païens*,' with his shield on his neck, helmet on head, and lance in hand." As soon as the French knights leapt on shore they knelt and formed in a line, with the points of their triangular shields fixed in the sand, with the butt-ends of their lances on the ground, and the points turned towards the enemy. The Arab and Turk cavalry—the Mamelukes tried to break their line, with several charges, but failed, then became disheartened and retreated.

The French army gained at the outset an unhoped easy advantage in the capture of Damietta, which had thirty years ago withstood for fifteen months such a terrible siege by the Crusaders under Jean de Brienne. The town was evacuated by the cowardice of its defenders, and the campaign opened under the most brilliant auspices. The Moslem troops were cowed and disorganized, and had Saint Louis been a great general, and known the value of time, he might have been in Cairo in three weeks; but this first success was the only one of the campaign; the chiefs of the army were afraid of advancing through the low flat regions at the mouth of the Nile, where the army of Jean de Brienne had been surprised by an inundation; the river itself they regarded with superstitious dread, believing it flowed from Paradise; and the King and his barons remained waiting for reinforcements at Damietta, watching with apprehension every rise in the level of the stream, and consuming their provisions. They did not begin to move from Damietta till after the arrival of his brother Alphonse de Poitiers with the *arrière garde* of the Cru-

sade. Queen Marguerite and the rest of the ladies were left at Damietta, while Louis with his army marched to Mansourah.

The French host were fatally slow in advancing, and took thirty-one days to reach Mansourah, at a distance of about sixty miles from Damietta. To relieve Louis, however, somewhat from the responsibility of the bad conduct of the expedition, it must be remembered that a feudal host was one of the most unmanageable kind of armies ever invented; there was no subordination, no regular organization, no general system of discipline on the unwieldy mass; the feudal chieftans held themselves, if they pleased, entirely independent of general orders, and even their *chevaliers* might, if displeased, threaten to abandon them at any moment.

At Mansourah it was necessary to cross a branch of the Nile called the Thanis, and there the calamities of the Crusaders commenced. They had provided no means of making a bridge, and they began, under the superintendence of the King, to construct a causeway for the purpose of passage. The Saracens on the other side of the river were drawn up, and used every device of missile-weapon and Greek fire to impede the construction of the *chaussée*. Moreover, they worked on their side so as to cut away the bank in precisely the same measure as the causeway advanced on the opposite side, and make the distance of water to cross over remain undiminished. The Franks consumed a month and a half over these operations—the two armies face to face on the opposite banks. At last a Bedouin offered, for a reward of five hundred *bezants d'or* to guide the Franks to a ford. His offer was accepted; the King verified the fact that a ford, distant four miles from his camp, and lower down, was passable. Assisted by a council of war, Louis made the wisest possible regulations for passing the host safely over at daybreak on the 8th of February. His brother, the Comte d'Artois, solicited the honour of being allowed to cross the first. This was the favourite brother of the King, who, however, was well aware of his reckless and impetuous spirit, so he demanded a formal oath from the young man that he would observe all his instructions and not advance without orders. This the Count took, swearing by the Holy Gospels that he would obey the King's word in everything, and, as a last precaution, Louis ordered that a body of the Knights-Templars should, on the other side, precede his brother's own troop.

The Comte d'Artois had no sooner received permission than he dashed into the

ford, followed by his knights and men-at-arms, the Knights-Templars and Hospitalers, William Longsword, Earl of Salisbury, and his English followers, and all the *avant garde*. The ford was found to be more difficult than they expected; they had to swim their horses, and the obscurity of the hour before daybreak increased their danger. The Saracen general, Fakreddin, was aware of the existence of the ford, and placed there a guard of three hundred horsemen. Nevertheless, the Comte d'Artois and the vanguard passed over with small loss, and the Saracen cavalry, taken by surprise on the opposite bank, fled without resistance. Flushed with the excitement of his successful manœuvre, and wild, we may suppose, with sudden excitement after being cooped up so long in camp in inaction, the hot-blooded young Count, instead of observing the oath he had sworn, wheeled sharp round to the left, mounted the right bank of the river, and led the vanguard on his own sudden impulse and authority in full charge against the Saracen camp, opposite to which they had so long remained in check on the side of the river. The attack in early dawn took the Saracens entirely by surprise, and the Franks were complete masters of the camp, and cut to pieces the Saracens, with their general, who was aroused in astonishment from his slumbers. So far, the disobedience of the young Prince had a happy result, and had he stopped there, and awaited the King, or assisted from his position, now in front of the Christian camp, the remainder of the army to pass over, the campaign might have had another issue. But maddened with his morning's work, Robert was raging for something fresh to do; the demon spirit of war was working in his hot blood, and it was impossible to hold him; he insisted on pushing straight on for Mansourah. In vain did the Grand-Master of the Temple, Guillaume de Sonnac, try to check his wild courage, saying that he had already departed from the King's orders, though, to soothe him, he said he had done one of the finest deeds of chivalry that ever was performed—"dans la terre d'outre mer;" he warned him that if he advanced further, the enemy, the main body of whom were at Mansourah, would recognise the smallness of his troop. Robert replied, his language—"sentait le poil de loup"—alluding thereby to the scandalous rumours that the Knights-Templars had too often underhand dealings with the wolves, the Saracens. In vain did William Longsword, Earl of Salisbury, put in a word of remonstrance. Robert replied to him in insulting terms, in which he made

use of a favourite mediæval scoff against the English, that they were "men with tails"—"*hommes à queue*." "Count Robert," replied William Longsword, "I can face death without fear, and we will both be presently where ye shall not dare to come near the tail of my horse." In vain, moreover, did the knight despatched by the King for that purpose enjoin Robert to wait where he was. He replied he had already put the Saracens to flight and he would wait for nobody; and, setting spurs to his horse, he galloped straight towards Mansourah, followed by the vanguard, all of whom were taunted into following the young madcap to the death. The troop, barely fifteen hundred in number, galloped into Mansourah. The Saracens were so terrified that they thought the whole Christian army was with them, and they fled on all sides from their path, and Count Robert rode with his troop right through the town to the far side, to the banks of the Nile. But their number had been counted by Bibars Bondocdar, the chief of the Baharite Mamelukes, a commander of great skill and courage, who became ultimately Sultan of the Mameluke soldiers in Egypt. He rallied together a body of his soldiers, and cut off the retreat of Robert and his followers. The whole French vanguard was shut up in the town, exposed to a population who took heart on becoming aware of the small number of the assailants. The Crusaders were assailed on all sides with projectiles hurled from the housetops, with missiles of every kind. Crowds of fresh soldiers pressed upon them in the narrow streets, where they found it impossible to manœuvre their tired horses, and after a bootless struggle the whole vanguard was massacred nearly to a man. A crowd of the best nobles of France were cut to pieces. Two hundred and eighty Knights-Templars perished. William Longsword, with three hundred English knights, fell there likewise; the standard-bearer wrapping himself in the English banner as he fell by the side of the young French Prince, whose surcoat of blue velvet, strewn with golden *fleurs-de-lis*, made the Saracens think they had killed the King himself.

This senseless temerity of the Comte d'Artois ruined all the plans of the King. He had crossed the ford with his cavalry alone, with the Duke of Burgundy and the infantry still on the other side, occupying the Frank camp, when, advancing to the support of the vanguard, of whose danger he had been informed, he found himself attacked by the whole Saracen army, and a battle of a most tumultuous character en-

sued. After a day's incessant fighting, after the King himself displayed prodigies of valour, and after the Duke of Burgundy had succeeded, by using up all the materials and engines in the camp, in completing the causeway, and passing some of the infantry over, the Saracens were put to flight, the Franks remained masters of the field, and the King slept in the Saracen camp; but it was one of those victories which are as bad as a defeat. All agreed, however, that the coolness and intrepidity of the King saved the army; and the instinct and rapidity of view of a commander never deserted him during the whole day. As soon as he found a general action was inevitable, he mounted on a slight eminence to take the survey of the field, and see what resources the ground offered. His intrepid mien and coolness struck all with admiration. "Jamais," writes Joinville of that day, "*je ne vis si bel homme armé, il paraissait au dessus de ses gens depuis les épaules jusqu'en haut, un heaume doré sur sa tête, une épée d'Allemagne en sa main*." After the battle, the prior of the Hospitallers, wishing to know if the King was aware of the death of his brother, came and kissed his hand, still gauntleted, and asked him if he had news of the Comte d'Artois. The King replied "he had news; his brother was in Paradise." The prior then, to turn the King's thoughts in another direction, spoke of the battle he had won—"Et le roi repondait que Dieu fut adoré de ce qu'il lui donnait et lui tombaient les larmes des yeux fort grosses." 8th February 1250—Louis now established himself *à cheval* on the canal of the Thanis, some of his infantry still remaining in the French camp on one side, under the Duke of Burgundy, while he himself occupied what had lately been the Saracen camp on the other, with the rest of the infantry and his cavalry. He caused his chief officer of engineers, Josselin de Cornaut, to complete the bridge, and fortify it with a barbican, and to surround the camp with palisades made of the materials of the Saracen engines found in the camp. But the French army was virtually in a state of siege, subject to incessant attacks of the Saracen army, to whom the arrival of their young Sultan, Malek Moadam, from Mesopotamia, to take possession of the sovereignty (since Negour Eddin was now dead), gave a fresh audacity and spirit. Tremendous conflicts took place almost daily on all sides of the camp; but the chivalry of France were not accustomed to remain on the defensive, and were ill calculated to sustain patiently that kind of warfare; and, moreover, they had lost the greater number

of their horses in the terrible *mêlée* of Mansourah, and were obliged to fight on foot, contrary to their habits and education. The disaster of the Comte d'Artois affected all with gloomy presentiments of worse dangers to come; and their besieged position became before long intolerable. They were pent up in camp beneath the burning sun of Egypt, by the side of a canal whose water became in a short time a dead mass of putrefaction from the quantity of dead bodies, the slain of Mansourah, which the Saracens threw into it, and which accumulated in floating putrescence against the causeway and the bridge, until they stretched right across the river for the length of a stone's-throw. Louis set a hundred of his camp-followers to free the river of this horrible mass of corruption—to bury the Christian bodies, and set the Saracen corpses floating down the stream; but before the wish could be accomplished, scurvy and pestilence and frightful disease raged through the host. To make the sanitary condition of the army still more deplorable, Lent came on. The whole army observed the rules of fasting as strictly as if they were not in campaign, and took to eating freely of the fish of the Nile, which they called *barbotes*, which were attracted to the foul water in inexhaustible quantities, and voraciously fed on the putrid flesh of the floating corpses. The privation from proper nourishment, their foul diet, the pestilential air heated by a burning sun, added dysentery and fever to the former maladies; and the whole camp became a hospital of sick and dying men. Those who remained unaffected by disease were not sufficient in number to inter the dead and attend to the sick. Hardly a tent but showed signs that a corpse was within, and preparations for burial. From twenty to thirty funeral processions were to be seen at once leading the corpses to the camp-chapels, or taking them to the place reserved for burial; and soon the lack of knights and men-at-arms was so great that scullions, varlets, and camp-followers had to take the weapons of their masters, and supply their place in the field and on guard. The King bore up so well against this accumulation of evils, though attacked with dysentery himself,—his cheerfulness and suavity were so great,—that sick men about to expire asked, as a last hope and resource, to be able to see the countenance of the King. The Saracens were perfectly aware of the state of things inside the French camp, and desisted from their attacks, trusting to plague and pestilence to accomplish the destruction of their enemies; while they

contrived to enlist another minister of destruction in their service—Famine; for they managed now to transfer a fleet of ships, by means of levers, from one branch of the Nile to that in which the Frank fleet, up to the present time, had accompanied the Frank army, and kept open communication with Damietta. They attacked the Christian fleet as it was carrying large supplies of provisions to the camp, and captured eighty galleys; and after this the Franks were almost completely invested by land and water. By the 27th of March, six weeks after the battle of Mansourah, famine in all its horror was felt in the army. The most unclean things were used as food; and those who could afford it had to pay for food nearly its weight in gold. Joinville says that an ox would sell for 80 livres, which in present value of English money would amount to about £280. Beneath this intolerable series of calamities, the Frank army dwindled away to six thousand men, the sole relics of the thirty thousand who had left Damietta.

At length it seemed that the only chance of saving the remnant was by retreat. Malek Moadam, convinced that he had his enemies wholly in his power, refused all offers of treaty, and Louis evacuated his camp on the 5th of April, at night,—leaving his tents still standing to deceive the enemy; but the Saracens got wind of his intentions, and by a miserable fatality, Joscelin de Cornaut, his brothers, and others, who were the engineers of the army, omitted to carry out the King's instructions, and destroy the bridge of boats uniting the two banks of the canal, so that road was left open to their enemies. The rear guard of the retreating Turks were harassed during the first night of their retreat by frequent assaults. The King himself was one of the last to leave; he might have escaped by the river, if he had so chosen, and he was besought to do so; but he determined to partake of the fate of his army, and although in a state of pitiable debility, he continued to command the retreat up to the time of his being made prisoner. When day appeared there was a general attack of the Saracens in pursuit, on the rearguard, and the King was several times in danger, and was only preserved by the great bravery of two of his chevaliers, Geoffrey de Sargines and Gaucher de Châtillon. "*Sargines*," said the King afterwards to Joinville, "*me défendait des Sarrasins tout ainsi que le bon serviteur défend des mouches le hanap (cup) de son seigneur.*" This little troop of the rearguard, with the King in their midst, fighting at every step, reached

at last Minie-Abou-Abdallah, an Arab village seated on a small eminence. The King could no longer sit on horseback, and it was determined to make a short stand here, to give him time to recover. The King was carried, in a miserable state, into a house in the main street, while the wife of a citizen of Paris took his head upon her knees. Gaucher de Châtillon undertook the charge of defending one end of the street alone, against the pursuing Saracens, for his own knights were fighting elsewhere. The Saracens shot arrows at him so thickly after each furious charge, that, as Joinville says, he had to pick out the arrows from time to time, "*il se défilchait*," after which he would raise himself up in his stirrups, extending his arms and sword, shouting for his men, "*à Châtillon, Chevaliers ! ou sont mes prudhommes*." He was killed at last, but the Saracens preserved his sword as that of the bravest of the Christian chevaliers.

Such acts of desperate valour failed, however, to prevent the King from being obliged to surrender at discretion at the village of Minie-Abou-Abdallah. The eunuch Gemal-eddin took possession of his person,—his brothers, the Counts of Anjou and Poitiers, and the whole of the rest of the Crusaders, including the sick and the wounded, who had been embarked in boats on the river, were also taken prisoners, and the whole of them were conveyed back to Mansourah, where the King was lodged in the house of a scribe, Fakr-Eddin-Ben-Lokman, loaded with chains, and placed under the surveillance of the eunuch Sahib. The saintly courage and patience of the French King passed during his captivity through terrible trials, but it arose superior to them all. He was still so weak that the only servitor, Isambert, whom he had with him, was obliged to serve him like a child; yet his Moslem conquerors loaded him at first with chains. Isambert afterwards deposed, however, that no indignities extorted from him the slightest symptoms of vexation or impatience, and the Sultan, on reflection, concluding that he had everything to gain in the way of ransom, and nothing to lose by the preservation of his captive, changed his system, released him of his chains, gave him clothes, and allowed him the company of his confessor.

The captivity of Louis lasted a month, but it was a month every hour of which was full of pathetic and tragic incident. The Sultan, Malek Moadam, was naturally anxious to make the most out of the glorious spoil which the fortune of war had given into his power, and proceeded at first

to treat his illustrious captive with all the arrogance of an Eastern despot. But he was little aware of the strength of soul which animated the weak body of his illustrious captive. His first demand was for all the expenses to which the Crusade had put him; the surrender of Damietta and of all the Christian fortresses in Palestine, in return for the ransom of the French King and his army. These were peremptorily rejected. The Sultan was furious at an opposition which seemed unintelligible; he commenced, however, with fresh negotiations, for his own circumstances made him eager to get the Franks out of the country. Meeting again with opposition, he threatened to lay Louis in the *barnacles*, a horrible kind of torture, something like the boot applied to the whole body. Louis replied to the Sultan's envoys who announced the menace, "Qu'il était leur prisonnier, qu'ils pourraient faire de lui à leur volonté." The emirs were confounded at his serenity, and replied, "You are our prisoner and our slave, and yet you behave exactly as if you had us in irons."

The Sultan at length offered terms which Louis accepted. They were these:—The surrender of Damietta was to be made, and a million of golden bezants to be given for the ransom of Louis and the remainder of his army, and for the ransom also of all the Christian slaves then in Egypt, amounting to about thirty thousand. Without this latter concession the French King would enter into no arrangement. It would be some consolation to his reverses to know he had not left a Christian in bondage in Egypt.

When the Sultan made the offer of these terms Louis said, "*Je payerai volontiers les cinq cent mille livres pour la délivrance de mes gens, et je donnerai Damiette pour la délivrance de mon corps : car je ne suis pas tel que je me doive racheter à prix d'argent*." Malek Moadam was so struck with admiration at this reply that his Oriental pride would not allow him to remain without some response and generosity. He exclaimed, "*Par ma foi, large est le Franc, quand il ne marchande pas sur une si grande somme de deniers : or, allez lui dire que je lui donne cent mille livres pour payer la rançon*." The ransom thus paid in money was four hundred thousand livres, five hundred thousand livres being equal to one million of golden bezants, which is about two millions of English pounds sterling.

But Malek Moadam had been vehemently anxious on his side to complete some arrangement with Louis, and get the French

out of the country, for special reasons of his own. He was meditating a *coup d'état*, and was eager to get possession of Damietta, and be free of all foreign trouble, to effect his purpose. He was however only hastening his own destruction. This young man, elated with his recent accession, of luxurious habits, fresh from Mesopotamia with a band of young Syrian favourites, chafed under the pressure which the Mamelukes and the ministers of his father put upon him, and he was madly impatient to suppress the turbulent soldiery and dispose of dignitaries who beset the throne, and while the French difficulty was still to be dealt with this was impossible. The Mamelukes, on their side, with Bibars Bondocdar at their head, were perfectly aware of his intentions, and, kept informed of all his transactions with the French King, only waited for a favourable opportunity to assassinate him. Such an opportunity occurred while Malek Moadam was on his road to Damietta with his royal captive, to fulfil the terms of the treaty. Bibars Bondocdar and his ferocious associates murdered the Sultan and took possession of supreme power, and thus founded the Mameluke dynasty of Egypt, whose tombs on the margin of the desert near Cairo form such a graceful series of objects when viewed from the Citadel. Thus the Crusade of Saint Louis was intimately connected with the extinction of the Saladin dynasty in Egypt, and the French King had full experience of the tragic vicissitudes of Oriental power, for not less than three Sultans and one Sultana, during his stay in Egypt, held supreme power in the capital.

The blood-stained assassins of the Sultan did not fail immediately to exercise their power on their captive, but he showed so sublime an aspect before their ferocious menaces that it was said they deliberated among themselves whether they should not offer him the sovereignty; at all events such a scheme was talked of. "Il me demanda," says Joinville, speaking of subsequent years, "si je croyais qu'il eût pris le royaume de Babylone (Cairo) s'ils le lui eussent présenté, et je lui dis qu'il aurait fait une grande folie, vu qu'ils avaient tué leur seigneur. Et il me dit que vraiment il n'eût pas refusé." This reply reveals the innermost soul of Saint Louis more than anything else on record, except his dying speech at Carthage. He would have led a life of exile, and sacrificed his crown and all the world holds dear; he would have trusted himself to the mercies of these ferocious assassins, in the hope of Christianizing Egypt.

According to Oriental notions, the death

of the Sultan made void all previous negotiations; but after some difficulties the same stipulations for a treaty for peace were agreed to on both sides, and the emirs, who now held the government, still proceeded to Damietta with their captive.

Scenes however of great violence took place in the arrangement. It was stipulated that the parties to the treaty should take reciprocal oaths, and the emirs wanted the French King to swear, that if he violated his oath he would be "as shameful as the Christian who denied Christ and spat upon the cross." "Jamais," said Louis, "pareilles choses ne sortiront de ma bouche." The emirs suspected bad faith in this objection, and were furious. They threatened to make the head of the patriarch of Jerusalem, who was present, fly off upon his knees, to put the King to torture, with all his barons; but Louis never blenched, and they allowed him to take his oath as he pleased. "C'est le plus fier Chrétien," they said, "qu'on eut jamais vu en Orient."

But the trials and suspense of captivity reached a climax at the very last moment. How was it possible to guard against the bad faith of these Mameluke assassins? They might get Damietta, get the ransoms, and yet retain all the prisoners. To prevent this, the King stipulated, *firstly*, that immediately after the surrender of Damietta all the prisoners should be set at liberty, with the exception of his brother the Comte de Poitiers; *secondly*, that 200,000 livres of the ransom should then be paid, and the Comte de Poitiers set at liberty; *thirdly*, that the remaining 200,000 livres should be paid after his departure, on condition that the sick of Damietta, and the Christian stores and property there, should be faithfully respected, and that all Christian slaves in Egypt be given up.

The King was lodged in a tent at the gate of Damietta, and Damietta was surrendered early in the morning, when the emirs immediately began to discuss whether all the prisoners should not be put to death. The debate lasted the whole day, and the only circumstance which saved the French prisoners was the foresight of the King in having the money removed to a ship in the harbour.

In the early morning the Moslem standards were seen floating from the towers of the city, and hour after hour of the day advanced and not a captive was released. The Queen, indeed, and her suite were embarked. But the King was waiting alone in his tent at the gate, and the captives were watching from the galleys, till the broad sun of Egypt was sinking down into the

waters of the Nile, without having been supplied with food the whole day, and the anxiety of all was of course unspeakable. Indeed, at one time the galleys began to remount the river to Cairo. The death of the King and of all had been resolved upon by the emirs in council.

The chief advocate for the violation of the convention was Heman-Eddin, one of the most influential of the emirs, who had been so struck with the mien and resolution of the King, with the proof of his invincible devotion to the Christian faith, that it seemed to him madness and folly to release so redoubtable an enemy of the Mohammedan religion, and he endeavoured to convince his colleagues of the expediency of putting to death the French King, and the flower of the chivalry of France, now in their power, and abandoning the ransom. A long and violent discussion occupied nearly the whole day, and if the 200,000 livres had not been in the ship riding at anchor in sight, Saint Louis would then have ended his career. But at last the cupidity of the majority, and especially of Egg-Eddin-Aylek, who had been chosen regent, and would have the largest share of the ransom, prevailed, and it was determined to fulfil the convention.

The respect of the Saracen multitudes for the King, however, was displayed on his departure. 20,000 armed with their scimitars formed an escort of honour to the sea-side when he embarked on board a Genoese galley. But there was yet again a terrible moment of suspense, for the King, faithful to his promise, and contrary to the advice of his barons, paid the whole of the ransom-money before his brother the Comte de Poitiers was released. So jealous was he of his good faith, that when he was told the last 10,000 livres were delivered, and Monseigneur Philippe added in a jocular way, "I think we have cheated them of a scaleful!" he turned on him a very severe and angry face, and only relented when he was told that the whole sum was really and fairly delivered to the emirs. Then his galley left and transferred him to the larger ship which was to take him; but both on the way to the vessel and on board he watched anxiously for some sign of his brother. All shared the King's anxiety, till a small boat was seen in the dark leaving the shore, and as it came nearer the form of the Comte de Poitiers was distinguishable. "*Allume, allume,*" cried the King to the sailors, giving the word for lighting the signal for departure, on board his vessel. The little fleet, bearing the mournful remnant of the mighty armament which a year

ago had so proudly approached Damietta, spread its sails for the coast of Palestine.

The first intention of the King had been to return to France, but the violation of the terms of the treaty by the Egyptians at Damietta, who had burnt the stores and murdered the sick, and burnt their corpses, piled up with the salt pork of the French provisions, determined him to go to Acre, to watch over the execution of the unfulfilled part of the convention, one of whose provisions was that no military operations should take place in Palestine for ten years.

The passage from Damietta to Acre occupied six days, and first Louis arrived there on the 14th of May 1250. After the first feelings of relief at finding himself again at liberty, his reflections were inexpressibly mournful. Exactly one short year had elapsed since, with a splendid army of sixty thousand men, in magnificent array, he had set sail from Cyprus. And as he sat on the poop of his vessel, and saw his knights around him in a half-clothed condition, and his foremost barons in squalid and tattered raiment, and thought of the thousands of true hearts now mixed with the soil of Egypt, it was impossible not to feel the anguish of the contrast. Above all, he mourned for the loss of his affectionate and impetuous brother Robert, the chief cause of his disaster, and contrasted his warm and impetuous nature with that of the cold-blooded and scheming Charles d'Anjou, the disciple of Simon de Montfort, for whose ambition France was to pay the bloody penalty of the Sicilian Vespers, and who sailed now in the same ship with his brother, leaving him to his solitary reflections, and playing at games of chance with Nemours. This passion for play at such a time seemed so indecent to the King, that at last, as Anjou one day was playing at "*tables,*" backgammon, with his fellow-passengers, he seized the board and the dice and threw them into the sea, and this—the only instance of impatience on record of him—bespeaks the inward conflict of his emotion. It was, however, during this voyage that he contracted his friendship for the Sire de Joinville, who sat at his feet discussing the events of the Crusade, clothed in one wretched garment, the only one now remaining out of all his equipment.

Saint Louis remained yet four years in Palestine, in spite of urgent entreaties to return to France. He considered it was not for his honour to leave Palestine in a worse state than he found it, and he had also especially at heart the release of the thirty thousand prisoners of Egypt. Month by month whole shiploads of released cap-

tives landed on the quays of Acre, who blessed the French King for their liberty; and he set actively to work to restore the fortifications of the Christian towns on the sea-coast, often assisting with his own hands in the operations. He showed considerable diplomatic ability in dealing with the great Mussulman Powers; and the emirs of Egypt having violated their engagements, he made a treaty with the Sultan of Damascus, by which he might, if he had been supported by any fresh levies of European troops, have been put in possession of Jerusalem; but he lacked entirely support either from the Pope, still pursuing his plans of aggrandizement at the expense of the race of Hohenstauffen, or from the other Powers of Europe. He was enabled to make a pilgrimage to Nazareth, and might also have made one to Jerusalem, but he was dissuaded from doing so, on the ground that it would be a bad precedent for one of the chief kings of Europe to visit it in the hands of the Infidels. The death of his mother, Blanche of Castille,—called by a chronicler *la dame des dames de ce monde*,—in 1252, affected him necessarily very deeply, and two years later, since he was urgently pressed again to return on account of the state of affairs in France, he appointed the valiant Geoffrey de Sargines as his lieutenant in Syria, and set sail from Acre on 25th April 1254, which happened to be his thirty-ninth birthday. His voyage was protracted by contrary winds to the length of eleven weeks. In the first week he gave an example of a fine act of humanity, in refusing to leave his vessel, which was in danger of sinking, rather than endanger the lives of the rest of the passengers. He landed at Hyères on the 8th of July, but did not reach Vincennes till the 5th of September; such was the rate of mediæval travel. After rendering thanks at the shrine of St. Denis, the patron saint of the kingdom, on the following day, he entered Paris with his Queen, and the three children born during the Crusade, on the 9th. Wherever he had to pass he was received with signs of devotion and attachment; but the signs of fatigue and suffering were too visible on his countenance for the manifestations of joy to be exuberant, and one circumstance especially people saw with grave apprehension,—the cross still attached to his shoulder, denoting his intention of undertaking another Crusade.

The interest of the second Crusade of Saint Louis is inferior to that of the first, and the vivid narrative of an eye-witness such as Joinville is wanting to us, for Joinville refused to follow his master on another

Crusade. His experience of the last was quite sufficient for him, and on this occasion he took a sager view of his duties to his people. He found, he says, his people had suffered by his absence during the former expedition, and concluded that he should provoke the anger of God,—“*qui donna son corps pour sauver son peuple*,” if he imperilled his life anew, “*au mal et au dommage de sa gent*.”

The same motives, however, actuated Saint Louis in the second as in the first Crusade. The footing of the Christians in the East was more precarious, and their condition more intolerable than ever; and it was evident that unless a mighty effort were made, the last Christian colonies on the coast must be abandoned, and Palestine abandoned for ever to the followers of Islam.

In the fifteen years which intervened between the two Crusades, while Saint Louis was governing his kingdom in peace, and giving it such a degree of order, prosperity, and tranquillity as it had never known before, a series of horrors, invasions, and massacres had again desolated unhappy Palestine. The Tartars had again swept westwards under their Khan Hologou, and destroyed utterly the remains of the Saladin dynasty at Damascus and Aleppo, and overrun all Syria. But such Mongol hordes were never more than mere emissaries of destruction. After ravaging the earth, these Tartars disappear from history, as the Kharismians had disappeared; and the chief result of their invasion was to increase the power of Bibars Bondocdar, now Sultan, by the removal of every Mussulman rival.

After a series of assassinations and revolutions, Bibars Bondocdar, the Mameluke chief, who had murdered Malek Moadam during the captivity of Louis, became the supreme lord of the East. The methods by which Bibars Bondocdar became minister of supreme power in Egypt necessarily bespeak his character. He was the most active, able, perfidious, and ferocious enemy with whom the Christians had yet had to contend. In 1265 he surprised Cæsarea, and took it in six days. Fortress after fortress of the Franks fell into his power. The valiant lieutenant of Louis, Geoffrey de Sargines, sent him back three separate times from the walls of Acre; but Saphet, the chief fortress of the Templars, fell into his hands. He ravaged the environs of Tripoli and Tyre; he laid waste the Christian kingdom of Armenia; he took Jaffa; and finally, carried by storm, in three days, the great city of Antioch—the proudest conquest of the first Crusaders, which had

ever since remained a Christian principality; the city was delivered to the flames; seventeen thousand of its defenders were slain by the sword, one hundred thousand prisoners reduced into slavery, and the mighty capital, formerly styled the Queen of the East, was turned into a wilderness and a solitude.

The news of this terrible calamity convulsed all Europe; and it was not possible but that Saint Louis, who was the veritable incarnation of all the best aspirations of chivalry and mediæval Faith, should feel his inmost soul stirred at the intelligence, and resolve once more to court the crown of martyrdom rather than resign tamely the last relics of the sacred possessions of Christendom to the murderous grasp of the Mameluke chief of Egypt.

The armament, which was intended still to proceed ultimately to Palestine, was allowed by Louis to be diverted to Tunis, by representations from two widely different and even hostile sources, in both of which he was deceived. Charles of Anjou was now monarch of Sicily, to the crown of which Tunis had been tributary; and he was endeavouring to restore his supremacy. The Sultan of Tunis, Mohammed Mostanser, on the other hand, to prevent the possible intervention of the powerful brother of Charles, and to gain his favour, had sent ambassadors to his court, and declared, among other things, that so far from being hostile to Christianity, there was nothing he wished so much as to embrace the religion, were he not prevented by fear of his powerful neighbour in Egypt. This clumsy device of the Tunisian Sultan had just the contrary effect to what he intended, for it determined Louis to follow the persuasions of his brother of Anjou, and to go to Tunis. The notion of converting the Tunisian sovereign and his people to Christianity, and re-establishing the Christian Church triumphantly on the shores of Carthage, where it had such a glorious existence in the days of St. Augustine and St. Cyprian, was likely, above all, to inflame his pious imagination. "Ah!" he exclaimed, "si je pouvais être le parrain d'un tel filleul." The simplicity and ardour of the faith of Saint Louis were especially remarkable in its indestructible ready belief in the possibility of extending the pale of Christianity, not by the sword alone, but by conversion. He believed in the expansive vitality of his religion as firmly as a saint of the first ages of Christianity. While in Palestine, he sent a mission to convert the Tartars; he made many attempts at conversion among the Moslem when in Palestine, and was in some

cases successful. He regarded his converts with especial affection—brought them to France with him, and provided for their maintenance both during his lifetime and by will. If he made the speech which Joinville reports, and which Gibbon chuckles over in a note, that the only method of argument with an Infidel was *mettre l'épée dedans le ventre aussi loin qu'elle pouvait entrer*, he never acted upon it; and in his last moments he was heard continually murmuring to himself, "Pour Dieu! étudions comment la foi Catholique peut être prêchée et plantée à Tunis. Oh! quel est l'homme propre à cette œuvre."

Thus the last glorious, if impracticable, desire of Saint Louis was the preaching of the Gospel on the shores of Africa.

However, he became well aware of the insincerity of the Sultan of Tunis before he reached the coast of Africa; but the persuasions of the Comte d'Anjou, and of other Crusaders, who believed the city was extravagantly rich, and would afford enormous spoil at an easy cost, prevailed in his council.

He disembarked his army at Tunis in the middle of one of the hottest months in the year, July 1270, when the fierce sun leapt back from the burning sands and torrid soil in intolerable radiance, and made the air a quivering burning flame.

The enfeebled constitution of Saint Louis sank in a month under the same trials and maladies which had overwhelmed him in his first Egyptian campaign,—two of his sons having preceded him to the grave. As for the expedition, it met with the same easy successes on their landing as the previous Crusade, with the same faults, the same delays, and the same maladies to impede its progress during the short time it remained on the soil of Africa, from which the Crusaders ultimately retreated, after making an advantageous treaty of peace with the Sultan. The chief error of the conduct of the expedition was in waiting for the Comte d'Anjou, who had made conditions that active operations should not commence till his arrival, and he arrived only in time to find the body of his brother, from whose lips the last sigh of parting breath had just ascended in prayer, stretched, as he desired to die, on a bed of ashes, with his arms crossed upon his breast.

When Louis knew that the fever which consumed him was fatal, he called for Philip, the only survivor of the three bright sons who had accompanied him, and he took from his prayer-book—*Son livre d'Heures*,—the paper of instructions he had written for his guidance, and prayed him to observe

them as his last will and testament. These instructions, known as the *Enseignements* of Saint Louis, contain the wisest and most pious counsel ever dictated by monarch to his successor. No saint ever died more saintly. In the last stage of weakness he found strength to arise and kneel as he took the sacrament. Among the last ejaculations he cried frequently, "*Esto, Domine, plebis tue sanctificator et custos.*" In the even before his death he was heard to cry aloud, "*Quis nobis in Jerusalem!*" and again, "*Introibo in domum tuam, adorabo ad templum sanctum tuum!*" Then he prayed for the people of his expedition, and his last words were, "*Père, je commets mon esprit en ta garde.*"—August 25, 1270.

A sound of clarions and trumpets was heard at the same moment. It announced the arrival of his brother, the King of Sicily, in the port of Carthage. He came immediately to the King's tent. His iron nature broke down at the sight. He fell at the King's feet and passionately kissed them, and could only say, with heaving breast and agonizing sobs, "Monseigneur! Mon frère!"

If human existence is not merely earthly and animal, no one can say that the life of Saint Louis was a failure, or that he was not happy, even to his death. His saintly virtues hallowed the kingly institution in France as it was emerging from the rude chaos of feudalism; royalty became a religion, and the mystic aureole which he wore in the popular imagination descended to crown the heads of each of his descendants; an aureole of which it took the turpitude of a Louis xv. to dim the brightness, and which was extinguished only in the blood-torrents of the guillotine. The royalty of France perished with the exhortation—"*Fils de Saint Louis, montez au ciel.*" He was one of the chiefest of the sons of light, and would make no pact with darkness. He showed that it was possible for a sovereign and a politician, of no surpassing genius, to act, privately and publicly, according to the dictates of the loftiest code of principles conceivable by human intelligence, without the aid of statecraft or duplicity, and such is no small triumph for humanity. Base that nature must indeed be who can pass by him in history and not do him reverence. The facts of his life speak for themselves, and require no eulogy; for praise which would be hyperbolic in other cases, would here fall short of the truth. It may be objected, however, that the severity of his laws for some offences, and especially for blasphemy, forms a blemish upon his character and his

reign. But he expressed himself his willingness to be subject to the legal punishment, provided he could banish blasphemy from his kingdom. And it must be remembered he himself lived a life of such self-denial as would be intolerable to ordinary men. As for his general kindness to his subjects, one example is sufficient: during a season of scarcity in Normandy, the royal waggons, which usually came up from Normandy loaded with tax-money, in that year went down to Normandy loaded with money given out of the Royal treasury for distribution. He was respected by all neighbouring nations as the great peacemaker in the quarrel between Henry iii. and his barons. They submitted the matters in dispute between them to him as arbitrator; and all Europe re-echoed the words uttered by the Pope in the Bull of Canonization: "House of France, rejoice to have given to the world so great a Prince! People of France, rejoice at having possessed so good a King!"

ART. IV.—1. *The Law of Creeds in Scotland: A Treatise on the Legal Relations of Churches in Scotland, Established and Not Established, to their Doctrinal Confessions.* By ALEX. TAYLOR INNES, M.A. Blackwood and Sons.

2. *An Address on the Connection of Church and State.* Delivered at Sion College on February 15, 1868. By ARTHUR PENRHYN STANLEY, D.D., Dean of Westminster. Macmillan and Co.

DEAN STANLEY'S eloquent address and Mr. Innes's learned volume may fairly be noticed together, because they deal with the same general subject, the relation of Christian Churches to the Civil Power, and because the subject as a whole is one that is daily assuming a higher importance, and will probably in some of its aspects occupy at intervals the attention of the country and the Legislature for some time to come. It is true the two writers deal respectively with very different branches of this wide subject, the aim of each being widely different from the other. But they have points of connexion, and Dean Stanley has emphasized these points by quoting largely from Mr. Innes's pages, and speaking in the highest terms of his volume. After his longest extract from the *Law of Creeds*, extending over some pages, Dean Stanley says—"I cannot quote this work without

expressing very strong admiration of its learning, ability, and (with a very few exceptions) impartial statement of the whole question discussed in this address." Dean Stanley's references, quotations, and eulogy have indeed had the effect of making Mr. Innes's work better known in England than it had previously been. In Scotland, as was natural, the volume has excited a good deal of attention and discussion, especially in relation to the legal principles it brings out directly affecting the future of the Established and Non-Established Churches of the country. Its special merits have also been recognized on the other side of the Atlantic, the volume having been referred to as an authority in a recent ecclesiastical case before the American Courts. But in England it had hardly attracted the notice that might perhaps have been expected, considering the completeness of Mr. Innes's legal and historical review, and its direct bearing on questions of urgent public interest. This is due in part probably to the limitation of the title, suggesting that the law of creeds was exhibited only so far as it had been elaborated in the Scottish Courts. The volume, it is true, deals primarily with Scottish cases, but the author's plan is so comprehensive that it includes in the notes and appendices a briefer review of the English cases in which questions affecting religious creeds have been legally discussed and judicially settled. Dean Stanley's address sufficiently indicates this, and will thus help to secure due attention to the important facts and arguments of Mr. Innes's volume, in the period of prolonged ecclesiastical excitement and discussion on which the country is entering.

Seven years ago, when the attention of Parliament and the country was wholly occupied with Mr. Gladstone's great Budgets, more than one far-seeing observer of public events ventured to predict that at no distant interval religious questions would come to the front, and that after marked periods of social, economic, financial, and parliamentary reform, we should enter on a period of ecclesiastical discussion, excitement, and legislative change. This prediction has been verified with unexpected rapidity—the discussions on the Irish Church during the present session having dwarfed to comparatively insignificant proportions the unfinished work of parliamentary reform. But the approach to this vital question was heralded in past sessions by successful motions in favour of abolishing or relaxing ecclesiastical imposts, oaths, and tests. The same general current of opinion is reflected in the numerous ecclesiastical

congresses, synods, and assemblies that have been organized within a recent period, as well as in schemes of union and disunion within and without the National Establishments—proposals for intercommunion between Non-Established Churches in Scotland, and sectional societies formed within the English Establishment, tending to break up the Anglican communion into cliques, the most aggressive of which, in the irony of fate, calls itself Catholic. While it is difficult to define exactly the course which future discussion and consequent action may take, all effective movement in the matter must touch one of the three central relations of Churches—to the State, to their Creeds, or to each other. There is no doubt a close connexion between these various aspects of ecclesiastical life and organization, especially between the two first. In one sense all Churches are connected with the State, or rather with the civil power, as the voluntary governments of Non-Established Churches produce temporal effects, and the Courts in disputed cases inquire into the civil results of ecclesiastical action, and decide authoritatively on the questions at issue. This necessary relation of free religious societies to the civil power, which is brought vividly out in Mr. Innes's volume, seems to have misled Dean Stanley as to their true relation to the State, and, as we shall presently see, to have somewhat confused his argument on the relative advantages and disadvantages of a State connexion. But the amenability of all Churches to the law of the land, and the adoption of one by the civil power, as the religion of the State, are things totally distinct, which ought to be kept apart, and which only rhetorical haste or oversight could confound. It is this latter relation alone, the adoption of a particular Church by the civil power, that constitutes the connexion of Church and State, in the ordinary and technical sense of the phrase, and it is this alone which is the immediate subject of the Dean's addresses. He undertakes to defend the connexion of Church and State in its present form, and with its existing incidents, and he does so with characteristic eloquence and ability. The address must indeed, we should imagine, have produced a very favourable impression on its original delivery, as it exhibits in the happiest combination all the writer's well-known graces of style, affluence of historical illustration, liberality of view, elevation of feeling, and enlightened zeal on behalf of religion and learning. The argument is, moreover, of great interest, and in some parts striking from its freshness and novel-

ty. Dean Stanley puts in a clear and effective light many of the undeniable advantages belonging to a religious Establishment, such as that of securing a regular amount of religious instruction in all parts of the country, especially in those parts where it is least likely that such a provision would be made either by the people themselves or by the missionary efforts of Voluntary enthusiasm. Again, he insists with much force and relevancy on the advantages in cases of heresy of having ecclesiastical standards interpreted by an unbiassed judicial tribunal, by learned and accomplished laymen familiar with the general maxims of jurisprudence as well as with the forms of legal procedure, and trained to the exact interpretation of legal documents. He dwells also on what some may perhaps be disposed to consider a more doubtful advantage,—the opportunity which a State Church gives for the gradual growth of religious opinion, and that “free expression of religious belief which is indispensable to any healthy development of religious action.” He refers under this head to the fact that the interpretation of the English formularies by the judicial committee of the Privy Council has not only been favourable to freedom, but had allayed temporary excitement, and been subsequently acquiesced in even by those who at the time regarded it with the utmost alarm.

These considerations, in support of his general argument, though stated with a felicity of language and illustration that gives them a certain freshness of interest, are in the main well known and generally accepted. But in other parts of his address Dean Stanley ventures boldly on novelties of argument and historical parallelism which on first reading them excite a feeling of surprise, and almost of bewilderment. This is especially true of his attempt to turn the tables on the opponents of an Established Church, by asserting that the connexion of Church and State is the nearest approach which in our complex society can be made to the original and essential idea of the Christian Church. After adverting to the most common objection to a State Church, which he erroneously attributes to Scottish Free Churchmen as well as to English High Churchmen, “that there is in the nature of ecclesiastical affairs something that makes it unlawful for lay or secular persons to approach them,” Dean Stanley adds:—

“If we revert to the origin of the Christian Church, we shall see that the fundamental idea of the Church in the New Testament is the reverse of this. It is that of a body in which the officers, of whatever kind they

may be, bishops, presbyters, or deacons, are ministers—that is, servants of the whole community. . . . In whatever way the control of ecclesiastical affairs by the laity, or rather by the whole community, is exercised, there can be no question that it is in them that by the New Testament and by the first ages of Christendom the supremacy over the Church was vested. They elected their ministers. They chose their own faith, they moulded their own creed, they administered their own discipline, they were the *Ecclesia*, the Assembly, ‘the Church.’”

This is no doubt perfectly true, but a less sanguine reasoner would hardly have offered it as a conclusive argument in favour of a State Church, or have ventured to say that in modern times the most perfect analogue of this primitive Christian society is a system which reduces the Christian laity to a cipher, their functions being wholly absorbed by the Monarch. This fundamental and fatal change is frankly confessed by Dean Stanley himself.

“After its conversion,” he says, “the State, by a natural instinct, assumed those functions of the old Christian democracy which were felt incompatible with the changed condition of things. By the sovereigns of the State the chief ecclesiastical officers were appointed, as formerly, by the tumultuous gatherings in the market-place. By them the Christian laity were represented in the Councils, as once by the ‘brethren,’ even after the claims of a distinct hierarchy had sprung up. And so it must emphatically be in such a country as ours.”

To those unfamiliar with the theory which makes Church and State but different names for the same thing, and regards the will of the Sovereign as identical with the mind of the Church, this curious historical parallel will probably appear little better than a daring paradox. Nor is the parallel much improved when, in a constitutional country like our own, the legislative powers of Parliament are added to the executive control of the Monarch. For Parliament has no initiative in the fundamental questions of religious faith, discipline, and practice, and from its very constitution can have none. According to Dean Stanley himself, indeed, the State has neither the right nor the power of discharging the vital functions which he assigns to the primitive Church. It cannot choose its faith, mould its creed, or in any way administer Christian discipline. Nay, its disability in these respects he regards as a positive advantage, as constituting one of its strongest claims to the confidence and support of the Church.

“The State, it has been often said by way of objection, cannot enter into the detailed

dogmatic belief of particular sects. It must be latitudinarian; it must, as in Great Britain, recognise the possibility of different forms of Christian belief, as of Presbyterianism in Scotland, Anglicanism in England, Roman Catholicism in Ireland; it must, as in France and Prussia, recognise as national both the Roman Catholic and the Protestant Church. This, however, is one of the best arguments in its favour. It is the ground of the comprehensiveness of the Church of England."

This may be so, but it certainly does not help to support the alleged analogy between a State Establishment and the early Church. In the early Church, the Christian laity, united in faith and practice, did everything,—had, as Dean Stanley says, the absolute control of ecclesiastical affairs. But in the Establishment he defends the ecclesiastical power of the laity is paralysed, the higher functions both of clergy and laity, all functions, indeed, except those of the local executive, being claimed and exercised by the State. The higher officers of the Church are appointed by the Crown, while Parliament, the only fountain of ecclesiastical legislation, to say nothing of its Jewish and Quaker members, is divided into sections of Romanists, Congregationalists, and Unitarians, as well as of Presbyterians and Episcopalians. The English Establishment, with all real power thus centred in the Crown, and an ultimate appeal to a divided and indifferent Parliament is no more like the early Church, where the "multitude of them that believed were of one heart and one soul," and all equally shared in the management of affairs, than the English institution of property, favouring the accumulation of enormous possessions in single hands, is like the economic system of the Church at Jerusalem, whose members "had all things in common, and sold their possessions and goods, and parted them to all as each man had need." The characteristic fact about the early Church is, as we have seen, the supreme power of the laity, while the characteristic fact about the English Church is that the laity have no power at all. For, as Baron Bunsen justly says, writing to Dr. Arnold about the theory Dean Stanley defends, and which he received from his old Rugby master, "it will always remain a miserable and unchristian fiction to say that the people are represented in Church government by the sovereign.* The truth is, that the alliance of the Church with the State involves a complete departure from the early maxims and principles of Christian polity. But after all, it is very

much a question of Christian expediency as to what particular organization of the Church will best accomplish the work it has to do in the world. And the connexion of the Church with the State must in the last resort be defended on its own merits. It has, undoubtedly, been attended with advantages in time past, and so long as it retains these it will probably be secure for some time to come. But it is no use attempting to rest the institution on a false historical basis, or to support it by irrelevant and paradoxical analogies. Such fallacious props weaken instead of strengthening the cause they are intended to support. As Whately points out, a bad argument is usually much worse than no argument at all, because when refuted, instead of going for nothing, as it ought to do, it prejudices the cause in the reader's or hearer's mind by suggesting that it shares in the worthlessness of its rotten supports.

Indeed, striking and effective as Dean Stanley's address is in many parts, it will not bear very close or critical examination, and is, in important respects, unsatisfactory as a whole. As it appears to us, he not only overstates, and in some places misstates, the general argument, but even understates it. And this imperfect treatment arises very much from taking a too purely historical view of the whole question, from looking at the external and legal aspects of the institution almost to the exclusion of its vital element, moral conditions, and practical results. This partial point of view constitutes at once the strength and the weakness of the address,—its strength, because it invests the institution with the impressive and majestic associations of a glorious past; and its weakness, because it fails adequately to appreciate the motives and principles that are acting around us as living and powerful forces in the present. One illustration of this feature of the address occurs at the very outset, in the attempt Dean Stanley makes to diminish the authority of the objections he has to combat. After saying that the connexion of Church and State is assailed by a formidable combination of Nonconformists, philosophical Liberals, and High Churchmen, he refers each class of objection historically to a mere temporary feeling, losing sight altogether of the fact that the temporary feeling may have been grounded in reason, and thus have involved some principle of permanent importance.

"Before entering on the question itself, it may be worth while briefly to indicate one circumstance in the growth of these objections, which somewhat diminishes the prestige that

* *Memoir of Baron Bunsen*, vol. i. p. 392.

they would otherwise possess. That circumstance lies in the fact that in the first instance they all, as I have pointed out, had their rise in a temporary and transitory sentiment. The first beginning of the Nonconformist hostility to the connexion of Church and State arose, not from any scruple as to its abstract lawfulness, but from the antipathy of the Scottish Covenanters to any government which would not take the Solemn League and Covenant, and therefore to the Government of 1688, and from the natural irritation of the Puritan Nonconformists against the persecuting Acts of 1662. The objection of the Liberal school in great measure arose from a just dislike of the Pope's temporal sovereignty—an institution which, so far from being identical with what is properly called the connexion of State and Church, is an example of the opposite principle, that of guarding the separate powers of the clergy by special guarantees against the ordinary course of human and national law. The origin of the High Church objection, in like manner, arose, in the first instance, not so much from the tenets of the High Church party, who in Laud's time maintained the connexion with considerable energy, as from the resistance of the Jacobite clergy to the Dutch and Hanoverian dynasties, and afterwards, at the time of the Oxford 'Tracts,' from the alarm awakened by the suppression of the Irish bishoprics. In each instance, the vehemence of the feeling was continued after the occasion had passed away. But it has meanwhile taken the form of an abstract principle, threatening to undermine institutions very different from those which first engendered the sentiment."

With regard to the Nonconformists, there is no doubt that they were irritated by the hostile legislation of 1662, but every impartial historian has recognised that it was something more than temporary irritation that led two thousand clergymen to abandon their livings in the Church, and voluntarily accept a life of poverty, hardship, and destitution outside her communion. In theory, it is true, they were not in the least opposed to the connexion of Church and State, but the legislation of 1662 brought out the fact that in the matter of creed the State may so far encroach on the rights of conscience as to render the connexion impossible. They gave up a lucrative State connexion for the sake of holding in its purity what they regarded as important religious truth. It will scarcely be denied, even by the most adverse critic, that the conduct of these divines was a memorable instance of constancy to conviction, and of self-sacrifice. This is indeed admitted on all hands. "When the Day of St. Bartholomew came," says Hallam, "about two thousand persons resigned their property rather than stain their consciences by compliance, an act to which the more liberal Anglicans, after the bitterness

of immediate passions had passed away, have accorded that praise which is due to heroic virtue in an enemy." And there can be little doubt that the Act which excluded these clergymen from the Church was specially designed to test, and if possible to tarnish, those virtues of integrity and conscientiousness for which they were distinguished. This design is apparent in the slight changes made in the Liturgy just before the passing of the Act which enforced subscription, "*Ex animo*, to all and everything contained in the Book of Common Prayer." "The Puritans," says Hallam, referring to these changes, "having always objected to the number of Saints' Days, the Bishops added a few more; and the former having given very plausible reasons against the apocryphal lessons in the daily service, the others inserted the legend of Bel and the Dragon for no other purpose than to show contempt of their scruples." The object was to supply an arbitrary test that should compel them to renounce their religious offices, or retain them only at the cost of their moral integrity. Had they possessed a tithe of the moral pliancy so common in some periods of Church history, they might easily have retained their benefices. No doubt the Dissenters of to-day are widely removed both in faith and practice from these Nonconforming confessors of two hundred years ago, and, amongst other changes, a large proportion of them have come to object on principle to the union of Church and State. But this growth of opinion is very much founded on the experience of the early Nonconformists,—on the fact, that at an important crisis in Church history the Government deliberately legalized what their ancestors regarded as religious error, and the growing inference thence arising that in the nature of the case the State is unfit to become the arbiter of religious truth.

Then, again, the Free Church, who represent previous secessions from the Established Church of Scotland, gave up their livings on a question of Church-government. The legal and political struggles that preceded the Disruption brought clearly out the fact that a continued connexion with the State was incompatible with what the evangelical party regarded as the essential rights of the Church on questions of internal order and administration. At the time of leaving the Kirk, the whole body of Free Churchmen were still theoretically strongly in favour of connexion with the State, as many no doubt still are, but subsequent reflection and experience has helped to convince them that on their terms it is impossible to reduce the theory to practice.

Many at least have discovered that a State connexion involves, as Dean Stanley insists, State government, administration, and control. The High Churchmen, too, who now object to a State connexion, do so avowedly on the double ground occupied by the Non-conformists of England and the Free Churchmen of Scotland. They feel that the connexion restricts the freedom of action in relation both to creed and government, which they regard not only as an inherent right of the Church, but as essential to her well-being. And though in theory strongly in favour of a State connexion, they also begin to perceive that it can only be realized under conditions which are fatal to the ecclesiastical freedom and independence which they claim for the Church. In this respect they have hardly anything in common with the Nonjurors, whose difficulties were political, arising out of a particular theory of monarchy, rather than ecclesiastical or religious. The primary question with them was as to the person of the true monarch, not as to the powers which the Monarch or State exercised in relation to the Church. The latter, however, is the only question with High Churchmen, who in these days are becoming impatient of State control, and it certainly is not historically accurate to say that this particular form of objection arose in the first instance "from the resistance of the Jacobite clergy to the Dutch or Hanoverian dynasties."

But Dean Stanley, as it seems to us, makes the greatest mistake of all, in endeavouring to discredit the philosophical objection, or the objection of the Liberal school to State establishments of religion by a brief and wholly inadequate reference to its origin. Besides the reference to the objection of this school in the passage already quoted, Dean Stanley says on the previous page that "it received a strong additional impulse at the French Revolution of 1789, and fortifies itself by the example of the United States." In a very able address expressly devoted to vindicating the connexion of Church and State, this is the only direct notice of perhaps the most powerful objection to the connexion, almost the only reference to the growing conviction in favour of religious equality, which is one of the most active and dominant political forces of the present day. That it should be a modern objection, only rising into effective recognition at a comparatively recent period, may no doubt diminish its prestige with those who take a purely historical view of the subject. But in itself it may have all the greater force and cogency on that very account, as the offspring of advancing general

intelligence, deeper political insight, and an enlarged conception of public justice. The whole movement of modern thought, the whole direction of modern progress, tends indeed to confirm this view. We cannot but think, therefore, that Dean Stanley would have served the cause he has at heart much better, if, instead of slighting this objection off by mere allusion to its supposed origin, he had looked it steadily in the face, and endeavoured to meet it on some broad grounds of public interest and national policy. If the existing Establishments are to be successfully vindicated, this at least must be done. The objection of the Liberal school must be fairly met and dealt with on its own merits. The objection rests, as we have said, on considerations of public justice. The Liberal school hold that it is fundamentally at war with the equitable and even-handed dealing that ought to characterize the action of a State, for it is to recognise and support some partial religious expression of the community, and extend to it honours, dignity, and emoluments, from which other religious sections are excluded. The injustice is of course aggravated in proportion as the excluded sections approach, equal, or exceed the section that is the exclusive object of State patronage and support. It is felt to be at least anomalous, that in a free and constitutionally governed State, the wealth and power of the whole community should be employed to dignify and enrich the clergy of a single communion, while the clergy of other communions, in many cases perhaps equally pious, learned, and able, are shut out from State recognition and support as well as from the social and official status this recognition gives. Now, whatever we may think, on historical or other grounds, of this way of putting the case, there is undoubtedly real force in the objection, and it is one that is working very powerfully in almost all directions, and in minds of a widely different type, at the present time. It is indeed politically by far the most formidable objection by which the connexion of Church and State is assailed. It has already virtually destroyed the Irish Establishment; and it must in the end be equally fatal to any Establishment that at all approaches the political and social position of that so-called missionary Church. Neither the Scottish nor the English Establishment is in the position of the Irish, and the ultimate application of the principle of religious equality to them will largely depend on the degree in which they continue to attract to themselves public confidence and respect. In the light of recent events it cannot be denied, however, that these in-

stitutions are on their trial, and that if they are to retain the position they have hitherto enjoyed, it can only be by identifying themselves with national interests, in the largest and most comprehensive sense of the term. In this point of view nothing could be more short-sighted, and even suicidal, than the attempt made by some of the leaders in both Churches to defend the Irish Establishment at the very moment when it is righteously condemned not only by the country at large, but by the reason and conscience of mankind. They have so far done their utmost to discredit the principle of Establishments in the eyes of the nation, by identifying it with the injustice and oppression of the Irish Church. But we do not believe that this short-sighted action of bigoted or panic-stricken prelates and ecclesiastical leaders at all fairly represents the intelligence and sense of public justice, the liberality and patriotism of the communities in whose name they speak. And we do not see why, after the present crisis is past, the Establishments north and south of the Tweed should not learn the lesson it teaches, and by frankly identifying themselves with the higher aspects of national life and progress, and entering on a course of enlarged usefulness and activity, avert the fate which threatens the sister institutions across the Channel. The Scotch Church represents the religious convictions of the country, and with a fresh infusion of energy, liberality, and public spirit in her corporate and local action, will probably be secure in public support. The English Establishment is strong in the affection and respect of large and influential sections of the community, and if it takes its place in the van and not in the rear, of national enlightenment and progress, its connexion with the State will hardly be seriously assailed, and its position as an Establishment may be regarded as tolerably secure. To this end, it is essential, however, that it should become more national and less sectarian in its aims; that it should seek to represent the opinions and convictions of the laity, and become more truly catholic and less exclusively clerical in its corporate action. In particular, it is absolutely essential to the future of the English Church, as an Establishment, that it should seek to conciliate the support of opinion outside its own communion by assuming a friendly attitude toward the Non-Established Churches of the country. The Wesleyans and Congregationalists divide with the Established Church the wealth and population of the land; and it is as certain as any proposition in practical politics can be, that an Establishment diminished in

numbers and in the range of its activities to a sect, and maintaining a hostile attitude toward other sects, can never permanently hold at the national expense a position of exceptional privilege, dignity, and emolument. It is thus the true policy, as well as the duty of the Established Church, to enter into more cordial relations with the Dissenters, and unite heartily with them in the removal of political disabilities, and the redress of any public grievance of which they have still to complain. Dean Stanley fully recognises this duty, and towards the close of his address makes some valuable practical suggestions with the view of establishing a better understanding with Dissenters. Referring to the objection that State recognition involves an unfair and injurious amount of social disparagement, he says:—

“I am not sure how much this exists; but, as far as it does exist, we ought all to grant that it is an unmixed evil, which ought to be recognised as such by none so keenly as the clergy of the Established Church, or with so earnest a desire for its disappearance. . . . Let us hope that this estrangement, which has doubtless of late years already diminished, may altogether cease, and that we may more and more learn to treat our Dissenting brethren as our friends, our equals, our allies—in one word, as ‘Nonconforming members and ministers of the National Church.’”

The suggestions he makes are in favour of a community of pulpit exercises, that clergymen of Non-Established Churches should be freely admitted to the pulpits of Established Churches; the including of Nonconformists with Churchmen whenever the time shall come for revision of the authorized version of the Scriptures; and the free admission of Nonconformists to the Universities. These are steps that would undoubtedly tend to remove the feeling of estrangement between the two great divisions of the religious community, and thus to strengthen the position of the Established Church. The necessity of such a movement has also been recognized by some leading members of the High Church party, and informal conferences have, we believe, already taken place between dignitaries belonging to this section and clergy of the Non-Established Churches, as to the best means of establishing more cordial relations between the divided religious elements of national life. One direct means of accomplishing this end would be the full recognition of Dissenters' right to share in the advantages secured to the country by its national endowment for the purposes of education. And when feelings of active hostility and irritation are in this way removed, there are advantages connected with an Establish-

ment that would probably commend themselves to the mind of enlightened and liberal-minded Nonconformists. One of the chief of these is barely adverted to by Dean Stanley, and in this respect we think he has understated his case. This is the opportunity and the facilities which a State Church affords for the production of learned, meditative, and philosophical religious works of permanent value to all religious sections of the nation. It can afford to the higher order of intellect within its communion the learning and the leisure necessary to the production of such works as the *Laws of Ecclesiastical Polity*, *The Religion of Protestants*, *The Intellectual System of the Universe*, and *The Analogy of Religion*. These works, rising above the dogmatics of particular sects, are a permanent gain to the whole Christian thought. They represent services that are in the truest sense national, and one of the main benefits of an Establishment is that it produces in this way men who add to Christian literature by producing standard works in theology and philosophy, in Biblical history and antiquities, exposition and criticism,—such men as Chillingworth and Taylor, Cudworth and Barrow, Clarke and Butler, and, in our own days, not to mention other names, Dr. Arnold and Dean Stanley himself. Voluntary Churches more usually employ the higher intellect they possess in the active working of their own system, and in the case of the larger, more influential, and wealthy of these Churches, the results of the system are no doubt in many respects excellent. Voluntary activity produces a large amount of zeal, enthusiasm, and liberality, keeps alive the sacred fire of personal piety, is favourable to the development of strong, if not in all cases the most enlightened, patriotism and public spirit, secures a creditable amount of training for its clergy, and diffuses an active spirit of inquiry and a certain amount of literary interest and culture among the laity. But Voluntaryism as a system has hitherto been less prolific in standard theological works, in contributions to the highest order of Christian literature and learning. And there are reasons, in the nature of the case, why this should be so. The energies of Voluntary communions are almost of necessity tinged with a certain sectarianism, and even the larger minds in these communions tend to attach an exaggerated value to denominational differences, and to dwell on these rather than on the higher aspects and expanding relations of Christian truth and duty, in which all Churches are alike interested, and in which all Protestant Churches fundamentally agree. They thus produce comparatively few distinctively re-

ligious works, works of theological science and Christian philosophy, which are of standard value or national importance. And so far as Established Churches continue to render national services of this order, they have a strong plea to urge in support of their position, or at least in favour of the higher interests of Christian thought and learning being in some way provided for by the nation.

It is, however, natural and right that those specially interested in the future of these Churches should at least contemplate as calmly and dispassionately as may be the other alternative of disestablishment. Towards the close of his address, Dean Stanley touches on this question, and his way of dealing with it illustrates afresh, we cannot help thinking, the one-sided and confusing effect of taking a too exclusively historical or external view of the subject. He is so absorbed in admiration of the English Establishment as almost to lose sight of the English Church, and wrapt in the contemplation of the historic glory connected with the legal institution, seems to imagine that, if it falls, all is lost. He seems really to feel the carefully stimulated and purely histrionic alarm Mr. Disraeli recently expressed, that if the English Church ceased to be connected with the State it would at once break into a multitude of denominations, or be absorbed in other communions. He says:—

"It may be that we shall live to see the triumph of the triple alliance between the descendants of the Puritans, the descendants of Rousseau, and the descendants of Laud. It may be that we shall see this venerable growth of English history uprooted, the parochial system swept away, the National Church broken into fragments, the cathedrals and parish churches closed, Westminster Abbey sold to the first chance purchaser for what its stones are worth; the Episcopalian clergy left to the tender mercies of irresponsible Bishops, the Presbyterian clergy to the equally irresponsible tribunals of Presbyteries and General Assemblies; the nation at large cut off from any control over the greatest and most sacred of all its interests; the true voice of the laity and of the Church silenced in its greatest and most powerful organ; the nation ceasing to recognise the loftiest and purest of all the missions entrusted to it. This, and nothing less than this, will be a true and complete separation of Church and State. This may be, and out of this chaos our children may be called laboriously to construct a new order of things. But, till the fatal hour be come, I, for one, am prepared, as an American Bishop, impressed with the evils of his own system, recently urged us, 'to fight for our present constitution, to the moral death.'"

This is a part of the eloquent peroration, which it is impossible not to admire for its

graces of style and chastened enthusiasm. But, like most perorations, the substance will hardly bear close examination. Though we perhaps ought not to be critical on what is after all very much of a rhetorical flourish, still, as in a matter of this nature accuracy is of some importance, we must say that it contains a considerable, though perhaps an excusable, amount of confusion and exaggeration. However zealous he may be on behalf of a State connexion, Dean Stanley certainly shows but little loyalty as an English Churchman in suggesting that the only unity his Church possesses is that imposed on it by an external force, and that the moment this pressure is relaxed its discordant elements will fly asunder or resolve themselves into sectarian atoms. What the position of the English Church would really be if separated from the State, is, however, a most important question, to be discussed in a spirit of sober foresight and reflection, and with something of legal exactness, rather than painted in vague and highly coloured rhetorical generalities. The question has already assumed a practical shape in relation to the Irish Church, and been partially discussed in the journals of the day. A writer in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, taking very much the outside view which Dean Stanley takes, recently argued, with some plausibility, that in the case of the Irish Church disestablishment would be simply destruction. He identifies the Church Establishment with the Church, and imagines that because the one is the creation of the law, so also is the other. The main points of his argument are as follows :

"The Church and State are not two independent things, one of which has imposed upon the other certain regulations which may be removed, and if removed would leave the Church standing. The regulations are the Church, in so far as the Church is a definite, tangible institution—in so far, that is, as it is a body of men bound together by positive, definite human law, capable of being enforced in *inertio*. . . . The difference between other ecclesiastical bodies and the Established Church 'is that in the one case the affairs of the Church, such as its terms of membership, its form of government, and its creed, are determined by law, whilst in the other they are determined by a contract, which is recognised and enforced by law. Hence it is obvious that when you disestablish an established Church you destroy it. The law is its bond of union. Take away the law, and it has no bond of union. . . . Suppose that to-morrow by a sweeping Act of Parliament the Church of England were utterly disestablished; suppose the Act of Uniformity were repealed, the Ecclesiastical Courts shut up, the Convocations of Canterbury and York abolished, the legal rights, powers, and characters of all bishops, rectors, vicars, and other

ecclesiastical persons destroyed, where would be the Church of England?"

It would be impossible, perhaps, to take a more exclusively external view than this; and though the argument proceeds avowedly on legal grounds, and refers to legal incidents, it is in its way quite as extreme in exaggerating the results of disestablishment as Dean Stanley's rhetorical peroration. The other side of the question is put with great clearness and force by a writer in the *Daily News* :—

"This argument seems to us to rest on a fallacy of observation. People have been so long accustomed to the great and conspicuous powers with which the Church of England has been invested by its connexion with the State, that they lose sight of those equally real powers which belong to it as a religious society. By the side of the material sanctions of the law, the spiritual sanctions of the Church naturally slip out of notice. When excommunication means fine and imprisonment, it is easy to forget that it also means exclusion from the sacraments; but when the civil consequences of spiritual penalties are removed, the latter are once more reckoned for as much or as little as they are worth. Let us suppose some other religious body, such as the Roman Catholic or the Wesleyan, to be established in England, and the case will become clearer. Upon this hypothesis the law would be a bond of union to the Roman Catholics or the Wesleyans, just as it is now to members of the Anglican Church. But though it would be the most obvious and ordinary bond, it would not be the only one. If the Church were disestablished there would remain a body of persons holding a certain relation to the Pope, and organized in a certain way under his authority, or a body of persons united in classes and circuits under leaders chosen in a prescribed method; and these organizations would continue, and bind those subjected to them *in foro conscientia*, although the law no longer supplied any external motive for adhesion to them. In what does the case of the Church of England differ from either of these? If she were disestablished to-morrow, there would still be archbishops and bishops, rectors and curates, clergy and laity. No doubt, the purely spiritual machinery of this organization would be found rusty from disuse, and much of it might be very ill adapted for the new work it would have to do. But, for all that, it would be an organization, not a chaos; and the constructive contracts arising out of such an organization would, we believe, be capable of being enforced by law. Disestablishment would not shut up the Ecclesiastical Courts, or abolish the Convocations of Canterbury and York, any more than it would abolish the Wesleyan Conference or prevent a Roman Catholic bishop from expelling a priest who had incurred such a sentence by the canon law."

The whole detail of cases and exposition of the law in the second part of Mr. Innes's

volume, dealing with the legal relation of Non-Established Churches to their creeds, abundantly proves that this is the more accurate representation of the matter. If the Church were disestablished to-morrow, her existing standards would still remain, and in disputed cases they would still be of legal value and efficacy in Courts of Law. It is true they would no longer be incorporated with the Statutes of the realm, but they would still be authoritatively referred to as defining the nature of the contract which the Court would assume to exist between the Church and its officers. Though no longer of direct legal obligation, the articles and formulas would retain all their moral force; and where their moral efficacy failed, they would still have an indirect legal value as supplying authentic materials for guiding the decisions of the Civil Courts. The law would therefore still be supreme over ecclesiastical as well as over civil cases. The chaotic vision of irresponsible bishops and presbyters, revelling unchecked in the license of arbitrary power, is a dream of Dean Stanley's excited fancy. Whether the Church were established or not, a clergyman would still have the protection of the law, if he were unjustly deprived of his living by an ecclesiastical sentence, the only practical difference in the case of disestablishment being that the law would be put in motion after the ecclesiastical verdict of heresy or disorder had been pronounced, and not, as now, in order to obtain it. All this, moreover, is admitted, and even insisted on by Dean Stanley himself; and hence the confusion we have adverted to in the statements made in different parts of the address. When expatiating on the advantages an Establishment possesses in having an ultimate appeal to the civil power in all cases, he speaks as though the members of Non-Established Churches had no protection from the law at all, as though in cases of personal grievance or injury their officers had no power of legal appeal or redress. "The one thing," he says, speaking of Non-Established Churches, "which these several societies in common need and dread, is the just and equal administration of law to all classes;" and this is represented as the peculiar and exceptional advantage of an Established Church. The same view is of course involved in the passage we have quoted as to the results of disestablishment. But in another part of the address, dealing with the decisions of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council in meeting the objection that a lay tribunal is unsuitable as an ultimate court of appeal in ecclesiastical cases, Dean Stanley speaks as though there were no

practical difference between Established and Non-Established Churches in this respect, all being equally amenable to the law.

"It may be observed that decisions of this kind, though they constitute the chief point against which the missiles of Liberationists, whether inside or outside the Church, are directed, yet are the very point of contact between the State and religious convictions, in which almost every ecclesiastical community is equally concerned. No question of interpretation of doctrine, in regard to property, can arise in any religious body in England which may not eventually be brought before a tribunal of this nature for its settlement. It is the only tribunal in which all the contending parties will acquiesce. The only difference, in this respect, between the Roman Catholic and Protestant Nonconformists on the one side, and the Church of England on the other, is that the Church of England, in its Articles and constitution, openly acknowledges the principle which the others admit indirectly. When Cardinal Wiseman taunted the Church of England with having appealed from the High Priest's hall to the Hall of Cæsar, he might have remembered that this was exactly the course gladly pursued by the Apostle Paul before Festus, and that the judgment-seat of Pilate, the Roman magistrate, was the one opening of escape from the dark and iniquitous judgment of the High Priest Caiaphas. He might also have remembered that it was an appeal which he himself, willingly or unwillingly, must have made had a question in regard to property arisen, touching that large class of doctrines which one half the Roman Catholic world regards as lawful, the other as unlawful within their Church.

"The only Protestant community which seems to have succeeded in making the ecclesiastical tribunals absolutely irresponsible is that of the United States. There, by an ingenious system of distinguishing between churches and corporations, St. Paul's right of appeal seems to be almost entirely barred—I say almost, for even there the complex definitions of the American law appear to have left a loophole, through which in some future time the right of individual members or ministers may be protected."

Here Dean Stanley fully recognises the truer legal doctrine with regard to Non-Established Churches, and turns to good account the facts and arguments brought out in Mr. Innes's volume. But the passage conflicts hopelessly with those in which he represents Non-Established Churches as virtually excluded from the operation of the law, as well as with that in which he depicts in such lively colours the chaos which disestablishment must produce. According to Dean Stanley himself, if the Church were disestablished to-morrow, there would still remain that direct contact between the State and religious convictions in which almost

every ecclesiastical community is equally concerned. Even then no question of interpretation of doctrine in regard to property could arise which might not eventually be brought before a civil tribunal for its settlement. The chief, if not the only, difference would be, as we have said, in the one case of prosecutions for heresy, which could no longer be initiated in Civil, or rather in the National Courts. After all, however, as Dean Stanley himself suggests, this would make but little practical difference, as ecclesiastical verdicts of heresy are usually attended with material results, and the Courts would undertake to review the civil effects of ecclesiastical action, and thus indirectly to determine the validity of the ecclesiastical verdict. The clergy would not therefore be left to the tender mercy of irresponsible bishops, but enjoy, as they do now, the protection of the law in all ecclesiastical cases affecting their material interests. So much for the legal aspects of disestablishment. With regard to the moral results of such a step, it is of course more difficult to say precisely what these would be. It is at least possible that, if her connexion with the State ceased, the English Church might break up into two, if not into three separate communities. But there are some considerations which seem to render this a less probable contingency than it might at first sight appear. Foremost among these perhaps is the strong desire for union among related ecclesiastical organizations, which is a marked feature of the time. The movement is apparent among the Presbyterians of Scotland as well as among the Episcopalians, not only of the British empire, but of the Anglo-Saxon race. The Lambeth Synod, though hardly attended with any practical results, was morally significant in this respect, as indicating the desire for union animating all sections of the Episcopal Church. And this feeling would probably operate to check the divisive counsels and courses of even the most aggressive and sectarian sections of the Anglican Church. The ardent ritualists, for example, who strain most impatiently at existing restrictions, if the connexion with the State ceased, and they were free to leave the Church themselves or to expel any considerable section of their brethren, would probably be less disposed to take either of these courses than might naturally be supposed from present appearances. For the sake of preserving the unity of the body a considerable latitude both of opinion and practice would probably be allowed in the Non-Established Anglican community.

The growing feeling in favour of simpler articles of belief would also in the end work

in the same direction. This touches on the second essential relation of Churches we have adverted to—the relation to their creeds. This also is gradually acquiring prominence as an ecclesiastical question. Under some one or more of its many aspects the subject may be said to excite the earnest attention and inspire the monitory utterances of the more thoughtful and liberal minds of almost every religious communion. The movement in favour of more catholic terms of ecclesiastical union, though of comparatively recent origin, is moreover marked by a range and depth of reflective power that must in due time produce appropriate fruit. As the direct offspring of awakened religious life, it is hardly surprising that the discussion about creeds should have turned, in the first instance, on their ethical and ecclesiastical rather than on their historical and legal bearings. The purely legal relation of Churches, Established and Non-Established, to their doctrinal standards, though of primary importance as regards the future, has hitherto been much neglected. Although the materials for such a legal review have accumulated in considerable abundance during the last half century, they have never yet been brought together in a convenient and accessible shape, much less turned to scientific account by competent analysis and criticism. At most they have been only partially used for temporary and controversial purposes. Before the appearance of Mr. Innes's volume no one had attempted to give, in the shape of an impartial digest of all the cases that had come before Civil Courts, a clear and simple exposition of the principles established in this obscure but important department of jurisprudence. Mr. Innes's *Law of Creeds* accomplishes this not only for the first time, but in a manner so satisfactory and complete that it must become the text-book of the subject among the members of the author's profession as well as ecclesiastical reformers, statesmen, and politicians of all schools. It is true that the work refers primarily to Scotland, but the author reviews in the course of his exposition the law of the whole subject. It is thus fitted to be of special use to public men who, as members of the Legislature, or in other posts of responsibility, may have by and by to deal officially with some of the questions raised in the legal discussion of the subject. Apart from its professional value, the volume has characteristics that will attract all thoughtful readers interested in such questions. The legal analysis of cases is preceded by a brief but instructive history of the more celebrated Scottish Confessions, while the exposition is throughout illuminated and vitalized by

apt references to the central facts of Church history and current religious life. The style throughout too, is clear, sinewy, and forcible. While the style and method of treatment thus naturally interest an intelligent reader, the fulness of knowledge, candour, and fairness, apparent in every part of the work, will inspire him with confidence in the writer's judgment. In the professional parts of his work, indeed, Mr. Innes illustrates the best qualities, not only of the legal but of the judicial mind. He displays much of the penetration and impartiality, the power of sifting evidence, weighing arguments, and coming to a conclusion in harmony with the preponderating facts and reasons, which in estimating difficult and complex questions are the cardinal requisites of a sound decision. It is not easy for an educated man in Scotland to write on ecclesiastical questions without betraying some bias, or being more or less consciously influenced by sectarian sympathies. But we must in fairness say that Mr. Innes's work is singularly free from this disturbing element. In order, however, to guard fully against unconscious misrepresentation, Mr. Innes has given, in the shape of appendices to each chapter, all the documents—creeds, statutes, and decisions—which are summarized or estimated in the text. In his historical sketches, especially in the early chapters, tracing the origin of the Scotch Church and its creeds, Mr. Innes shows the possession of a fine historical faculty, a power of placing himself at the point of view of a past age, and realizing in a vivid yet dispassionate manner, the motives, spirit, and aims of rival theologians and reformers, in a period of intense and turbulent ecclesiastical conflict.

But the volume has other and stronger claims to attention than those arising from its legal acumen and fruitful historical research. The most interesting feature of the whole exposition is to be found in the brief but pregnant hints the writer gives as to the deeper problem underlying the mere legal discussion of the relation of Churches to their creeds, so far as it has hitherto proceeded. He deals in a philosophical spirit with the fundamental principles of ecclesiastical organization and religious life, and sagaciously anticipates the profounder questions as to their relation which must ultimately be raised, and the answers to which will largely determine the future of Creeds and Churches on both sides the Tweed. It is true that the references to these larger questions appear in an unobtrusive form, being relegated very much to the notes, and only occasionally touched upon in the text. But quite enough is said to show the intimate connexion be-

tween the past and the near and more eventful future of Churches and Creeds. And it is this direct bearing of the legal and historical review upon current and approaching questions of the greatest moment, that will perhaps most of all attract intelligent readers interested in the subject to Mr. Innes's book. The real question which the book discusses is how far can Churches change their creed, and this in a critical age like our own—an age of theological inquiry and ecclesiastical transition—must sooner or later become one of absorbing practical importance. The way in which the whole subject is regarded by reflective men of earnest religious character, is well represented by the Duke of Argyll in his recent address at Glasgow:—

"There is, indeed, a question of great difficulty and vast importance, sir, what is the nature and kind of opinion in theology which justifies and calls for the forming of a separate communion? Our ideas on this subject are very much formed on the historical event of the Reformation, and perhaps on a few of later years. But those events themselves have generally been determined by causes with which a deliberate consideration of principle in this matter had very little to do. The necessity which had arisen from an entire revolt from the Romish system, compelled, or seemed to compel, men to review the very foundations of Christian theology, and to draw up new and elaborate definitions of belief. The relation in which these stand to modern thought is one of the great difficulties of our time. There has been a drift—a slow, gradual, and in its progress, an immovable drift of opinion, separating more or less the present generation from the conception of the time when these confessions and articles were composed; and probably there is not one of the leading Churches of the Reformation, whose members could cordially unite if their common confession had now to be drawn up for the first time. Their creeds and articles remain unchanged, not for the most part because of the general agreement they secure, but because of the greater disagreement which any modification would occasion. They cannot be touched, because different parties would desire to alter them in diametrically opposite directions. Some parts of these creeds—generally, we may hope, the more essential parts—are indeed held, and held as firmly as before; but other parts are held, if held at all, with less of emphasis and belief; while there are generally some portions over which we pass, or desire to pass in silence."

When this is the way in which religious minds of a somewhat dogmatic and conservative type regard existing doctrinal confessions, we may be quite sure that the question, how far Churches can change or modify their creed, will soon become a practical one. The answer to this question given in Mr. Innes's volume refers primarily, and through-

out the more formal discussions, to Scottish Churches; but the legal principles established in the case of these northern Churches, and especially of the northern Establishment, apply with equal force to the Churches and Establishment of the southern portion of the empire. Nor is it a disadvantage at the present moment that the subject should be studied, in the first instance, from a Scottish point of view. The history of the Scottish National Church, in particular, is full of instruction to the English Establishment, in view of the serious crisis which the conflict of extreme sections within her pale must sooner or later almost inevitably produce. The signs of this approaching crisis are sufficiently apparent in reiterated demands for a revision of the Church standards on the one side, and in uncompromising protests against any State interference whatever on the other. Any proposal for altering the existing standards of doctrine or discipline raises at once the question of Church authority, and High Churchmen on either side of the Tweed have always taken the loftiest ground on this question, demanding for their respective Churches perfect freedom and independence of ecclesiastical action. Moderate Churchmen, on the other hand, perceiving the limitations to this action which a State connexion reposes, are willing enough to recognise the claims of the civil power, and to unite with it in carrying out needed ecclesiastical reforms. As the time for action approaches, however, as the call for some long deferred but necessary change becomes more imperative, the prospect of a collision between the rival sections naturally increases; and that is undoubtedly the danger threatening the English Church at the present moment. It is impossible to read the proceedings of the Church Congress at Wolverhampton last autumn, or follow at all the current movement of ecclesiastical controversy, without feeling that the rival parties within the Church are rapidly defining their position, and preparing for a decisive issue. Lord Lyttelton, as the representative of liberal Churchmen, claimed for the Church, in concert with the Legislature, the right of dealing freely with its articles, liturgy, and ritual, of modifying or altering them so as to meet the requirements of Christian thought and life. He specifies in detail some of the changes in creed and ritual which he regards as essential to the welfare and prosperity of the Church. Amongst these are important omissions in the Athanasian Creed, and the modification of its language, alterations in the baptismal service, and a revision of the Articles, so as to get rid of their technical and scholastic language.

He protested vigorously against the doctrine of ecclesiastical immobility held by extreme sections in the Church, and at times regarded with too much favour even by an organization so comparatively liberal as that of the Church Congress. "He had always thought," he said, "one of the slight indications of weakness in that vigorous, healthy movement was, that some seemed to think it necessary to lay down the principles of adherence in every respect to the letter of the Church's formularies. He would claim for any National Church entire liberty to consider any question of Christian doctrine or discipline. He considered that the limit of such doctrines ought not to be so laid down as to be beyond the touch of revision. The Churches should be left free to judge for themselves at all times as to what should be. He particularly dissented from the view of those falsely-modest, over-timid, and somewhat faithless persons, as he considered them, who represented the English Church at the present day, as less able than the Church of the Reformation or the Caroline period to deal with such questions." But while claiming this right, he is too moderate and sensible a Churchman to lose sight of the conditions under which alone it can be exercised by a National Church. "With respect to the liberty of action," he said he "did not to go the length of meaning that the Established Church should do anything in pursuance of that liberty which was not binding in law, and which was without the concurrence of the State." Archdeacon Denison, as a High Churchman, naturally rejects this view *in toto*; while the extreme High Church journals, in anticipation of Parliamentary action, call upon the clergy beforehand to reject, in the most summary and absolute manner, any legislative interference with the services or ritual of the Church. The *Christian Remembrancer*, for example, after solemnly exhorting the clergy to maintain a strong position of independence "utterly regardless of temporal consequences," adds:—

"An Act-of-Parliament-altered Prayer-Book may be set at naught by the clergy with a clear conscience. We ought also to add that the present constitution of Parliament itself, and the prevailing temper of the times, make it their bounden duty to resist any such law, if they would not be stripped, not only of doctrine and discipline, but of decency and self-respect, and become such a Church as would be deservedly hissed off the stage of the world. Let not a rubric be touched."

Utterances equally strong, and even stronger, are to be found in the weekly organs of the ritualistic party. Nor is the protest on either side confined to words. In

some places extreme ritualistic practices have been introduced since the Report of the Commissioners was issued, and avowedly as a practical reply to its recommendations; while Lord Shaftesbury's Bill of last session, and his recent inquiries in the House of Lords, sufficiently show that the opposite party are not disposed to retire from the struggle.

But this conflict between the High and Low parties in the English Church, which is only now beginning to assume a practical shape, and work towards a definite issue, has run its appointed course, and worked itself completely out in the Scottish Church. After a long but somewhat intermittent struggle of nearly three hundred years, it was finally settled, a quarter of a century ago, by an authoritative definition of the points at issue—a formal enunciation of the State's claim to supreme control, as temporal head of the Establishment, and the consequent withdrawal from the Church of the large party that had persistently rejected and denied that claim. But unless special attention is directed to it, the example is hardly likely to be studied amongst ourselves, as it deserves to be, because the force and even the relevancy of the analogy between the past conflict in the North and the coming conflict in the South are to some extent obscured and disguised by accidental circumstances. In the first place, the High Church party in the Scottish Church was always low or evangelical in doctrine, while the same party in the English Church is universally high in doctrine, inclining to the sacerdotal theory. In the second place, the great struggle in Scotland turned not on points of doctrine and ritual, which are the main battle-ground in England, but primarily on a point of Church order, and afterwards, as arising out of this, on the question of Church authority and independence. But these points of local variation do not affect the substantial oneness of the two parties, grounded on their ecclesiastical affinities. For all practical purposes, the doctrinal difference between the two parties is unimportant, in view of the ecclesiastical identity; for the ultimate issue between the High Church party and its opponents in any establishment must be an ecclesiastical one, must turn on questions of Church jurisdiction, authority, and independence. The High Church party, both in Scotland and England, agree fundamentally in holding that the Church possesses an exclusive jurisdiction in spiritual matters, and that in these matters therefore it is superior to the State, and independent of its control. There is a striking agreement also taken in the

means to vindicate this position in the course of the conflict on either side of the Tweed. The recent Lambeth Conference takes ecclesiastically the position occupied by the Non-Intrusionist party in the Scottish Church before the Disruption, 1843; and the prelates who sympathize strongly with the movement, adopt in their official addresses the very language and watchword that were continually in the mouths of the Scottish High Church party on the eve of their secession from the National Church. Even so comparatively moderate a prelate as the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol says, in his last charge, that the time had come "to draw a distinct line between two things essentially different—a Church in union with the State and a Church professing a State religion;" and towards the close of his address denounces as a fallacy and a heresy the assertion "that the English clergyman receives his pay from the State, and is a minister of the State as well as the Gospel." But this is precisely the language used by the leaders of the Free Church of Scotland during the last days of their connexion with the National Establishment. They insisted with passionate earnestness that the Church was in union with the State, but not controlled by the State; and this is the very point on which the final verdict went absolutely against them. In view of similar claims now made by High Churchmen in England, Mr. Innes's summary of this final verdict is of special interest and value. He says, referring to the judgments of the Courts in cases in which the grave question was brought to a legal issue—

"It had been already laid down that the individual minister or presbytery, while remaining in the Church of Scotland, could not, under that Church's sanction, abandon the temporalities, and so be free from statute in spiritual and pastoral matters; and the principle seemed to imply that the Church itself, or its majority, was equally powerless to do so. It was now decided, not only that the acts of majorities of Church courts refusing to obey the law were invalid, but that the acts of the minorities obeying it should be valid and sufficient. And so when the Claim, Declaration, and Protest of 1842 pledged the Church (not to rescind the compact, for the Scotch theory never acknowledged that a compact affecting proper ecclesiastical functions was, or could competently be made, but) to abandon the temporalities of the Establishment as its conditions were now fixed, and when the Protesters of 1843 claimed to be the Church of Scotland stripped of its temporalities, the Crown at this crisis threw its authority into the constitutional doctrine which its supreme courts in Scotland had for years consistently maintained. The Queen's

letter to the General Assembly of 1848 declares:—

“The Act ratifying the Confession of Faith and settling Presbyterian Church government in Scotland was adopted at the Union, and is now the Act of the British Parliament. The settlement thus fixed cannot be annulled by the will or declaration of *any number* of individuals. Those who are dissatisfied with the terms of this settlement, may renounce it for themselves; but the *union of the Church of Scotland with the State is indissoluble* while the Statutes remain unrepealed which recognize the Presbyterian Church as the Church established by law within the Kingdom of Scotland.”

“The royal hands thus laid the topstone on the legal doctrine so laboriously built up. The more these memorable decisions are studied, the more does it appear that a real definition, disruption, and separation has by them been effected between the two principles that struggled for centuries in the womb of Scottish history. The Nationalism of Knox might mean either of two very different theories. He was scarcely in his grave when the struggle between the two began; and perhaps the strangest thing of all is that it was not till 1843 that it was decided that it did *not* mean merely the recognition by the State of an independent Church of Scotland, possessing, by divine appointment, an exclusive jurisdiction in spiritual matters. These decisions *tend* at least to a nationalism of quite another kind—not now the casual coincidence of two independent bodies, the temporary concordat of two equal powers; but, rather, the essential and indissoluble connexion of the most sacred function of the State with the State itself; or, perhaps, the essential and indissoluble dependence of the noblest institute of the State upon that national power which gives it existence and authority. Knox was not content to have a Church of Christ in Scotland—he was determined to have it a Church of Scotland. The State allowed the change, but has added its own interpretation—declaring it to be *its* Church, finally and inseparably; and Knox’s descendants have found, what that great man strove not to see, that a Church with both independence and nationality, though in theory the most beautiful of all things, may at any moment be found to be practically impossible. The shining of that devout ‘Imagination’ has fascinated the eyes of many generations in Scotland, but will do so no more.”

It is this devout hallucination, banished by the logic of events from the minds of Scottish High Churchmen that now fascinates and dazzles the excitable Pan-Anglican imagination in the southern part of the empire. And curiously enough some of the questions—those connected with the South African Church—which have roused this excitement to the highest pitch, are substantially identical with the questions that plunged the High Churchmen of the north into a prolonged and fatal conflict with the

civil power. In both cases, in that of Bishop Colenso as well as in the once celebrated Non-Intrusionist cases, there is a conflict of jurisdiction—a conflict between the civil and ecclesiastical powers; and High Churchmen at the Cape indignantly protest, as High Churchmen in the north did a quarter of a century ago, against the unwelcome verdict of the Civil Courts.

But the serious conflict in England is more like to turn, in the first instance, on questions of creed and ritual than on those of Church order and authority. The battle will probably be fought on proposal for the legislative modification of creeds, articles of belief, or practices that embody and reflect special doctrines. The real question which Mr. Innes’s book discusses, How far can Scottish Churches change their creed is thus of special interest in view of current and impending ecclesiastical conflict south of the Tweed. For the principles legally established in disputed questions of creed are, as we have said, common to the jurisprudence of both countries. We can only indicate in briefest outline the answer to this vital question contained in Mr. Innes’s able work—can only summarize a few of the more important points established by his historical view of the general question. Looking first at the Kirk, or Established Church in Scotland, it is important to note that, true to its Protestant origin, it not only at the outset discussed point by point, and deliberately adopted its first Confession drawn up by Knox and his associates, but maintained its right, and professed its readiness, to change any one of the articles, should they on examination prove inconsistent with God’s Holy Word. With regard to this protest of readiness to change embodied in the first Scottish Confession, Mr. Innes says:—

“We have seen the historical origination of the creed by the State and the Church, and their mutual relations in regard to it. Another interesting question arises, How far did they, or either of them, intend themselves to be permanently bound to this creed? The question is raised in the most striking way by the ‘Protest’ embodied in the preface to the Confession of 1560: ‘Protesting that if any man will note in our Confession any article or sentence repugning to God’s holy Word, that it would please him, of his gentleness, and for Christian charity’s sake, to admonish us of the same in write, and we of our honours and fidelity do promise unto him satisfaction from the mouth of God—that is, from His holy Scriptures, or else reformation of that which he shall prove to be amiss.’ A very striking commentary on this abnegation of infallibility and expression of the right of private judgment is given in the article of the Confession which treats of general

councils. It goes very far, asserting that the right of councils is 'neither to force new articles of our belief, neither to give the Word of God authority, much less to make that to be His word, or yet the true interpretation of the same, which was not before by His holy will expressed in His Word.' None of the Confessions of the Reformation has a stronger expression of that right and duty of private judgment, on which they are all founded, and which they necessarily tend to repress. The question at once occurs, How far this protest for freedom to follow God's Word only is reconcilable with enactments by the State founding the Church upon the Confession; or at least defining it by the Confession, as in the fundamental Act of 1567; or, indeed, with enactments by the Church itself binding itself for the future to the Confession of its present faith? It is difficult, on the one hand, to see how the Church can be recognised and established without some definition, such perhaps as the Confession supplies; on the other, the declaration that those who in all time coming shall believe it, and those only, are the true and holy church of Christ Jesus, leaves little room for that correction of the Confession which our Reformers pray men of their gentleness to make. It is to be remarked that the preface which contains this remarkable petition, and which is addressed by the Estates to all countries, though inserted in the minutes of the Parliament of 1560, is omitted when the Confession comes to be re-enacted in 1567, and does not now appear on our Statute-book. It remains, therefore, a document as much of the Church as of the State, and indeed is fully as characteristic of the former as of the latter, so far as aspiration for freedom is concerned. And yet we find that the Church, which always outran statesmen in its passion for orthodoxy, accepted establishment on conditions which seem practically to tie it down to doctrine, and, except on two important occasions of subsequent history, has never shown more than a formal willingness to carry out the protestation of 1560. Scotland has always, indeed, asserted the Word of God to be 'the only rule of faith,' while the creed is only the utterance, expression, or confession of that faith. It has always preferred to call this document not the standard, but one of the 'subordinate standards' of the Church, reserving the absolute name for the holy Scriptures. Yet ever since the passing away of that noble generation of men whose earlier years were spent in rejecting the right of the Church to impose upon them any creed, and their later in fixing down, by civil and ecclesiastical enactment, their own creed upon all generations to come—ever since that insurrection of private judgment which we call the Reformation—private judgment has been frowned upon in Scotland; and the people and youth have been practically referred, not to the 'truth of God' alone, but to that wise and careful interpretation of it which their ancestors used *their* private judgment to attain."

In other words, the declaration in favour of periodical revision and change, the desire

virtually expressed in the Preface for the constant exercise of advancing Christian intelligence in the interpretation of Divine truth, remained a dead letter for nearly a century after the adoption of the first Confession. Towards the middle of the next century, however, in 1643, amidst the temporary triumph of Puritanism, the famous Assembly of Divines met at Westminster. It was the hour when the advancing fortunes of Presbyterianism looked brightest, and it seemed likely to embrace within its sway the sister kingdom, so long and so completely given up to what was regarded in the north as the bondage of Prelacy. The Scottish Kirk, having recently revolted from the attempted constraint of the prelating Stuarths, and regained completely its power of self-government, sent Commissioners to the Assembly, who took a leading part in its deliberations, and laboured diligently, not in the revision of the old creed, but in the elaboration of a wholly new one. This creed, the celebrated Westminster Confession, was, after due deliberation, formally adopted as the creed of the Kirk by an Act of Assembly in 1647. Of this important movement in the Scottish Church, Mr. Innes says:—

"No mention is made in this Act of the old Confession of 1560. It may be supposed that the Assembly held both their old Confession and their new to be true, and therefore consistent with each other; but this is not stated. Whether in any sense they held the old Confession to be still binding is a more doubtful matter. As the new one is to be a 'Confession for the three kingdoms,' it may be argued that the old Scottish Confession might still continue as a municipal or domestic authority for Scotland; but as the change is founded on the obligation to 'uniformity in religion,' the presumption seems rather in favour of the exclusive authority of the new creed.

"The fact that the Scottish Church did, at the culminating point of its history, and in the period of its greatest energy and influence, throw away the old creed upon which it might plausibly be said to have been even founded, and *proprio motu* exchange it for another and a wholly new one, casts a strong and not unneeded light upon the previous and subsequent history. And this is not less striking when we observe that the new creed is in no respect a modification or re-presentation of the old. Not only is it the case that many propositions, and even whole paragraphs and chapters, contained in the Scottish Confession, are not found in that of Westminster, and that very many are found in the new creed which were not in the old,—but the two were not even made up on the same plan. The structure of the one is wholly different from that of the other. And they are equally different in details. There is no one sentence or proposition in the Westminster Confession identical with any one in

the Scottish Confession. The new creed was made *de novo*, without any thought of the old. It is not necessary, in noting the differences between the Confessions, to suppose that these are irreconcilable. All truths are reconcilable; and an adequate intelligence could deduce the whole body of divinity with absolute certainty from any one limb or fragment. But that very large differences do exist is certain. We shall have occasion afterwards to notice that, on so important a matter as the doctrine of the visible Church, these creeds occupy extreme positions, which are separated by the bulk of the Confessions of the Reformation. The doctrine of the Magistrate, of the Sabbath, of Predestination, of Assurance, of Church rulers, and of the Sacraments, may be instanced as matters in which all theologians have observed a great difference, while some have alleged a decided contrast between the two. And while the diversity extends to each sentence and to each clause of each sentence, there is a difference in the tone and sentiment, as well as in the mode of treatment and style of thought, of the whole, which reminds us of the lapse of the century between, and of the difference between the stand-point of the Reforming and the Puritan age—a difference not so great, perhaps, as between that of the Puritans and our own, but still one which is unmistakable and important. That the Scottish Church, bound with innumerable oaths and engagements to its old creed, should have voluntarily made a change so great without the smallest scruple or hesitation on the part of a single member of it, indicates a vitality in the protestation for freedom of 1560, which the intermediate history had scarcely given us the right to expect."

The Church, while still claiming full control over its creed, did not attempt to vindicate the claim by any subsequent revision of its Articles. But, in 1693, when King William attempted to enforce subscription by royal authority, the Church, through the action of its highest Court, showed in the most unmistakeable manner how jealously it guarded this disputed right. Of course neither the Oath of Allegiance nor subscription to the Confession were in themselves objected to. But the Church intensely resented the attempt at royal interference in a province she regarded as exclusively her own, and where, therefore, she claimed the absolute initiative. No further steps of moment were taken to determine this disputed claim until the decisive conflict of recent times, which ultimately rooted out of the Church the great party who, as the abettors of ecclesiastical independence, had always been its most strenuous defenders. By the terms of this final settlement, the claim was authoritatively rejected, and it was at length decided that the Church, being bound by Statute to its Confession, had no power to alter any of its Articles. The practical re-

sult of this decision is, as Mr. Innes points out, that being thus bound by Statute to its creed, the Church is more likely to be liberal in its administration than Churches which claim to be free. The feeling, he justly says, that the Church is now, in a sense never before attempted, a national Church, has had its inevitable and proper influence on the question of creed. In such cases, the Confession comes naturally to be regarded as the Confession of the nation rather than of the individual, or even of the Church; and the ecclesiastical body must make use of it accordingly. A Church that is free to change her Confession may be tyrannical, but a Church that is bound to one Confession must be moderate in its administration.

We can only indicate, in a sentence or two, the general conclusion reached in the second part of Mr. Innes's volume,—that dealing with the legal relation of Non-Established Churches to their creeds. This is the more to be regretted, because in many respects, and especially in its practical bearings on the future of Voluntarism in England and Scotland, this is the most novel and interesting part of the whole inquiry. The great majority of Non-established Churches in Scotland are not only Presbyterian, being originally secessions from the Established Kirk, but, if possible, more Presbyterian than the Kirk itself. The great peculiarity of Scottish Dissent, as Mr. Innes points out, is, that it was not properly Dissent at all, and earnestly repudiated the name. Not merely was it the same in doctrine, discipline, and worship with the Church of Scotland, but the desire to maintain that doctrine, discipline, and worship unimpaired was the cause of its very existence. It separated, or, in its own phrase, *seceded* from the majorities of the Church, from a regard to that Church's honour and faithfulness; and its bitterness was the "perverted flow of love." The two largest bodies that left the Kirk before 1843, the Secession and Relief Churches, were minorities within the Establishment. But gradually the party within the Church, maintaining its freedom and independence, and thus ecclesiastically identical with the seceding sections, gained the majority, and at once attempted to carry out its own views. Mr. Innes thus sums up the result:—

"The spiritual independence party *within* the Established Church obtained the majority, and immediately, as we have seen, used their power to carry out their ancient principles. The result was that, being met and challenged by the law, they preserved indeed their own consistency at the expense of extreme sacrifice,

but one great point of the argument in the question with the Voluntaries was finally decided against them. We observed above that the conditions of the Revolution Settlement have now been decided by law to be what the Cameronians had ever since 1688 held them. We must add that the whole conditions of Establishment have also been decided by law to be what the later Seceders, as distinguished from the elder, accused them of being. The principle of these decisions, as expressed in repeated powerful opinions of the majority of the Court, is, that not merely the Revolution Settlement, but the whole establishment of the Church of Scotland, *ab initio*, was upon grounds irreconcilable with the claims of the Church party, as these were put forward by Andrew Melville in the Book of Discipline, and have been held since by all the sections above enumerated. The Free Church no doubt left upon the table of the Court and the Legislature its 'Protest' that this was a misreading of the legislation of Scotland. But even the Free Church does not venture to deny that this reading has now been given, and that it has been given authoritatively by the functionaries who are entitled to declare what the meaning and intention of the law has been throughout all those ages. The protest of the Free Church is, that the conditions of establishment have been changed. But the doctrine of law is, that the conditions of establishment have really been ever since 1560 what they are now defined to be, and that the connexion of the Church of Scotland upon these conditions with the State is indissoluble. One step more. No one can carefully study the judgments following the Auchterarder case without seeing that their principle is not only that there has been, but that there *can* be, no establishment of a church by the State except on the principles of subordination there laid down. It is clearly put in many of these, and it is implied in all of them, that the old claim of Church independence and co-ordinate jurisdiction is absolutely unrealizable except on the condition of Voluntarism.—If the defeat of 1843 has been claimed by the Free Church as a moral triumph, it may certainly be claimed as a legal triumph by its old adversaries the Voluntaries."

These large Non-Established Presbyterian Churches are at the present moment seeking to unite, and on ecclesiastical grounds it is not surprising that they should do so, as there is a perfect identity in their views of Church authority. As representing successive parties claiming spiritual independence within the Kirk, they all agree in taking the high view of Church Jurisdiction, and in seeking to withdraw themselves from the cognisance of the law. In cases where the civil power has been appealed to against their decisions, they have pleaded at the bar of the Court a special spiritual jurisdiction. The Court, however, refused to acknowledge this jurisdiction, and regards the power which voluntary religious societies

claim to possess and exercise as founded on special contract. The standards of doctrine and discipline in these societies or churches are accepted by the Courts as evidence helping to define the terms and explain the nature of the contract. In cases where property is directly concerned, the Courts hold that the property is held in trust for the fundamental principles of the congregation, and the Court will accept any evidence helping to illustrate and explain what these principles really are, definite articles of belief having of course in this relation a prominent place and special value. From the legal doctrines thus established, it would seem as though Non-Established Churches were about as much bound to their creeds as Established Churches. At least, if creeds are to be considered identical with the fundamental principles of a Church, these Voluntary societies cannot change their creed without running the risk of losing their property. On the other hand, they all claim, and foremost of all the Free Church claims in the most explicit terms, complete control over the creed, including the right to change or modify its articles at pleasure. On almost any view of the case, however, this must be held to be an extreme position. For if creeds are not to be regarded in the light of fundamental principles, still every Church must have such principles, which as essential to its existence do not admit of change. On this ground Mr. Innes controverts the right specially claimed by the Free Church to an unlimited change of doctrinal views, or rather of fundamental belief. The last chapter of the book, in which he does this, and glances at the broader and deeper questions in respect to creeds, which must by and by arise, and be ultimately settled by the Civil Courts, is one of peculiar interest, and will be sure to impress the thoughtful reader by its calm insight, quiet earnestness, and clear intellectual power.

ART. V.—1. *A Memoir of Baron Bunsen, late Minister Plenipotentiary, and Envoy Extraordinary of His Majesty Frederick William IV. at the Court of St. James.* Drawn chiefly from Family Papers. By his Widow, FRANCES BARONESS BUNSEN. In Two Volumes. London: Longman, 1868.

2. *Gott in der Geschichte: oder der Fortschritt des Glaubens an eine sittliche Weltordnung.* Von CHRISTIAN CARL JOHANN BUNSEN.

In Three Volumes, 8vo. Leipzig: Brockhaus, 1857-8.

3. The Same—English. By SARAH WINKWORTH. London: Longman, 1868.

4. *Vollständiges Bibelwerk, für die Gemeinde.* Von BUNSEN, Leipzig: Brockhaus, 1860-68. Still in progress.

THE Germans have recently made great strides in British estimation. Time was—not very long ago, in the year 1803 we think—when a young Etonian, in imitation of a distich by an old Greek epigrammatist, wrote a classical couplet against one of the most prominent of the rising philologers of Germany, which Porson turned into English in the well-known form,—

“The Germans in Greek
Are sadly to seek;
Not five in fivescore,
But ninety-five more:
All—save only one, HERMANN,
And Hermann’s a German.”

These words express pretty accurately, not only the general opinion of British scholars at that time as to the comparative value of English and German scholarship, but the general opinion of the whole British people with regard to the virtue and worth of Germany and things German. For though even at that period of our intercourse with the Teutonic part of the Continent, the names of Goethe and Schiller, Lessing, Wieland, and, among lesser magnitudes, Klopstock, Kotzebue, and Bürger, had begun to shoot significant rays into the dim atmosphere of our “tight little island,” on the whole no high estimate of German intellectual capacity prevailed in this country. Those whom we could not dispose of under the old category of erudite dunderheads and unfruitful dryasdusts, were easily shuffled into the vapoury limbo of transcendentalists, sentimentalists, dreamers, and pilers of cloud-architecture, in which, from Jacob Böhme downward, everything Teutonic, not at once intelligible to the English mind, so naturally seemed to find its place. To express the decisive verdict of our insular judgment against any production of the Teutonic intellect beyond the Rhine, in those days it was thought enough to say that it was “German.” In the minds of some classes of our countrymen this way of thinking may perhaps even now prevail; but in the general currency of language among the more cultivated part of the community a great change in this matter has taken place,—a change so great indeed, that we seem actually to be suffering from a sort of German invasion in the intellectual

world, similar to that French one which overwhelmed us a century and a half ago, when Voltaire, as general European Aristarchus, sat on the throne of criticism now occupied by Goethe. For not only is this Goethe being universally quoted, but even Hegel is read and understood, and acknowledged also by some as the only prophet who is destined to save the rising mind of young Oxford from the cold sway of intellectual egoism in Comte and the harsh gripe of logical formulas in Mill. Sceptical historians of Greece rejoice to out-Niebuhr Niebuhr in arbitrary contempt for ancient traditions and arbitrary faith in modern imaginations; writers on mythology are not content unless they can invert the poles of the old English method of interpretation; and whereas Bryant rejoiced in proving by ingenious etymological processes that all gods were men, we are now called upon to believe that all men are gods, and that there is nothing human, real, or trustworthy in national traditions at all. Nay, so far are we advanced in an idol-worship of that Germanism which we so long despised, that the every-day language of our men who aspire to culture has assumed a certain German cast. Our “point of view” has become a “stand-point;” our manuals are turned into “handbooks,” and not only our critical articles, but our Latin Grammars, must be duly sprinkled with the two-faced shibboleth of “subjective” and “objective” before they can be relished by the Teutonized palate of the hour. The causes of this notable conversion are, like some recent political conversions, not at all inscrutable, and sufficiently instructive to deserve a passing remark. Such things never happen by chance. First, there is the fact that it is only within the present century that the Germans have been able to claim for themselves a leading position even in the world of thought. In the long interval between Copernicus and Leibnitz, their intellectual products, written in a learned language, unwieldy, elephantine, and pedantic, and belonging far more to the bookish furniture of the university than to the green growth of real life, had no attractions for the great mass of cultivated Europeans. It was not till the pious fervour of Klopstock and the keen point of Lessing stirred the stagnant waters of the social pool, that the academic erudition of Germany began to assume a form calculated to exercise a powerful influence on European thought. One of the first in this movement was the celebrated Heyne, Professor of philology in Göttingen from the year 1764; and after him Wolf, Hermann, Boeckh, Müller, Welcker, and a

whole hierarchy of a scholarship at once profound and graceful, stood forward before Europe, as acknowledged excavators and master-builders of the highest order, in every department of intellectual inquiry. Contemporaneously with this the boldest flights of speculative adventure were made by the most various and highly-gifted thinkers, from Kant and Fichte to Schelling and Hegel. At the same time, in England, Shelley and Coleridge and Wordsworth, in a poetical guise, had launched a thoughtful section of the British reading public upon a metaphysico-theological voyage of discovery, now cautious and timidly tentative, now plunging violently away from the yoke of tradition to which it had so long been bound. Carlyle, Maurice, Kingsley, and Tennyson, pointed, each after his own fashion, in the same direction; and before this movement the strong wall of partition that had so long divided practical England from speculative Germany fell down at many places. It began to be discovered that certain moral and intellectual cravings, which, after the red upheavings of the French Revolution had begun to cry for nutriment even from behind the hard ribs of Oxford conservatism, could be satisfied no longer, either by perpetual rumination on venerable native formulas which had lost all vitality, or by the glitter of pointed antitheses borrowed from France, with which a less serious age had been entertained. In this state of matters, Goethe naturally became a prophet to men of a concrete habit of thought; while abstract thinkers were attracted by Kant and Fichte, Schelling and Hegel. From the meagre culture that had previously existed in our Universities nothing was to be hoped; our purely technical philology, dealing exclusively with textual criticism and verbal emendation, however useful in a subsidiary way, could show not even a crab-apple for those who were beginning to pant after a firm grasp of the fundamental principles of thought and the original springs of action. To English scholars sensible of this vacuity, Germany presents itself as the natural field of recruitment; and accordingly, no book of any great significance in the domain of learned inquiry has been put forth in England during the last forty years without the most visible marks of Teutonic influence. Without Niebuhr, Arnold had never been; even Puseyism dates historically from a violent reaction wrought in the mind of a thoughtful young Oxonian, long fed on the food of ecclesiastical tradition, by a contemplation of some startling developments of extreme German Rationalism. In this way our

inherited insular self-sufficiency thoroughly gave way; we were forced to borrow at all hands from those to whom we had been accustomed to view ourselves as in a position to dictate. The Germans had decidedly become our intellectual masters; we might not follow their eccentric movements in all respects, but we had been aroused out of sleep by their stimulating activity; and we could not do our daily work without the materials which their gigantic industry supplied. Thus matters stood in the world of ideas. Then came, in the world of deeds, the battle of Sadowa. The effect of this brilliant stroke upon the European estimate of Prussia, now manifestly identical with Germany, can scarcely be overrated. No thunderbolt of war had been launched in Europe with such admirable precision and effect since the days of the Great Napoleon. The shame of Jena was certainly wiped out now, if Dennewitz and Leipzig had left the score uncleared. Every man understands a blow, and no man more readily than John Bull. An idea is apt to confound him, a principle to repel, and an abstract proposition stimulates his contempt; but a blow full of force and full of fruits,—in this he sees a something in which the power of a present god cannot be denied. Prussia now assumed the rank of a first-rate Power. But more than this: a general presumption was raised in favour of Prussia and things Prussian, strong in proportion to that which had long operated so powerfully the other way. It was certain now that the Germans were no dreamers. Their military organization was in some points superior to ours; we had blundered in the Crimean campaign; Bismarck had not blundered in knowing how to win for Prussia the headship of Germany by a citizen soldiery and needle-guns. Vague declamations against centralization, red-tape, and unconstitutional monarchy would manifestly not explain the battle of Sadowa. Our political vision thus cleared, our eyes were forthwith opened to other considerations. Perhaps the organization of the Prussian schools and universities might prove as superior to that of Eton and Oxford as Prussian guns were to Austrian guns. This also turned out to be the case. Royal Commissioners were sent out, like Jupiter's eagles, to all the headquarters of cis-Atlantic and trans-Atlantic intelligence, and they came back with the report that Prussian schools and universities are the best. The scales were now completely turned. Like honest men, we confessed we had been beaten in the race; and the cry was raised for reform, and is being now raised even more stoutly. We are now

apparently engaged with all earnestness in the profitable work of self-examination. Not only has our hereditary horror of Germany disappeared, but our pride has submitted to the reception of learned foreigners into academic chairs, to teach us what we had failed to teach ourselves; and now the only danger is that we may resort to the mechanical method of wholesale importation to supply our deficiencies, and put up some German Hegel or French Comte to worship, because we cannot wait for a prophet of truly British growth to be our guide.

In this unsettled state of the English mind, and with this strong proclivity towards things German, no more grateful gift could have been made to the intelligent Englishman than the Memoirs of that illustrious Prussian scholar, theologian, and statesman, which it is our present duty to bring under review. Christian Charles Josias Bunsen was born at Korbach, a town in the little Principality of Waldeck, west of Cassel, in the year 1791. His father, a person of humble station, had served for the greater part of his life in a Dutch regiment, and, returning home without the expected promotion, lived at Korbach on the scanty subsistence afforded by the possession of a few acres of land, and a small retiring pension from Holland, besides what his own industry as a copying-clerk might produce. He was a man of marked aspect and decided character, with expressive features, keen strong eyes, and bushy eyebrows; firm and unwavering in his tone; faithful and just in all his dealings; hot-tempered when occasion moved, but habitually mild and kindly; independent in a remarkable degree, and against every form of unwarranted aggression resolute. He was fond of expressing the wisdom of life, gained by experience, in those pithy, proverbial maxims which, from the earliest times, have been in all countries the great bearers of popular philosophy. After the fashion of Polonius, he sent his son out into the wide wide world with the shrewd triple advice as to expenditure:—

“In clothing, live up to your means;
In food, below your means;
In dwelling, above your means;”

and out of the bitter root, perhaps, of his own experience, he added—

“Werde nicht Soldat. Ducke dich nicht vor Junkern.”

“Don’t be a soldier; stand erect before a man with a title,”—with both which paternal counsels the hopeful son, through his whole life, most faithfully complied. At the age of seven, Bunsen went to the Gymnasium,

or great learned school of the Principality, and here he immediately distinguished himself by that rapidity of intellectual appropriation, that comprehensiveness of grasp, that sunniness of temper, and that kindliness of disposition, which were his distinguishing excellencies through life. In personal appearance, also, the boy was, with him, in every respect the perfect father or the man; beautiful, fair-complexioned, curly-haired, with a full bright eye (often remarked afterwards as like Goethe’s), and finely chiselled features, he was a youth in whom grace and strength and goodness seem to have combined to give the world promise of a truly great man. Though naturally self-willed, and wearing an air of command which sat lightly upon him, he recognised, with a true instinct of loyalty, the law of authority in his father, and others who were placed in positions of ascendancy over him. Like all boys of eager intelligence, he was a greedy devourer of books; and it is interesting for us islanders to observe what an important place our literature occupied in the education of an humble Continental youth, in the smallest of German principedoms, at the beginning of the present century. In the form of translations, Richardson’s and Mrs. Radcliff’s novels, and Shakespeare’s plays, introduced him to the acquaintance of his “venerable friend John Bull,” for whom in after life he ever cherished the warmest admiration. The English language he appropriated through the somewhat strange medium of Glover’s *Leonidas*, which somehow or other in that part of the world had usurped the pedagogic function generally performed in Germany by the *Vicar of Wakefield*. French, of course, he learned also, and was the best French scholar in the school. In the year 1808, at the age of seventeen, he went to the University of Marburg, with a hundred and fifty dollars in his pocket, a sum pretty nearly identical with that required by many a humble Scottish student at the present hour, for the defraying of his yearly academic expenses. After remaining a year here, however, he found that the sphere was too narrow alike for his intellectual ambition and his pecuniary support. There were more famous professors at Göttingen, and a larger concourse of students, in giving instruction to whom the poor scholar might be able to scrape together the necessary maintenance for himself. To Göttingen, therefore, in the year 1809, he repaired, studying general philology and public law rather than that theology to which he was naturally most inclined. The most powerful intellectual influence at this time in the Georgia Augusta was that of Heyne, a scholar

who, though found inadequate to the peculiar wants of such a young philological Titan as Wolf, exercised a powerful and beneficial sway over the rising German intellect of his day—an influence which Bunsen never failed in after life gratefully to acknowledge. But like all young men of original talent at universities, Bunsen learned not less from himself and from his fellow-students than from his professors. He soon became the centre of a knot of young men, most of whom afterwards won a distinguished place in the intellectual annals of their country. Among these were Lachmann, the author of a well-known new recension of the New Testament; Brandis, the editor of Aristotle; Lücke, the Evangelic commentator; Dissen, the editor of Pindar; Schulze, the poet, and a few others. He completed his studies at the university by the composition of a Latin dissertation on the Attic law of inheritance, which at once stamped him as a man who combined the most thorough scholarship with the most original thought, to a degree not at all common even in erudite and philosophical Germany. While pursuing his university career he supported himself, like many a poor Scotch scholar now-a-days, by teaching in public school or private family; and his connexion, in this latter relation, with a New York merchant named Astor, was one of the most fortunate circumstances in his early start; for the keen-eyed American at once perceived that he had secured for his son a tutor of no common calibre,—so he not only used him as a tutor, but admired him as a man, and loved him as a friend, and gave occasion to those frequent jumps in what the Poor-Law calls “settlement,” which drew our young scholar without delay out of the pale precincts of the university into the broad and busy arena of the European world. In connexion with this family Bunsen took an early reconnoitrement of Leyden and Copenhagen, Berlin and Paris, and seems to have made up his mind at an early period that with the “detestable Westphalian kingdom” of Jerome Buonaparte he could have nothing to do, and that, being a German, and having sworn an oath, with all the fervour of an intense patriot, to live and die for Germany, his only opportunity of doing so effectively was by becoming a Prussian. The fine prophetic instinct by which this resolution was formed has been amply justified by recent experience. While at Paris he occupied himself with the study of Persic under the celebrated Sylvestre de Sacy, this study being only a part of a grand project, early conceived, of transporting himself to India, for the purpose of becoming acquainted on the spot with the language, literature, and

philosophy of the East; and he had at this time also schemed out in full the grand outlines of that philosophy of man, based on the study of language and religion, the rich results of which are exhibited so largely in his works. Never was there a man who knew more clearly from the beginning what he was to live for—internally that is to say,—for the circumstances of his outward life—what forms the whole life of some persons—his profession, and craft of making a livelihood, this he left to the disposal of Providence; and might have been, so far as his own inclinations went, a professor any day rather than a diplomatist. On several occasions, indeed, he expresses a very strong aversion to diplomatic life, and yet a diplomatist he became, partly from patriotism, partly from loyalty, partly from Royal compulsion, and in a great measure no doubt, from that chivalrous and courageous spirit of adventure, which led him rather to grapple with the difficulties of new and grand situations than to sit down and be overgrown gracefully with the moss of a decent and reputable routine. From Paris, in connexion with Mr. Astor, Bunsen proceeded to Rome; and here he found the first great hero that acted powerfully on his early manhood, in the person of Niebuhr, then Prussian Resident at Rome, and his first step of ascent to the brilliant stage of European diplomatic life, where he so long remained one of the most distinguished among the distinguished. For Niebuhr chose him as his private secretary, and in this capacity he was introduced to business, and, what was of more consequence, to the personal acquaintance of the excellent King of Prussia, the father of the present monarch. There was a contagion about the person, attitude, and utterance of Bunsen that no man who had an eye for true human excellence could resist; and the Majesty of Berlin was not more backward than the New York merchant to discover and fasten on the young amanuensis of Niebuhr as a genuine man, perhaps a future statesman, who might do great things for the Prussian State, and, what the King loved almost better, the Prussian Church. Thus favourably introduced to the personal notice of the King, Bunsen had to wait only a short time for the retirement of Niebuhr, when he was appointed Minister in his room. This happened in the year 1823. Previously to this, however, Bunsen had secured one of the greatest items of happiness to a good man, in the person of an English wife. This lady was Miss Frances Waddington, now the Baroness Bunsen, to whose pious diligence, good sense, and fine tact we owe the composition of the very rich and interesting

volumes of Memoirs that have given occasion to the present notice. The young diplomatist describes her in 1817 as "a girl of amiable character and clear understanding, and a very earnest Christian of the Church of England;" also, what was of no small importance to a chivalrous young adventurer like Bunsen, as "having a fortune,"—that means, we suppose, a certain moderate amount of disposable cash, that might render its possessor independent of the rude buffets of circumstance; for there is no indication in these volumes that he ever suffered, even when to the world he seemed most prosperous, from a plethora of funds. We now see Bunsen fairly launched on that broad sea of public life, at once intensely German and broadly European, where he floated so long, so brilliantly, and, upon the whole, with enjoyment that largely outweighed not a few unavoidable discomforts. His tower of outlook for sixteen years was the Tarpeian rock, and there, in a dwelling at once sublime in situation, genial in its domestic atmosphere, and lofty in the moral and intellectual inspiration of its inmates, he became the centre of that rich and varied society which accompanied him through life, as the flowers on every sunny brae tend upwards, and spread their various-coloured petals concentrically towards the sun. And as the sun has rays for every diverse-tinted herb, so Bunsen had a side in his soul for everybody; and there are few names of any distinction in the intellectual, moral, and political world, which during that Roman residence, or at least in the natural sequel of it at London, were not drawn more or less closely into the circle of his most lovely attractiveness. Like Socrates, he was especially open to young men; and this not only because, like Bentley, he could see in the undergraduate promises of bright achievement of which the full-grown don was for ever incapable, but because his essentially human and Christian kindliness led him to "condescend to men of low estate," and to find one of his chief sources of delight, as a strong man, in ministering to the weak. Not a few men both in Britain and Germany, now living, can trace to their early introduction to Bunsen their first acquaintance with a full-grown, living man, more electric in sympathy and more overwhelming in grandeur than anything that they had read of in books; an epiphany of more value in the education of a youth than the digested contents of a thousand libraries. But we cannot afford to follow Bunsen in detail through the rich-shifting panorama of his Roman life. In the year 1837, from com-

plications arising out of the unfortunate dispute with the Court of Rome about mixed marriages, his diplomatic career on the Tarpeian rock was suddenly closed. Of this interval of rest he took wise advantage, by accomplishing a long-meditated journey to that country which he had long admired as the grand metropolis of reasonable liberty and a practical intelligence. In the autumn of 1838 he arrived at England, and there immediately began to plash about, with a fine juvenile intoxication of spirits, in a wide ocean of various delight, after a fashion in which only a Bunsen can indulge. This was exactly the stage on which his eminent power of being happy, and wonderful art of maintaining a lofty composure, and a quiet, fruitful activity in the midst of disturbing circumstances, might exhibit themselves to advantage. There is no need of saying that in England Bunsen soon became a universal favourite. If any person spoke against him, it was only one of that narrow class of minds to whom all greatness is incomprehensible, or that selfish crew to whom all goodness is odious. There was a daily beauty about his life that might make certain people ugly; this was unavoidable—and besides, there was his prosperity, which, if not in London, certainly at Berlin, was calculated to excite in ambitious hearts no common flow of hidden bitterness. To have sprung from nothing; the son of a petty crofter in the pettiest State of Germany; to start on a few dollars, as a travelling scholar in the middle ages; and then to shine as the first star in Rome, Berlin, and London, and be hand-and-glove with two absolute Majesties, whose mouth could shower down coronets—who could expect a bureaucratic courtier in Berlin or Potsdam to look upon these things with a temper corresponding in any degree to that described by St. Paul in the notable thirteenth chapter of his First Epistle to the Corinthians? The dismissal of the brilliant upstart from the Papal legation no doubt caused ill-concealed ovations in the hearts of those who had long looked with a disavouring eye on his rising fortunes. But his arrival in Berlin might perhaps make matters worse. The King was not only fond of Bunsen; he literally longed for him—"hungered and thirsted after him," as a young lady does after the presence of her first lover, or the preacher to whom she is indebted for the first promptings of the higher moral life in her soul. However, it appeared that from the invasion of the permanent direct presence of such a meteor as Bunsen the red-tape circle of Berlin was safe. The bird flew a little too high for that atmosphere,

and was somewhat too large for a bureaucratic cage. Bunsen saw distinctly from the earliest times that to the constant pressure of the fetters of purely bureaucratic life in Berlin he never could submit. No less able than willing to serve his country in a public capacity, he had yet an inner life to lead which he could not altogether sacrifice, and seemed to find, with a just instinct, that his vocation lay, as he himself expresses it, not in standing at the helm of the vessel of State, but in keeping a lookout ahead, and intimating the dangerous vicinity of growing storms or fretful shallows. Under these circumstances, Bunsen was relegated in the first place to a most pleasant and delightful retreat as Prussian representative in Switzerland; but the dignified leisure of this appointment was speedily terminated by that peculiar combination of Royal favour and English partiality, which brought him finally to London in November 1841 as Prussian Minister—the situation, at once most honourable, and for many reasons the most agreeable to him, of any that his Prussian Majesty had to bestow. At London, as most of us know, he remained, rising every year in the public esteem, till the year 1854, when a difference of opinion between him and the Berlin Court on the affairs of the Crimea and the relations with Russia, led to his retirement from public life, with many tears from his rich army of English friends, but not without this great consolation to himself, that he was thus providentially withdrawn from public affairs at a period of life when not a few vigorous years might still be awaiting him, for the completion of those gigantic projects of scholarly achievement which his early ambition had marked out as the proper business of his life. Now, at last, he might retire with dignity from those scenes of diplomatic warfare, into which, however gallantly he bore the brunt of them, he had certainly never been forward to thrust himself; and without delay he ensconced himself in a fair castle, opposite to the hanging woods, and beside the sounding waters of the Neckar at beautiful Heidelberg. Here he prosecuted for several years, though under severe interruptions from now broken health, those laborious studies in history and theology, the fruits of which are before the world; and though no longer taking any active part in Prussian politics, he still enjoyed the Royal favour undiminished, was raised to the peerage, and took his seat at Berlin as a member of the Upper House in the year 1858. In the year 1859 it was thought advisable that he should remove to Bonn, where, by an honorary degree from

the Berlin Institute, he was now entitled to appear as an academical lecturer. But, alas! for this and for other kinds of severe persistent work, little strength now remained. He was labouring under confirmed organic disease of the heart, which, amid the severest sufferings and the brightest revelations of Christian peace and joy, brought him to his mortal end on the 28th day of November 1860. His remains were interred in the public cemetery of Bonn. There the British tourist, who visits the birthplace of Beethoven, will not soon forget to look with respect on a plain column, chiselled with the name of Bunsen, and graven with a simple text from the evangelical prophet, which not more shortly than significantly proclaims the bright lesson of his life:—

“Lasst uns wandeln im Lichte des Ewigen.”

“LET US WALK IN THE LIGHT OF THE ETERNAL.”

Such were the main lines and principal salient points of this singularly noble, wonderfully energetic, and, on the whole, remarkably prosperous life. Let us now turn our regards from the outward drama with its shifting scenes, to the inward and constant soul which directed it. Let us attempt a short estimate of Bunsen's character, moral and intellectual,—an estimate which the present writer is emboldened to make, not merely from the ample materials of the present Memoirs, but from an acquaintance of many years' standing with his principal works, and from frequent opportunities of personal intercourse at different periods of his career.

In the roll of notable personages that stand out in the history of the world like promontories on a long stretch of low flat coast, we meet everywhere with strong men and great men, but much more rarely with complete men. How often is it the case that a man becomes a genius in one direction, only by being in all other directions an oddity or a weakling! In fact, the very prominence of some particular faculty or feature tends both to upset the balance of a perfectly symmetric nature, and to fix public attention on one brilliant point of excellence, rather than on the harmony of a concordant whole. Now Bunsen, though we think there can be no doubt that he was both a strong man and a truly great man, was pre-eminently a complete man. To take an example: Porson was a strong man, and so was Samson; but neither the modern scholar nor the ancient judge of Israel was a great man or a complete man, for they both lacked that wealth of character and capacity which makes completeness, and that imperial con-

trol and use of wealth which makes grandeur. Person was strong in the purely technical, that is to say, the least human department of scholarship; and Samson's virtue, which belonged to the same category as that of the lion and the bull, being essentially animal in its quality, was not strong enough to stand against the repeated appliance of those sensuous seductions in contest with which only moral strength can prevail. Among our very greatest men, indeed—those who sit with a certain solitary Olympian supremacy on undisputed thrones,—there is often some great deficiency on one side, which strikes inferior natures with surprise, and not seldom furnishes them with an unexpected solace for their general inferiority. Many a man, for instance, who is painfully conscious of his exceeding smallness before the graceful versatility, large sagacity, and oracular utterance of a Goethe, can reasonably comfort himself that he behaved in a more faithful and gentlemanly manner to his Jessie or Mary, than the Weimarian prophet did to his Frederica. Goethe was great as a thinker, great as a poet, great in some departments as a man of science, great as a critic and a connoisseur, great as a man of the world; but an incomplete man, notwithstanding his lauded many-sidedness, certainly he remained, because sadly deficient both in that lofty fervour which makes a heroic man, and that reverential awe which makes a devout man. But if ever there was what the Greeks call an ἀνὴρ τέλειος in the world, a thoroughly four-square, or, as the Romans phrased it, a "perfectly" rounded man, in all the conditions and qualities of perfect manhood, that man was Bunsen. Whether taken from the intellectual or the moral side, from the speculative or the practical, whether in the active commerce with what is earthly, or in the devout contemplation of what is heavenly, we shall find that in each of these aspects he takes a high place among the many great men of modern Europe, and in the whole together, a place along with the first among the very few complete men which the catalogue of the greatest men contains. The completeness of his character may be most shortly indicated by saying that he was in his mental constitution, as in the outward features of his life, both a German and an Englishman, and possessed in an eminent degree the characteristic virtues of both these peoples, with only a very slight admixture of their faults. Faults he had, no doubt, like other men, and faults such as the quick eye of the world, whether in the jealous Court circle of Berlin, or the hard utilitarian arena of London, could readily

discern; but his faults, so far as the present writer has been able to discover, were only the occasional exaggerations or misapplications of rare virtues,—faults proceeding from that rare combination of intellectual grandeur, sanguine ardour, and unflinching courage, which gives those who are thus loftily endowed a tendency to imagine that huge mountains are only molehills, which they can kick down with their feet; a tendency the reverse of that, so inherent in feeble spirits, by which molehills are regularly magnified into mountains. Intellectually, Bunsen was a thorough German; German in his single-hearted devotion to truth for the sake of truth; German in his lofty enthusiasm for the highest ideas, in his wide reach of sweeping speculation, in his patient search after the largest generalizations, in his dissatisfaction with every philosophy that does not grapple with ultimate principles; German not less in the thoroughness, accuracy, and comprehensiveness of his erudition, in the systematic tabulation of his knowledge, in his critical dealing with original documents, in his gigantic capacity for intellectual work, and, to use his own language, the fine "fury and the delight" with which he devoured an old manuscript or swallowed the vocabulary of a new language. It was one of his great maxims "to do nothing by halves;" and there is something truly Napoleonic in the grand way in which he maps out the ground with rapid and kingly eye, for any new intellectual undertaking that he thought worthy of his powers. His divine rage (θεία μανία) for going to the root of the matter, and sweeping the whole field of inquiry, was constantly leading him into excursions, flights, and side-tours, which sometimes interfered awkwardly with the original route. When he was engaged, at Heidelberg for instance, in the *Bibelwerk*, and had no reason to count on any superfluous strength for that so great enterprise, he was asked by Messrs. Black, the well-known Edinburgh publishers, to contribute a Life of Luther for the new edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*; this, with the fervid German patriotism which distinguished him, he could not refuse to do, and set about work immediately in his usual Cyclopean style; and, whereas the remuneration which the Scottish publisher offered for the article was £20, before a few days were over the Baron found that he had spent £50 on books, as a sort of quarry for the palatial architecture which he was about to raise; and from the germ of that contribution to the *Encyclopædia*, there was in fact sketched out in detail a grand Life of the great Saxon re-

former, to be completed in three volumes,—a project which in all likelihood would, like so many previous ones, have waxed to a happy completion, had the machinery which obeyed this Titanic steam-power been strong enough to have endured the tear of another ten years. In respect of emotion, passion, feeling, sentiment, everything comprehended under the familiar German word *Gemüth*, Bunsen was no less a type of the country to which he belonged, and a full brother of that bright tribe of mortals to whom, in whatever field of energetic display, the epithet chivalrous has been applied. Great thoughts may prepare the way to shake the pillars of the world, but it is great passions that ultimately shake them; and only noble passions that make the shaking effective to any worthy reconstruction. To the last days of his life the flow of chivalrous emotion in Bunsen's soul was always fresh, and ever ready to swell into a spring-flood on the application of any natural stimulus. Some natures flow only at one breach, and present an impenetrable case of hard rock at every other approach: but Bunsen quivered with sympathy at every pore; and held out the liberal hand to give a grasp of strong fraternity to every excellence and beauty that came within the sphere of his attraction. He was always young, buoyant, hopeful, and enthusiastic. Amid the tortures of a prolonged illness, he triumphed in the achievements of Garibaldi at the same time that he found comfort in the faithful word of promised salvation from his God; and the *Cologne Gazette* was read to him eagerly to the last, along with some favourite hymn of Paul Gerhard, or some significant chapter of St. John. He was never absorbed by one passion, even the highest, to such a degree as to have the avenues of his soul closed to everything else. Nothing in the name of pure, natural, and noble humanity ever suffered repulse from him. He carried an atmosphere and a radiant force of love about with him which it was difficult to resist; only meagre, narrow, one-eyed, and selfish souls might feel discomposed by the brilliant flapping of his wings. But the general effect of his presence was to create love. *Si ameris amabilis esto*. He loved much, and therefore he was much loved. It was as impossible for him not to make friends, as it is for amber, being rubbed, not to produce electricity. To his emotional nature, besides the adventurous ardour which spurs a man into noble struggle, belong specially his delight in all forms and presentations of beauty, and the fervour and purity of his devout feelings. In both these again, the character and tone of his mind was peculiarly German. Though

not himself a musician, his delight in all the higher forms of musical expression was extreme. From the Masses of Palestrina to the Oratorios of Händel, no curious combinations of sweet sound were unwelcome to him, provided always art remained the minister of reason, and the efflorescence of ornament was not allowed to choke the healthy growth of the sturdy plant. Like Plato—whom, by the way, he advises one of his sons to follow closely, next to the Bible—he had no patience for any art whose object was chiefly to exhibit the dexterity of the performer. That was not merely bad taste, but it was bad morality, for it arose out of the undue preponderance of the individual—from a root of selfishness therefore—and all selfishness is sin. In the fervour of his religious feelings no special devotee could surpass him. As in the case of the royal Psalmist, so there echoes through the whole life of Bunsen a sacred lyrical accompaniment to the bustling achievements of the Court and the battle-field. Like his countryman Körner, though not in external form a poet, he went through life with the sword in one hand and the lyre in the other. Nowhere in modern times have learning and science, philosophy and knowledge of the world, been so happily combined,—nowhere so gracefully adorned by the purest piety; though “adorned,” perhaps, is scarcely the right word. Piety is the soul of all Bunsen's multifarious activity,—the bright and breezy power that filled the sails of his life-ship, and made him ride the most tumultuous waters as lightly as the sea-bird skims the billow. It does not appear that the decidedly religious quality of his mind took its rise from any incident or date on which his biographer can lay a finger. Under the natural oversight of godly parents, piety appears to have grown up with him as with Richard Baxter and many eminent Christians, as fragrance grows with a beautiful flower. It lay in the germ from the beginning, and required only the natural expansion of a healthy growth and fair circumstances to bring it to ripeness. Anything like lightness or frivolity in talking of sacred things he never could tolerate. On one occasion, when a rationalist of the coarse school at Göttingen was making some criticisms from the professorial chair, in a trivial tone, tending to bring the Scriptures into contempt, the young theologian (for whatever might be his external occupation, internally Bunsen was always theologizing) suddenly rose from his seat, put his cap on his head, turned his back on the learned scoffer, and walked out of the lecture-room. Here was not only a fine moral sensibility, but a touch of that direct manfulness, de-

cision, and moral courage, in which, when the occasion demanded, he was never found deficient. Of his elevated youthful piety there is a specimen in a poetic form, written so early as the year 1812, which we insert here as one of the finest examples of sacred lyrical poetry which the large storehouse of Christian hymnology contains:—

“Thou, who of what Thou art
And what Thou dost in boundless space and
time,

Didst plant the thought sublime
Deep in the holiest-holy of my heart,
That I might well employ
My strength upon Thy praise,
Catching some far ken of Thy glorious ways
Through the long march of the uncounted
days,
Fraught with the fulness of exceeding joy!

O draw Thou me
Up to the world of uncreated day!
Me the earth-born, and make my vision free
From scales that dim and hide the heavenly
ray,

That I may see some part
Of Thy great glory, as a mortal may!

That one such glimpse may consecrate
Through all the dreams of this my mortal
state,

And float me high
Above the bustle of the driving hour,
Above the passions swelling wild with
power,

That with unswerving eye
I may behold the surging centuries roll,
Serene with fearless soul,
Rooted in Thee, from whom my being came,
Thee, through all time unmoved, and through
all change the same!

And when my thought is filled with the
rich store,

And my heart streaming o'er
With what Thou art, and what Thou dost,
—O then

Give Thou my tongue the large and free
employ,

That what I saw I may make known to
men,

Fraught with the fulness of exceeding joy!”

In this noble utterance, there is nothing, we hope, which is not as thoroughly English and Scotch as it is German; nevertheless, in reference to Bunsen's devotion generally, we must make the remark, that it is very distinctively German, inasmuch as it is less ecclesiastical than the English is wont to be, and less clothed with a certain traditional phraseology, and less tinged with a certain awful severity than the Scotch. It is the free, spontaneous, untrammelled, unconventional expression of a pure heart, a noble passion, and a manly God-consecrated human will.

Let us now cast a glance at what we may call the English side of Bunsen's character. This side, as every reader will understand, implies mainly that Bunsen, while starting always from that broad table-land of philosophic survey on which he stood as a German thinker, showed his affinity to the practical Englishman by never dealing with ideas, except with a view to action. Truth, no doubt, was to be sought for its own sake, in the first place; but being found, was not to be rested in as a finality, or contemplated with an unfruitful rapture. For the utilitarian tribe of self-styled practical men, with every thinking man, he cherished a serene disregard, saying of them humourously on one occasion, in a letter to Dr. Arnold, that they worshipped “a Trinity of three persons, in which Washington was the Father, Franklin the Son, and Steam the Holy Ghost!” But not the less for this did he share, with the Great Napoleon, a profound contempt for everything in the shape of abstract ideology. “To what purpose,” he indignantly exclaims, “are ideas, but to be realized? to what can thoughts serve but to be brought into execution?” And while he had read and digested the works of all the great German thinkers, he could not withhold a smile from the portentous array of metaphysical terminology which his countrymen are so apt to parade, saying in the language of one of his friends, that “a thorough German cannot convey the soup to his mouth without the spoon of metaphysics.” And against nothing are his whole writings so perpetual a protest as against that Hegelian tendency which reduces all existence to an empty balancing of abstract notions, without the potent and all-pervading presence of a living volition. In this respect, his influence in Germany has been, and will continue to be, most beneficial in the creation of a sound habit of mind with regard to historical evidence; for even in this country, so boastful of its practicality, by the natural law of reaction, there is a class of persons growing up who require to be taught that all tradition does not consist in a conflation of allegorical fancies, and that man, the most real of all creatures, however he may love to give a human shape to supermundane ideas and persons, does not, and cannot for that reason, forsake the real solid earth, from which, like Antæus, he derives his human strength. But the practical nature of Bunsen's mind was exhibited throughout his whole life in the most manifold ways. This it was which made England dear to him; this which made him dear to England in a way that no German had been before. When he came over to this country he plunged into its practical life with as much

zest as he had done, while a youth, into the erudite investigations in which his countrymen delight. "I learn daily in this country," he says, "much from life itself; therein consists English greatness! The true poetry and philosophy of England is in life, and not in the abstract consciousness of that life." It was this love of life, as distinguished from mere thinking and knowing, that led him at an early period out of the schoolroom and the university hall into the diplomatic field. He would have been a great professor unquestionably, as our own Gladstone, with whom Bunsen had much in common, in the same way would have been. At various periods of his career he had serious intentions of retreating from the great arena of European public life, and devoting himself to the quiet stimulation of youthful thought in academic bowers; but there was something in him that the comparative seclusion of even the highest form of scholastic life could never have satisfied; he was too large and vital a fish to grow to his full natural stature, and to plash about, with the full scope of his fins, in that pool. There is a narrowing influence about merely academic life which, had he entered early into it, would have probably stunted the luxuriant magnificence into which he afterwards expanded, as the small court life of Weimar stunted Goethe. "*Es wächst der Mensch mit seinem grösseren Kreise*"—"The man grows wider with his widened sphere"—and therefore Providence led Bunsen from Göttingen to Rome, from Rome to Berlin, and from Berlin to London, to give the world, in this age of microscopic subdivisions and partial developments, some reminiscence of the grand human totalities of the olden times. Nothing is more delightful in Bunsen's English career than the vivid electric action with which every form of British life stirred him; while in heart and soul, the fervour of his essential Germanism suffered no abatement. His noble faculty of apprehending instinctively at first the distinguishing virtue of every phenomenon was never more finely exhibited than in the remarks which he makes, after first being present at the meeting of the British Parliament:—

"I saw for the first time *man*, the member of a true Germanic State, in his highest, his proper place, defending the highest interests of humanity with the wonderful power of speech—wrestling (as the entire vigorous man instinctively wishes), but with the arm of the Spirit, boldly grasping at, or tenaciously holding fast power, in the presence of his fellow-citizens, submitting to the public conscience the judgment of his cause, and of his own uprightness. I saw before me the Empire of the world governed, and the rest of the world controlled

and judged, by this assembly; I had the feeling that had I been born in England, I would rather be dead than not sit among them and speak among them. I thought of my own country, and was thankful that I *could* thank God for being a German, and being myself. But I felt also that we are all children on this field in comparison with the English; how much they, with their discipline of mind, body, and heart, can effect even with but moderate genius, and even with talent alone! I drank in every word from the lips of the speakers, even those I disliked."

This of course is only one side of the picture, and Bunsen had too sweeping a glance to remain long without discovering that; but what a fine moral contrast does the tone of these remarks present to the unadmiring and unsympathetic spirit of some travellers, who perceive not the sculpture, but only the blue veins that mar the marble, and present to those who are unhappy enough to stumble on their report, instead of a true picture of a foreign land, a wretched caricature, the product of their own ignorance, superficiality, and spleen. With the same quivering nerves of universal sympathy the Prussian ambassador flung himself into the full swell of the religious life of England; appeared as a speaker at religious meetings and evangelical societies; corresponded with Mr. Gladstone on the ideal of a Christian Church; and in preference to all the fair notabilities of London, chose a pious Quakeress, the famous Mrs. Elizabeth Fry, for his "favourite saint." Add to this, aristocratic balls and dinners; constant visitations of important political and ecclesiastical personages, an active diplomatic correspondence with the King of Prussia; and the grand completeness of the man will be understood, who could live in London, that monster metropolis of tumult and spur, doing all this, and at the same time get up every morning at half-past five o'clock, put on his fur pelisse, light his own fire, and sit down to *The Life of Jesus*, or a collection of ante-Nicene creeds and liturgies, with as much composure and no less efficiency than if he had been a Tübingen or Halle theological professor, with nothing to do in the world but to sip beer and smoke tobacco, and spin out some strange new reconstruction of Gospel history from the comments of drivelling Talmudists, and the dreams of Gnosticizing Fathers! Verily he was in the right who said that every highest excellence lies in the marriage of extremes; to be great in one direction has been found not difficult for many; but bring out the swelling diapason of life with one finger on the extreme treble of the speculative and the other on the lowest bass of the practical, this certainly is a very rare success.

So much for Bunsen the man. As a writer, his great eminence unquestionably lies in theology, and to his great works in this department all his other works may be regarded as subsidiary. The only exception to this is the weighty contribution which he made to the great description of Rome by a company of learned Germans. The occasion of this work was purely personal and local; but his great work on Egypt, notwithstanding the charm of the personal presence of Champollion in Rome, would scarcely have been undertaken or carried out with such an amount of cyclopean labour, had it not been intimately connected with Old Testament history. Like a true German, Bunsen must commence his history of the Fall of Troy with Leda's egg; and no scholar who loves grandeur and completeness of survey, as well as solidity of foundation, can regret his having done so. Had he tried fewer things, and devoted himself in undisturbed retirement to the completion of one great work, the book would have been a more finished book for the library and the book-binder; but the man would have been less a man in his proportions, less catholic in his views, and less human in his inspiration. Of his theology therefore principally let us speak here. From his earliest years, as we have already seen, the idea of God, as the true key-stone of all human thought, as the great centre light of all lights, was vividly present to the mind of Bunsen; and the consciousness of the presence of the Divine Spirit in his own heart, combined with that sympathetic rage for humanity, which we have noticed as one of his leading characteristics, led to the projection of his great work, the Consciousness of God in History, which has lately been presented to us in an English dress by one of Bunsen's most accomplished female friends. This book, indeed, is pre-eminently calculated to give us the key-note to the author's character as a theological writer. Compared with other theologies, that of Bunsen is everywhere distinguished by the breadth of its views, the comprehensiveness of its grasp, the largeness of its sympathy, and the essential humanity of its tone. If Christianity, when taken directly from the lips of Christ, and not from the damnable clauses of contentious creeds, is deservedly praised as the most human of all religions, Bunsen's exposition of it has the great merit of being the most human that ever was given forth to the Christian Church. His procedure in this view was exactly the reverse of that pursued by many of our theologians. Instead of magnifying the deficiencies of ancient heathen mythologies and philosophies, he laboured

with all his might to show how much of important religious light they contained, amid a blinding element of error. Perhaps his chivalrous desire to do justice even to the worst form of error may sometimes have led him into expositions more charitable than true; but that his method was right in the main cannot be doubted. To present the common-soul of good beneath various, and it may be distorted and caricatured forms, is the very business of a theology which is at once philosophical and genial. This broad way of looking at things led Bunsen to use the word "Christian" at times in a vague style, which minds whose range of religious ideas had been more narrow could not readily comprehend. We remember to have heard him vigorously maintaining against a pious Scotsman in Heidelberg that Goethe was a Christian! Here no doubt his patriotism, as well as his catholicity interfered; for Goethe was a Christian only in so far as he believed in God, in a Divine providence, and in the immortality of the soul; in other respects he was no more a Christian than Aristotle, and much less so than Plato. But Bunsen's liberal embrace of all religious forms, varieties, aberrations, and even monstrosities, provided only the root of moral excellence was present, whatever faults of overstrained charity it might occasionally give rise to, pointed him out as the true disciple of the great Teacher, who purposely selected the heterodox Samaritan rather than the orthodox Pharisee as the bearer of one of the most human of his so human parables. Like a true German, Bunsen sought in all things the idea; in intellectual estimates, as well as in moral, he knew that the letter killeth, and the spirit maketh alive. So we find everywhere that he not only presents religion to us from the widest induction of its forms, but he pierces with the keenest glance into the concealed presence of that which alone makes a form valuable. We may compare his work on God in History to Fergusson's great work on Architecture, a book in which special local forms once held up as universal norms of taste, fall into their proper subordinate places as parts of a complete and richly various whole. From this point of view it will be understood what a subordinate value the creeds, confessions, and symbolical books of local Churches receive from our most catholic and human of all theologians. Of these creeds and liturgies no man was a more earnest student than Bunsen; liturgies, in fact, were one of his early hobbies, and a hobby which the Majesty of Berlin was eager to ride with him, not always, in these unchurchly days, with a happy

result; but they were valuable to him only as historical documents, not as authoritative standards. Against no party did Bunsen, from his Heidelberg tower of observation, fling more fiery bolts with more decisive effect than against the extreme orthodox party in Berlin, who, in combination with red-tape and police, were eager to impose those formulas as a permanent mould of faith, which consistent Protestants, according to Bunsen's idea, could only receive as steps to a higher development. All the creeds, indeed, from that of Nice downwards, proceeding as they from the hostile encounter of opposing parties; and animated sometimes by a bellicose and bitter spirit, were from his point of view *ex parte* statements, which a wise judge could in no wise accept. And this brings us to Bunsen's more special position as a Christian theologian. He was a decided and emphatic Protestant; the Church with him was the congregation, not the clergy; the authority for its teaching was the Scriptures, independently interpreted, according to the rules of right reason, and under the enlightening influence of that Spirit from whom all Scripture proceeds. When contrasted with the leading phases of religious opinion in Germany, he occupied what his disciples regard as the medium between Rationalism and Church orthodoxy; when measured by the theological goniometers of this country, Maurice, we imagine, Erskine, Jowett, Stanley, and the author of *Eccle Homo*, might willingly accept him as a brother; but both High Churchmen and Evangelicals, and the great mass of Scotch theologians, would denounce him as a rationalist. There is, indeed, no small difficulty in making intelligible to persons accustomed only to the theological divisions of this little island, the exact category, in the great classification on the forms of religious thought to which Bunsen belongs. The difficulty arises from two sources: first, from the fact that with all his love for England and the English, he lived and died, in his whole style and cast of ideal thought, essentially a German; and again, from the Janus-like duplicity of his character, which we have above described. From one side of his nature, no English High-Church devotee or Scottish Calvinistic zealot could be more fervid or more devout than Bunsen; from the opposite side, you saw him shaking hands with Renan, and declaring emphatically that he stood on the foundation of Lessing and Kant. It would create misapprehension to call him simply a rationalist, because this is a word that in the usage of English speech confounds two sets of thinkers, as different in our modern theological schools as Epictetus and Epicurus

were among the ancient philosophers; but taken broadly, and by that connexion of facts which an Englishman has so quick an eye to seize, Bunsen was a rationalist, or a rationalizing theosophist, much more than any type of Christian which the Christian Church has generally recognised as orthodox. But with him rationalism was not, and could not be, opposed to "supernaturalism;" for he knew nothing of Nature, except as indwelt by a great and guiding Spirit, whose inspiration he recognised with holy awe and rapture everywhere in him and about him. Of his general theological tendencies, the best indications are given by the sort of persons with whom he held converse in England. Arnold and Hare and Stanley were the men peculiarly after his own heart; and while he praised Channing as one of the noblest of modern Christian apostles, and welcomed Jowett's work on the Epistles as a sign of deliverance to English thought from long years of bondage, he has nothing to say for the Evangelicals, except that they go on "thrashing the old straw," while Puseyism is flat Popery and "sham sanctification." Let us say, therefore, that as in general character we found Bunsen to be a rare mixture of the practical Englishman with the speculative German, so as a religious thinker we find in him an equally rare union of fervid New Testament piety with an independent rational interpretation of New Testament records. In theology, his first principle was that faith in God is a living growth in every healthy mind, which may be dwarfed or perverted or overgrown, but never uprooted; and that when this faith, under the influence of the Divine Spirit, unfolds itself naturally, it finds the outward counterpart of itself in the religious history of the human race, and especially in the history of the Hebrew people and the Christian Church, which are the divinely chosen bearers of pure religious truth for all generations. As a person with fine musical genius recognises in the score of a Beethoven or a Mozart an organizing surge of sweet harmonies that at once satisfy and surpass his inborn cravings, so the human soul that reverently seeks to know the mind and to do the will of God, and does not "quench the Spirit" by any sort of moral or intellectual waywardness, — such a human soul finds its natural Divine nutriment in Christianity, just as the babe in its mother's milk. Or in the language of the schools, this is simply to say that Bunsen's theology was the outgrowth of a spiritual life, a matter of pure internal evidence. The cloud of witnesses, all forming chords in the same harmony, which he had gathered from the ends of the earth,

of course in his eyes possessed great value ; but they never could have been sought for, and never valued when presented, had it not been for the innate drawing towards God, which is as necessary to the moral nature of man as the attraction of gravitation to the planetary system. From this point of view, we at once understand Bunsen's estimate of miracles. He did not deny their possibility ; their occurrence was a matter of evidence ; but Christian faith, he says emphatically, is not founded on miracles. On prophecy, as evidence of a Divine revelation, in the usual sense, he seems to have placed no value ; for he agrees with the rationalists in referring the prophecies generally to present events ; and the detailed prophecies in the Book of Daniel generally he looked on as not authentic. And this leads us to state in one sentence the direct opposition between his doctrine of inspiration and that generally maintained in the Christian Church, and specially in this country. We dispute about plenary or partial inspiration in the sacred writings ; Bunsen believed in the infallibility of the record in no sense, but the divinity of the dispensation, and in the inspiration of the general contents of the sacred tradition. That tradition he held to be a Divine revelation ; just as a disciple of Plato might hold the Platonic dialogues as a whole to be a certain tradition of a rational philosophy ; but both beliefs might be entertained without assuming the infallible authority of the medium of transmission. The sacred records Bunsen handled in every respect as freely as a philologist might do the dialogues of Plato. Some he considered false, others interpolated, others not free from a certain admixture of the mythical element with genuine history ; but nevertheless, when scientifically treated, forming a broad basis of fact, on which a religious man may stand as firmly as a mathematician on the postulates of Euclid. No man believes that Cæsar's Commentaries on Gaul are infallible ; but the conquest of Gaul by the Romans, and the Romanisation of that part of the world, is a fact nothing the less : and in like manner the conquest of the world by a risen Christ and by a preached gospel is a fact of indisputable potency, without aid from the assumed infallibility of a written record, or the plenary inspiration of every spoken word.

These remarks, we think, will be sufficient to give the British reader, a clear idea of the position of Bunsen as a theological thinker. The particular conclusions to which his philosophical views and philological criticisms led him, were too cumbrous here to follow out in detail ; we shall only mention a single point or two, that the theo-

logical thinker may perceive how far his scheme of doctrine is from harmonizing with what generally passes for orthodox in this part of Christendom. The fact of the Trinity, for instance, and the divinity of Christ, he strongly asserts against all those who speak of the Saviour as a mere man. But the doctrine of the Trinity, as received in the Churches since the Council of Nice, he emphatically denies, and the word "Persons" introduced into our conceptions of the triune Divine nature he considers most unhappy, and, at the present moment particularly, a stumbling-block to many philosophical minds. Instead of "Persons," according to the traditional phraseology of the Church, he talks of "Factors," and denies unconditionally, as unreasonable, impossible, and inconceivable, the pre-existent personality of the Son. Christ is God-man, but did not exist as a separate Divine person before his epiphany on earth to work out our salvation. The Incarnation he explains in a different way from that generally received by the Churches : God, he says was incarnated as perfect man in Christ in the same way that the Divine Spirit is incarnated or becomes flesh in the body of the Christian Church. There is a great difference in degree here, but no difference in kind. Then, as to the death of Christ, Bunsen, while he glories in its reconciling agency, denies its vicarious character, as that is generally taught in our British Churches. He says further, that the ideas of a personal devil, and of an eternal Gehenna, do not belong to the essence of the Christian creed, but stand to the gospel exactly in the same relation that the allegorical myths in Plato do to the core of the Platonic philosophy. They are part of the accidental dress, not of the substantial structure of the doctrine.*

We have thought it necessary to give these distinct outlines of Bunsen's theological creed, because this is a matter on which much vagueness prevails, a vagueness, however, arising not so much from any ambiguity on the part of the thoughtful German, as from the very nature of the subject, and the absolute want of thinking, on subjects of this description, among large classes of the British public. But the value of Bunsen's theological works is in no respect to be measured by the quality of his theological opinions. The broad basis of induction on which his "God in History" places the great doctrines of religion is of no less value to the ortho-

* This statement of Bunsen's creed is derived chiefly, not from the Memoirs, though there are significant enough glimpses there too, but from the third volume of the *Gott in der Geschichte*, not yet published in the English dress, and from the eighth and ninth volumes of the great *Bibelwerk*.

dox than to the heterodox. That man is naturally a religious animal,—that he is rather, as Socrates with a grateful triumph boasts, the only animal capable of religion,—is a proposition which the high sacerdotal Churchman and the broad popular rationalist, from opposite points of view, have an equal interest to maintain; and the history of the soul of good in things evil, redeeming them from utter rottenness, as it is manifested in the inner history of great popular idolatries and superstitions and eccentric forms of faith, is a field in which the most orthodox theologian will be entitled to overlook the labours of Bunsen only when he shall have superseded them by equally exhaustive works of his own. As to the great *Bibelwerk*, it is difficult to overrate the value of such a work at the present moment. That the author died before this great undertaking was completed is of far less consequence than may at first sight appear. The work consists of two parts—translation and dissertation; and in both Bunsen had proceeded so far, and developed his views both by precept and practice to such an extent, as that his faithful disciples, who worked for him and with him unremittingly during his residence at Heidelberg, are now able to finish the building in perfect harmony with the scheme of its great projector. Bunsen's purpose in this book was to place the results of the profoundest modern criticism of the sacred volume before the general public in a form of which the profoundest modern critics had proved themselves incapable. This incapacity arose from a certain perverse impracticable subtlety into which German scholarship had worked itself, from a habit of using intellectual microscopes, which put the eye out of the healthy human point of view, and from the large amount of heavy apparatus from the academical workshop with which the Biblical learning of the most noted German theologians is encumbered. He wished also to act against the scepticism of Strauss and other myth-mongers, who had made use of the Hegelian formulas of the time to exorcise the kernel out of all the solid facts of history, and create in their stead a dance of idea-bubbles, reflecting in a seductive iridescent play the favourite conceits of the great critical juggler who had blown them. That the position occupied by Bunsen, in this view, is of the utmost consequence, both to sound thinking and to genuine religion in Germany, cannot be doubted; and that the merits of the author in this regard will be acknowledged by his countrymen much more generally after his death than they ever were during his life, may be prophesied with equal certainty. And for the English reader who knows

German, the ripest results of modern Biblical criticism, whether in the form of comprehensive dissertation, or of curt sagacious commentary, will be found nowhere so happily digested as in the *Bibelwerk*.

It cannot be the purpose of this notice to attempt any criticism of our author's great work on Egypt, or of his philosophy of history, so closely inwoven with that and all his special works. Suffice it to say, that while his views on the unity of type and stream, traceable through universal history may sometimes wander into regions where conjecture is slippery and proof impossible, his march is everywhere grand, and his suggestions fruitful. In certain regions, indeed, such as some of those which Niebuhr and Ewald trod before him, without a certain adventurous hardihood all progress is barred; and if Bunsen and his great coadjutor Lepsius have failed to establish to the satisfaction of British scholars that the sovereigns of the first eighteen Egyptian dynasties were successive rather than contemporary, their sturdy championship of this view was one step in the pleading without which a just judgment is impossible,—not to mention that, independently of some of its speculations, the massiveness, completeness, and vastness of the work on "Egypt's Place" will long serve the philological student as a model of method, and the historical inquirer as a storehouse of facts.

But we are detained too long from the Memoirs. These also are a work of Bunsen, and in some respects the most interesting of all. Equal in moral interest to Stanley's *Life of Arnold*, and not inferior in intellectual significance to Loekhart's *Life of Scott*, the present biography is superior to both in the variety of subjects which it touches and the breadth of scenery which it displays. If the life of a great scholar, from the narrowness of the sphere where he pursues his researches, is often as pale and grey as the books with which he converses, it is quite the reverse with Bunsen. His studies were carried on after the manner above described, in hours jealously snatched from an active life, while the scene of his outward existence was now in Rome, now in Berlin, now in London, among the most brilliant, the most busy, and the most influential men of his time. Never was a man who conversed so much with books less infected with their dust; hence the breezy vital influence which sweeps through every page of these Memoirs; hence the electric quickening virtue which sparkles from them, more precious than the fertilizing streams that the gigantic water-courses and aqueducts of his great works contain. Let us only imagine for a moment some learned Egyptian hierophant in the time of Socrates,

living one-third of his life at Memphis, another third at Athens, and another at Rome; and let us possess from his hand such glowing and varied sketches of intellectual, moral, and political life in the then Europe as we have from Bunsen's hand of the European life in the generation now departing, and we shall be able to conceive how valuable these Memoirs may prove to those of us now who are able to use them, how much more valuable they will become to the Carlyle or the Macaulay of some future century. The utterances which these volumes contain on the various phases of European thought and life at the present hour, will be extremely interesting even to those who do not acknowledge their profound truth; while the student of men and manners will glean from them many characteristic traits of English life, which only a foreigner of such intelligence and with such a position could supply. Let us gather a few flowers in both these fields.

The following letter to Lütke (Rome, 1821) is interesting as showing, that with a habitual temperament, bright, hopeful, and elastic, Bunsen at times could lay his finger on what he considered the sore point of the age, with a prophetic severity similar to that habitually indulged in by the sage of Chelsea:—

"The times in which we live seem to me most unsatisfactory: the minds of men are unfixed, lost in self-interest, sentimentality, and self-contemplation. What there is of strength and talent, or at least such as is free to display itself, is destructive and decomposing; while the principles fixed above all conflict of ephemeral personalities, the conditions of universal well-being, on which the salvation of Church and State depends, have become indistinct and unintelligible to most men, because to obtain insight into them is a work requiring moral energy, sense of duty, humility, faith, and devotedness. Yet there is a great commotion in the elements of society; and the saving Angel of the Lord descends only when the waters are troubled. The disproportion existing between the cultivation of the understanding and that of the moral capabilities is the fundamental evil; and the dissolution of social relations and of their reciprocal regard and recognition is a fact which leaves, humanly speaking, little room for hope. If it is yet time to save anything, my firm conviction is, that the main point everywhere to be striven after is the revival of all that was essential and real (as opposed to hollowness of form), as possessed by our forefathers; or at least the keeping open a possibility of such renovation.

"That intoxication of self-worship, which devoid of moral intensity, of conviction, or of clear perception of the problems actually calling for solution, anticipated of late the attainment of unknown degrees of intellectual grandeur from a consummation of learning and science,—has begun to give place to the bar-

baric delusion which casts all knowledge aside, and reckons upon the breathing of the Divine Spirit through the 'waste and howling wilderness' of the empty mind, like the blast through the apertures of a ruined hall. . . . conclusions, in general, can be admitted only by such as are convinced, as fully as he is himself, of the impossibility of the wonderful fact of redemption. I, on the contrary, am convinced that this fact is the especial foundation of religion and the essential object of faith, indeed, the sole unvarying one. All dogmas not concerned with facts, may live out their term, but will have an end. I am convinced that all that is analogous to those facts in the inward history of every regenerate soul is but a single broken ray of the original light, proceeding from, and sustained by it. This is true, and the converse is not the truth. Whoever does not accept the facts of Christianity thus, but looks upon them as mere symbols of the true and essential ideas, originating in the individual human mind, is not a Christian, and still less a theologian. This is my line of demarcation; all discussion must begin on this side of it, for on the other side would be absurdity."

The following remarks, written on his first visit to England in 1838, exhibit the antagonism between English and German nature, which we noticed as having found a centre of reconciliation in his own character:—

"I wish I could give you an adequate idea, what a power the intuition of English life exercises over me. Never have I felt it so easy and delightful to fly on my native *German wings* as in the elevating and buoyant atmosphere of English domestic and public life. At Munich I found, for the first time after many years, leisure and inspiration again for the highest speculative activity; but it is now only when the other *pole* of my existence has been electrified by England that I feel the new action which Schelling has given to my intellectual life. I wish I could now do something to embody the *vita nuova* in a worthy form.

"On this day, the evening of which we have ever celebrated in friendly union, I must address a greeting to you over sea and land. I am still in your debt and that of other kind friends for the valued birthday-remembrance which your affection dictated to me from Frascati. You will know that, at first, after my arrival in England I was ill, and since I have been so sunk in beholding and contemplating English life, that only the Pyramids can be said to stand out above the flood in which I floated.

"The spectacle of a great national existence, such as the English people alone have at this present time, is, in itself, grand and elevating; and to me the more so, as in the same measure as I recognise and admire the high superiority of the nearly-allied existence which yet is not the actual life to which I belong, the more I take in the full consciousness of what is to us, as Germans, individual, and rejoice in it. As to everything practical, high and low, we have only to place ourselves at the feet of other people, to contemplate and learn; and whoever

loves to learn, and understands how to learn, will be taught here by the wisdom that walks the streets, by the very air that he inhales. It is another thing with philosophy: the power of thought belongs to us, the Germans, in this day of the world's history; I mean the philosophical consciousness of the life and of the reason of things divine and human in thought. There is, however, a general sense of the need of this here among the higher minds: Coleridge is looked upon among them as a prophet, and he has left sayings of high and deep intelligence upon these subjects, but single and unconnected."

His admiration for England, it will be observed here, is confined to that practical tact, which, even without clear perception of principle, often leads our strange jumble of a Legislative Assembly out of the greatest difficulties. But there are occasions on which this dexterous habit of walking blind-fold on the edge of a crater will be no guarantee against a fatal precipitation; the instinct that guides our unreasoning legislators is by no means so "unerring" as the tongue of the flatterer recently proclaimed; and in this view the following short indication from a letter to Gladstone (Berne, 1840) is full of significance:—

"It always struck me when in England, and is constantly before my mind, how little political thought is in most of her statesmen, in consequence of the all-absorbing party quarrels of the day. It is buying political liberty rather dear! I know you do not misunderstand me, and thus I write to you without fear of being thought impudent and arrogant. *Amor non timet.*"

And with regard to religious thought in particular, he seemed to look on England as utterly dead; in all questions of moral speculation, the hope of the world was to be found only in Germany. The following is from a letter to Lücke:—

"To the whole period from Origen to Luther, I feel an utter stranger. After Origen the Church-system, not the Congregational, but the hierarchical, was finally established, in opposition to that of Moses, as a new Law, and went on growing and developing itself up to the time of Luther. The new birth, however, is slow and difficult. Christ must and will become living flesh and blood nationally, as He did humanly—as He is becoming in the community of believers. Universal priesthood, instead of the former exclusive order; works of love, instead of professions of faith; belief in God within us (*i. e.* Christ), with such awe and humility, as can alone preserve Him to our souls:—that is the Religion and Church of the future. All besides must fall, and is already spiritually annihilated. The Bible remains as the consecrated centre of the world's history, from the standing-point of the individual consciousness of God.

"In England everything, except the moral principle in the form of the fear of God, is deathlike. Thought itself is crudely rationalistic; public worship in general lifeless; the vivifying spirit startles life a spectre. The fall may be terrific, like that of ancient Rome;—see my 'Egypt,' vol. i., the chapter on the learning of the Romans.

"With us, the theological reaction will pass away like the political, and the anti-theological revolution like her daughter the Red Republic. We are still the chosen people of God, the Christian Hellenes. I live my intellectual life in my native country."

In another letter to the same theologian, on occasion of the publication of his *Hippolytus* (August 1852), he uses similar language:—

"I have just completed *Hippolytus und Seine Zeit*, after thirteen months' hard work, both in English and in German. To the German edition I have prefixed a Preface, armed at all points, for the Government and the nation. One of my practical objects was and is, to stir up the English out of their spiritual slumber and materialistic tendencies, before the great conflict of minds, and perhaps of nations begins; and so far my book (*Hippolytus*) is a contest for Germany,—for our only indestructible and peculiar property, I mean inward religious instinct and freedom of spirit. My English friends were at first alarmed on my account, at the matter I addressed to their countrymen: but I know the English nation better than they do, and have more Christian courage, because my convictions are stronger than theirs. When, after a life of serious inquiry, one has reached one's sixtieth year, one must have attained to convictions instead of opinions, and also to the courage necessary for expressing them; even to the pretension of being wiser than the 'raw recruits' of the rising generation. In my 'Life of Jesus,' I consider His single personality as purely and truly Divine, because purely and truly human in appearance, in earthly reality. With us, the new generation is partly infidel, partly bigoted. There is a want of the courage and enthusiasm necessary for carrying out the great task of our age."

"Here I live, as a German and a Christian, in the heart of a great people, who love and honour me, fighting the battles of my country, and serving, with fidelity, but also with freedom, the King of Prussia, whose affection towards me holds good, in spite of diversity of views."

Strong as this may appear, the writer was in no sense blind to the peculiar defects and extravagances of the German mind. How significant and how decided, for instance, is the following brief sentence to one of his sons:—

"The whole German system of study is irrational, because no bridge is contrived between theory and practice; and antiquarian research

in separate branches of knowledge is substituted for the universal interests of humanity."

And how strongly he was opposed to the pompous vacuity of any merely logical method, the following extract from a letter to Renan (1860) shows with sufficient emphasis:—

"In the endeavour to make clear to my own mind what it is that unites us, and what it is that appears to separate us, I come to the consolatory conviction that we are separated by nothing essential, and that our divergencies are, in part, those of age, in part that of the starting-point. You know my opinion as to empiricism on the one hand, and on the other, as to wholly logical metaphysics (so called pure, equal to empty) in the science of the finite mind. It is as if astronomy were to be studied without making observations, either according to apparent phenomena, or according to the circles of Ptolemy (which being geocentric, answer to the psychological method), or lastly, according to an abstract system, which should ignore the facts of the planetary motions. And yet, this is the point at which we have arrived at this very hour! We are in want of the knowledge of facts, and of the science of their connexion, of their finite causality, which, in our historical sphere, signifies development, or science of *evolution*."

"The real science of the finite mind should be, then, the combination, on one hand, both scientific and methodical, of a theory of existence in reference to evolution, and of a method of progress from logic (the negative) to reality (the positive) by the categories of evolution, modified by the specific nature of the subjects logically formulized, such as Language, Religion, Art, Science—and, on the other hand, of the critical arrangement of facts, considered philologically (the fact itself, that is, the accomplished fact), and historically (the fact in process of becoming, the fact as member of a series, as the link of a chain)."

The following to one of his sons (1846) contains some of those sweeping sentences of large condemnation in which even his charitable nature occasionally indulged, when stung into indignation, either by any of those pretentious eruptions of erudite nonsense, such as every Leipzig Fair sends forth, or by that lazy fashion of believing in forms and formulas, to which collective humanity has always been so prone:—

"The more I reflect upon the present time and the future, upon my own generation and yours, and upon the laceration and dismemberment of intellectual and popular life among Germans, the more do I groan in spirit over human folly. *Wherefore* labour to be possessed of the key of all knowledge, only to open therewith syllables and letters and trifles of antiquity? or else, whether consciously or unconsciously, to prove that nothing is likely to be discovered which could remunerate the labour

of opening or forcing the lock? Who has a right to break down, unless he possesses will and the power to build up again? No man has a calling to deal with History, who is not clear in his own mind as to Religion, the social system, and that of the State; and how should he become so without having studied theology and law? Between reality of knowledge and pretension to it, careful discrimination is essential, which, however, is not difficult to a German philologist, who might as easily interpret the Bible and the Pandects, as Theocritus and Eustathius, and far more easily than the Ramayana and Menu; but first of all, he must have learnt to interpret Homer, Plato, and Thucydides.

"Take hold of the thing with the spirit, my beloved son; and drive out of your head all useless self-contemplation; in its place let your mind dwell on *reality*, the God-created object of intellectual contemplation. Leave alphabets and stones to others, from whom you may learn their just interpretation, and plunge into the history of the revelation of God in humanity, the centre of which is the Bible, and its outward enclosure the Pandects. The antiquated magic spells, by which historical revelation was to be conjured up, are broken, or at least powerless; not certainly because their object has ceased to exist, but because spells more potent have become visible on the mental horizon, in consequence of the more rapid revolution of the intellectual universe. In like manner is the Roman law system verging to its decline, to make room for a more perfect edifice.

"Religion is to the Christian, in the nearest sense (*not* as with the Jew, the Hindoo, the Arabian), that which enters into his flesh and blood; just because it is the religion of *humanity*, and not a part of nationality. In other words one might say: *therefore* shall Christianity pervade both *nation* and *state*,—the *δῶρον* shall unfold out of the *ἐσθὺς*: not as with the Jews, by direct revelation and tradition, but as by the *Ionian mind* popularly worked out, from the God-given essentially human feeling. That is what I should call a regenerate nationality! But there are, alas! mere shadows of Christianity in the world! Such is the Book of Common Prayer to the Englishman, and the General Assembly to the Scotchman."

No man who knows Bunsen will for a moment suppose that the strong language of this last sentence implies any want of appreciation of the distinguishing virtues of the two great British Churches. He knew perfectly well how to estimate, perhaps at more than their full value, both the liturgical element in the English, and the popular element in the Scottish Church; but he knew also there were not a few large classes of persons in both countries who practised either an idol or a sham-worship of their respective ecclesiastical peculiarities; and in reference to these, he says to one of his sons, in all likelihood that one who is at present a respected member of the Anglican Church—

"Take hold of the thing with the spirit, my beloved son!"

But Bunsen is not always a philosopher and a theologian. All the time that he is writing gravely he is living playfully. Before breakfast he is digging Hebrew roots; in the forenoon he is with Queen Victoria, who "is most engaging," and with Prince Albert, who is "lovable and full of tact as ever." Take the following letter about the young London vagabond who some five-and-twenty years ago fired a pistol at our beloved Sovereign:—

"Yesterday, early, I was received by Prince Albert. The following is the order of circumstances:—As the Queen with the Prince on Sunday was driving back from church, over Constitution Hill, the Prince observed (on a spot where it was afterwards proved that Oxford had stood) a pistol held out towards the Queen, which plainly had missed fire. On re-entering the Palace he questioned all attendants and servants, but no one had seen it. On Monday morning, early, came a boy of fourteen years of age, bearing witness to the fact. Thereupon a council was held, and it was resolved that the best plan would be for the Queen to drive out that same day at the accustomed hour, the carriage closely attended by the equerries, fifty policemen being on the road disguised in common attire, it being calculated that the man of evil intentions would then take the opportunity to renew the attempt. It was the Queen herself who freely resolved thus to proceed; 'for,' she said, 'I should else not have a moment of peace as long as the shot had not been fired.' They set out upon the drive—think only with what feelings! the Queen hoping that the shot would only take place; the equerries (Arbuthnot and Wyld) hoping that the ball might hit one of themselves or their horses, and horse and man striving to cover the Queen! The shot was fired—the Queen exclaimed, 'God be thanked! now we are safe. I heard the report.' At the same moment the miscreant was seized—a youth twenty years of age, a London reprobate. Being questioned, he answered: 'Patience, gentlemen, by-and-bye you shall hear everything.' No ball has been found; it may be difficult to bring an intent to murder home to the fellow.

"The tone of feeling is duly solemn in the whole Palace, which I rejoice to observe.

"The Queen is admirable, she would not allow Lady Portman to accompany her on Monday, saying, 'I must expose the lives of my gentlemen, but I will not those of my ladies.' She was perfection in demeanour all yesterday."

There are other notices of Queen Victoria in the Memoirs, and always in equally favourable terms.

The following is from a letter to his mother-in-law, Mrs. Waddington, November 1846:—

"I had brought with me German books for

the children, and received permission to present them. The Queen brought the royal family into the corridor after luncheon, on purpose to give me that opportunity. The Prince wanted to have the pictures explained, and I sat on the floor in the midst of the group; we all spoke German, and the Princess Royal, by desire of the Queen, read a fable out of one of the books perfectly well. The Queen often spoke with me about education, and in particular of religious instruction. Her views are very serious, but at the same time liberal and comprehensive. She (as well as Prince Albert) hates all formalism. The Queen reads a great deal, and has done my book on the 'Church of the Future' the honour to read it, so attentively, that the other day when at Cashiobury, seeing the book on the table, she looked out passages which she had approved, in order to read them aloud to the Queen-Dowager."

In our next extract, from notes written in the year 1849, when young Germany was in hot ferment, Prince Albert appears in conversation with the Prussian ambassador on the relative value and position of French, German, and English civilisation:—

"It is long since my ships have all been burnt, and that I have given counsel to friend and foe, without consideration of consequences to myself! I shall maintain my post here, as long as I can, as a fortress of freedom; but I shall not withhold a word of warning, in order to keep off the attacks that menace me, nor shall I go forth to meet them.

"All that I long after is beyond these trammels;—leisure for reflection on the Divine which subsists in things human; and for writing, if God enables me to do so. I live as one lamed; the pinions that might have furthered my progress are bound, yet not broken.

"Sir James Stephen is to become Professor of Modern History at Cambridge. He intends to lecture upon French history, and therewith to connect the general history of European civilisation. I observed to Prince Albert, that Stephen probably came to this determination from the desire to make Guizot's work on the civilisation of France and of Europe a foundation for his lectures; but that purpose was ill judged, for the great epochs in art and science in the modern world belong to the Italians and the Germans, and not to the French. Yet much may be said for Guizot's opinion, that the French have exercised so powerful an influence over the world; they form the medium between the practical English and the theoretical German. They have always best understood how to coin the gold of intelligence and bring it into circulation. But their influence is diminishing.

"The important thing would be, that Stephen should make the Professorship of History a life-calling; that he should live at Cambridge, and unceasingly labour to influence the cultivation of mind in the youth of the University, by a well carried out course of historical instruction, not only by aphoristic, dilettante lectures—although even such will constitute a step in

advance. Stephen is said to be Evangelical in principle, but not fanatical or narrow-minded, as is proved by his articles on Wilberforce and Hannah More.

"The Prince observed, when I had stated to him the theory of Guizot as to the relative position of the three nationalities to each other and to the world, that the danger of the French was in licentiousness; the Englishman's besetting sin was selfishness; that of the German, self-conceit. Every German knows all and everything better than all others.

"I remarked to the Prince, that the single-acton (*Einspännigkeit*) of the German was probably the consequence of our imperfect political condition, the want of centralization; that individualizing in things intellectual was a feature of character in the German, as federalism in things political. But were there a sufficient central power opposed firmly to this tendency, that would be just the requisite condition of the highest and most beneficial civilisation. England and France have a great advantage, in that each, by the joint operation of the most distinguished intellectual faculties to be found in each nation, can produce, and represent on every given occasion, the very best within its separate capacity; whereby the measure is given of what is attainable in that country—the standard is not only elevated but kept high.

"The Prince is actively busied with the idea of an Universal Exhibition in London, of the produce and the results of industry of all countries. Four classes—1. the raw products (wool, flax), as original material; 2. machines; 3. manufactures; 4. productions of art, for the improvement of artistic skill and of taste. I suggested the formation of a mixed jury, to distribute the prizes. It will be done by subscription. The undertaking is a grand one, and no person could conduct it but the Prince, from his great versatility of knowledge, and his impartiality.

"It is at Osborne House that the Queen more especially feels herself at home; she there enjoys her domestic life and family happiness to her heart's content. She walks out in the beautiful gardens and pleasure-grounds with the Prince and her children, in prospect of the sea, and of the proud men-of-war of Great Britain, in the midst of a quiet rural population. In the afternoon we all drove to St. Clair, the country residence of Lady Catharine Harcourt, near Ryde: where a bazaar was prepared for the benefit of the Hospital. The Queen made purchases to a considerable amount, and distributed a part among the accompanying party. In the royal *char-à-banc*, I sat near the Prince of Wales, and behind the two eldest Princesses; they all spoke German like their native tongue, even to one another. The heir-apparent has gained in appearance of strength, and has a pleasing countenance; he will be eight years old in November. I called his attention to the eagerness with which all the inhabitants crowded round to behold the Queen, because she was so good, and therefore beloved."

On this passage we may be allowed two re-

marks, just to show what a wealth of wise hints lies in these Memoirs to those of us who may be willing to take advantage of them. Our first remark is with reference to the English universities, in which Bunsen, in common with every intelligent foreigner, and many home critics, find two great defects—the want of an effective professorial system, and the feebleness of the historic element in the curriculum of Arts. If history is to be taught anywhere, it ought to be taught in universities; for these institutions alone supply that learned leisure, that freedom from ephemeral political passions, and that habit of dealing with original records, without which history can never become either solid in its foundations, comprehensive in its generalizations, or fruitful in its results. Neither is there any branch of study so well calculated at once to shake the youthful mind free from the incrustations of local prejudice, to lift it to a broadly human platform, and to prepare men of all classes in a free country to look on public questions, alike unchained by the inapplicable precedents of the past, and unseduced by the meretricious novelties of the hour. In such great academical establishments as Oxford and Cambridge, there should be at least half a dozen Professors of History, working in that serious fashion Bunsen here indicates. But if England has as yet failed to reach this German standard, Scotland stands much lower. In the Scottish universities, historical studies have been so little encouraged that several historical chairs which once existed, have either been pared down to the smallest possible efficiency, or have been literally metamorphosed into Natural Science! Intelligent foreign judges, such as Bunsen and Dollinger, at once recognise here one of the most alarming symptoms of the general neglect of erudite research and historical appreciation, in a country once dignified by the names of Buchanan, Ferguson, and Robertson. The second remark which occurs to us arises out of that peculiar distinction which Prince Albert draws between the Englishman and the German, when he says that the besetting sin of the one is selfishness, that of the other conceit. In what sense this criticism is to be taken may not be quite obvious at first sight. That the Englishman is personally, socially, or politically, a more selfish animal than the German, or the Frenchman, in the common sense of that word, it were hard to prove. But what we think Prince Albert had in view is a sort of intellectual selfishness, begotten of the one-sided way of looking at things, which his eye for the momentary need, and his

aversion to great general principles, often creates in the mind of Mr. Bull. A person who has not learned the habit of looking round about a thing, and thoughtfully balancing different points of view, is apt to believe that there is only one point of view possible, and from this he bears down imperiously, and in the face of all qualification, eager to find a cheap triumph rather in the effectiveness of his blow than in the completeness of his scheme. And this no doubt is a sort of "selfishness" from which no people can be exempt in whom the passion for immediate action may have been allowed largely to overgrow the capacity for comprehensive thought. As to the Germans, again, the conceit with which the Prince charges them springs out of an overcharge of those very ideas of which the Englishmen is so suspicious. Nothing has so great a tendency to nurse intellectual conceit as the habit of dealing largely with sweeping general principles to the neglect of facts. And the existence of this conceit to a very large extent among the learned Germans, is amply proved by the arbitrary way in which they set themselves to deal with the written records of the past, the facility with which they mistake fancies for facts, the cunning jugglery by which they transform all history into allegory, and the presumptuous confidence with which they sometimes set themselves to construct the universe, as if they had been present at the birth of the stars, and intrusted with the sacred keys that unlock the doors of all mystery.

We have said nothing hitherto of Bunsen's political opinions; but it is scarcely necessary to say, that here, as in the kindred region of the Church, he was a fervid apostle of freedom, and as such, no doubt, expected more from men sometimes than men were able to supply. With the great German movement of 1848, which proved a failure, he warmly sympathized; but this failure does not at all imply the falsehood of the general view with regard to constitutional liberty in Germany, so warmly uttered in the following extract from a letter to Mr. Reeve:—

"Let me follow up this idea, in order to convince you that our struggle for freedom has rightly originated—that is from the Spirit—*descendit celo*. Was not its beginning indeed from above? in the minds of the great thinkers, who, from Lessing and Kant down to Schelling and Hegel, have, in conflict with the materialism of the past century and the mechanism of the present, proved both the reality and essentiality of reason, and the independence and freedom of moral consciousness, and have thereby roused the nation to enthusiasm for the ideal of true

liberty? And did not poetry and the fine arts take the same way? What is the signification of Goethe in the world's history, if not that he had a clear intuition of those truths, and the art of giving them due utterance? Wherein consists the indestructible charm of Schiller's poetry, but that he has sung as hymns to the supernal, preternatural, those deductions of philosophy?

"Now to proceed to the time of our deepest depression, and of our highest elevation,—from 1807 to 1813. That which now *would* and *should* and *must* enter into life, was then generated, in the midst of woe and misery, in blood and in prayer,—but also in belief in that ideal, to the true recognition and realizing of which, the feeling of an existing fatherland and of popular freedom is indispensable. Truly prophetic (as the truth must always be) are the words of Schenkendorf in 1813, 'Freiheit, die ich meine,' etc., and 'Wie mir deine Freuden winken,' etc. And also Arndt with his grand rhapsody, 'Was ist des Deutschen Vaterland?' and Körner's melodies of death, and Rückert's songs, brilliant and penetrating as steel! All that may sound to the foreigner as mere poetic feeling; but to us, who then pronounced the vows of early youth, it was a most holy and real earnest, the utterance of overflowing hearts. And thus it remained to us; and our children learned from us to repeat the vow; and when we lay twenty-five years long in heavy bondage, when the very freedom of speech was suppressed, then through all suffering the spirit of liberty took refuge in the sanctuary of knowledge,—but, not as was the case with our fathers, to expatiate in untried regions, and seek freedom only in contemplation and speculation, but to fetch down the highest blessings of common life, as the poets of the former generation had in a vision beheld them, and as Scharnhorst and Stein and Niebuhr and Wilhelm von Humboldt had grasped them in will and wish. Then was the younger generation instructed by persecuted men, that liberty is ancient, and tyranny modern, and that to liberty alone belongs that legitimacy which unsound politicians have used as a weapon for her destruction."

And shortly to his friend Stockmar, in the year 1852, his political and general confession of faith is uttered thus:—

"I believe in God and in Germany, and then also in the vital powers of the principles of the English Constitution: and nobody rejoices more than I do in the grand and high reality (single in its kind, however, since King William of Orange) of the Royal Pair on the throne of Great Britain. If England and Germany remain united, what can the power of evil effect? You and I feel alike in protesting against the principle of death, in pratorian imperialism, and in democratic police centralization. And, lastly, we are agreed in the resolve to exert all the strength that is in us, to the end that neither superstition nor infidelity, neither priestcraft nor atheism, shall rule over the people.

"That for this purpose light from above may be granted by guidance of which the iron rule of the dark despot, Self, may be broken through, and the reality of freedom evolved,—and, besides, that we and all who are dear and precious to us may be preserved in health,—is the wish uttered, in fulness of heart, to a dear friend, by

"BUNSEN."

As a diplomatist, Bunsen's career is sometimes spoken of as a failure, a judgment proceeding obviously enough from the fact, that on two several occasions, once at Rome, and again at London, the views which he felt himself called upon to maintain were the occasion of his dismissal from the diplomatic position he occupied. But whether these dismissals arose from the fact that he was not good enough, or from the more likely fact that he was too good for the men with whom he had to do, cannot be known till many documents now lying in the Prussian archives shall have been made the object of impartial criticism by the historian of another century. Two things are certain—one that Bunsen's intercourse with the three kings of Prussia, whom he served so faithfully, was always characterized by that freedom, independence, and manliness which were so prominent a feature of his character, and that the monarchs who could not always find him a fit agent for their political needs never failed to respect his character and to acknowledge his services. What Bunsen by his high-minded intelligence and noble spirit did for Prussia, both at Rome and London, during a long course of years, had laid up for him a rich store of merit, from which any shortcomings, real or imaginary, arising out of the complications of a slippery diplomacy, could make no sensible deduction. Had it been his ruling ambition to be in every issue a successful diplomatist, he might have missed the nobler destiny of being a great man.

In the above extracts we have only touched, as it were with our finger-tips, the rich materials of speculative and practical life in the nineteenth century, with which these Memoirs abound. It was with Bunsen, indeed, as with his great countryman Leibnitz—some of the finest radiations of his luminous nature fell from him incidentally in the course of correspondence with a circle of friends whose range joined the poles of European intelligence. And this is but one among many signs of a thoroughly free, large, loving, and unembarrassed character. As prayer is the necessity of a pious heart, so converse, spoken or written, furnishes the fuel to a sympathetic heart; those who write no letters either supply the want by the quicken-

ing atmosphere of a wide sociality, or gradually build round themselves an encasement of solitary employment, which at once narrows the intellectual view and numbs the moral sensibilities. Very amiable men have been known to grow extremely selfish by indulging in a close-folded isolation of this kind. We welcome these Memoirs, therefore, not only as preserving for the use of the world some of the most valuable conclusions of a large and rich experience, but as supplying us, in marked outline and vivid hues, with the portraiture of a great author, whose life was a better thing than the best of his books. There is no experience in the literary world more sad than when, behind the palatial structures piled by some gigantic genius, we find a petty and undignified or a weak and vacillating personage representing the architect; and yet such a phenomenon is by no means uncommon; for to astonish the world by any sort of intellectual exhibition requires only extraordinary force of thinking or extraordinary fineness of sensibility; and both these excellences are perfectly compatible with any sort and degree of feebleness or baseness of character. Hence the sorry spectacle of Titanic energy shown to the public, with a rude sensual coarseness revealed to the few. Hence the discordant union of a poetic rapture in books which soars above the stars, with a prosaic vile-ness in life which draggles in the mire. Hence likewise the necessity too often, for biographers of public men, to apply the maxim "*de mortuis nil nisi BONUM*;" it is judged better to throw a veil over some passages of the private life, that the public excellence may be contemplated with unmingled delight. But there is a class of men whose memory requires no charitable veil of this kind; they are not great only when seen at a distance; they will stand the minutest inspection; they cry aloud for the application of the nobler maxim "*de mortuis nil nisi VERUM*;" and to this class unquestionably Bunsen belongs.

We revert, therefore, in conclusion, from the subject of the present Memoirs as an author to his character as a man, and commend the study of his life as a sublime and moral achievement, calculated to stimulate and to elevate many who fear to march with a systematic equipment of learned tools into the formidable laboratory of his books. In the present age, when such frequent complaints are heard of knowledge without piety, criticism without love, cleverness without reverence, and talent without conscience, we cannot imagine anything calculated to produce a better effect on uncor-

rupted young minds than the serious study of such a life as Bunsen's. Here, if anywhere, they will find realized that union of pure evangelic sentiment with large intellectual culture and grasp of practical business, in which alone the present age can look for a power to direct its aspirations and harmonize its struggles. Here they will find a consolation beyond the compass of ecclesiastical rivalries, political contentions, high-reaching speculations, or the brilliant encounter of wits to supply; here they will see, as in a living mirror, that type of a happy and a noble human career which the great apostle of the Gentiles condensed into the pregnant text—"Not slothful in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord."

ART. VI.—THE GREEK IDYLLIC POETS.

OF the lives of Theocritus, Bion, and Moschus, there is very little known, and that little has been often repeated. Theocritus was a Syracusan, the son of Praxagoras and Philinna. Some confusion as to his parentage arose from the fact that, in the seventh Idyll, Theocritus introduced himself under the artificial name of Simichidas, which led early critics to suppose that he had a father called Simichus. It is, however, quite clear that the concurrent testimony of Suidas, and of an epigram in the anthology, which distinctly asserts his descent from Praxagoras and Philinna, is to be accepted in preference to all conjectures founded on a *nom de plume*. Theocritus flourished between 283 and 263 B.C., but the dates and circumstances of his birth and death are alike unknown. We may gather inferentially or directly from his poems that he sought the patronage of Ptolemy Philadelphus at Alexandria, and lived for some time among the men of letters at his court. Indeed, Theocritus was the most brilliant ornament of that somewhat artificial period of literature; he, above all the Alexandrian poets, carried the old genius of Greece into new channels, instead of imitating, annotating, and rehandling ancient masterpieces. The sixth and seventh Idylls prove that Aratus, the astronomer, was a familiar friend of the Syracusan bard; probably the frequent allusions to meteorology, and the science of the stars, which we trace in the poems of Theocritus, may be referred to this intimacy. From the Idylls, again, we learn that the poet left

Alexandria, wearied with court life; and, like Spenser, unwilling

To lose good nights that might be better spent,
To waste long days in pensive discontent,
To speed to-day, to be put back to-morrow,
To feed on hope, and pine with fear and sorrow.

He seems, however, to have once more made trial of princely favour at the Syracusan Court of Hiero, and to have been equally offended with the want of appreciation and good taste as well as with the ill-liberality that he found there. Among his friends were numbered Nicas the physician of Miletus, and his wife Theugenis, to whom he addressed the beautiful little poem called *ἡλακατή*—a charming specimen of what the Greek muse could produce by way of *vers de société*. The end of his life is buried in obscurity. We can easily believe that he spent it quietly among the hills and fields of Sicily in close communion with the nature that he loved so well. His ill success as a court poet does not astonish us; the panegyrics of Hiero and Ptolemy are among his worst poems—mere pinchbeck when compared with the pure gold of the Idylls proper. It was in scenes of natural beauty that he felt at home, and when he died, he left a volume of immortal verse, each line of which proclaims of him, 'Et ego in arcadiâ.' We cannot give him a more fitting epitaph than that of his own Daphnis:—

ἔβα ῥοόν' ἔκλυσε δίνα
τὸν Μῶσαις φίλον ἄνδρα, τὸν οὖν Νυμφαῖσιν
ἀπεχθῆ.*

If we know little of Theocritus, less is known of Bion. Suidas says that he was born at Smyrna, and the elegy written on his death leads us to suppose that he lived in Sicily, and died of poison wilfully administered by enemies. Theocritus, though his senior in age, and as a Bucolic poet, seems to have survived him. Bion's elegist, from whom the few facts which we have related with regard to the poet of Smyrna's life and untimely death are gathered, has generally been identified with Moschus. Ahrens, however, with characteristic German minuteness and scepticism, places the *Ἐπιτάφιος Βίωνος* upon a list of *Incertorum Idyllia*. Nor can it be denied that the author of this poem leads us to believe that he was a native of Magna Grecia, whereas Moschus is known to have

* Down to the dark stream he went; the eddies
drowned
The muses' friend, the youth, the nymphs held
dear.

been a Syracusan. The third and last of the Sicilian Idyllists, he stands at a great distance from Theocritus in all essential qualities of pastoral composition. He has more of the grammarian, or man of erudition, about him; and we can readily conceive him to have been, according to the account of Suidas, a friend of Aristarchus. Of the dates of his life nothing can be recorded with any certainty. He seems to have flourished about the end of the third century B.C. During the short period in which Bucolic poetry flourished under Theocritus, Bion, and Moschus, Syracuse remained beneath the sceptre of Hiero. While the bloody strife was being waged between Rome and Carthage for the empire of the Mediterranean, Syracuse, intermediate between the two great combatants, was able not only to maintain a splendid independence under the sway of her powerful tyrant, but also to afford the Romans signal aid upon the battle-fields of Sicily. In Sicily the sun of Greece still shone with some of its old radiance on the spots where, before Athens had assumed the intellectual supremacy of Hellas, poetry, philosophy, and all the arts of life had first displayed their splendid spring-time. The island in which the April of the Greek spirit had enclosed its earliest flowers, now bore the last but not least lovely wreath of autumn. The winter was soon coming. Rome and her Verres were already looking upon Trinacria as their prey; and the Idyllic garland was destined to crown with exotic blossoms the brows of Virgil. About the authenticity of many of the Idylls grave questions have been raised. We can hardly believe that all the thirty which bear the name of Theocritus were really written by him. The 23d and 25th, for instance, are not in his style; while the 19th reminds us more of the Anacreontic elegance of Bion or Moschus than of his peculiarly vigorous workmanship. But it is not without some shock to our feelings that we entertain the spuriousness of the 21st Idyll, which Ahrens places among the productions of some doubtful author. The whole series after the 18th have been questioned. These, however, include the Epic compositions of Theocritus, who might well have assumed a different manner when treating of Hercules or the Dioscuri from that in which he sang the loves of Lycidas and Daphnis. That they are inferior to his pastorals is not to be wondered at; for he who blows his own flute with skill may not be therefore strong enough to sound the trumpet of Homer. Ahrens extends his scepticism to the lament for Bion, which, we confess,

appears to us more full of fire and inventive genius than any other of the poems attributed to Moschus. Yet in these matters of minute evidence too much depends upon mere conjecture and comparison of styles for us to remove old landmarks with certainty. Suppose all records of Raphael's works had been lost, and a few fragments of the Cartoons, together with the Transfiguration and the little picture of the Sleeping Knight, alone remained of all his paintings, would not some Ahrens be inclined to attribute the Sleeping Knight to a weaker, if not less graceful artist of the Umbrian School? The Allegro and Penseroso might by a similar process of disjunctive criticism be severed from the *Paradise Lost*. On the other hand, nothing can be more doubtful than assertions in favour of authenticity. It is almost impossible for a foreigner to perceive minute differences of style in the works of two contemporary poets, and infinitely more difficult for a modern to exercise the same exact discrimination in deciding on the monuments of classic art. Schlegel, in his admirable *History of Dramatic Literature*, asserts that he discovers no internal difference between Massinger and Fletcher. Yet an English student is struck by the most marked divergences of feeling, language, natural gifts, and acquired habits of thought in these two dramatists. Thus the difficulty of such criticism is twofold. If a Syracusan of 200 B.C. could discuss our lucubrations on the text of the Bucolic poets, he would probably in one case express astonishment at our having ascribed two dissimilar Idylls to Theocritus, and in another case explain away our scepticism by enumerating the three or four successive manners of the poet. Theocritus, Bion, and Moschus are the Eponyms of Idyllic poetry. To each belongs a peculiar style. It is quite possible that some Idylls of successful imitators whose names have been lost, may have been fathered upon the three most eminent founders of the school. The name of the Idyll sufficiently explains its nature. It is a little picture. Rustic or town life, legends of the gods, and passages of personal experience supply the idyllist with subjects. He does not treat them lyrically, following rather the rules of epic and dramatic composition. Generally, there is a narrator, and in so far, the Idyll is epic; its verse, too, is the hexameter. But occasionally the form of dramatic monologue, as in the *Pharmaceutria*, or that of dramatic dialogue, as in the *Adoniazusæ*, takes the place of narrative. Bion's lament for Adonis, again, is a kind of sacred hymn; while the dirge on Bion's death is elegiac.

Two Idylls of Theocritus are encomiastic; several celebrate the deeds of ancestral Doric heroes—Heracles and the Dioscuri. One is an epistle. Many of Bion's so-called Idylls differ little, except in metre, from the Anacreontics, while one at least of the most highly finished pieces of Theocritus must be ranked with erotic poetry of the purely lyrical order. It will be seen from these instances that the idyllic genus admitted many species, and that the Idyllists were far from being simply pastoral poets. This form of composition was in fact the growth of a late age of Greek art, when the great provinces had been explored and occupied, and when the inventor of a new style could legitimately adopt the tone and manner of his various predecessors. Perhaps the plastic arts determined the direction of idyllic poetry, suggesting the name and supplying the poet with models, and compact and picturesque treatment. In reading the Idylls it should never be forgotten that they are pictures, so studied and designed by their authors: they ought to affect us in the same way as the bas-reliefs and vases of Greek art, in which dramatic action is presented at a moment of its evolution, and beautiful forms are grouped together with such simplicity as to need but little story to enhance their value. If we approach the Idylls from this point of view, and regard them as very highly finished works of decorative art, we shall probably be able to enjoy their loveliness without complaining that the shepherds and shepherdesses are too refined, or that the landscapes have not been drawn from nature.

Though it is not our intention to discuss the whole hackneyed question of Bucolic poetry, a word must be said about its origin, and about the essential difference between Theocritus and modern pastorals. It is natural to suppose that country folk, from the remotest period of Greek history, refreshed themselves with dance and song, and that music formed a part of their religious ceremonies. The trials of strength which supply the *motive* of so many Theocritean Idylls, were quite consistent with the manners of the Greeks, who brought all rival claims of superiority to the touchstone of such contests. Their antiquity in the matter of music may be gathered from the legends of Pan and Apollo, and of Apollo and Marsyas. Phœbus, in the character of shepherd to Admetus, gave direct sanction to Bucolic minstrelsy. In respect of bodily strength, the gymnastic rivalry of Olympia and other great Hellenic centres was so important as to determine the chronology of Greece,—while even claims to personal

beauty were decided by the same trial: the three goddesses submitted to the arbitration of Paris; and there were in many states *ἀγῶναι* of physical charms, not to mention the boys' prize for kisses at Nisæan Megara. Bucolic poetry may therefore be referred to the pastoral custom of shepherds singing together and against each other at festivals or on the green. It was the genius of Theocritus, in all probability, which determined the Doric and Sicilian character of the Idylls we possess. He, a Syracusan and a Dorian, perfected the *genre*, and was followed by his imitators. Nothing can be more simple and lifelike than the conversations of his rustics, or more nicely discriminated than the pedestrian style of their dialogue, and the more polished manner of their studied songs. The poet has no doubt invested these rural encounters with the imaginative beauty which belongs to art. He has attributed to Corydon and Thyrsis much of his own imagination and delicate taste, and exquisite sense of natural loveliness. Had he refrained from doing so, his Idylls would not have challenged the attention and won the admiration of posterity. As it is, we find enough of rustic grossness on his pages, and may even complain that his cowherds and goatherds savour too strongly of their stables. Of his appreciation of scenery, it is difficult to speak in terms of exaggerated praise. As we purpose to discuss this subject more minutely further on, we may here content ourselves with remarking that he alone of pastoral poets drew straight from nature, and fully felt the charm which underlies the *facts* of rustic life. In comparison with Theocritus, Bion and Moschus are affected and insipid. Their pastorals smack of the study more than of the fields. Virgil not only lacks his vigour and enthusiasm for the open air life of the country, but, with Roman bad taste, he commits the capital crime of allegorizing. Virgil's pernicious example infected Spenser, Milton, and a host of inferior imitators, flooding literature with dreary pastorals in which shepherds discussed politics, religion, and court-gossip, so that at last Bucolic poetry became a synonyme for everything affected and insipid. Poetry flourishes in cities, where rustic song must always be an exotic plant. To analyse Poliziano, Sanagarro, Marini, Tasso, Spenser, Fletcher, Jonson, Barnfield, Browne, Pope, etc., and to show what strains of natural elegance redeem their servile imitations of the ancients, would be a very interesting but lengthy task. It is enough to remark that as society became more artificial, especially at Flor-

ence, Paris, and Versailles, the taste for pseudo-pastorals increased. Court-ladies tucked up their petticoats, and carried crooks with ribbons at their tops, while Court-poets furnished aristocratic Corydons with smooth verses about pipes and pine trees, and lambs and wattled cotes. The whole was a dream and a delusion; but this mirage of rusticity appropriated the name of pastoral, and reflected discredit even on the great and natural Theocritus. At length this *genre* of composition, in which neither invention nor observation nor truth nor excellence of any kind, except inglorious modulation of old themes, was needed, died a natural death; and the true Bucolic genius found fresh channels. Crabbe revived an interest in village life; Burns sang immortal lyrics at the plough; Goethe achieved a masterpiece of Idyllic delineation; Wordsworth re-asserted the claims of natural simplicity; Keats expressed the sensuous charms of rustic loveliness; Tennyson and Barnes have written rural idylls in the dialects of Lincolnshire and Dorsetshire; and other writers, far too numerous to mention, are pursuing similar lines of composition. Theocritus, it is true, differs widely from these poets both in his style and matter. But he deserves to rank among the most realistic artists of the nineteenth century, on account of his simplicity and perfect truth to nature. In reading him we must divest ourselves of any prejudices which we have acquired from the perusal of his tasteless imitators. We must take his volume with us to the scenes in which he lived, and give him a fair trial on his own merits.

It is on the shores of the Mediterranean—at Sorrento, at Amalfi, or near Palermo, or among the valleys of Mentone,—that we ought to study Theocritus, and learn the secret of his charm. Few of us pass middle life without visiting one or other of these sacred spots, which seem to be the garden of perpetual spring. Like the lines of the Sicilian idyllist, they inspire an inevitable and indescribable *πόθος*, touching our sense of beauty with a subtle power, and soothing our spirits with the majesty of classical repose. Straight from the sea-beach rise mountains of distinguished form, not capped with snow or clothed with pines, but carved of naked rock. We must accept their beauty as it is, nude, well defined, and unadorned, nor look in vain for the mystery or sublimity or picturesqueness of the Alps. Light and colour are the glory of these mountains. Valleys divide their flanks, seaming with shadow-belts and bands of green the broad hillside, while lower down

the olives spread a hoary greyness and soft robe of silver mist, the skirts of which are kissed by tideless waves. The harmony between the beauty of the olive boughs and the blue sea can be better felt than described. Guido, whose subtlety of sentiment was very rare, has expressed it in one or two of his earliest and best pictures by graduated tones of silver, azure, and cool grey. The definite form and sunny brightness of the olive tree suits our conception of the Greek character. It may well have been the favourite plant of the wise and calm Athené. Oaks with their umbrageous foliage, pine-trees dark and mournful upon Alpine slopes, branching limes, and elms in which the wind sways shadowy masses of thick leaves, belong with their huge girth and gnarled boles and sombre roofage to the forests of the north, where nature is rather an awful mother than a kind foster-nurse and friend of man. In northern landscapes the eye travels through vistas of leafy boughs to still, secluded crofts and pastures, where slow-moving oxen graze. The mystery of dreams and the repose of meditation haunt our massive bowers. But in the south, the lattice work of olive boughs and foliage scarcely veils the laughing sea and bright blue sky, while the hues of the landscape find their climax in the dazzling radiance of the sun upon the waves, and the pure light of the horizon. There is no concealment and no melancholy here. Nature seems to hold a never-ending festival and dance, in which the waves and sun-beams and shadows join. Again, in northern scenery, the rounded forms of full-foliaged trees suit the undulating country with its gentle hills and brooding clouds; but in the south, the spiky leaves and sharp branches of the olive carry out the defined outlines which are everywhere observable through the broader beauties of mountain and valley and sea-shore. Serenity and intelligence characterize this southern landscape, in which a race of splendid men and women lived beneath the pure light of Phœbus, their ancestral god. Pallas protected them, and golden Aphrodité favoured them with beauty. Greater and nobler nations have risen among the oak and beech woods of the north; strong sinewed warriors, heroic women, counsellors with mighty brains, and poets on whose tongue the melody of music fingers like a charm. But the Greeks alone, bred in the scenes which we have been describing, owned the gift of innate beauty and unerring taste. The human form upon those bare and sunny hills, beneath those twinkling olive boughs, beside that sea of everlasting

laughter, reached its freedom; and the spirit of human loveliness was there breathed fully into all the forms of art. Poetry, sculpture, architecture, music, dancing, all became the language of that moderate and lucid harmony which we discover in the landscape of the Greeks. Olives are not, however, by any means the only trees which play a part in idyllic scenery. The tall stone pine is even more important; for, underneath its shade, the shepherds loved to sing, hearing the murmur in its spreading roof, and waiting for the cones with their sweet fruit to fall. Near Massa, by Sorrento, there are two gigantic pines so placed that, lying on the grass beneath them, one looks on Capri rising from the sea, Baïa, and all the bay of Naples sweeping round to the base of Vesuvius. Tangled growths of olives, oranges, and rose-trees fill the garden-ground along the shore, while far away in the distance pale Inarime sleeps, with her exquisite Greek name, a virgin island on the deep. In such a place we realize Theocritean melodies, and find a new and indestructible loveliness in the opening line of his first idyll:—

ἀδύ τι τὸ ψιθύρισμα καὶ ἁ πίτυς αἰπόλε τήνα.

These pines are few and far between; growing alone or in pairs they stand like monuments upon the hills, their black forms sculptured on the cloudlike olive groves, from which at intervals spring spires and columns of slender cypress-trees.

Here and there in this bright garden of the age of gold, white villages are seen, and solitary cottage roofs high up among the hills,—dwellings perhaps of Amaryllis, whom the shepherds used to serenade. Huge fig-trees lean their weight of leaves and purple fruit upon the cottage walls, while cherry-trees and apricots snow the grass in spring with a white wealth of April blossoms. The stone walls and little wells in the cottage garden are green with immemorial moss and ferns, and fragrant with gadding violets that ripple down their sides, and chequer them with blue. On the wilder hills, you find patches of ilex and arbutus, glowing with crimson berries and white waxen bells, sweet myrtle rods, and shafts of bay, frail tamarisk and tall tree heaths that wave their frosted boughs above your head. Nearer the shore, the lentisk grows, a savoury shrub, with cytisus and aromatic rosemary. Clematis and polished garlands of tough sarsaparilla wed the shrubs with clinging, climbing arms; and, here and there in sheltered nooks, the vine shoots forth luxuriant tendrils bowed with grapes, stretching from branch to branch of

mulberry or elm, flinging festoons on which young loves might sit and swing, or weaving a lattice-work of leaves across the open shed. Nor must the sounds of this landscape be forgotten,—sounds of bleating flocks, and murmuring bees, and nightingales, and doves that moan, and running streams, and shrill cicadas, and hoarse frogs, and whispering pines! There is not a single detail which we have not verified from Theocritus, and which a patient student will not find there.

Then, too, it is a landscape in which sea and country are never sundered. This must not be forgotten of Idyllic scenery; for it was the warm sea-board of Sicily, beneath protecting heights of Ætna, that gave birth to the Bucolic muse. The intermingling of pastoral and sea life is exquisitely allegorized in the legend of Galatea; and on the cup which Theocritus describes in his first Idyll the fisherman plays an equal part with the shepherd youths and the boy who watches by the vineyard wall. The higher we climb upon the mountain-side the more marvellous is the beauty of the sea, which seems to rise as we ascend, and stretch into the sky. Sometimes a little flake of blue is framed by olive boughs; sometimes a turning in the road reveals the whole broad azure calm below. Or, after toiling up a steep ascent, we fall upon the undergrowth of juniper, and lo! a double sea, this way and that, divided by the sharp spine of the jutting hill, jewelled with villages along its shore, and smiling with fair islands and silver sails. Upon the beach the waves come tumbling in, swaying the corallines and green and purple sea-weeds in the pools. Ceaseless beating of the spray has worn the rocks into jagged honeycombs, on which lazy fishermen sit perched, dangling their rods like figures in Pompeian frescoes.

In landscapes such as we have striven to describe, we are readily able to understand the legends of rustic gods; the metamorphoses of Syrinx, Narcissus, Echo, Hyacinthus, and Adonis; the tales of slumbering Pan, and horned satyrs, and peeping fauns; with which the Idyllists have adorned their simple shepherd songs. Here, too, the Oread dwellers of the woods, and dryads, and sylvans, and water-nymphs, seem possible. They lose their unreality and mythic haziness; for men themselves are more a part of Nature here than in the north, more fit for companionship with deities of stream and hill. Their labours are lighter, and their food more plentiful. Summer leaves them not, and the soil yields fair and graceful crops. There is surely some difference between hoeing

turnips and trimming olive boughs, between tending turkeys on a Norfolk common, and leading goats to browse on cytissus beside the shore, between the fat pasturage and bleak winters of our midland counties and the spare herbage of the south dried by perpetual sunlight. It cannot be denied that men assimilate something from their daily labour, and that the poetry of rustic life is more evident upon Mediterranean shores than in England.

Nor must the men and women of classical landscape be forgotten. When we read of the Idylls of Theocritus, and wish to see before us Thestylis, and Daphnis, and Lycidas, we have but to recall the perfect forms of Greek sculpture. We may, for instance, summon to our mind the Endymion of the Capitol, nodding in eternal slumber, with his sheep-dog slumbering by—or Artemis stepping from her car; her dragons coil themselves between the shafts and fold their plumeless wings—or else Hippolytus and Meleager booted for the boar-chase—or Bacchus finding Ariadne by the sea-shore; mænads and satyrs are arrested in their dance; flower-garlands fall upon the way; or a goat-legged satyr teaches a young faun to play; the pipe and flute are there, and from the boy's head fall long curls upon his neck—or Europa drops anemone and crocus from her hand, trembling upon the bull as he swims onward through the sea—or tritons blow wreathed shells, and dolphins splash the water—or the eagle's claws clasp Ganymede, and bear him up to Zeus—or Adonis lies wounded, and wild Aphrodité spreads hungry arms, and wails with rent robes tossed above her head. From the cabinet of gems we draw a Love, blind, bound, and stung by bees; or a girl holding an apple in her hand; or a young man tying on his sandal. Then there is the Praxitelean genius of the Vatican who might be Hylas, or Uranian Erôs, or Hymeneus, or curled Hyacinthus—the faun who lies at Munich overcome with wine, his throat bare, and his deep chest heaving with the breath of sleep—Hercules strangling the twin snakes in his cradle, or ponderous with knotty sinews and huge girth of neck—Demeter, holding fruits of all sorts in one hand, and corn stalks in the other, sweeping her full raiment on the granary floor. Or else we bring again the pugilists from Caracalla's bath,—bruised ears and faces, livid with unheeded blows,—their strained arms bound with thongs, and clamps of iron on their fists. Processions move in endless line, of godlike youths on prancing steeds, of women bearing baskets full of cakes and flowers, of oxen lowing

to the sacrifice. The Trojan heroes fall with smiles upon their lips; the Athlete draws the strigil down his arm; the sons of Niobe lie stricken, beautiful in death. Cups, too, and vases help us, chased with figures of all kinds,—dance, festival, love-making, rustic sacrifice; the legendary tales of hate and woe, the daily Idylls of domestic life.

Such are some of the works of Greek art which we may use in our attempt to realize Theocritus. Nor need we neglect the monuments of modern painting, Giorgione's pastoral pictures of piping men, and maidens crowned with jasmine flowers, or the Arcadians of Poussin reading the tale of death upon the grave-stone, and its epitaph "Et ego."

To reconstruct the mode of life of the Theocritean *dramatis personæ* is not a matter of much difficulty. Pastoral habits are singularly unchangeable, and nothing strikes us more than the recurrence of familiar rustic proverbs, superstitions, and ways of thinking which we find in the Idyllic poets. The mixture of simplicity and shrewdness, of prosaic interest in worldly affairs, and of an unconscious admiration for the poetry of nature, which George Sand has recently assigned with delicate analysis to the Bucolic character in her Idylls of Nohant, meets us in every line of the Sicilian pastorals. On the Mediterranean shores, too, the same occupations have been carried on for centuries with little interruption. The same fields are being ploughed, the same vineyards tilled, the same olive gardens planted, as those in which Theocritus played as a child. The rocks on which he saw old Olpis watching for the tunnies, with fishing-reed and rush basket, are still haunted through sunny hours by patient fishermen. Perhaps they cut their reeds and rushes in the same river beds; certainly they use the same sort of *κάλamos*. The goats have not forgotten to crop cytissus and myrtle, nor have the goat-herds changed their shaggy trousers and long crooks. You may still pick out a shepherd lad among a hundred by his skin and cloak. It is even said that the country ditties of the Neapolitans are Greek; and how ancient is the origin of local superstitions, who shall say? The country folk still prefer, like Cornutus in the fifth Idyll, garden-grown roses to the wild eglantine and anemones of the hedgerow, scorning what has not required some cost or trouble for its cultivation. Gretchen's test of love by blowing on thistle-down does not differ much from that of the shepherd in the third Idyll. Live blood in the eye is still a sign of mysterious importance (Idyll iii. 36). To

spit is still a remedy against the evil eye (vii. 39). Eunice, the town girl, still turns up her nose at the awkward cowerdly; city and country are not yet wholly harmonized by improved means of locomotion. Then the people of the south are perfectly unchanged; the fisher boys of Castellamare; the tall straight girls of Capri singing as they walk with pitchers on their heads and distaffs in their hands; the wild Apulian shepherds; the men and maidens laughing in the olive fields or vineyards; the black-browed beauties of the Cornice trooping to church on Sundays with gold earrings, and with pink tulip-buds in their dark hair. One thing, however, is greatly altered. Go where we will, we find no statues of Priapus and the Nymphs. No lambs are sacrificed to Pan. No honey or milk is poured upon the altars of the rustic Muse. The temples are in ruins. Aloes and cactuses have invaded the colonnades of Girgenti, and through the halls of Pæstum winds whistle, and sunbeams stream unheeded. But though the gods are gone, men remain unaltered. A little less careless, a little more superstitious, they may be; but their joys and sorrows, their vices and virtues, their loves and hates, are still the same. Such reflections are trite and commonplace. Yet who can resist the force of their truth and pathos?

οὐχ ἄμιν τὸν Ἔρωτα μόνους ἔτεχ', ὥς εἰδοκῆμες,
Νικία, ὅστις τούτο θεῶν ποκα τέκνον ἔγεντο·
οὐχ ἄμιν τὰ καλὰ πῶτοισ καλὰ φαίνεται ἥμες,
οἱ θνατοὶ πελόμεσθα, τὸ δ' αἶριον οὐκ ἐσορώμες,

said Theocritus, looking back into the far past, and remembering that the gifts of love and beauty have belonged to men from everlasting. With what redoubled force may we, after the lapse of twenty centuries, echo these words, when we tread the ground he knew, and read the songs he sang! His hills stir our vague and yearning admiration, his sea laughs its old laugh of waywardness and glee, his flowers bloom yearly, and fade in the spring, his pine and olive branches overshadow us, we listen to the bleating of his goats, and taste the sweetness of the springs from which he drank, the milk and honey are as fresh upon our lips, the wine in winter by the woodfire, when the winds are loud, is just as fragrant, youth is still youth, nor have the dark-eyed maidens lost their charm. Truly οὐχ ἄμιν τὰ καλὰ πῶτοισ καλὰ φαίνεται εἰμεν. In this consists the power of Theocritean poetry. It strikes a note, which echoes through our hearts by reason of its genuine simplicity and pathos. The thoughts which natural beauty stirs in our

minds find their embodiment in his sweet strange verse; and though since his time the world has grown old, though the gods of Greece have rent their veils and fled with shrieks from their sanctuaries, though in spite of ourselves we turn our faces skyward from the earth, though emaciated saints and martyrs have supplanted Adonis and the Graces, though the cold damp shades of Calvinism have chilled our marrow and our blood, yet there remain deep down within our souls some primal sympathies with nature, some instincts of the Faun, or Satyr, or Sylvan, which education has not quite eradicated. The hand which hath long time held a violet does not soon forego her fragrance, nor the cup from which sweet wine hath flowed his fragrance.

We have dwelt long upon the peculiar properties of classical landscapes as described by the Greek idyllists, and as they still exist for travellers upon the more sheltered shores of the Mediterranean, because it is necessary to understand them before we can appreciate the truth of Theocritus. Of late years much has been written about the difference between classical and modern ways of regarding landscape. Mr. Ruskin has tried to persuade us that the ancients only cared for the more cultivated parts of nature, for gardens or orchards, from which food or profit or luxurious pleasure might be derived. And in this view there is, no doubt, some truth. The Greeks and Romans paid far less attention to inanimate nature than we do, and were beyond all question repelled by the savage grandeur of marine and mountain scenery, preferring landscapes of smiling and cultivated beauty to rugged sublimity or the picturesqueness of decay. In this they resembled all southern nations. An Italian of the present day avoids ruinous places and solitudes however splendid. Among the mountains he complains of the *brutto paese* in which he has to live, and is always longing for town gaieties and the amenities of civilized society. The ancients again despised all interests that pretended to rival the paramount interest of civic or military life. Seneca's figurative expression, *circum flosculos occupatur*, might be translated literally as applied to a trifler, to denote the scorn which thinkers, statesmen, patriots, and generals of Greece and Rome felt for mere rural prettiness; while Quintilian's verdict on Theocritus (whom, however, he allows to be *admirabilis in suo genere*); *musa illa rustica et pastoralis non forum modo verum ipsam etiam urbem reformidat*, characterizes the insensibility of urban intellects to a branch of art which we consider of high importance. But it is very

easy to overstrain this view, and Mr. Ruskin, we think, has laid an undue stress on Homer in his criticism of the classics; whereas it is among the later Greek and Roman poets that the analogy of modern literature would lead us to expect indications of a genuine taste for unadorned nature. These signs the Idyllic poets amply supply; but in seeking for them we must be prepared to recognise a very different mode of expression from that which we are used to in the florid poets of the modern age. Conciseness, simplicity, and an almost prosaic accuracy, are the never-failing attributes of classical descriptive art. Moreover, humanity is always more present to their minds than to ours. Nothing evoked sympathy from a Greek unless it appeared before him in a human shape, or in connexion with some human sentiment. The ancient poets do not describe inanimate nature as such, or attribute a vague spirituality to fields and clouds. That feeling for the beauty of the world which is embodied in such poems as Shelley's Ode to the West Wind, gave birth in their imagination to definite legends, involving some dramatic interest and conflict of passions. We who are apt to look for rhapsodies and brilliant outpourings of eloquent fancy, can scarcely bring ourselves to recollect what a delicate sense of nature and what profound emotions are implied in the conceptions of Pan and Hyacinthus and Galatea. The misuse which has been made of mythology by modern writers has effaced half its vigour and charm. It is only by returning to the nature which inspired these myths that we can reconstruct their exquisite vitality. Different ages and nations express themselves by different forms of art. Music appears to be dominant in the present period; sculpture ruled among the Greeks, and struck the key-note for all other arts. Even those sentiments which in our mind are most vague, the admiration of sunset skies, or flowers or copsewoods in spring, were expressed by them in the language of definite human form. They sought to externalize and realize as far as possible, not to communicate the inmost feelings and spiritual suggestions arising out of natural objects. Never advancing beyond corporeal conditions, they confined themselves to form, and sacrificed the charm of mystery, which is incompatible with very definite conception. It was on this account that sculpture, the most exactly imitative of the arts, became literally Architectonic among the Greeks. And, for a precisely similar reason, music, which is the most abstract and subjective of the arts, the most eva-

nescent in its material, and the vaguest, assumes the chief rank among modern arts. Sculpture is the language of the body, music the language of the soul. Having once admitted their peculiar mode of feeling Nature, no one can deny that landscape occupies an important place in Greek literature. Every line of Theocritus is vital with a strong passion for natural beauty, incarnated in myths. But even in descriptive poetry he is not deficient. His list of trees and flowers is long, and the epithets with which they are characterized are very exquisite,—not indeed brilliant with the in-breathed fancy of the North, but so perfectly appropriate as to define the special beauty of the flower or tree selected. In the same way, a whole scene is conveyed in a few words by mere conciseness of delineation, or by the artful introduction of some incident suggesting human emotion. Take for example this picture of the stillness of the night:—

ἦνιδε σιγῇ μὲν πόντος, σιγῶντι δ' αἴται·
 ἃ δ' ἐμὰ οὐ σιγῇ στέρνων ἔντοσθεν ἀνία,
 ἀλλ' ἐπὶ τήνῃ πᾶσα καταΐθουμαι, ὅς με τάλαιναν
 αὐτὶ γυναῖκός ἐθηκε κακὰν καὶ ἀπάρβενον ἤμεν.*
Idyll ii. 38-41.

Or this:—

ἀλλὰ τὸ μὲν χαίροισα ποτ' ὤκεανὸν τρέπε πάλους
 πόντι', ἐγὼ δ' οἷσ' ὃν ἐμὸν πόνον, ὥσπερ ὑπέσταν.
 χαίρε, Σελαναία λιπαρόχροε, χαίρετε δ', ἄλλοι
 ἀστέρες, εὐκῆλοιο κατ' ἄντυγα Νυκτὸς ὁπαδοί.†
Idyll ii. 162 et seq.

Or this of a falling star:—

κατήριπε δ' ἐς μέλαν ὕδωρ
 ἄβροός, ὡς ὅτε πυρρός ἀπ' οὐρανοῦ ῥιπεν ἀστήρ
 ἄβροός ἐς πόντον, ναῦταις δέ τις εἶπεν ἑταίροις·
 κουφότερ', ὦ παῖδες, ποιείσθ' ὅπλα· πλευστικὸς
 οὖρος.‡
Idyll xiii. 49-52.

Or the seaweeds on a rocky shore [vii. 55], or the summer bee [iii. 15], or the country party at harvest time [vii. 129 to the end]. In all of these a peculiar simplicity will be noticed, a self-restraint and scrupulosity of definite delineation. To Theocritus the

* Now rests the deep, now rest the wandering winds,

But in my heart the anguish will not rest,
 While for his love I pine who stole my sweetness,

And made me less than virgin among maids.

† Adieu, dead queen, thou to the ocean turn
 Thy harnessed steeds; but I abide, and suffer;
 Adieu, resplendent moon, and all you stars,
 That follow on the wheels of night, adieu!

‡ Into the black wave
 Fell headlong, as a fiery star from heaven
 Falls headlong to the deep, and sailors cry
 One to another, Lighten sail; behold,
 The breeze behind us freshens!

shadowy and iridescent fancies of modern poetry would have been unintelligible. The creations of a Keats or Shelley would have appeared to be monstrous births, like the Centaurs of Ixion, begotten by lawless imaginations upon cloud and mist. When the Greek poet wished to express the charm of summer waves, he spoke of Galatea, more fickle and light than thistle-down, a maiden careless of her lover, and as cruel as the sea. The same waves suggested to Shakespeare these lines, from *Midsummer Night's Dream* :—

"Thou rememberest
Since once I sat upon a promontory,
And heard a mermaid on a dolphin's back
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath
That the rude sea grew civil at her song;
And certain stars shot madly from their
spheres,
To hear the sea-maid's music ;"

and to Weber the ethereal "mermaid's song" in *Oberon*. No one acquainted with Shakespeare and Weber can deny that both have expressed with marvellous subtlety the magic of the sea in its enchanting calm, whereas the Greek poet works only by indirect suggestion, and presents us with a human portrait more than a phantom of the glamour of the deep. What we have lost in definite projection we have gained in truth, variety, and freedom. The language of our Art appeals immediately to the emotions, disclosing the spiritual reality of things, and caring less for their form than for the feelings they excite in us. Greek art remains upon the surface, and translates into marble the humanized aspects of the external world. The one is for ever seeking to set free, the other to imprison thought. The Greek tells with exquisite precision what he has observed, investing it perhaps with his own emotion. He says, for instance :—

αἶθε γεινοίμαν
ἀ βομβεῦσα μέλισσα καὶ ἐς τεὸν ἄντρον ἰκοίμαν,
τὸν κισσὸν διαδύς καὶ τὰν πτέρυν ἧ τὴν πυκάδῃ.*

The modern poet, to use Shelley's words,

"will watch from dawn till gloom
The lake-reflected sun illumo
The yellow bees in the ivy bloom;
Nor heed nor see what shapes they be,
But from these create he can
Forms more real than living man,
Nurslings of immortality,"

* Would I were

The murmuring bee, that through the ivy
screen,
And through the fern that hides thee, I might
come
Into thy cavern !

endeavouring to look through and beyond the objects of the outer world, to use them as the starting-points for his creative fancy, and to embroider their materials with the dazzling *floriture* of his invention. Metamorphosis existed for the Greek poet as a simple fact: if the blood of Adonis became anemones, yet the actual drops of blood and the flowers remained distinct in his mind; and even though he may have been sceptical about the miracle, he restrained his fancy to the reproduction of the one old fable. The modern poet believes in no metamorphosis but that which is produced by the alchemy of his own brain. He loves to confound the most dissimilar existences, and to form startling combinations of thoughts which have never before been brought into connexion with each other. Uncontrolled by tradition or canons of propriety, he roams through the world, touching its various objects with the wand of his imagination. To the west wind he cries :—

"Thou on whose stream, 'mid the steep sky's
commotion,
Loose clouds like earth's decaying leaves are
shed,
Shook from the tangled boughs of heaven and
ocean,
Angels of rain and lightning; there are spread
On the blue surface of thine airy surge,
Like the bright hair uplifted from the head
Of some fierce Mænad, ev'n from the dim
verge
Of the horizon to the zenith's height,
The locks of the approaching storm."

Imagine how astonished even Æschylus would have been at these violent transitions and audacious transformations! The Greeks had no conceits; they did not call the waves 'nodding hearse-plumes' like Calderon, or the birds 'winged lyres' like Marini, or daisies 'pearled Arcturi of the earth' like Shelley, or laburnums 'dropping wells of fire' like Tennyson. If they ventured on such licences in their more impassioned lyrics, they maintained the metaphor with strict propriety. One good instance of the difference in this respect between the two ages is afforded by Ben Jonson, who translates Sappho's

ἦρος ἡμεροφώνος ἄγγελος ἀηδών,

by 'the dear good angel of the spring, the nightingale.' Between ἄγγελος and *angel* there is the distance of nearly twenty centuries, for though Ben Jonson may have meant merely to Anglicise the Greek word, he could not but have been glad of the more modern meaning.

We have already devoted so much time to the consideration of Theocritean poetry

in general, that we can scarcely afford to enter into the details of his several Idylls. A few, however, may be noticed of peculiar beauty and significance. None are more true to local scenery than those which relate to the story of Galatea. In this brief tale, the life of the mountains and the rivers and the sea is symbolized,—the uncouth and gigantic hills, rude in their rusticity—the clear and loveable stream—the merry sea, inconstant and treacherous, with shifting waves. The mountain stands for ever unremoved; love as he will, he can but gaze upon the dancing sea, and woo it with gifts of hanging trees and cool, shadowy, and still sleeping-places in sheltered bays. But the stream leaps down from crag to crag, and gathers strength and falls into the arms of the expectant nymph—a fresh lover, fair and free, and full of smiles. Supposing this marriage of the sea and river to have been the earliest idea of the *Mythus*, in course of time the persons of *Acis* and *Galatea*, and the rejected lover *Polyphemus*, became more and more humanized, until the old symbolism was lost in a pastoral romance. *Polyphemus* loves, but never wins: he may offer his tall bay-trees, and slender cypresses, and black ivy, and sweet-fruited vines, and cold water flowing straight—a drink divine—from the white snows of wooded *Ætna*: he may sit whole days above the sea and gaze upon its smiling waves and tell the nymph of all his flocks and herds, or lure her with promises of flowers and fawns and bear's whelps, to leave the sea to beat upon its shore, and come and live with him and feed his sheep. It is of no use. *Galatea* heeds him not, and *Polyphemus* has to shepherd his love as best he can. Poetry in this idyll is blended with the simplest country humour. The pathos of *Polyphemus* is really touching, and his allusions to the sweetness of a shepherd's life among the hills abound in unconscious poetry; side by side with which are placed the most ludicrous expressions of uncouth disappointment, together with shrewd observations on the value of property and other prosaic details. If we mistake not, this is true of the rustic character, in which, though stirred by sorrow into sympathy with nature, habitual caution and shrewdness survive. The meditations of the shepherd in the third idyll exhibit the same mixture of sentiments.

As a specimen of the Idylls which illustrate town life, we may select the second, the humour of its rival, the fifteenth, being of that perfect sort which must be read and laughed over, but which cannot well be analysed. The subject of the *Pharmaceu-*

trix is an incantation performed in the stillness of the night by a proud Syracusan lady who has been deserted by her lover. In delineating the fierceness of her passion, and the indomitable resolution of her will, Theocritus has produced a truly tragic picture. *Simætha*, maddened by vehement despair, resorts to magic arts. Love, she says, has sucked her life-blood like a leech, and parched her with the fever of desire. She cannot live without the lover for whose possession she has sacrificed her happiness and honour. If she cannot charm him back again, she will kill him. There are poisons ready to work her will in the last resort. Meanwhile, we see her standing at the magic wheel, turning it round before the fire, and charging it to draw false *Delphis* to her home. A hearth with coals upon it is at hand, on which her maid keeps sprinkling the meal that typifies the bones of *Delphis*, the wax by which his heart is to be consumed, and the laurel bough that stands for his body. At the least sign of laziness *Simætha* scolds her with hard and haughty words. She stands like a *Medea*, seeking no sympathy, sparing no reproaches, tiger-like in her ferocity of thwarted passion. When the magic rites have been performed, and *Thestylis* has gone to smear an ointment on the doors of *Delphis*, *Simætha* leaves the wheel and addresses her soliloquy to the moon who has just risen, and who is journeying in calm and silver glory through the night. There is something sublime in the contrast between the moonlight on the sea of Syracuse, and the fierce agony of the deserted lioness. To the moon she confides the story of her love: "Take notice of my love, whence it arose, dread Queen." It is a vivid and tragic tale of southern passion; sudden and consuming, recklessly gratified, and followed by desertion on the one side, and by vengeance on the other. *Simætha* has, no doubt, many living parallels among Sicilian women. The classical reader will find in her narration a description of the working of love, hardly to be surpassed by Sappho's Ode, or Plato's *Phædrus*. The wildness of the scene, the magic rites, the august presence of the Moon, and the murderous determination of *Simætha*, heighten the dramatic effect, and render the tale excessively interesting. As a picture of classical sorcery, this Idyll is very curious. Nothing can be more erroneous than to imagine that witchcraft is a northern invention of the middle ages, or that the Brocken is its headquarters. With the exception of a few inconsiderable circumstances, all the terrible or loathsome rites of magic were known to the ancients,

and merely copied by the moderns. Circe in Homer, Sînætha in Theocritus, Canidia in Horace, the Libyan sorceress of Virgil, the Saga of Tibullus, Medea in Ovid, Erichtho in Lucan, and Megæra in Claudian (to mention no more), make up a list of formidable witches to whom none of the hideous details of the black art were unknown. They sought for poisonous herbs at night, lived in ruinous places, ransacked charnel-houses for dead bodies, killed little children to obtain their fat for unguents, compelled the spirits of the dead to rise, and after entering a fresh corpse to reveal the mysteries of fate, devoured snakes, drank blood, raised storms at sea, diverted the moon from her course, muttered spells of fearful import, and loved, above all things, to "raise jars, jealousies, strifes, like a thick scurf o'er life." Even in the minutest details of sorcery they anticipated the witches of the middle ages. Hypsipyle, in Ovid, mentions a waxen portrait, stuck full of needles, and so fashioned as to waste the life of its original. The witch in the *Golden Ass* of Apuleius anoints herself, and flies about like a bird at night. Those who care to pursue this subject will find a vast amount of learning collected on the point by Ben Jonson in his annotations to "The Masque of Queens." One fact, however, must be always borne in mind: the ancients regarded witchcraft either as a hideous or a solemn exercise of supernatural power, not recognising any Satanic agency or compact with Hell. *Hecate triviis ululata per urbes*, the "Queen of the Night and of the Tombs," assisted sorcerers: but this meant merely that they trafficked in the dark with the foul mysteries of death and corruption. The classical witches were either grave and awful women, like the Libyan priestess in the *Æneid*, or else loathsome pariahs, terrible for their malignity, like Lucan's "Erichtho." Mediævalism added a deeper horror to this superstitious and fetichistic conception by the thoughts of spiritual responsibility, and of league with God's enemies. Damnation was the price of magic power; witchcraft being not merely abominable in the eyes of men, but also unpardonable at the bar of divine justice.

Several poems of Theocritus are written on the theme of Doric chivalry, and illustrate the heroic age of Greece. They may be compared to the "Idylls of the King," for their excellence consists in the consummate art with which episodes from the legendary cycles of a bygone age are wrought into polished pictures by cultivated modern poets. The thirteenth Idyll is especially

remarkable for the exquisite finish of its style, and also for the light it throws on the mutual relations of knight and squire in early Greek warfare. Theocritus chooses for the subject of this poem an episode in the life of Heracles, the Dorian hero, when he and other foremost men of Hellas, *θεῖος ἄστρος ἥρῳον*, followed Jason in the Argo to the Colchian shores, and he took young Hylas with him, "for even," says Theocritus, "the brazen-hearted son of Amphitryon, who withstood the fierceness of the lion, loved a youth; the charming Hylas, and taught him like a father everything by which he might become a good and famous man; nor would he leave the youth at dawn, or noon, or evening, but sought continually to fashion him after his own heart, and to make him a right yokefellow with him in mighty deeds." How he lost Hylas on the Cician shore, and in the wildness of his sorrow let Argo sail without him, and endured the reproach of desertion, is well known. Theocritus has wrought the story with more than his accustomed elegance. But we wish to confine our attention to the ideal of knighthood and knightly education presented in the passage quoted. Heracles was not merely the lover, but the guardian also and tutor, of Hylas. He regarded him not only as an object of tenderness, but also as a future friend and helper in the business of life. His constant aim was to form of him a brave and manly warrior, a Herculean hero. And in this respect Heracles was the Eponym and patron of an order which existed throughout Doric Hellas. This order, protected by religious tradition and public favour, regulated by strict rules, and kept within the limits of honour, produced the Cretan lovers, the Lacedæmonian "hearers" and "inspirers," the Theban immortals who lay with faces turned so stanchly to their foes, that vice seemed incompatible with so much valour. Achilles was another Eponym of this order. In the twenty-ninth Idyll, the phrase, *Ἀχαιεῖοι φίλοι*, is used to describe the most perfect pair of manly friends. The twelfth Idyll is written in a similar, if a weaker and more wanton, vein. The same longing retrospect is cast upon the old days "when men indeed were golden, when love was mutual," and constancy is rewarded with the same promise of glorious immortality as that which Plato holds out in the *Phædrus*. Bion, we may remark in passing, celebrates with equal praise the friendships of Theseus, Orestes, and Achilles. Without taking some notice of this peculiar institution, in its origin military and austere, it is impossible to understand the

chivalrous age of Greece among the Dorian tribes. In the midst of brute force and cunning, and an almost absolute disregard of what we are accustomed to understand by chivalry—gentleness, chastity, truth, regard for women and weak persons—this one anomalous *sentiment* emerges.

Passing to another point in which Greek differed from mediæval chivalry, we notice the semi-divine nature of the heroes: *θεῖος ἄνθρωπος* is the name by which they are designated, and supernatural favour is always showered upon them. This indicates a primitive society, a national consciousness ignorant of any remote Past. The heroes whom Theocritus celebrates are purely Dorian—Heracles, a Jack the Giant-Killer in his cradle, brawny, fearless, of huge appetite, a mighty trainer, with a scowl to frighten athletes from the field; Polydeuces, a notable bruiser; Castor, a skilled horseman and a man of blood. In one point the twin sons of Leda resembled mediæval knights. They combined the arts of song with martial prowess. Theocritus styles them *ἱππῆες καθαρισταί, ἀεθληγῆρες ἀνδρείοι*. Their achievements, narrated in the twenty-second Idyll, may be compared with those of Tristram and Lancelot. The gigantic warrior whom they find by the well in the land of the Bebrycians, gorgeously armed, insolent, and as knotty as a brazen statue, who refuses access to the water and challenges them to combat, exactly resembles one of the lawless giants of the Morte Arthur. The courtesy of the Greek hero contrasts well with the barbarian's violence; and when they come to blows it is good to observe how address, agility, training, nerve, enable Polydeuces to overcome with ease the vast fury and brute strength of the Bebrycian bully. As the fight proceeds, the son of Leda improves in flesh and colour, while Amychus gets out of breath, and sweats his thews away. Polydeuces pounds the giant's neck and face, reducing him to a hideous mass of bruises, and receiving the blows of Amychus upon his chest and loins. At the end of the fight he spares his prostrate foe, on the condition of his respecting the rites of hospitality, and dealing courteously with strangers. Throughout it will be noticed how carefully Theocritus maintains the conception of the Hellenic as distinguished from the barbarian combatant. Christian and Pagan are not more distinct in a legend of the San Graal. But Greek chivalry has no magic, no monstrous exaggeration. All is simple, natural, and human. Bellerophon, it is true, was sent after the Chimæra, and Perseus freed Andromeda

like St. George from a dragon's mouth. But these ruder fancies of Greek infancy formed no integral part of the mythology; instead of being multiplied, they were gradually winnowed out, and the poets laid but little stress upon them.

The achievement of Castor is not so favourable to the character of Hellenic chivalry. Having, in concert with Polydeuces, borne off by guile the daughters of Leucippus from their affianced husbands, Castor kills one of the injured lovers who pursues him and demands restitution. He slays him, though he is his own first cousin, ruthlessly; and while the other son of Aphareus is rushing forward to avenge his brother's death, Zeus hurls lightning and destroys him. Theocritus remarks that it is no light matter to engage in battle with the Tyndarids; but he makes no reflection on what we should call "the honour" of the whole transaction.

Of all the purely pastoral Idylls by which Theocritus is most widely famous, perhaps the finest is the seventh or Thalyssia. It glows with the fresh and radiant splendour of southern beauty. In this poem the Idyllist describes the journey of three young men in summer from the city to the farm of their friend Phrasidamus, who has invited them to partake in the feast with which he purposes to honour Demeter at harvest time. On their way they meet with a goat herd, Lycidas, who invites them, "with a smiling eye," to recline beneath the trees and while away the hours of noontide heat with song. "The very lizard," he says, "is sleeping by the wall; but on the hard stones of the footpath your heavy boots keep up a ceaseless ringing." Thus chided by the goat-herd, they resolve upon a singing match between Simichidas, the teller of the tale, and Lycidas, who offers his crook as the prize of victory. Lycidas begins the contest with that exquisite song to Ageanax, which has proved the despair of all succeeding Idyllists, and which furnished Virgil with one of the most sonorous lines in his Georgics. No translation can do justice to the smooth and liquid charm of its melodious verse, in which the tenderest feeling mingles gracefully with delicate humour and with homely descriptions of a shepherd's life. The following lines, which form a panegyric on Comatas, some famed singer of the rustic muse, may be quoted for their pure Greek feeling. Was ever an unlucky mortal envied more melodiously, and yet more quaintly, for his singular fortune?

αἰσεῖ δ' ὥς ποτ' ἔδεκτο τὸν αἰπόλον εὐρέα λάρναξ
ζῶν ὄντα κακίσιν ἀτασθαλίαισιν ἄνακτος,

ὥς τέ νιν αἱ σιμαὶ λειμωνόβη φέρβον ἰοῖσαι
 κέδρον ἐς ἀδείαν μαλακοῖς ἀνθεσσι μέλισσαι,
 οὐνεκά οἱ γλυκὺ Μοῖσα κατὰ στόματος χέει νεκταρ.
 ὦ μακαριστὲ Κομάτα, τὴν θὴν τάδε τερπνὰ πεπύνηθης,
 καὶ τὴν κατεκλάσθης ἐς λάρνακα, καὶ τὴν, μελισσῶν
 κηρία φερβόμενος, ἔτος ὧριον ἐξετέλεσσας.*

The song with which Simichidas contends against his rival is not of equal beauty; but the goat-herd hands him the crook "as a gift of friendship from the muses." Then he leaves the three friends, who resume their journey till they reach the house of Phrasidamus. There elms and poplar-trees and vines embower them with the pleasant verdure of rustling leaves, and the perfumes of summer flowers and autumn fruits. The jar of wine, as sweet as that which made the Cyclops dance among his sheep-fold, spreads its fragrance through the air; while the statue of Demeter, with her handfuls of corn and poppy heads, stands smiling by.

This seventh Idyll, of which no adequate idea can be conveyed by mere description, may serve as the type of those purely rustic poems, which, since the days of Theocritus, have, from age to age, been imitated by versifiers emulous of his gracefulness. If we could afford the space, it would not be uninteresting to analyse the Idyll of the two old fishermen, who gossip together, so wisely and contentedly, in their huts by the sea-shore, mending their nets the while, and discoursing gravely of their dreams. In this Idyll, which is, however, probably the work of some of Theocritus's imitators, and in the second, which consists of a singing match between two harvest men, the native homeliness of the Idyllic muse appears to best advantage.

With this brief and insufficient notice, we must leave Theocritus in order to say a few words about his successors. Bion's poetry, when compared with that of Theocritus, declines considerably from the Bucolic type. His Idylls are for the most part fragments of delicately finished love-songs, remarkable for elegance and sweetness more than for masculine vigour or terse expression. In Bion the artificial style of pastoral begins. Theocritus had made cows and pipes and

shepherds fashionable. His imitators followed him without the humour and natural taste which rendered his pictures so attractive. We already trace the frigid affectation of Bucolic interest in the elegy on Bion: "He sang no song of wars or tears, but piped of Pan and cowherds, and fed flocks, singing as he went; pipes he fashioned, and milked the sweet-breathed heifer, and taught kisses, and cherished in his bosom love, and stole the heart of Aphrodité." As it happens, the most original and powerful of Bion's remaining poems is a "Song of Tears," of passionate lamentation, of pathetic grief, composed, not as a pastoral ditty, but on the occasion of one of those splendid festivals in which the Syrian rites of slain Adonis were celebrated by Greek women. The *ἐπιτάφιος Ἀδωνιδος* is written with a fiery passion and a warmth of colouring peculiar to Bion. The verse bounds with tiger leaps, its full-breathed dactyls panting with the energy of rapid flight. The tender and reflective beauty of Theocritus, the concentrated passion of his Simætha, and the flowing numbers of his song to Adonis, are quite lost and swallowed up in the Asiatic fury of Bion's lament. The poem begins with the cry, *Αἰδέω τὸν Ἀδωνά*, which is variously repeated in Idyllic fashion as a refrain throughout the lamentation. After this prelude, having, as it were, struck the key-note to the music, the singer cries:

μηκέτι πορφυρεοῖς ἐνὶ φάρσει Κύπρι καθευδεῖ
 ἔγρεο δειλαῖα κυανόστολε καὶ πλατάγησον
 στάθεα, καὶ λέγε πᾶσιν, ἀπώλετο καλὸς Ἀδωνίς.*

Notice how the long words follow one another with quick pulses and flashes of sound. The same peculiar rhythm recurs when, after describing the beautiful dead body of Adonis, the poet returns to Aphrodité:

ἀ δ' Ἀφροδίτα
 λυσαμένα πλοκαμῖδας ἀνὰ δρυμὸς ἀλάληται
 πενθαλέα, νήπλεκτος, ἀσύνδαλος· αἱ δὲ βῆτοι νυν
 ἐρχομένην κείροντι καὶ ἱερὸν αἶμα δρέπονται.
 ὁδὺ δὲ κωκύουσα δι' ἄγκρα μακρὰ φορεῖται,
 Ἀσσύριον βοῶσα πόσιν, καὶ παῖδα καλεῖσα.†

* "How of old

The goat-herd by his cruel lord was bound,
 And left to die in a great chest; and how
 The busy bees, up coming from the meadows,
 To the sweet cedar, fed him with soft flowers,
 Because the Muse had filled his mouth with nectar.

Yes, all these sweets were thine, blessed Comatas;

And thou wast put into the chest, and fed
 By the blithe bees, and passed a pleasant time,"

LEIGH HUNT'S "Jar of Honey from Mount Hybla."

* "Sleep, Cypris, no more, on thy purple strewed bed;

Arise, wretch stoled in black,—beat thy breast
 unrelenting,
 And shriek to the worlds, 'Fair Adonis is dead.'"

Translation by MRS. BARRETT BROWNING.

† "And the poor Aphrodité, with tresses unbound,

All dishevelled, unsandalled, shrieks mournful
 and shrill

Through the dusk of the groves. The thorns,
 tearing her feet,

There are few passages of poetical imagery more striking than this picture of the queen of beauty tearing through the forest, heedless of her tender limbs and useless charms, and calling on her Syrian spouse. What follows is even more passionate; after some lines of mere description, the ecstasy again descends upon the poet, and he bursts into the wildest of most beautiful laments:

ὥς ἶδεν, ὥς ἐνόησεν Ἀδώνιδος ἄσχετον ἔλκος,
ὥς ἶδε φοῖνιον αἶμα μαραινόμενόν περὶ μηρῶ,
παύχους ἀμπετάσασα, κινύρετο· μέινον Ἀδωνί,
δύσποτμε μέινον Ἀδωνί, κ.τ.λ.*

The last few lines of her soliloquy are exquisitely touching, especially those in which Aphrodité deplores her immortality, and acknowledges the supremacy of the queen of the grave over Love and Beauty. What follows is pitched at a lower key. There is too much of merely Anacreontic prettiness about the description of the bridal bed and the lamenting Loves. Aphrodité's passion reminds us of a Neapolitan *Stabat Mater*, in which the frenzy of love and love-like piety are strangely blended. But the concluding picture suggests nothing nobler than a painting of Albano, in which *amoretti* are plentiful, and there is much elegance of composition. This remark applies to the rest of Bion's poetry. If Theocritus deserves to be illustrated by the finest of Greek bas-reliefs, Bion cannot claim more than an exquisitely chiselled gem. Certainly the 2d and 3d fragments are very charming; and the lines to Hesper (fragment 16) have so much beauty that we attempt a version of them:—

"Hesper, thou golden light of happy love,
Hesper, thou holy pride of purple eve,
Moon among stars, but star beside the moon,
Hail, friend! and since the young moon sets
to-night

Too soon below the mountains, lend thy lamp
And guide me to the shepherd whom I love.
No theft I purpose; no wayfaring man
Belated would I watch and make my prey;
Love is my goal, and Love how fair it is,

Gather up the red flower of her blood, which
is holy,
Each footstep she takes; and the valleys repeat
The sharp cry which she utters, and draw it
out slowly.
She calls on her spouse, her Assyrian."
Translation by Mrs. BARRETT BROWNING.

* "When, ah! ah!—she saw how the blood ran
away

And empurpled the thigh; and, with wild
hands flung out,
Said with sobs, 'Stay, Adonis! unhappy one,
stay!'—*Ibid.*

When friend meets friend sole in the silent
night,
Thou knowest, Hesper!"

In Moschus we find less originality and power than belong to Bion. His Europa is an imitation of the style in which Theocritus wrote Hylas; but the copy is frigid and affected by the style of its model. Five-and-twenty lines, for instance, are devoted to an elaborate description of a basket, which leaves no impression on the mind; whereas every leaf and tendril on the cup which Theocritus introduces into the first Idyll stands out vividly before us. Nothing, moreover, could be more unnatural and tedious than the long speech which Europa makes when she is being carried out to sea upon the bull's back. Yet we must allow that there is spirit and beauty in the triumph of sea monsters who attend Poseidon, and do honour to the chosen bride of Zeus; Nereids riding on dolphins, and Tritons, "the deep-voiced minstrels of the sea, sounding a marriage song on their long-winding conchs." The whole of this piece is worthy of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*. Moschus is remarkable for occasional felicities of language. In this line, for example,

εὖτε καὶ ἀτρεκέων ποιμαίνεται ἔθνος ὄνειρων,

an old thought receives new and subtle beauty by its expression. If Megara (Idyll iv.) be really the work of Moschus, which is doubtful, it reflects more honour on him. The dialogue between the wife and mother of the maddened Heracles, after he has murdered his children and gone forth to execute fresh labours, is worthy of their tragic situation. ἔρως δραπέτης again, is an exquisite little poem in the Anacreontic style of Bion, fully equal to any of its models. The fame of Moschus will, however, depend upon the Elegy on Bion. We have already hinted that its authenticity is questioned. In our opinion it far surpasses any of his compositions in respect of definite thought and original imagination. Though the Bucolic commonplaces are used with obvious artificiality, and much is borrowed from Theocritus's lament for Daphnis, yet so true and delicate a spirit is in-breathed into the old forms as to render them quite fresh. The passage which begins αἰ αἰ ταὶ μαλάχαι every dabbler in Greek literature knows by heart. And what can be more ingeniously pathetic than the *nuances* of feeling expressed in these lines:—

φάρμακον ἦλθε, βίων ποτὶ σὸν στόμα φάρμακον
εἶδες.
πῶς τευ τοῖς χεῖλεσσι ποτέδραμε, κοῦκ ἐγλυκάνθη;

τὶς δὲ βροτός, τασσοῦτον ἀνάμερος, ἢ κεράσαι τοὶ
ἢ δοῖναι λαλέοντι τὸ φάρμακον; ἐκφύγεν ῥόδαν;*

And:—

τίς ποτε σᾶ σύριγγι μελίξεται, ὦ τριπόθητε
τίς δ' ἐπὶ σοῖς καλάμοις θήσει στόμα; τίς θρασὺς
οὕτως;
εἰσέτι γὰρ πνέει τὰ σὰ χεῖλα καὶ τὸ σὸν ἄσθμα
ἀλλ' ὃ ἐν δονάκεσσι τεῦς ἐπιβάσκει· αἰοδᾷς.†

Or again:—

ἀχῶ δ' ἐν πέτρῃσιν ὀδύρεται ὅτι σιωπῇ,
κοῦκέτι μιμείται τὰ σὰ χεῖλα.‡

There is also something very touching in the third line of this strophe:—

κεῖνος ὁ ταῖς ἀγέλαισιν ἐράσμιος οὐκέτι μέλπει,
οὐκέτ' ἐρῆμαῖσιν ὑπὸ δρυσὶν ἤμενος ἄδει,
ἀλλὰ παρὰ πλουτῇ μέλος Ληθαῖον αἰεῖδι.§

and in the allusion made to the Sicilian girlhood of grim Persephone (126–129). This vein of tender and melodious sentiment which verges on the *concerti* of modern art, seems different from the style of Europa. To English readers, the three elegies, on Daphnis, on Adonis, and on Bion, which are severally attributed to Theocritus, Bion, and Moschus, will always be associated with the names of Milton and Shelley. There is no comparison whatever between Lycidas and Daphnis. In spite of the misplaced apparition of St. Peter, and of the frigidity which belongs to pastoral allegory, Lycidas is a richer and more gorgeous monument of elegaic verse. The simplicity of the Theocritean dirge contrasts strangely with the varied wealth of Milton's imagery, the few ornaments of Greek art with the intricate embroideries of modern fancy. To quote passages from these well-known poems would be superfluous; but let a student of literature compare the passages, *πάποκ' ἄρ' ἦσθ* and *ὦ Πᾶν Παν* with Milton's paraphrase, "Where were ye,

nymphs;" or the concise paragraphs about the flowers and valleys that mourned for Daphnis, with the luxuriance of Milton's invocation, "Return, Alpheus."

When Shelley wrote Adonis, his mind was full of the elegies on Bion and Adonis. Of direct translation in his Lament, there is very little; but he has absorbed both of the Greek poems, and transmuted them into the substance of his own mind. Urania takes the place of Aphrodité,—the heavenly queen; 'most musical of mourners,' bewails the loss of her poetical consort. Instead of loves, the couch of Adonais is surrounded by the thoughts and fancies of which he was the parent; and, instead of gods and goddesses, the power of nature is invoked to weep for him and take him to herself. Whatever Bion and Moschus recorded as a fact, becomes, consistently with the spiritualizing tendency of modern genius, symbolical in Shelley's poem. His art has alchemized the whole structure, idealizing what was material, and disembodiment the sentiments which were incarnated in simple images. *Adonais* is a sublime rhapsody; its multitudinous ideas are whirled like drops of golden rain, on which the sun of the poet's fancy gleams with ever-changing rainbow hues. In drifts and eddies they rush past, delighting us with their rapidity and brilliancy; but the impression left upon our mind is vague and incomplete when compared with the few and distinct ideas presented by the Doric Elegies. At the end of *Alastor* there occurs a touching reminiscence of Moschus, but the outline is less faint than in *Adonais*, the transmutation even more complete. Tennyson, among the poets of the nineteenth century, owes much to the Greek idyllists. His genius appears to be in many respects akin to theirs, and the age in which he lives is not unlike the Ptolemaic period. Unfitted, perhaps, by temperament for the most impassioned lyrics, he delights in minutely finished pictures, in felicities of expression, and in subtle harmonies of verse. Like Theocritus, he finds in nature and in the legends of past ages, subjects congenial to his muse. *Cenone* and *Tithonus* are steeped in the golden beauty of Syracusan art. "Come down, O maid," transfers, with perfect taste, the Greek idyllic feeling to Swiss scenery; it is a fine instance of new wine being poured successfully into old bottles, for nothing can be fresher, and not even the *Thalysia* is sweeter. It would be easy enough to collect minor instances which prove that the Laureate's mind is impregnated with the thoughts and feelings of the poems we have been discussing. For instance, the figure,

* "There came, O Bion, poison to thy mouth,
Thou didst feel poison! how could it approach
Those lips of thine, and not be turned to
sweet?" LEIGH HUNT.

† "Who now shall play thy pipe, oh! most desired one;
Who lay his lips against thy reeds? who dare it?
For still they breathe of thee, and of thy mouth,
And echo comes to seek her voices there."
Ibid.

‡ "Echo too mourned among the rocks that she
Must hush, and imitate thy lips no longer."
Ibid.

§ "No longer pipes he to the charmed herds,
No longer sits under the lovely oaks,
And sings; but to the ears of Pluto now
Tunes his Lethæan verse."—*Ibid.*

"softer than sleep," and the comparison of a strong man's muscles to smooth stones under running water, which we find in "Enid;" both of them occur in Theocritus.

It is time we should bring our paper to a close, recommending to all lovers of pure verse and perfect scenery that they should study the Greek idyllists upon the shores of the Mediterranean. Nor would it be possible to carry a better guide-book to the statue galleries of Rome and Naples. For in the verses of Theocritus, Bion, and Moschus, the æsthetical principles of the Greeks are both feelingly and pithily expressed; while the cold marble, which seems to require so many commentaries, receives from their idyllic pictures a new life.

ART. VII.—1. *Ueber Kohlensäureausscheidung und Sauerstoffaufnahme während des Wachens und Schlafens beim Menschen.* Von Dr. PETTENKOFFER und Dr. VOIT. München, 1867.

2. *On Sleep, and some of its Concomitant Phenomena.* By Dr. LYON PLAYFAIR. Northern Journal of Medicine, 1844.

3. *The State of the Brain during Sleep.* By A. DURHAM. Guy's Hospital Reports, Third Series, vol. vi., 1866.

"HALF our days," says Sir T. Browne, "we pass in the shadow of the earth, and the brother of death extracteth a third part of our lives." This is a true estimate of the time passed in sleep, for however exceptional the requirements of certain individuals may be, it is undoubted that, as a general average, there should be sixteen hours of wakefulness and eight hours of sleep during the day of twenty-four hours. The moderns as well as the ancients are inclined to view sleep as the brother of death. "It is that death by which we may literally be said to die daily; a death which Adam died before his mortality; a death whereby we live a middle and moderating point between death and life. In fine, so like death, I dare not trust it without prayers, and an half adieu unto the world, and take my farewell in a colloquy with God."*. There is more poetical feeling than scientific accuracy in this analogy. Not that there is any anomaly in the supposition that death alternates with life in the same individual. The whole life of an animal is accompanied by

an incessant death of its parts; for every manifestation of muscular force, every sensation, every act of volition, nay, every intellectual thought, is accompanied by the death of the parts through which these were manifested to the world. It is the vegetable kingdom which is the cradle of organic life; the animal kingdom is the grave of organic death. As long as this death of parts is local, and capable of repair by the nutritive processes, which build new material into the same form and position as the dead matter that has been removed, the general life of the individual is not impaired. These partial destructions and constructions of parts are continuous, but not equal, for during a day of activity the former are greater in amount than the latter. Hence the necessity for a period of repose from labours, when both the muscles and the nervous system may be repaired—a period when a greater rate of nocturnal constructiveness in the body may balance the destructiveness of diurnal labour. Sleep is the period when an animal most resembles a vegetable in its functions of nutrition. Vegetative life is characterized by growth, and construction of organic matter. In sleep the animal is mainly a constructive machine, repairing all the parts which have been wasted during the day, and storing up force for use during the hours of wakefulness. It will be seen that we intend to examine sleep in its scientific aspect, laying to one side the metaphysics and poetry with which it is surrounded, while we solicit the reader's attention to the views which have lately thrown light upon a subject that has actively engaged the attention of thinkers from Aristotle to the present time.

It is necessary to the understanding of our subject, that some of the functions of the sections of the brain should be borne in mind. The encephalon, or brain, includes the entire contents of the skull, and is in connexion with the spinal cord, of which it may be viewed as a development. In the human brain, the upper part consists of two large hemispheres, termed the cerebrum, the supposed seat of intellectual activity. These become less in size and importance as we descend in the scale of animals, until, with some insignificant exceptions, they disappear in the invertebrata—fishes being the lowest animals which appear to have organs of ideation. Under the cerebrum is found the cerebellum, a distinct nervous region, which some physiologists believe to be intrusted with the powers of regulating and combining movements, although this exclusive power of co-ordination cannot be considered as established by experiments on de-

* Sir T. Browne.

capitated animals. Opposite the cerebellum is a large tract of important ganglia, forming the sensorium, or seat of the instinctive actions. Impressions made on the organs of sense appear to be communicated to the cerebrum through the sensorium, so that as soon as the latter falls into torpor, no external impressions can reach the hemispheres to excite in them intellectual activity. Without going further into the divisions of the brain, we may assume that no one will now contend with Cartesius that the soul of man resides in the pineal gland, or in any other *nodus vite*, but that all will admit that the whole brain forms its throne, from which is issued the mysterious government of the body. Yet this does not remove the necessity for admitting that certain tracts of the brain have special functions, some for ideation, others for executing the commands of volition, others again for adjusting and combining movements, or for the communication of conscious sensations, although all the provinces are in combination, and under one common government, with which they must be in constant intercourse. All the tracts of the brain proper have the faculty of ceasing their activity, or of passing into the state of sleep. Under the sensory ganglia, however, is an important region, termed the *medulla oblongata*, which prolongs itself into the spinal cord, and may be considered as a part of the true spinal system. This system never sleeps, but is always watchful, for to it are intrusted the movements of the heart, lungs, and intestines, and most probably also the important duties of nutritive construction. If torpor passed upon such automatic centres, it could only be that sleep of death which is the great slip that launches organic matter into the inorganic world, and the soul into eternity.

The cranium is freely supplied with blood, for nearly one-fifth of its total quantity in the body circulates through the brain during its waking state. It was an old error among physiologists that there was more blood, or at least as much, during sleep as in wakefulness; but this was disproved by Blumenbach, and still more convincingly by Donders, who made a cruel, though striking experiment on the subject. He cut away part of the skull of an animal, and cemented in its place a piece of glass, through which he could observe the brain in its different states. This experiment has been repeated by Kussmaul and Tenner in Germany, by Durham in England, and by Hammond in America, with like results. In the waking state, the brain is larger than it is during sleep, while in the

latter condition it becomes pale and bloodless. If the animal be disturbed by dreams, a blush suffuses parts of the brain; and after complete wakefulness the cerebral substance becomes turgid with blood, the whole surface being now a bright red, while vessels, invisible during sleep, are filled with blood coursing rapidly through them. The eye, which may be looked upon as an exposed part of the brain, acts in a similar way; for Dr. Jackson has shown that the optic disk is whiter, the arteries smaller, and the veins larger in sleep than in the waking state. In the circulation of blood in the brain, various precautions are provided to weaken the impulse in its ascent. It ascends against gravity in a vertical column, which, passing through an angular curvature, of the internal carotid artery, has its impetus lessened before it passes into the brain. On the other hand, everything favours the return of blood from the brain when it has done its work.*

There is another fluid in the brain which has a close relation to sleep, although its importance has not been recognised by writers on the subject. This is a watery fluid—the cerebro-spinal fluid—which bathes the brain on all sides, and in all its convolutions. It is secreted easily, and absorbed with equal readiness, so that, as the skull is a close cavity which requires to be always filled, a diminution of blood in the brain is attended with an increase of cerebro-spinal fluid. The spinal column and the brain are in intimate connexion, so that when the blood-vessels contract during sleep the fluid rises into the brain by atmospheric pressure; when they become turgid, the fluid is partially expelled from the brain into the spinal column. If the base of the skull is fractured, this fluid does not flow out while the patient is asleep, but begins to flow again from the orifice when he awakes. The cerebro-spinal fluid abounds in the brain of idiots, and others prone to sleep, and is in much smaller amount in the brains of persons of active intellectual habits.

Having now given a general description of the brain sufficient for our purpose, we proceed to consider the causes of sleep, after which its objects and uses will be again brought under review.

For a long time sleep was supposed to be a state of congestion in the brain, produced by a turgidity of the vessels. This is incompatible with recent observations already referred to, which have shown that there is much less blood in circulation in the brain during sleep than in the waking state. The old experiments supposed to prove a congested state of the brain in reality only

produced a bloodless condition of it. Magendie injected hot water into the brain and induced sleep. But in doing so, he necessarily expelled blood, by introducing another fluid into the closed undilating cavity of the skull. For the same reason, sleep ensues when the aorta of an animal is tied, or when arterial blood is removed from the body by bleeding, but not to an extent which produces convulsions. The compression of the carotids in men occasions a sleep amounting to stupor, as has been long known, for Rufus of Ephesus maintains that the word *carotis* has its origin in this fact:—"Arterias per collum subeuntes carotides, i. e., somniferas antiquos nominasse, quoniam compressæ hominem sopore gravabant vocemque adimebant." When arterial blood is withdrawn from an animal, and venous blood is injected in its place, sleep also ensues. The ultimate cause of these experiences is explained in the following passage, from the paper on Sleep by Dr. Lyon Playfair in 1844—

"Physiologists are agreed that, towards evening, or after a certain number of hours of work, the involuntary organs, the heart and lungs, lose their wonted activity, and suffer a periodical diminution of action." Blumenbach describes the case of a patient trepanned, in whom the brain was observed to sink during sleep and enlarge on waking, obviously arising from the circulation being diminished in the former state and increased in the latter. . . . Arterial blood alone can cause the waste of the brain, for venous blood has already parted with its oxygen to the materials met with in its course. Matter in a state of inertia cannot manifest the existence of a power. Motion alone shows that some power is in operation. If the portion of matter used as the organ of manifestation be placed in such a condition as to render that manifestation impossible, there is no evidence to the world that power was exerted. It has been perfectly demonstrated that every manifestation of power in the involuntary organs is accompanied by a change of the matter of which they consist. The changed matter being now unfit for vital structures, is separated from the body. Müller, and all other eminent physiologists, are of opinion that the same change takes place in the brain, the organ of the mind. In fact, the contrary opinion involves such violation of analogy, that its adoption, unless founded on the strongest grounds, is inadmissible. We look upon a spot attentively; it gradually waxes dimmer, until it finally disappears. We think upon a particular subject; in time our thoughts are less clear, soon they become strangely confused, and we are obliged to give up the attempt at concentration by thinking on a subject quite different from that which first engaged our thoughts. This of course implies that the organs of manifestation have become in part destroyed, and that the mind cannot manifest itself to the

world until the impaired organs have again attained their proper integrity; for it cannot be conceived that the mind, disconnected with matter, could suffer exhaustion. This involves, it is true, the idea that different parts of the brain are employed in different manifestations. We know that as far as intellect and sensation are concerned, this is the case, and probability indicates a more minute division. If, therefore, the brain suffer changes, as do the other organs of the body by their exercise, there is as much necessity for repose in the action of the brain as there is for a vegetative state of existence to reinstate in their full integrity its various parts. Hence the necessity for that quiescent state of the mind known as sleep, when its manifestations cease. The waste of cerebral substance could only have been occasioned by oxygen, which is the only ultimate cause of waste, as far as we are aware, in the animal economy. A deficiency in its supply would therefore retard waste, and allow vitality to remodel its impaired structures.

"Such, then, is the state into which the body is thrown by the periodical diminution in the action of the heart and lungs. The less rapidly that the heart beats, the less rapidly can the blood be aerated, and the oxygen bearing fluid be supplied to the brain. The slower that the lungs act, the slower must oxygen enter the system to supply the diminished circulation. And as the brain in sleep is not in a state in which it can change, from a deficiency in the supply of oxygen, the consequence is (if it be admitted that the manifestation of thought and sensation is accompanied by changes in the material substance of the brain), that the manifestations of the mind are prevented, and it becomes no longer apparent to the external world. THIS, THEN, IS SLEEP."

The theory, thus succinctly stated, is, as we have seen, compatible with recent experiments on animals having part of their skulls removed and substituted by glass. The observations made through this transparent medium show that there is less arterial blood coursing through the brain during sleep, and that consequently the conditions of waste are absent, while there is still sufficient left to repair the matter which had been wasted. But if the theory is true, it must explain the common phenomena of sleep, and must not be in actual contradiction to the important discoveries of Pettenkofer, who shows that oxygen is actually stored up in the blood in greater proportion in the sleeping than in the waking condition.

If the diminution of oxygen in the blood predisposes to sleep, the converse must be true, that its increase should tend to wakefulness. When a man is exposed to starvation, the inspired oxygen first attacks the fat and muscular tissues of the body, and while this emaciation is in progress he is low and depressed. After a time the substance of the brain yields to the circulating oxy-

gen, and delirious paroxysms ensue, because the brain-matter now wastes too rapidly for regulated manifestations of the mind. Ultimately the heart becomes enfeebled, the blood flows sluggishly, and is less arterialized, so that the brain receives a smaller amount of oxygen; the delirium then subsides, and the sleep of death follows. The case of a drunkard is somewhat similar. At the beginning of his carouse, alcohol stimulates the action of the heart, which now sends blood rapidly to the lungs for aeration. A large supply of blood disks consequently reach the brain, which is stimulated into activity. The ideas of the drinker now flow rapidly, at first coherently, but soon without control; the brain matter wastes too rapidly, and delirium ensues. During this time the volatile alcohol is diffusing itself through the system, converting arterial into venous blood, and loading that fluid with a spirit which has a tendency to prevent change in the tissues, so that the drunkard gradually becomes stupid, falls off his chair in the stupor of sleep, or, if too far gone, dies of venous apoplexy. In a like way intoxicating gas, the nitrous oxide of Davy, acts upon its inhaler. The first effect is to produce rapid arterialization of the blood, so that the inhaler has an ardent desire for activity. He tries to mount up into the air like a bird, or he becomes combative, and knocks down persons in his vicinity, while his ideas become wonderfully rapid, though incoherent. During this time carbonic acid is being abundantly formed, and its depressing effect soon ends the period of exhilaration. Under the influence of chloroform the period of exhilaration is usually momentary, for the vapour acts quickly on the blood, and soon changes that in the brain from a red to a purple hue. As the anæsthetic influence passes away, the purple hue fades, and numerous vessels filled with red blood again become apparent. Harley, in his experiments with blood, found that a small portion of chloroform added to it prevents transformation, and therefore yields the condition for sleep. The cases now cited show clearly that any cause which increases the flow of arterial blood in the brain produces cerebral excitement; while any cause which diminishes the action of oxygen produces depression, sleep, or torpor, according to its degree of action. The known tendency to sleep after dinner may be given as another illustration. When the stomach is distended with food, the diaphragm is made to encroach on the lungs, and diminishes their play, or, in other words, prevents the full access of oxygen to the blood. At the same time the stomach

becomes charged with arterial blood, and the vessels of the intestines also are unusually full. If an animal in the act of digestion be killed, the vessels of the alimentary canal and of the liver are found to be gorged, while those of the brain, spinal marrow, and even of the muscles, are contracted and comparatively bloodless. Here, then, we have all the conditions of sleep. The postprandial sleeper now draws his chair close to the fire, in order that his nap may be undisturbed. There are two physiological reasons for this act. Less oxygen is entering his body to burn the food, and he feels cold; but this cold would excite the respiratory organs to increased activity, and disturb his contemplated enjoyment. An after-dinner sleeper temporarily resembles the permanent condition of a pig fattened for the butcher. In its case, fat accumulated round the viscera pushes up the diaphragm against the lungs, and compels them to play in a contracted space. When the animal further distends its stomach with food, it gives a few grunts as an ineffectual attempt at a more active respiration, and is in a deep sleep in a few minutes. Obese men, from a similar cause, are also prone to sleep.

"The tendency to sleep in different animals is in inverse proportion to the amount of oxygen consumed by them, and to the amount of carbonic acid produced. Thus reptiles and the naked amphibia produce, relatively to their weight, according to the experiments of Müller, one-tenth the amount of carbonic acid evolved by mammalia and one-nineteenth that of birds. We have no numbers to express the tendency to sleep of these animals, but it is known that reptiles are peculiarly liable to be in a state of torpor or sleep, while birds are, on the contrary, wakeful animals. A reptile, such as a frog, will exist in a state of torpor for hours in an atmosphere of hydrogen, while birds die in a few seconds with the ordinary symptoms of asphyxia. The same circumstance of a diminished supply of oxygen, which induces sleep in reptiles, acts also in different mammalia in the promotion of this state, according to the relative size or activity of their lungs. It also operates in a like way with different men."*

Having now seen that the proofs are tolerably conclusive that sleep is due to a diminished supply of arterial blood in the brain, or, in other words, to the inability of the brain-matter to undergo those changes through which the mind can alone manifest itself to the world, we now proceed to consider more in detail than we have yet done, the object and purposes of sleep. These are mainly—

* Dr. Lyon Playfair.

1. The restoration of wasted organs.
2. The storing up of force.

We have as yet no exact measure by which we can ascertain to what extent the general tissues of the body wasted in the day are repaired during the night, though doubtless much is done in this way. As urea is the chief representative of waste, we might expect some light to be thrown upon the subject by ascertaining how much passes away at the different periods of the twenty-four hours. A man who spent two days, one at rest, chiefly in reading novels, the other at work with a turning-lathe, passed in the first day 58 per cent. of the urea in the daytime, and 42 per cent. during the night; while in the day of work 54 per cent. were eliminated during waking and 46 after sleep. As about 20 per cent. of the total quantity would have amply sufficed for the waste of the involuntary organs, which are still active during sleep, the figures show that the renewal of tissues and the removal of wasted matter are actively proceeding during the night. The cells, in which all organized tissues originate, have an independent vitality, and are not influenced in the performance of their duties by the sleep of the brain, so that nutrition still continues to be active, probably more active than at any period of the day, for construction is now the chief work of the body, the animal, during sleep, having chiefly a vegetative existence. The quiescence of the brain, and its inability to receive impressions or to send forth the commands of volition, permit a complete restoration of parts by delivering over the body to the entire control of constructive nutrition. Sleep, in this sense, is not the brother of death (*consanguineus leti*), but rather the preserver of life. Somnus was very probably the son of Nox, for she gave birth to the day as well as to sleep; but the ancients may have been mistaken in making Erebus, a deity of hell, his father, for his birth betokens rather a celestial than an infernal influence.

During sleep force is stored up in the body in a remarkable manner, as has been shown by the experiments of Pettenkoffer. At Munich, the King of Bavaria has erected a chamber, supplied with every appliance for measuring the air which enters it and for ascertaining the composition of the air that passes from it. This chamber is sufficiently large to enable persons to live comfortably in it during the time that they are made the subjects of experiments. Among other remarkable results which have flowed from the enlightened liberality of the Bavarian King, we have a series of experiments made on various individuals during their waking and

sleeping state. A healthy man was put into this chamber, with the light occupation of taking to pieces the work of a watch. Of the total quantity of oxygen inhaled by him 33 per cent. only were absorbed during the day, and about double, or 67 per cent., during the night; while the exhaled carbonic acid, the gaseous product of transformation, was 58 per cent. during the day and 42 per cent. during the night. In the day of mechanical labour, the difference between day and night was still more striking. These remarkable results, if they are confirmed by subsequent experiments, for which physiologists are anxiously waiting, prove that night is the chief period for storing up oxygen in the blood, to be used during the day in the production of work, when volition finds it ready at hand to execute the voluntary motions, and to enable the mind to make its manifestations through changes in brain-matter. If it be established that night is the time for storing up oxygen, the importance of sleeping in well-ventilated rooms cannot be too strongly insisted on. The workman has to store up his force during the night, and should take every precaution to assist Nature in fulfilling this important function. Pettenkoffer has compared this storing up of oxygen in the circulating blood to a mill-stream, which the miller can turn on one, one-half, or three-fourths, in exact proportion as the work requires. The will uses the blood-stream in the same way, having it always available for work. The miller has his mill-pond as a reservoir of force to supply the stream; while the will has its reservoir of force filled during the night, and amply sufficient to meet the wants of the day. But another analogy may perhaps explain the process still better, and serve to fix it in our minds. The little blood-disks sailing along in the stream of blood, with a vitality and motion of their own, may be likened to a fleet of tiny vessels in incessant activity. During the night they take in a cargo of oxygen in the lungs, and sail away with it to every part of the system. Some of them part with their cargo even during the night, and, laden with a return cargo of carbonic acid, sail back to the lungs, where they discharge it by exchanging it for a new supply of oxygen. But the greater number of our fleet are less active, and only discharge their oxygen during the day, waiting till night before they take up again a new cargo of this gas, which has so many important functions to perform.

What we have now stated as to the rich store of oxygen laid up in the blood during sleep, may appear to be inconsistent with the theory that it is due to a diminished oxidation of brain-matter. A little consideration

will show that there is no inconsistency. Sleep arises when work has diminished the oxidation of the blood, and increased the amount of carbonic acid in the system, or, in other words, the quantity of venous blood. It is not improbable that the excess of carbonic acid in the blood has a direct influence in the result, for the experiments of Liston have shown that this substance has a positive sedative effect upon the elements of the tissue, paralysing for the time their vital energies. The brain has diminished in volume by work, as a muscle does, and a flow of cerebro-spinal fluid takes place, helping at the same time to expel the blood from the cranium. The brain no longer being in a condition to oxidise, rapidly falls into unconsciousness, and the mind sending no commands to the voluntary organs, enables the blood to devote itself to constructive instead of destructive work, and to get rid of its excess of carbonic acid, renewing at the same time its oxygen. The increased supply of the latter, however, finds only partial access to the brain, from which it is shut out by the cerebro-spinal fluid. As the blood, however, becomes richer in oxygen during the progress of the night, it courses through the larger arteries still open to it (for many of the capillaries become, by their contraction, too small to admit the blood-disks, and pass only *liquor sanguinis*), and the increasing oxygen becomes the condition of a natural awaking from sleep. This explains the experiments of E. Smith, who found that towards morning more carbonic acid is evolved, even during sleep, than is the case in the earlier hours of the night. As the oxygen augments in the blood-vessels of the brain wakefulness follows, because that element acquires power to compel cerebral change, and the mind now finds the material, placed at its disposal for external manifestations, renewed and invigorated by constructive nutrition during repose.

Hybernation is that state of winter sleep to which certain animals are subject. Among the most distinct winter sleepers are the bat, hedgehog, the marmot, the hamster, and the dormouse. The bear and beaver pass their winter in lethargy, but may be active enough if aroused. Cold-blooded animals, including the chelonian, saurian, ophidian, and batrachian tribes, have a winter of lethargic apathy, as also have some kinds of fishes. Diurnal and winter sleep are periodical phenomena differing only in degree. A bat sleeping during the day sinks in temperature just as it does in its long winter sleep. Hybernating animals have a degree of muscular irritability inversely proportionate to the activity of their respiration. Thus reptiles,

with a sluggish respiration, have a high degree of muscular irritability, while birds, with active respiration, are much inferior in that respect. This provision is requisite during a long sleep to allow the low arterialized blood to stimulate the heart to action, otherwise the animal must die of asphyxia. In full hybernation very little respiration goes on at all. A bat during its sleep took sixty-six hours to produce $3\frac{1}{2}$ cubic inches of carbonic acid, its temperature being only half a degree above that of the air. The hedgehog, which wakes every three or four days to get snails and worms for food, in its waking state has a temperature of 95° , and in its sleeping condition only of 45° .

"Perhaps I might venture to throw out an explanation of the winter sleep of animals. In summer they accumulate fat in their bodies, probably from the very fact of the smallness of their lungs, which prevents the entrance of a sufficient supply of oxygen to convert the surplus unazotized food into carbonic acid and water. This fat, accumulating around the caul and loins, pushes forward the diaphragm against the lungs. The fat also gathers round the edges of the heart and lungs, and still further diminishes the space in which the latter ought to play. Thus respiration is greatly retarded, in consequence of which the animal falls asleep. This explanation accords with the interesting experiments of Saissy, who has shown that hybernating animals decompose most when they are in a state of the greatest activity, that they respire less during autumn, as their fat accumulates, and that the respiration becomes extremely feeble at the commencement of their winter's sleep, and ceases when that sleep becomes profound. There is not continued cessation of respiration, for during the long-continued sleep of hybernating animals the lungs play slowly, several minutes often elapsing between each respiration; the diminished state of oxidation in their bodies is proved by their reduced temperature, which is generally not higher than 4° above that of the surrounding medium. In this state, they may be aptly compared to lamps slowly burning, their fat being the oil, and the lungs the wick of the lamp. If this view of hybernation be correct, very fat animals should show a disposition to sleep, and it is known that pigs in the last stage of fattening are rarely awake. Instances have occurred in which pigs, being placed in a favourable condition, have actually proved their capability of being in a state analogous to hybernation. Thus, Martell describes the case of a fat pig overwhelmed with a slip of earth; it lived 160 days without food, and diminished in weight 120 lbs."*

We can scarcely take leave of our subject without alluding to the phenomena of dreams and wakefulness, although we now leave the region of science for that of speculation.

* Dr. Lyon Playfair, p. 6.

Wakefulness, more or less in degree, is the experience of every one under certain conditions, such as overwork of the brain, mental excitement, or the stimulus of tea or coffee. In certain forms of insanity this insomnia becomes protracted; and, as a result, mania passes by subsidence into dementia, because the destructive processes in the brain overpower the constructive nutrition, which is allowed no repose of cerebral functions to enable it to repair the wasted parts. When we work too hard or too late, all of us feel that the brain has been put into too active combustion by the increased flow of blood, so that we have not the power to quell the changes, and permit the brain to seek repose. Tossing uneasily on the bed, our efforts are to draw the blood to some other part of the brain, so as to give rest to the affected part. If our work has been such as to demand our reasoning powers, we excite the imagination, or we seek a monotonous mental occupation by counting a certain number, or go through the dreary task of reciting the list of kings and queens of England. All this is for the purpose of directing the blood-current to some other part of the brain, and to extinguish the fire which burns in the excited region. If all these efforts fail, we place our feet, and in extreme cases our whole body, in a warm bath, which, determining a flow of blood to the surface, removes it from the brain, and enables us often, with magical effect, to secure the coveted repose. Narcotics, as Harley has shown, have a wonderful effect in preventing the oxygen in the blood from transforming organic substances, and in extreme cases are used by the physician to combat cases of insomnia. Wakefulness in health is the result of excessive transformation of brain-substance, induced by the activity of mind which compels the change to enable it to manifest itself to the external world. In disease, this transformation, proceeding as a primary part of the phenomenon, induces the mental manifestations without balance or order, and results in delirium or insanity.

Dreaming appears to be simply a wakefulness of one portion of a nervous centre, while the other portions, and most probably the other centres, are in a state of sleep. Hence particular feelings or special kinds of ideas may be called into action by the transformation of one region of brain-substance, while other feelings or ideas are asleep, and are thus prevented by comparison and reflection from modifying those which are awake. Milton clearly sees this in a fine passage in which he writes of dreams when Reason is asleep:—

"Oft in her absence mimic Fancy wakes
To imitate her; but misjoining shapes,
Wild work produces oft, and most in dreams;
Ill matching words and deeds long past or late."

It has already been mentioned that when a trephined animal is asleep, and appears to be disturbed by dreams, a blush starts over certain portions of the brain. During dreaming the face usually becomes flushed, from a greater access of arterialized blood. A phlegmatic person, whose heart beats slowly, and whose lungs are inactive, rarely dreams. The greatest dreamer is the man of nervous temperament, whose heart and lungs do not move with the steadfastness of the pendulum of a clock. The states of dreaming may be likened to, possibly are, local states of brain-inflammation proceeding from a determination of blood to particular parts, but which, like the tissues of incipient inflammations described by Liston, "have an intrinsic power of recovery from irritation when it has not been carried beyond a certain point." In fever, the rapidly circulating blood, propelled with unequal velocity, produces a tendency to delirious dreaming. The convulsive starts which take place in sleep, often accompanied by oppression, are perhaps occasioned not by an excess, but by a temporary deficiency of blood in the brain, produced by some obstruction arising from inconvenience of posture or other cause. Epileptic convulsions are suspected to be due to a bloodless condition of the brain, and generally arise after extensive hemorrhage; they are probably an exaggerated expression of the nocturnal starts in sleep.

Aristotle's treatise on Sleep contains many errors and some truths. Among the latter we class, though Lewes does not, his assertion that sleep is the period in which nutrition is most active. We do not understand that Aristotle limited the period of nutritive construction to sleep, but merely that then it was dominant. Undoubtedly nutrition proceeds all through the twenty-four hours—perhaps, in absolute quantity, in as great a ratio in the day as in the night. But we have explained that the manifestation of force is always accompanied by a degradation of tissue, and that, while activity continues, its waste must be at a greater rate than its reparation. If the destruction were exactly balanced by the construction, there need not arise fatigue or inability of tissues to continue their work; we see this exemplified in the heart and lungs, which have no cessation from labour, from the birth to the death of the individual. The period of repose is required for the completion of such repairs as the nutritive process, though always at work, was unable to over-

take during the period of activity, and for a thorough overhauling, as it were, of the whole animal machine, so that it may be in perfect order for the next day's labour. It is this which, in the language of Shakespeare, makes life "rounded by a sleep." Lewes in his work on Aristotle objects to this view on the following grounds:—

"Were it true, the longest sleepers would be the strongest animals, since their repair of waste would be most effectual. Were it true, many dreadful cases of slow atrophy might be cured by opiates. Were it true, the sleepless maniacs, and men who sleep but little, would show a rapid destruction of substance. To admit that muscular and nervous tissue require intervals of *repos* is not equivalent to admitting that their nutrition is only, or even mainly, effected during sleep."—P. 260.

These objections do not appear to have much weight. It depends upon the activity with which nutrition is carried on in an individual, whether he may require a long or short sleep for the purposes of repair. Jeremy Taylor, John Hunter, Frederic of Prussia, Napoleon, Wellington, Humboldt, and the elder Descroizilles, could rise refreshed after two or three hours of sleep, while the average time required by mankind is eight hours. Long sleepers need not be strong men, as asserted in the above passage, even if nutrition is fairly active, for when the sleep is in excess of the requirements, as in the case of indolent and luxurious men who pass an inert life, the nutritive functions having done their work sink into abeyance, as there is no muscular or mental activity to cause further waste or to necessitate new construction. Nor would opiates in atrophy suffice to remove, though they might lessen, a disease which consists in the nutritive functions themselves being unable to fulfil their purpose. The protracted cases of wakefulness in persons afflicted with acute mania merely prove that nutrition still proceeds in that state; this no physiologist would deny, but the evidence that the destructive processes preponderate over the constructive is abundantly manifested by the physical and mental degeneration of the patient during the continuance of the insomnia.

We have written on the subject of sleep with a freedom which is justified by the present state of scientific inquiry. Though the mind acts through matter, the metaphysical writers on the insensative state of the mind, with the exceptions of such men as Bain, Laycock, Spencer, Maudsley, and Carpenter, dared not discuss the changes which notoriously influence its manifestations; and to say the truth, our feet have

not yet crossed beyond the mere threshold of the inquiry. Birth and death are the Alpha and Omega of man's earthly existence, which begins and ends with sleep. Even the fœtus in the womb of its mother reposes in a state of continued sleep, produced by the arterial blood with which it is supplied being adulterated with venous blood before it reaches the growing brain. After birth, the infant spends much of its time in the vegetative state of its existence most favourable to its growth, for in its case the conditions of waste are subordinate to those of supply. In middle life these are balanced, the experience of mankind showing that one-third of an active existence is still required to keep the body in a state of repair through the constructive processes dominant during sleep. In the old man the nutritive processes of the body are less active than the causes of waste, and he therefore sleeps frequently in order to favour the action of the former. At last the destructive action seizes upon some vital organ, and the old man takes his last sleep in death. The sleep of death, from which there is no waking on this side of the grave, differs from the sleep of life by passing over existence at a period when the nutritive processes are not in a position to repair that which has been wasted.

ART. VIII.—1. *Facsimiles of National Manuscripts from William the Conqueror to Queen Anne.* Selected under the Direction of the Master of the Rolls, and Photozincographed by Command of Her Majesty Queen Victoria, by Colonel Sir Henry James, R.E., Director of the Ordnance Survey. With Translations and Notes. Parts I.—III. 1865–1868.

2. *Facsimiles of National Manuscripts of Scotland.* Selected under the Direction of the Right Honourable Sir William Gibson-Craig, Bart., Lord Clerk Register of Scotland, and Photozincographed by Command of Her Majesty Queen Victoria, by Colonel Sir Henry James, R.E., Director of the Ordnance Survey. Part I. 1867.

3. *Sculptured Stones of Scotland.* Aberdeen: Printed for the Spalding Club. 1856.

4. *Sculptured Stones of Scotland.* Volume Second. Edinburgh: Printed for the Spalding Club. 1867.

PHOTOZINCGRAPHY has two great practical advantages over photography—first in the

far greater facility with which copies can be multiplied, and secondly, in the more durable nature of the impressions. Photozincography is in a word the translation of photography to the printing-press. The representations which it gives us are not in those mysterious chemicals which grow paler almost as we look at them; but they are embodied in those old familiar materials of paper and ink which have already proved themselves so good a match against the waste of time. It was a happy thought of Sir Henry James that such an agency might beneficially be employed to multiply copies of the most important national documents. To the Director of the Ordnance Survey the credit belongs, not only of having made photozincography what it is, but also of having demonstrated its capabilities in the service of literature and art. A twofold benefit has been achieved by the execution of his plan. A great public service has been rendered in placing these records beyond the reach of loss by accident. Their matter had been long ago secured by print; now their appearance and their form are guaranteed against destruction. And in addition to this public service, an excellent contribution has been made towards the studies of the historian. From the most advanced down to the beginner in the lessons of history, there is not one who may not derive profit from the contemplation of these beautifully executed pages. And when we say "history," we use the word in that large sense which includes all manner of changes, whether in politics, commerce, art, costume, language, or education. Public thanks are due to all who co-operated in maturing so desirable a work. Particularly it is due to Mr. Duffus Hardy that his very important share should be acknowledged, for it is to him that we owe the excellence of the selection, of which no more need be said than that it is worthy of his office and reputation. To Mr. Basevi Sanders, one of the Assistant Keepers of the Records, in whose charge the documents have been during the process, by whom the proofs have been examined and compared with the originals, and who has made the translations and explanatory notes, while we must in some matters of detail occupy the antagonistic position of the critic, yet we do not hesitate at the outset to declare that he has laid us under obligations by the way in which he has, on the whole, achieved his elaborate and multifarious undertaking.

Of all the antiquarian relics which serve as an aid to historical study by mere force of quickening the imaginative energies, there is perhaps none which has a more

telling effect than handwriting. The contents of ancient historical documents may, no doubt, be learnt most readily through the medium of print; but it is an appreciable aid to the mind to see the guise of penmanship in which such a document was drawn, to see the signatures of prominent personages, or to see actual letters as they were written by the chief characters in history. To dwell over the lines which their own fingers traced, to look at that which they had under their living eyes, is quickening to the imagination and fertilizing to the mind.

We have seen it asserted that the reproduction of facsimiles was an idle labour, because the only value of ancient documents resides in their contents, and the originals are useful only as guaranteeing the genuineness of the contents. Were this altogether so, the study of old writing would still be useful as a preservative against false originals, and as a powerful aid, in many instances, towards the chronology of literature. There are cases well known to the literary student in which it becomes very desirable to know the date of ancient handwriting at sight. Many undated scraps of writing, such as marginal annotations in older books, and memorandums on blank leaves, have to be assigned to their true date by the practised eye alone; just as in so many remains of mediæval architecture. These are among the examples of utility which rise from an acquaintance with the general and prevalent form of penmanship as it existed at the various periods of history. But we maintain that, quite apart from all that connoisseurship which belongs to the archivist or keeper or interpreter of records, and quite apart from the materials of history contained in the records, it is desirable for the historian to be acquainted with the successive forms of handwriting as an aid by no means contemptible, for picturing the development of humanity, and adding to those threads of continuity and cross-bands of association which are so strongly desired by the historian.

But these considerations are more obvious than serviceable. The difficulty which is felt by those who catch occasional glimpses of original writings is to get the practical faculty of distinguishing the penmanship of one century from that of another. It is easy to say that a readiness in knowing the date of ancient writing at sight is a most convenient acquirement for a historian; but it would be more to the purpose to show how such a familiarity may, without too tedious a process of study, be acquired. No man can afford to spend months or years in such a contemplation, even though he

might expect to be rewarded by that kind of familiar knowledge which a shepherd is said to have of the physiognomy of every sheep in his flock. The forms of mediæval writing seem to the occasional observer too indeterminate or too much alike to supply differentiating characteristics. The fact is, there are very few persons who have ever had the opportunity which is now presented, of surveying from end to end the course of transfigurations which English handwriting underwent.

The perusal of the handsome volumes now before us has led us to a clue which we think will render it comparatively easy to recognise every stage of penmanship at a glance. We think that a natural course of sequence may be found, as truly as it has been discovered and acknowledged in architecture. It may seem strange to the younger half of the present generation to be informed that the time is not yet out of living memory when mediæval architecture presented to the bulk of educated men as disorderly a jumble of arbitrary forms as mediæval writing still seems to do to most of us. And as the one has been found by patient study to open out into a beautiful series of æsthetic developments, so it is not impossible that some shadow of a like phenomenon may be discovered in penmanship. In developing this idea we must assume a knowledge in outline of the general course of the history of Gothic architecture. This is perhaps not too much in the present day to expect of most of those readers who are likely to take an interest in mediæval penmanship. Almost every one of any historical taste has found it necessary to acquire a general knowledge of the characters of the Norman, Early English, Decorated, Perpendicular, Tudor, Elizabethan, Laudian, and Italian styles of architecture, with their chronological relations to each other.

In the comparison which we propose to institute, we have a useful end in view, even though our theory should turn out to be merely fanciful. There is hardly any subject more obscure, and at the same time hardly any more attractive and fascinating, than the unsuspected connexions which often exist between widely different branches of human art. What, for instance, is the real explanation of the coincidence between the development of Printing and the decline of Painting? Up to that time the book-making art and the graphic art had been the closest allies. The change which increased the diffusion of books, turned the artist writer into the artisan printer. The manufactured book dispensed with the aid of the draughtsman and the illuminator. A

school of art was lost. This much is plain; but still this hardly seems an adequate cause for that marked decay. The connexion is more obscure than might at first sight be supposed.

It appears to us not improbable that in the radical relations of things there is a real connexion between the series of forms which developed out of each other in architecture and those which succeeded each other in handwriting. If such be the case, it makes a very interesting and remarkable example of a conscious and purposeful series of artistic works accompanied, as by a shadow, with a dimly similar succession of æsthetic products, unconsciously or half-consciously designed. And if there be nothing in the notion, if it be purely accidental or purely fanciful, still it may not prove absolutely useless for the practical purposes of the historian and archæologist, if it have only that semblance of reality which may lend itself as an artificial aid to the memory.

We are not aware that anybody has treated of handwriting in this artistic point of view, yet it certainly is quite capable of such treatment. That handwriting is something more than a mechanical work, is indicated in the familiar idea of guessing the character of the writer by his writing. When the mind is thrown into the form, the product begins to enter the realm of art. In our day, when everybody writes for himself, and the form of writing is little regarded, there is abundance of physiognomy in the various hands; but neglect of form prevents it from touching upon the borders of art. When writing was in a few hands, and the writers were an order or a profession, they became, more or less consciously, artists. Their calligraphy had a history, which is truly a branch of the history of art, and the changes which it underwent must be attributed to the working of some such art-instinct as that which leads to novelty in dress or in architecture. In these latter the type and standard of beauty is subject to variation, more frequently in the one case and more rarely in the other; and in like manner we see in writing not merely an infinite variety, like that of physiognomy, which is due no doubt to the infinite variations of individual character; but we also see, as in the case of dress and architecture, a succession of standards or types of beauty which from time to time make their appearance, win their way, extinguish some former type, culminate, and then sooner or later retire to make way for the next innovation.

There is a general and comprehensive sense, to start with, in which the course of English

medieval writing corresponds to that of architecture. They both occupy the same space of time; they rise together and fall together. We lay no stress on the term Gothic as applied to both, except as a testimony to the above fact; because there is no doubt that it was applied to the one in consequence of its companionship with the other. Gothic characters were so called simply because they were found to predominate on Gothic monuments and in Gothic buildings. The term Gothic, as applied to art, is said to have been started in derision by an Italian writer of the sixteenth century. If so, it was a most appropriate inauguration for a word which was presently to stand forth as the antithesis, in so many respects, of that which was Italian or Roman, or (more generally) classic. It represents in a general way the outgrowth of the northern mind of Europe as opposed to that of the southern. In philology and ethnology it comprehends the two great subdivisions of the Teutonic and Scandinavian families, from whom has proceeded everything which has constituted the distinction between the modern European civilisation and that of the Roman empire. Gothic architecture was a product of the north, perhaps of Normandy; but it nowhere had so long a career, it nowhere was so thoroughly domesticated, it penetrated the nooks and glens of no country so completely, as of England. Gothic handwriting also was a northern taste, which developed in the north-west of Europe; but in no country did it pass through such a succession of delicate transformations as in this country. The main grand result, that of the black letter, is indeed common to many lands, in a form almost identical. This was through the great commerce of literature which connected the Universities of Europe, and which led to the possession of a common writing-character for literature. This is the character commonly meant when "Gothic writing" is spoken of, but we must vindicate that expression as belonging to the whole series of varieties of the pointed style in penmanship. We only grant to the black letter that it is "the Gothic" *par excellence*, or the "Square Gothic," or the "Monkish Gothic." The great Romance lands of Italy and Spain never lost the roundness of their hand, although it was not quite unaffected by the influence of northern Europe. And it was this roundness which at length returned upon us with the revival of classic lore, and extinguished our native architecture and handwriting at the same time.

The three volumes of English historical monuments, extending from the Conquest to the year 1600, include the entire period

of that peculiar medieval style of penmanship, in which there is so much to explore. At the opening of the series (Vol. I. No. 1.) we see the decline of the style which preceded the Gothic,—a style which was, in fact, a British type of Romanesque. At the close of the Third Part the last lingering traces of the Gothic are being effaced by the general preference for the Italian hand, at the time when the Renaissance was changing the face of all things (Vol. III. No. xxv. and No. lv.) The earliest specimens still belong to that round hand in which the Anglo-Saxon manuscripts are written, and which has from this circumstance been sometimes called the Anglo-Saxon character. But this is not a good designation, because the Irish, Scottish, and Saxon manuscripts are all equally written in this character, whether the contents are in the Vernaculars or in Latin. What gives interest to this style of writing is the fact that it is peculiar to the British Isles, though not peculiar to the Saxons. It is the monument of that intellectual dominion which Ireland once exercised over the British Isles, and which extended itself beyond our seas to many parts of the Continent. This type of handwriting, whose origin we shall glance at by and by, begins to lose its character soon after the Conquest. Already in the two short Saxon documents with which the present series opens, we perceive a great declension from the bold round hand of the Saxon books. But in fact it was not a mere decline; it was a change in fashion. The same king who first imported the use of Norman seals, imported also the fashion of Norman writing. Not without justice has Edward the Confessor been styled by some historians the first of our Norman Kings. The change which Saxon penmanship admitted in his day finds no parallel in our history, as a foreign innovation, until the entrance of the Italian hand in the sixteenth century. This is partially visible in the remarkable historical document with which the series opens (Vol. I. No. 1.) The continental manner is discernible as a modification, but there is no assignable instance of departure from the Saxon penmanship, except in the form of the f. But it is more evident in Domesday (No. III.), a work of the last quarter of the eleventh century. The penmanship of this great national record has been made largely known through the excellent and extraordinarily cheap facsimiles which have been issued from the Ordnance Survey Office, under the direction of Colonel Sir Henry James. It is now in the power of every one who has a taste for history or antiquities, to possess, for three or four

shillings, the whole Domesday survey for his own county, separately bound. The writing of Domesday may almost be fixed on as the latest which still retains somewhat of the roundness of the earlier caligraphy. Nothing could have been better suited than this particular hand is for the preservation of such a mass of details as are enshrined in this voluminous catalogue. Whatever obscurity may hang over the interpretation of Domesday, it is hardly ever aggravated by uncertainty as to the reading. This period, which we now take leave of, corresponds both in time and æsthetic expression to that architectural period which is characterized by the semicircular arch.

To this state of things there succeeds half a century of transition, in which the old roundness is not quite lost; but there is a manifest tendency to grow pointed. Of this stage the present collection supplies two good specimens, of the reigns of William Rufus and Henry I. The former is a charter to St. Andrew's Church at Rochester; the other a confirmation of the convent at Wikes (No. XI.). To the first of these is appended an illustrious list of signatures, in the sense in which the word was applied at that time. The parties contracting or consenting did not anciently sign by writing their names, but by making the sign of the cross with pen and ink. Our words *sign* and *signature* are thus derived from the *signum crucis*, which meant the standard or emblem of the cross. The scribe wrote the signer's name to his signature. And accordingly, in the facsimile before us, the writing does not change with each name, of Archbishop Lanfranc, Archbishop Thomas of York, etc., but the fashion of the cross is different for every one—so different, that it is not altogether unreasonable to suppose that such a signature might have been afterwards recognised or disowned, from its very form. It is in the reign of Henry II. that the tendency to seek beauty in a new direction is clearly pronounced. We observe a studied and delicate manipulation which makes it plain that handwriting was become a fancy. There is a progressive elegance in the body of the writing, accompanied by an outgrowth of the tall letters, which in the previous style hardly emerge above their fellows. Connected with this is the larger space now allowed between the lines, up through which, as if towards some lofty ceiling, the long letters shoot their graceful shafts, tipped off at their summits with a gentle flourish, like the delicate chapter of an early English column. This progress is well exhibited in the present collection between the numbers VI. (Henry II.) and XIII.

(Richard I.). The numbers XII. and XIII., which fill one page, present an admirable and instructive contrast, which tends to carry on the history of penmanship one step further. For while the first of these two exhibits to the full the development already described, the second displays most strikingly the awakening consciousness of artistic effect, so that while utility reigns in the one piece, elegance is dominant in the other. No clear account can be rendered in description of the means by which this contrast is effected. Yet the contrast is palpable and obvious. A finer nibbed pen, a touch as of etching rather than writing, a subdued flourish (not luxuriant), an indulgence of fantasy in capital letters, but, more than all, an enlarged widening of the lines,—thus redoubling the effect of lightness produced by the interlinear expanse. Here the last traces of Norman massiveness are abolished, and the tall ogival gracefulness of the first pointed style is fully developed. And if we look abroad to see how far these features are peculiar to our domestic history, and how far borrowed from foreign patterns, we shall see just what meets us in architecture,—that something like it is found in foreign specimens, but nowhere the very same thing. That which the course of history most naturally suggests a comparison with, is with the writing usual at the Court of Rome. Now if we compare a Bull of the same period (as we may do in the Scottish Series, No. XLVII.), we shall see the same tallness, with some sense of gracefulness, but without the ogival pointedness. All through the mediæval period the Roman handwriting eschewed angularity, as Roman architecture never grew pointed. And it was that Roman roundness which was destined to overcome and extinguish the Gothic style by and by.

Hitherto we have had before us only examples of the most fastidious penmanship, but now our illustrations pass into a different region. The next few pages are occupied with Pipe Roll extracts, in which the general characters of the prevalent style are traceable, but much blurred by the habitual drudgery of the scribe. In most of the examples in this handsome collection we have the more choice performances; but here we have the hackneyed and monotonous penmanship of the office-desk.

The next example to be noted is the grand historical monument of the Magna Carta (No. XVII.). Here we are arrested by a change in the style; we recognise a development distinct from that which we have thus far traced. In fact, we have stepped aside into a separate department of caligraphy. The object was to get a long document into

the surface of a single sheet of vellum; and for this purpose it was not the ordinary business style of penmanship which was adopted, but that of literature, which naturally had preserved an archaic manner, and which had learnt the art of compression from the habit of dealing with large quantities of material. Hence the writing of *Magna Carta* (1215) carries us back a century or more, and indeed it is not very much more modern than that of *Domesday*. It is in the book-text of the day.

At this point we are at the root of one of the chief causes of difficulty to the student of mediæval writing. If all the varied forms which present themselves could be catalogued in one direct series, could be arranged in a single line on the same plane, as the variations of architecture may (with slight deflections for local peculiarity) be arranged, then it is probable that the history of writing would have been long ago cleared up. But the fact is, that there is more than one style in use at one time, so as to be distinct from each other, yet not without blendings and mutual influences. The business hand and the literary hand having once established a separate existence, took their own several lines of development, along which they travelled at very different rates of velocity. The one described a short course, and performed it very slowly and deliberately; the other passed with comparative rapidity through a long succession of phases. So that in the middle ages, when there was but one way of multiplying books, namely, by the pen, there existed two fashions of written characters, as distinct from each other as our present manuscripts are from print. The one of these was cursive or running hand, and was used in business, and the other was reserved for literature and the greater acts of diplomacy.

But to return to our æsthetics. By the middle of the thirteenth century, penmanship, no less than architecture, had entered into the florid mood. A very choice little example is No. xviii., a grant to Trinity House, A. D. 1256. It reminds one of the exuberant flourishes at the beginning of our juvenile copy-books, except that it is infinitely superior in taste. The next to it has the same character, with less careful execution, and more compressed; perhaps it is a mere office copy, as the subject is a proclamation. It is one of the most curious bits of early English that time has spared; if, indeed, it be not absolutely singular and without a parallel. It is the earliest specimen of English on the Rolls. As it has rarely been printed, and never before now published in a correct form (even in Profes-

sor Craik's *Outlines of the History of the English Language* a few blots remain), it may not be considered superfluous to insert some of it here:—

"PROCLAMATION OF HENRY III. TO THE INHABITANTS OF HUNTINGDONSHIRE, A.D. 1258.

"Heur' thurg Godes fultume King on Engleneloande, Lhoaverd on Yrloande Duk on Norm' on Aquitaine and Eorl on Anioiw send igretinge to alle hise halde, ilærde and ilæwede on Huntendon' schir'.

"That witen ge wel alle that we willen and unnen that that ure rædesmen, alle other the moare dæl of heom, that beoth ichosen thurg us and thurg that loandes folk on ure kune-riche, habbeth idon, and schullen don, in the worthnesse of Gode, and on ure treowthe, for the freme of the loande, thurg the besigte of than toforen iseide rædesmen, beo stedfast and ilestinde in alle thinge a buten ænde.

"And we hoaten alle ure treowe, in the treowthe that heo us oge, that heo stedfastliche healden and swerien to healden and to werien the isetnesses that beon imakede and beon to makien, thurg than to foren iseide rædesmen other thurg the moare dæl of heom, alswo also hit is biforen iseid.

"And that æhe other helpe that for to done, bi than ilche othe, agenes alle men: Rigf for to done and to foangen. And noan ne nime of loande ne of eghte: wherthurg this besigte muge beon ilef other iwersed on onie wise. And gif oni other onie cumen her onigenes, we willen and hoaten, that alle ure treowe heom healden deadliche ifoan.

"And for that we willen that this beo stedfast and lestinde, we senden yow this writ open, iseined with ure seel, to halden amanges yow ine hord. Witenesse us selven at Lunden, thane egtetenthe day on the monthe of Octobr', in the two and fowertigthe yeare of ure cruninge.

"And al on tho ilche worden is isend in to ævrihe othere schire ouer al there kuneriche on Engleneloande. And ek in tel Ireloande."

["Henry, through God's help, King in England, Lord in Ireland, Duke in Normandy, in Aquitain, and Earl in Anjou, sends greeting to all his subjects, learned and lay, in Huntingdonshire.

"This know ye well all, that we will and grant that that which our counsellors, all or the more part of them, that be chosen through us and through the land's folk in our kingdom, have done and shall do, in honour of God and in loyalty to us, for the good of the land, through the providence of the aforesaid counsellors, be stedfast and lasting in all things aye without end.

"And we charge all our lieges, in the fealty that they us owe, that they steadfastly hold, and swear to hold and to defend the statutes that be made and be to make through the aforesaid counsellors or through the more part of them, in manner as it is before said.

"And that each help the other so to do, by the same oath, against all men, Right to do and

take. And let no one seize land or goods, wherethrough this provision may be let or weakened in any wise. And if any person or persons come here-against, we will and charge that all our lieges hold them deadly foes.

"And for that we will that this be steadfast and lasting, we send you this writ open, signed with our seal, to hold amongst you in hoard (store). Witness ourself at London, the eighteenth day in the month of October, in the two and fortieth year of our crowning.

"And all in the same words is sent into every other shire over all the kingdom in England. And also into Ireland."]

A marginal note on the original describes this document as *Carta in Idiomate Anglico missa ad singulos Comitatus Anglie*.

Here Mr. Basevi Sanders has given the actual text in his accompanying illustrations, instead of, as in other instances, a modern version only. "We think it would have been a better plan if the original words had in all cases been printed opposite the facsimiles, and we are glad to see that in the Scottish series this course has been adopted. It is much harder, however, to give a correct transcript of the original than to give a translation of it. Many little shades of doubt as to the actual writing may create no doubt at all as to the substantial meaning. We think Mr. Sanders has mistaken his text when he copies it as "King ov Engleneloande Lhoavverd ov Yrlande Duk ov Normandie ov Aquitaine and Eorl ov Anjou," and we believe that in all these cases the word is not "ov" but "on." The reader will understand that there being no proper "v" in the writing of this date, but only the letter "u" for both purposes of *v* and of *u*, a doubt may well rise as to whether a *u* or an *n* is intended by the writer. But as we have said, this is one of those little shades of difference which vanish when the piece is rendered into modern phraseology.

The beautiful writing, of which we have spoken above, with its tall shafts, light flourishes, and graceful foliations, lasted from Henry III.'s reign to the time of Edward III. Amid all its incidental variations it has one most constant feature, and that is the foliated growth of the long letters. This is so marked as often to make the line a row of leafage like border patterns on Wedgwood's porcelain. One of the best chosen illustrations in Astle's *Origin and Progress of Writing*, Plate xxv., exhibits this with great effect. In the reign of Richard II., that marked period of change, this elegant style gradually underwent degradation and neglect. Having culminated in the latter half of the thirteenth

century, just at the time when Gothic architecture reached the acme of its vernal beauty, it sank first into conventionalism and then into contempt, and knew no after-bloom.

But, as in the pointed architecture, when the decorated was growing florid and fulsome, there came in a style which may be said to represent the dignity and staidness of the well-balanced character in mature life, and which insured to Gothic architecture another century of fruitfulness and splendour, so also in mediæval caligraphy had there been a collateral provision made, whereby a sort of perpendicular style, of weightier character and steadier equilibrium, should succeed to the fugitive glories of the now deflorescent cursive or court-hand. This was the famous text-hand of literature and diplomacy, which has since passed under a variety of names, as Old English, Text-hand, Square Gothic, Monkish Gothic, Church Text, Book-text, Black Letter.

Already, in speaking of Magna Carta, we have noticed the early indications of a second style of penmanship. As we proceed from the middle of the thirteenth century the distinction becomes more pronounced between the cursive-hand of social and commercial usage, and the text-hand of learning and the higher diplomacy. At Nos. xxii. and xxiii. (A.D. 1296) we have extracts from Ragman Roll, in which this contrast is well exhibited by comparison with the writing of Nos. xxi. and xxiv., which latter, as opposed to the scholar's text-hand, has been called the court-hand. As we proceed, the contrast becomes more and more pronounced. In the Ragman Roll the future black letter is by no means as yet formed, but there is an indication of what it was to be.

Of the two extracts here given from Ragman Roll, the first (xxii) is in French, and the second (xxiii) is in Latin. The former contains some of the forms of homage exacted from the Scots in 1296. The latter is the docquet or notarial attestation of the foregoing instruments. The French part is of far more value and interest than the attending Latin clauses. Especially the recital of the oath of homage merits attention. It runs thus:—

"Jeo serraï féal e leal, e foi e leaute porterai au Roi Edward, Roi D'engleterre, e a ses heirs; de vie, e de membre, e de terrien honneur, contre totes gentz qui purront vivre ou morir; e jammes pur nuly armes ne porterai, n'en conseil n'en eide ne serraï contre luy ne contre ses heirs, en nul cas qe poet avenir: si m'eyde Dieus e les seintz."

That is, in modern English:—

"I will be feal and leal, and faith and loyalty bear to King Edward, king of England, and to his heirs; with life and limb and territorial lordship, against all persons who can live or die [i. e., all mortal men]; and never for any one will I either bear arms or be of counsel or aid against him, or against his heirs, in any case that may happen. So help me God and the Saints."

We have deviated from Mr. Sanders's rendering of "terrien honneur" by "earthly honour," because, though it is perhaps used with the right meaning, it seems hardly to bring out the peculiar territorial value of the "honor" of that time, which meant seigniorial jurisdiction, and from which so many great properties are still known as "Honours."

The full development of the Old English character does not appear in this series, from the fact that it became more and more confined to literature. The Ragman Roll offers a nearer approach to it than any other of the pieces here facsimiled. Of its reflex influence on business documents, we have an example in No. xxix (A.D. 1371), the deed which is so famous for the supposed sign-manual of the Black Prince. But although it is not strictly within the scope of these volumes, we may be permitted to follow out that most conspicuous and most permanent of all the sorts of alphabetic character which have flowed from the mediæval pen. By the middle of the fourteenth century this form of writing had reached maturity; as may be seen by a fine example exhibited under glass in the Bodleian Library. This is a noble folio Psalter from Norwich, containing the following inscription: *Psalterium fratris Roberti de Ormesby monachi Norwiche per eundem assignatum choro ecclesie Sancte Trinitatis Norwiche ad faciendum pro Supplicare qui pro tempore fuerit in ppetuum.* The label attached to this splendid book assigns A.D. 1340 as a proximate date.

We may assume the middle of the fourteenth century as the date by which the black letter had attained such maturity of form as was to be attained with pen and ink. But another field lay before it, as we shall presently explain. It was the work not of the scribe, but of the engraver, to bring this character to that clean-cut and delicately-tipped outline which is its distinguishing perfection. When Caxton first used a fount of black letter in 1477, it had already experienced a metallic development of considerably more than a century.

It was in the fourteenth century that this character assumed its dominant position as the most dignified of all forms of writing.

In the course of this century it became the received character for lapidary inscriptions and the legends of seals. At the beginning of the fourteenth century this letter had not yet been put to this use; at the close of the same century no other was recognized. Previous to this the character employed in epitaphs, seals, and coins, was the Lombardic capital, which was introduced about the time of, if not by, Archbishop Lanfranc, the whilom Lombard lawyer. This fine round barbaric variation of the old Roman uncial is well known to the ecclesiologist in the lettering on the stone coffin slabs for that long period during which the leading words were rather *GIST* *ROY* than *HIC* *JACET*. This period closed in the fourteenth century. In that century, during which French yielded to English in courts of law and in literature, and during which Latin took the place of French in lapidary inscriptions, it also happened that the Gothic black letter superseded the Lombardic roman, in epitaphs and for the lettering of seals. And the date of this change may, for the convenience of round numbers, be fixed with sufficient precision at 1350. The seals of Edward III. have the round lettering till the date 1360, and after that the black letter. Mr. Boutell, in his *Monumental Brasses of England*, has indeed given an example of black letter on a brass as early as 1320, from Kensing Church in Kent, but it does not appear on what evidence that date is assigned. Our own experience seems to us to warrant the general conclusion that the transition in regard to seals took place about 1360, and with regard to monumental legends half a generation earlier. After this time the old Lombardic capital fell back into the position of a fanciful variety, for ornamental uses especially in initials. But there was one great exception to this. The coinage, on which this Lombardic letter had not fully superseded the ruder Saxon capital until the reign of Richard I., retained the Lombardic without change until the close of the reign of Henry VIII., when the revival of classical learning caused a return to the form of the original Roman uncials. Thus the black letter, though on seals it was universal, never appeared on the coinage at all, and we believe we are right in saying (with all deference to the better information of numismatists if we are mistaken) that the earliest British coin that ever has borne the black letter was the florin of 1853.

From this digression on the development and collateral expansion of the black letter, if we now return to our photographic facsimiles, we shall find that although, as be-

fore said, the mature black letter is not found here, yet there are various approximations to it, in the case of handwritings, on which it had exercised a main influence. In more instances than one we find the same page of the book containing specimens where one leans to the black letter while the other keeps to the more secular style. This contrast is well shown in the Nos. XLV. and XLVI., which are upon one page. Likewise Nos. LVI. and LVII., also upon one page, illustrate the same contrast. The first is a letter from Sir Simon Stallworthe to Sir William Stoner, describing the troubles in London A.D. 1483; and the other, in book-text, is an ancient receipt for making ink. These two styles of writing had now a recognised distinction which was the equivalent for that which in our day exists between written and printed characters.

At No. XXXV. we come upon a new phenomenon in the story of handwriting. Hitherto, we have been concerned only with the professional scribe or secretary, now we see the writing of noblemen and gentlemen, beginning with the royal name-signature in autograph. It has been much discussed which of our kings was the first to write his own name. If the examples here produced may be considered as complete evidence on the question, we should assign that distinction to Richard II. (No. XXX.), in a document of the year 1386. The previous piece (No. XXIX.) has the manner of being signed by the well-known motto of the Black Prince. But as regards this signature our own impression is so exactly anticipated by Mr. Basevi Sanders that we cannot do better than quote his introductory note:—

“XXIX.

“Writ of Privy Seal by the ‘Black Prince’ for the grant of a pension to John de Esquet. Dated at Angoulême, 25th April, 1371. It is difficult to say with certainty whether the curious signature attached to this document is really Prince Edward’s autograph or not. No other is known of his to test it by. From the instructions given, however, in his will, for the order of his funeral, we may infer that the mottoes, of which the signature is composed, were used by him to represent his name. By these instructions he directs that his body be borne to the grave, preceded and followed by banners bearing the words in question, ‘Hommout. Ich dene,’ which words are also sculptured on his tomb at Canterbury. The meaning of the first is conjectured to be ‘High Courage;’ concerning the second, so much has been written that it would be superfluous to discuss the question here.”

But, however it may be about the signatures, we have in No. XXXV., for the first time, an entire letter written by a princely

hand, technically termed a holograph letter. This term has been already applied by Mr. Sanders to No. XXXI., a letter from Lord Chancellor le Scrope; but it does not appear to us so obviously written by the Lord Chancellor as No. XXXV. does plainly appear to have been written by the Prince. It is from the Prince of Wales afterwards Henry V., to Richard de Clifford; and it is in French. A certain similarity may be traced between this handwriting and the stronger and bolder form in the fine characters from the hand of Richard III. (No. LVIII.), where he, A.D. 1483, continues in a postscript the letter written by his secretary; also the large loose scrawl of Henry VII., of whose handwriting we have here four folio pages, A.D. 1503-1506. The same writing substantially is that of No. LXVI. This latter is perhaps the most extraordinary document in the English language. It consists of Henry VII.’s instructions to his Ambassadors whom he sent to visit the young Queen of Naples, with their answers to the several parts of their instructions. All these are written in the princely hand which continued to be fashionable until the great innovation of the sixteenth century. In this hand we can only exceptionally and doubtfully catch traces of personal physiognomy. But it has a class character well and sharply expressed. It may for distinction’s sake be called the aristocratic. This name will be appropriate, because, in the highest regions of society, it yielded very reluctantly to the next new fashion, that is to say the Italian, or rather (for we shall have to subdivide) the Italianish. In the hands of secondary dignitaries it proved less obstinate, and this is why we assign it the provisional designation of the aristocratic. This hand, which was emphatically the social and fashionable hand, prevailed so largely in the fifteenth century, that considerable volumes were written in it, more especially those of the lighter kinds of literature, and such as would be acceptable at Court. Several of the Chaucer MSS. are of this aristocratic handwriting. Meanwhile, books of logic and theology and history continued to be written in the text-hand, which had already begun to stiffen into immortal type.

Such are some of the chief outlines of the varieties of English handwriting up to the invention of Printing. But we have as yet hardly mentioned that particular hand which was the model of Caxton’s first fount of metal types. It was natural that those who were the first designers of types, should choose the last new fashion of writing; so that our oldest printing corresponds to the latest development at the close of what may be called the proper manuscript period.

As we turn over and examine successively the pieces that are published in the National MSS., we come, in the middle of the fifteenth century, upon a hand (No. XLVI.) which seems entirely out of the lines of development that we have been tracing. It is in English, and of the year 1454 (33 Henry VI.), and is a petition to the Protector for letters of safe-conduct. The next piece (No. XLVII.) is in a similar hand. If we now compare these with No. LXII., a letter from Anne, Duchess of Brittany, A.D. 1490, we shall easily see that this must be a French style, which had got into England as French fashions did pervade England in the fifteenth century. This French hand was in fact a modified Italian, which perhaps first entered this island through France, but which was destined to conduct the English taste towards a complete imitation of the Italian style. It is that peculiar sort of penmanship which has above been touched upon as more fit to be called Italianish than Italian. It acted as the transition from the now degenerate and straggling Gothic to the round and regular Italian, which won its ultimate and perfect triumph in Queen Elizabeth's writing. This semi-Italian semi-Gothic style was in great favour with connoisseurs and admirers of fine penmanship, and was much affected by secretaries. In this hand some of our most beautiful English manuscripts are written; and, as an example, we may mention the Duke of Devonshire's fine manuscript of Chaucer at Chatsworth. This was the hand which served Caxton, or Caxton's instructor, as the first model for his type (A.D. 1474), and it went by the technical name of *Secretary*, a designation which indicates, as we presume, that it was copied from the writing most approved and practised in that profession. The selection of this latest novelty as the pattern of his types, is in perfect harmony with the subjects of his earliest books, which were books of pleasure and entertainment. Printing was at first regarded as a superior sort of toy, which would depend for its patronage on that leisurely class who could spend time on chess and romances and "Diotes and Sayinges of the Philosophers." To catch and please the eye of this class, "the Secretary" was pitched upon as the most appropriate model of type. But after his first two founts, he took to printing graver things, and had founts of the black letter.

We are not aware whether the Secretary has had a continuous existence from that day to this, or whether it has returned to use after a period of suspended function (as in the case of the black letter); but be this as it may, the Secretary is at this day one

of the varieties of fancy type known to the printer. It is much altered from its original character, and looks like a mere decorated *Italic*. As an example, we will print in the modern Secretary a passage in the words of Caxton. It shall be a short notice on the invention of printing, written by Caxton himself in the last book of the *Polioricon*, 1482. Caxton, narrating the events of the year 1456, thus expresses himself:—

*Also about this tyme the
crafte of Enprynting was first
founde in mayounce in Al-
mayne, whiche crafte is multi-
plyed thurgh the world in many
places. & lookes ken had grete
chepe and in grete nombre by
cause of the same crafte.*

Before we quit the first volume we will quote a piece or two out of the remarkable document we have referred to of Henry VII.:—

"Item, they shall in like wise endeavour theym to undrestande whethre the yong Quene speke any other language then Spaynysshe and Italyone, and whether she can speke any Frenshe or Latene. As to this article as farre as that we can understonde and knowe that the saide yong Quyn can speke no languages exsepte Spaynshe and Italian, hit ys saide that she understondithe bothe Latyne and Fraynshe, but she spekithe none.

"Item, specially to marke and note welle the age and stature of the said yong Quene and the feturs of hir bodye. As to this article as to the age of the saide yonge Quene, hit ys 27 offe yeris olde, and not muche more; and as to the stature of hir person, we can not perfetely understonde nor knowe, for comeunly when that we came unto hir presence, hir Grace was sytteynge on a pelowe, and other 2 tymes we sawe hir on hir foote goynge over thwarte a chambur that was not broode, wher she came yn at a dore, and came unto the Quyne, hir moder, beyng in the same chambur, and satt adoune by hir, at the whiche bothe the tymes she ware scippers, after the maner of the contrey, in suche wyse that we cowde not come to any perfite knowliche of the heizghte of the saide Quyne.

"And as to the fetures of hir body of the saide yonge Quyne, for as muche as at all tymes that we have seyne hir Grace, ever she hadde a grete mantelle of clothe on hir, in suche wyse after the maner of that contrey, that a man shall not lizhtly persayve anythyng exsepte oonly the visage; wherefore we cowde not bein centeyne of any suche fetures of hir body; but as farre as that we can persayve and juge, that she ys of no highe stature, but of a myddelle stature after owre jeugement, by the rea-

sone of the heizghte of hir slippers, wherof we have sayne an ensampelle.

"Item, specially to marke the favour of hir visage, whether she bee paynted or not, or whether it be fatte or leene, sharpe or rownde, and whether her countenance bee chierfull and amiable, frowninge or malincolous, stedefast or light, or blushing in communicacion.

"As to thys article, as farre as that we can persayve or knowe, that the saide Quyn ys not payntede, and the favore of hire viasege ys after hir stature, of a verrey good compas and amiable, and some whatt rounde and fatte, and the contenance cheirfulle and not frowneynge, and stedfaste, and not lizght nor bolde, hardy in speche, but with a demewre womanly, shamefast contenance, and of fewe wordes, as that we coude persayve, as we can thynke that she utterede the fewer wordes by cause that the Quyne, hir moder, was present, the whiche hadde alle the sayenge, and the yonge Quyn satte as demeuire as a mayden, and some tyme talkeynge with the ladyes that satte aboute hir with a womanly lawzgheynge chere and contenance, and with a goode agravite always, the ladyes talkeynge with hir haveyng theire contenances towards hir Grace with reverence and onor and obediens."

The second volume of the National MSS. is made up of select documents from the reigns of Henry VIII. and Edward VI., and forms a rich body of illustration for the handwriting used in this island and on the Continent during the first half of the sixteenth century. The pieces here given are, for the most part, in the handwriting of persons who are familiar to us. There are letters and autographs of Henry VIII., of Queen Catherine, Mary Tudor, Cardinal Wolsey, the Emperor Charles V., Queen Margaret and James V. of Scotland, Anne Boleyn, Cranmer, Latimer, Catherine Parr, Edward VI., Francis I., Prince Philip (afterwards Philip II. of Spain), Cosmo de' Medici, the Princesses Mary and Elizabeth, Gustavus Vasa, Lady Jane Grey, and other names of the highest distinction in history.

These documents have a manifold value for the historical information they afford, and for the light they throw on the English language. It is not perhaps generally known how great, and even insuperable, are the difficulties which attend the investigation of the mother tongue at any date prior to the eighteenth century. Almost all the older books which are in our hands have been so modified in the transition that they are utterly useless for the purposes of philological study. The true Bible of 1611 is one of our most valuable monuments of English, but it is very imperfectly represented, speaking philologically, by the current reprint of the authorized Bible. We do not say this by way of re-echoing the blame which, some

years ago, was unjustly cast upon the privileged printers for the multitude of little alterations which have been introduced without authority into the authorized Bible. The Bible of 1611 is practically for the bulk of the people at this day a book written in a dead language; and the minute reprint of that Bible some twenty years ago, by the authorities of the Oxford University Press, formed a decisive answer to all such complaints. But the fact remains that we have not, in our Bible, a book which carries us back to the English of 1611. Then, if we go to Shakespeare, how very few of the readers of the national poet have ever seen a dozen lines written and spelt as he wrote and spelt them! Until quite lately, that is to say in 1864, when Mr. Booth gave us his pretty reprint of the folio of 1623, and still later when Day and Son brought out the handsome facsimile of the first folio, executed in photolithography (a portion of which folio was copied by photozincography, as we understand, at the Ordnance Survey Office, Southampton), the original English of Shakespeare was absolutely inaccessible to the student who did not happen to live within reach of one of the great libraries. To this we may add further, that every extract that was made from a writer of the sixteenth century or earlier, was more or less modified when it assumed the form of a quotation.

So that it is not too much to say that a good domestic library in England shows its poverty in nothing so much as in its want of genuine examples of the early English language. We are not forgetting such excellent and careful reprints as Mr. Thomas Wright's *Canterbury Tales*, or Professor Reinhold Pauli's *Gower*, but with these are mixed, in large proportion, works which, like the small edition of the *Paston Letters*, give the reader a mixture of modern and ancient utterly useless for all purposes of study.

We have said so much on this subject, because it might not otherwise be apparent to the reader how new a thing it is to have a collection of written English of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries set before our eyes with *facsimile* exactness.

The second piece (Vol. II.) is remarkable for its signal interest both in minstrelsy and in history, as well as for the illustrations of genuine English which it offers. It is the report of the Battle of Flodden (1513) which was brought to King Henry VIII. as he was laying siege to Tournay, in France. Underlined are the words—"and the Cheshire and Lancashire men never abode stroke, and fewe of the gentlemen of Yorkshire abode, but fled." This representation makes a figure in the Ballads, as may be seen in

Bishop Percy's collection of Ballads, lately published by the Early English Text Society. But as an example of the interesting bits of English which may be found in these State Papers, we quote the following little paragraph: "The Lord Hawarde caused his vaward to *stale* in a lytelle valey tyll the rerewarde were joyned to oon of the wynges of his bataille, and then both wardes in oon fronte avauced against the Scottes, and they cam downe the hille and mette with them in good ordre after the Almayns maner withoute spekyng of eny worde." We have put the word *stale* in italics, because it is a word of unusual literary interest in our language. The meaning is,—“he caused his vanguard to rest or (perhaps) to camp in a little valley until,” etc. To show how significant this word is, we will venture to propose a correction of Sir Frederic Madden's version of the *Layamon*, at a place where this word is concerned. After Arthur's victory at Bath, the beaten Saxons are in retreat, and moving hastily up the slope of Hampton Down. There the Saxon leader “at stod and æc stal worhte,” which the learned editor has rendered “withstood and eke battle wrought.” We suggest that it means that he “came to a stand-still, and even made a camp,” or at least, a rest, a bivouac. To the reader who knows how great a place Sir Frederic Madden's *Layamon* holds in the modern restitution of decayed English knowledge, it will hardly be necessary to add that any correction of such a work must be offered with diffidence.

Assome further example of the beauty of this genuine English, we will take a couple of extracts from No. xxix., a paper which the editor entitles as follows:—

“INSTRUCTIONS to the ENGLISH AMBASSADOR at the FRENCH COURT for Answer to certain Overtures made by the Count of Nassau, and referred to the King by Francis I. through Monsieur de Brion, Admiral of France, his Envoy Extraordinary; and also in reply to a communication made to His Majesty by the Admiral on behalf of King Francis, with reference to his renouncing the title of ‘King of France.’—[March 1535.]

“Forasmoche as Monsieur de Brion, Admyral of Fraunce, nowe here in Ambassade to the Kinges Majestie from his goode Brother and perpetual Allye, the Frenche Kinge, hathe, syns his arryval here, on the Frenche Kinge his maisters behaulf, aswel opened unto the Kinges Highnes certain overtures made unto the Frenche King by the Countie of Nasso at his late being in Fraunce; wherunto the said Frenche Kinge hathe, ne wil, make any directe answer without the counsaill, consent, and agrement of the Kinges Majestie, forasmoche as their moost firme and assured amy-

tie, friendship and intelligence dothe soo requira; as also commened with his Grace touching his resolucion in some thinges moved to his Majestie by his saide goode Brother the Frenche Kinge at their late entrevue at Calays. The Kinges Highnes, moost thankfully accepting the gratuite and kindnes of his saide goode Brother in his behaulfe, hathe thoughte convenient to answer to every part of the saide Monsieur ladmyralles credence in maner and forme ensuyng. First, where the saide Monsieur Ladmyral hathe declared how the Countie of Nasso at his late being in Fraunce made overture unto the Frenche King on thempourous behaulfe for 2 mariages to be treated on; thone betwene the Dolphin and the Lady Mary the Kinges Doughter; thother betwene thempourous Sonne and the saide Frenche Kinges yongest Doughter. The Kinges Majestie, as his Grace cannot but moche mervayl to see, perceoye and conside herin thempourous malice, which, devising to enfeble and diminishye the strenghtes and puissance o. bothe Princes by the dissolucion of the moost entyer ande assurede amytie, wold tak his begynning in suche a mater, as neyther he hathe any maner of interest in (as in dede he hathe not in the Lady Mary) nor the Frenche Kinge canne with his honour bearken unto it: being the thing soo openly and manifestly grounded uppon rancour and malice, bothe towards the Frenche Kinge and the Kinges Majestie, as thereby it evidently apperethe he only myndethe the dissolucion of this amytie for the better acchieving of some of his oune purposes, without consideracion or respecte of his old frendes, conformably to his accustomed maner of dealing, whiche sekethe only to the dishonour of al Princes, as the saide Frenche King, who hathe susteynede great and sundry dishonours at his hande, dothe wel knowe, his present commoditie and advauntage with an insaciable appetite aspiring to the hole Monarchie of Christendom. Soo, his Grace nothing doubtethe but the synceritie of his goode Brother is suche towards him as neyther he wil give care to any pece of this overture tending to the dissolucion of their moost assured amytie, ne yet soo lightly passe it over but that he wil with himself deeply perpende and waye bothe what dishonour he hathe susteynede at thempourous hand and also howe, by the only harkenynge unto this mater, he wold procure yet more dishonour to him, bothe by the moving of him to set fote in a mater certainly voide of al honour, and also by covert meanes and untrne suggestion to incense him to the violacion, or at the lest to the interrupcion, of his amytie and frendship with his moost certain and assurede frende the Kinges. Highnes, to the great dishonour of his name and corone for ever in the opinion of al the worlde. Whiche the Kinges Majestie doubtethe not his said goode Brother wil of his highe wisdomes consider as appertayneth to his honour and utterly to surcease any further to commune in this behaulfe.

“The Kinges Highnes before he shal answer to this pointe, will moost entirely beseeche

his goode Brother that, in like maner as his Grace at the last determyned entrevue, was contentede, at his saide goode Brothers desire, not to have pressed him to the making of any semblable lawes to those agreeed upon here by the hole Realme for preservacion of the rightes and priveleages of the same, assauted by the injurys of the Bishop of Rome, soo, albeit his saide goode Brother, aswel for the zeale he berethe to truthe and justice, as thereby to shewe unto the Kinges Highnes gratuitie, shuld percause desire the Bisshop that now is, who hathe ever confessed the justice of his cause, for thoner of his See to revoke and denounce voyde and frustrate the unjust and slaundersous sentence given in prejudice therof by the late Bisshop diseasede. Yet the Kinges request and desire is to his saide goode Brother, that he, treating with the saide Bisshope herof, for correspondance again on his part, shall in noo wise move or desire his Grace to the violacion of any lawe passed in that behaulf, as a thing wherunto he wil in noo wyse condesende or agree. For, to be frank and playne with his saide goode Brother, his Majestie woll in noowise, directly or indirectly, confesse the Bisshop of Rome to have any jurisdiction in Princes. And therfor to conclude, the Kinges Highnes, obeyning this request of his saide goode Brother, and the saide Bisshop pronouncing by his meane the saide sentence voyde, woll not only be content to treate with him for his satisfaction in the renouncing of the said title but also to commune uppon a mariage to be concluded betwene the noble Princesses, his moost entirely beloved Doughter and Heir the Lady Elisabeth, and the Duke of Anguileme his goode Brothers yongest Sonne: whiche overture his Highnes doubt not his saide goode Brother wil esteeme as appertayneth."

Equally curious is the diction and orthography of one of the martyrs of the English Church, as exemplified in No. xxxi. —

"HUGH LATIMER, Bishop of Worcester, to LORD CROMWELL, October 19 [1537].

"Ryght honorable. Salutem in Christo Jesu. And syr here ys no lesse joyng and rejoyssynge in thes partees for the byrth of our prynce, hoom we hungurde for so longe, then ther was, (I trow) inter vicinos att the byrth of S. J. Baptyste, as thys berer Master Evance can telle you. Gode gyffe us alle grace, to yelde dew thanks to our Lorde Gode, Gode of Inglonde, for verely He hath shoyd Hym self Gode of Inglonde, or rather an Inglyssh Gode yf we consydr and pondyr welle alle Hys procedynges with us from tyme to tyme. He hath overcumme alle our yllnesse with Hys exceedyng goodnesse, so that we ar now moor then compellyd to serve Hym, seke His glory, promott Hys wurde, yf the Devylle of all Devylles be natt in us. We have now the stooppe of wayne trustes and the stay of wayne expectations; lett us alle pray for hys preservatione. Ande I for my part wylle wyssh that hys Grace allways have, and evyn now from the begynnyng, Governares, Instructores and offy-

ceres of ryght jugement, ne optimum ingenium non optimâ educatione depravetur. Butt whatt a grett fowle am I! So, whatt devotione shoyth many tymys butt lytelle dyscretion! "

"Ande thus the Gode of Inglonde be ever with you in alle your procedynges.

"The 19 of October.

"Youres H. L. B. of Worcester now att Hartlebury.

"Yf you wolde exeytt thys berere to be moore hartye aye the abuse of ymagry or mor forward to promotte the veryte, ytt myght doo goode. Natt that ytt came of me, butt of your selfe, &c.

(Addressed)

"To the Ryght Honorable Loorde P. Sealle
hys synguler gode Lorde."

With faithful specimens of this kind before us for the later period, and with the excellent reprints of the Early English Text Society for the early period, there is now a chance even for a man living in the country to trace the history of his mother tongue if he be so disposed. Perhaps it may gradually come to be considered, whether as a subject of study and a medium of education, the English language does not offer equal, or even greater, advantages than the classic languages in antiquity. Those languages we study in one brilliant portion of their career, the age of Pericles or Augustus: and however great the benefits we may derive from that study, one thing is certainly not attained, namely, the knowledge of the manner in which a language develops itself through the long centuries of its formation: a kind of knowledge which, more perhaps than any other, imparts to the student an insight into the spirit of history.

If we turn now to consider this second volume in relation to the penmanship it displays, there are two features which commend themselves more prominently to our attention. These are the development of individualism in handwriting, and the gradual discontinuation of Gothic characteristics.

As a useful example of the first, we may refer to Nos. iv., v., and vi., which contain three letters from Thomas Ruthall (A. D. 1513), Bishop of Durham, to Cardinal Wolsey.

The first of these is in a professional hand, corrected by the Bishop, the other two are in his own cursive writing; and they have in their way as much individuality as the human countenance itself. This is a new feature of the second volume, one which can be very slightly illustrated from the first. It is a thing which could only grow when writing had become a life-long habit, and the manner of its execution had developed itself

with all the other traits of the personal character; and above all, where men write for themselves, and with the *abandon* of men writing their own thoughts. Even in the present day the clerky hand of those who write officially is, except in the upper grades of the profession, chiefly characterized by this lack of individuality. It would be easy to multiply examples from the volume before us, but it would be unprofitable for the reader who has not the illustrations at hand, and unnecessary for him if he has. No. ix. is, though a secretary's writing, strongly marked with this individuality — as we might indeed expect from a secretary of such degree as was Dr. Richard Pace, whose fame is immortalized in a salient passage of Shakespeare's play of *Henry VIII.* Act II. Scene 2. Of this "one Doctor Pace," Cardinal Campeius says to Cardinal Wolsey,—

"They will not sticke to say, you enuide him;
And fearing he would rise (he was so vertuous)
Kept him a forraigne man still, which so greun'd him,
That he ran mad, and dide."

The piece before us is dated July 5, 1518, and is addressed to Cardinal Wolsey. The character of the "forraigne man" is seen in his handwriting. By means of it alone we are able to divine that he had been prepared for continental diplomacy by an Italian education, even if it were not known as an historical fact that Thomas Langton, Bishop of Winchester, had sent him to Padua, and furnished him with the means of completing his studies there. On his return to England, he settled at Oxford, and afterwards accompanied Bainbridge, Archbishop of York, to Rome, in the latter part of the year 1509. These particulars are all useful as illustrative of Dr. Pace's handwriting. It is the first sample in this collection of which we may say, that if not absolutely free from Gothic touches, it may yet be safely pronounced an Italian hand. This hand now begins to prevail more and more, while the Gothic turns and twists and angles are gradually eliminated. But it appears that we have in this letter of 1518 a remarkably early example for so ripe an Italian hand. We find nothing of the kind to compare with it until we come to Nos. xxxvii. and xxxix., which are two of the most perfect specimens of this kind in existence. The first of these, which is a letter of congratulation from Cosmo de' Medici to Edward vi. on his accession is as perfect as the most regular italic prints of the time; and the second, written in the same year (1547) by

the Princess Elizabeth, is a pretty specimen of young-ladylike caligraphy. There is another example of Elizabeth's handwriting in the third volume, No. xxv. It was written to Queen Mary, 1553-4, when the Princess was twenty years old. It bears marks of great care and study to write the Italian hand (or, as it was then denominated, the Roman hand) to perfection. Editors and critics of Shakespeare have taken pleasure in discovering allusions to the Virgin Queen in some of the incidental features of his heroines; and it might not be absolutely absurd to ask whether he had the penmanship of Queen Elizabeth in view, when in *Twelfth Night*, Act III. Scene 4, he makes Malvolio comment on the letter of Olivia in the following terms: "I think we do know the sweet Roman hand." This is a charming and appropriate epithet for the fair penmanship which is now under view, as contrasted with the ragged arachnean scrabble which the degenerate Gothic now exhibited in the writings of those who still kept to the old aristocratic style (see Vol. II. No. xli.) Between the two numbers on which we have last commented stands a letter in the handwriting of the Princess Mary, which exhibits a graceful admixture of the two elements, the old and the new. By the next number, No. xli., which is a letter from King Gustavus I. of Sweden to the Lord Protector Somerset, May 20th, 1548, we see that the Italian handwriting was now well established in the northernmost Court of Europe. This letter is, moreover, interesting from the fact, that here, for the first time in the whole series, we meet with Arabic numerals.

The Arabic numerals have an almost unparalleled combination of interests clustered about them. No problem is more curious for the philologist than the origin and development of these figures. Professor Max Müller has gone into this particular aspect of the Arabic numerals, in one of the Essays lately republished under the title of "Chips from a German Workshop." To the mathematician and astronomer they are the alphabet of his vast calculations. Those who desire to fathom their remote history must read Professor Müller. Here we deal only with their introduction into the modern European system of writing. This is involved in great obscurity. Hallam's researches led him as high as the year 1282 for the first known example of an Arabic numeral in English writings. In this instance, which he calls the first indisputable instance of the employment of these figures in England, a 3 was inserted in a public instrument for want of room to put in III^{um}. For a long time these numerals were regard-

ed as a sort of technical signs pertaining to abstruse study, much as algebraic marks are now regarded, and the knowledge of their peculiar use was designated Algorism. At length their great convenience gradually won popularity for them, and we may suppose that they were very generally familiar when they were first used in the legend of a coin in 1513.* It was one of the triumphary mints struck at Tournay, on the conquest of that place. It is a silver groat, bearing on the obverse HENRIC 8, and on the reverse CIVITAS TORNACENSIS 1.5.1.3. But the use of these figures on the coinage was rare and exceptional until towards the close of Henry VIII.'s reign, when its more general use entered, together with the change from Lombard to pure Roman lettering. And this is very closely indentifiable with the date of 1548, at which we come upon the first Arabic numerals in the National-Manuscripts.

The two next numbers illustrate, in a very striking manner, how wide was the divergence between two types of writing which were both familiarly known at this time in the best society. Both of them are of the year 1548. No. xli. is from the Lord High Admiral Seymour, and it looks at the first glance like a page of short-hand, or of Arabic; it forms a good example of the latter end of Gothic handwriting. It is curious to observe that he signs his name in the Italian hand. We may conclude that he had learnt the old aristocratic hand in childhood, and wrote it with ease, but had acquired the Italian later in life. No. xlii. is the "Roman hand" of Lady Jane Grey, and is as regular as a printed book.

If, as they say, the German ladies are now beginning to discontinue their traditional Gothic caligraphy, and to write in the "Roman hand," then we may expect to see in that country the co-existence of two styles of handwriting in the latter end of the nineteenth century much like that which is observed in England in the middle of the sixteenth. German typography has already declared itself in favour of the Roman type, and it is hardly possible that the reformation of their handwriting should be long delayed.

In the Third Part we have many cases of well-marked contrast between the two rival forms of writing. The very first page exhibits that contrast by two well-selected examples. In the same month of July 1553, a patent for appointing a certain person Sheriff of Whitshire was signed by Queen

Mary; and another in the same form, ordering the identical man's appointment, was signed by Lady Jane Grey. The professionally written instruments are in the Gothic court-hand, and "*Marye the Quene*" is in a sort of Secretary hand, while "Jane the Quene" is in pure Roman.

The despatch of the English ambassadors at the Court of Charles v. to Queen Mary (No. viii.) is a fine example of the "aristocratic." The next number, from Cosmo de' Medici to Queen Mary, is in the most perfect Italian hand. So are the hands of most of the European potentates, or of their secretaries, which are here reproduced. It is plain that the English Court lagged far behind in the fashion of writing. While Cosmo Duke of Florence, and John III. of Portugal, and Sigismund Augustus of Poland, and Mary Duchess of Cleves, and Ferdinand King of the Romans, and Maximilian King of Bohemia, and others of the same class, either write, or cause to be written, letters which might be mistaken for printed italics, the English magnates still scrawl in the downright barbarian Gothic style, except the Princess Elizabeth, whose round boyish juvenile hand we see at No. xxv., already preparing for that "sweet Roman hand" for which she was afterwards distinguished. The most masterly and overpoweringly perfect example of Italian caligraphy, however, comes from the Burgomaster and Magistrates of Dantzic, to Queen Mary, No. xxx. Mary Queen of Scots, from whom there are several letters, writes an excellent Italian hand in 1561, No. iv.; but the beauty of it is greatly impaired by 1565, in the next piece; and still more so by the year 1576, when she wrote the piece numbered lxxvi. John Knox wrote Gothic; but James VI. writes a carefully formed Italian hand. At the close of the sixteenth century the two rival forms of penmanship still face each other; and such is the state of things with which the third volume ends. We are, therefore, not yet arrived at the stage in the story of English writing at which we hope to test for ourselves the value of Mr. Darwin's recently published observation:—

"On what a curious combination of corporeal structure, mental character and training, must handwriting depend! yet every one must have noted the occasional close similarity of the handwriting in father and son, although the father had taught his son. A great collector of franks assured me that in his collection there were several franks of father and son hardly distinguishable, except by their dates. Hofacker, in Germany, remarks on the inheritance of handwriting; and it has even been asserted that English boys when taught

* A groat of Henry IV. bearing Arabic numerals is suspected to be a fabrication.

to write in France naturally cling to their English manner of writing."—*Animals and Plants under Domestication* (1868), vol. ii. p. 6.

In the above remarks, we have thought to trace some semblance of a relationship between the penmanship and the architecture of the Middle Ages. Thus much can hardly be disallowed; that there is a succession of styles, which may fairly be characterized as the Round, the Pointed, the Decorated, the Perpendicular; and that these, or what survived of them, were sooner or later swept aside by that preference for Roman forms which is known as the Renaissance. Black-letter books ceased sooner in some lines than in others, the Bibles being among the latest that were printed in black letter. By the year 1700 black letter was almost in absolute disuse. Through the whole of the eighteenth century it is rare to find even a line of a title-page or a heading in black letter in the ranks of respectable literature. It is said to have still continued in the cheap and rude popular prints. Not even in Bibles or Common Prayer-books does the black letter make its appearance, or only quite exceptionally. This corresponds to the period when Gothic architecture was held in contempt; until Mr. Rickman, a Birmingham architect, and a Quaker, had re-kindled the taste for mediæval remains, and all this was altered. With the revived taste for Gothic architecture, the black letter also has returned to use. In Pickering's beautiful prints of Biblical and Liturgical works, the black letter was freely used. He printed a folio Common Prayer-book entirely in black letter. This was in 1844. By that time the taste for Gothic, both in print and in architecture, was fully re-established. The movement had taken about twenty years. The earliest instance that we have met with, of Gothic headings in a modern Prayer-book, are in that beautiful 18mo, which issued from the Clarendon Press in 1829. It is known to book-lovers as the Prayer-book of Bishop Lloyd, because he was then one of the Delegates of the Press, and took a special interest in the type and paper of it. Bibles and Common Prayer-books are among the best examples of public taste, regarded in the bulk. In a small and select circle of amateurs, the black-letter had long been regarded with interest. The Roxburghe Club had for some fifteen years been making a free use of it in their sumptuous books. This aristocratic society had a keen eye for the costume of literature; and exhibited it more in the æsthetic than in the scientific aspect. No doubt they did much

to revive mediæval sympathies, and particularly to recall the black-letter from its banishment. Thus the Gothic type is true as a shadow to the fortunes of Gothic architecture. The admiration and zeal of our day has carried Gothic architecture to a great pitch of perfection, and has perhaps almost equalled any former age in this respect. And as to the Gothic letter, it was advanced in 1853, as we have observed above, to a position which it never held before in this country, or, as far as we know, in any other, namely, to encircle the coin of the realm. Another little parallelism may be noted:—As the revival of Gothic architecture has produced many novel and strange results, by the attempts which have been made to play variations upon it, so our day has seen the appearance of a new variety of Gothic black letter, which is known as the "Victoria type." Already one edition of the Book of Common Prayer has been sold off in this type, and a second issue is expected. Those who, with an eye practised upon the ancient and approved forms of alphabetic beauty, shall turn their contemplation to this "Victoria type," will be led to praise the taste of the mediæval penmen, and to appreciate the vast difficulty of improving upon the types which we have inherited. The line in which improvement is to be sought by the man of taste in the business of a printer or typefounder, is not by the hopeless attempt to devise new shapes, but in the search for symmetry in the old shapes. This was what made the types of the Elzevirs and of Baskerville so admirable. This aim at symmetry was the leading excellence of Pickering, but now it seems to be found only in Paris. Cheapness and showiness dominate in English books, and taste is neglected.

We had already made some progress in our review of the National mss. of England, and had derived from them a great deal of information and æsthetic enjoyment, when we were agreeably surprised by the first volume of a far more splendid publication. The *National Manuscripts of Scotland*, Part I., is now before us, and it is the most magnificent of all the productions of photozincography. The ample size of the folio, the beauty of the paper, and the excellence of the type, unite to furnish a worthy framework for the setting of this masterpiece of the new art, and makes the photozincographic facsimiles themselves either more perfect, or appear to greater advantage. To one of the documents, the beautiful charter of Kelso, which is the property of the Duke of Roxburghe, the art of the illuminator has been called in for the initial letter; and, in a

word, we may say of this volume, what we could not say of those before noticed, that it has a truly monumental and national grandeur.

The later publication has had over its predecessor the advantage which experience brings. It is a serious defect in the English volumes that they are cramped for want of space. Several of the plates exhibit the writing on a reduced scale. This is highly detrimental to their effect. In penmanship the magnitude is as inseparable from a true facsimile as the form is. A facsimile has none of the advantages which perspective gives to the higher forms of pictorial representation. The larger size of the Scottish volume is not to be regarded as a piece of luxury and unprofitable expenditure, but rather as a necessary means to produce the desired effect. Here the documents are given in their natural size.

We wish to record our gratitude to the Lord Clerk Register of Scotland for a publication which we hope will be widely instructive, claiming the interest of readers of very various tastes and objects of study. His Lordship holds in his own country the same general control of the national records which the Master of the Rolls so worthily exercises in England. The duties of the Lord Register were once more extensive. The *Clericus Registri et Rotulorum* was clerk of Parliament and Privy Council while Scotland had an independent government; and in those days the high office was held by a succession of distinguished lawyers and statesmen. The formation of the national records was his province, as well as their custody, and that is so still. The registers of land rights, charters, seisins, and all that give security to land tenures in Scotland more than in less favoured countries, are still formed and kept under his charge. In the old time it was not only an office of high dignity, but it was highly paid. It was reserved for our time to see the office accepted only on the condition that there should be no salary.

And Sir William Gibson-Craig has not taken the place as a showy sinecure. From the first he has devoted himself to its duties with great energy, and in a most enlightened and liberal spirit. Not content with looking to the security of the treasures under his custody, he has organized many plans for making the more interesting of the historical records known to the general reader. Of one of these, concerted in conjunction with Sir Henry James, the first fruits is the noble volume now before us. It would be difficult to figure any more worthy employment of Sir Henry James's beautiful inven-

tion than in bringing within the reach of moderate fortunes these materials of history, true as the originals themselves, without neglecting the artistic effect for the eye that seeks first for beauty. This volume ought to find its way not only to the drawing-room and library of the wealthy, but also to the table of every literary society and public reading-room. It will do much to diffuse a correct idea of antiquity, and to cultivate the historical sense. While the Chronicles and Registers, and other learned works, now issuing in both countries, may be more welcome here and there to some advanced and solitary student, this kind of picture-book is welcome equally to the learned and the ignorant—lighting up the elaborate studies of the learned, and kindling sparks of curiosity in the ignorant. There is, moreover, a sort of justice in the destiny which has apportioned so goodly a lot to the archives of Scotland. This country has something of a traditional and even prerogative interest in diplomatic studies. The earliest national undertaking of the kind was Anderson's *Diplomatum et Numismatum Scotice Thesaurus*, folio, Edinburgh, 1739. This work was undertaken in 1706, under the patronage of the Scottish Parliament. But Anderson, with much taste and ability, was a weak and unsteady man, and it was reserved for that great and industrious scholar, Ruddiman, thirty years later, to bring the work to maturity. This solid and earnest labourer, the son of a Banffshire farmer, was a man of whom Scotland may well be proud. He was one of those who laid the wide foundations of modern philology. His famous Latin Grammar was conceived upon a scale which in his day, was unexampled, and it has been studied and valued by the chief scholars of Europe. At this day, after more than a century and a half of progressive research in the same line, it retains an honoured place in the library of the philologist, mostly through German reprints. Thomas Ruddiman, at the age of sixty-four, performed more on the *Thesaurus Diplomatum* in a twelvemonth than Anderson had effected in a period of thirty years, including the best years of his life. Ruddiman is the author of the learned preface, the chronology, the indices, the identification of the localities, and the disquisitive notes. In short, the truly "diplomatic" part belongs to Ruddiman. Anderson had furnished little more than the palæography. Ruddiman, in his preface, laid down the general principles of the relations of charters to history, and their value to the historian as a thing of primary necessity. He showed also how charters might be tested, and the genuine distin-

guished from the fictitious. He sketched in outline what Mr. Kemble has more minutely developed in his introduction to the *Codez Diplomaticus*.

It will probably be a surprise to many historians to find how great the wealth of Scotland is in regard to her earlier archives. The present volume contains seventy-nine documents, of which the latest is as early as 1298. The Norman and Early-English writing may therefore be traced in these Scotch manuscripts far more completely than in the English collection. The ground occupied by these seventy-nine documents is represented in the National Manuscripts of England by twenty-two specimens only. And, whatever the explanation may be, certain it is, that as feats of penmanship, the Scotch documents far surpass the English. Something may be due to the better materials and execution of this volume, and especially to the absence of "reduction" in size; but, quite apart from this, there is a degree of ingenuity and originality visible in these writings, which invests them with special artistic qualities to the eye of the inquirer,—in so much that, with these superb pages before us, we seem called upon to enter, somewhat more at large than we did above, into the peculiar conditions and fashions of penmanship in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. This will tend towards the completeness of our sketch of the history of writing, because in the former part of this article we have been less full on the early than on the maturer stages, and have chiefly been expansive on the outgoings of writing into printing. Here, however, we shall have to consider the peculiar writing of the Norman period, and to observe the historical relation which it bears to the Karlingian Empire. Moreover, as this collection includes specimens of the Book of Deir, we shall be led by the ninth-century penmanship to fetch a glimpse back into those more remote, obscure, and fascinating regions of twilight, before the revival of the Roman Empire in the West, with its new standards of civilisation.

The caligraphy of the Franks is not much less distinct and characteristic than that of the Anglo-Saxon manuscripts. And as the one was called "Saxon," after the foremost of the races and nations which used this insular style, so the other is "Frankish" only in a like sense, as it was in fact the writing of the whole north-west or Gothic part of the Continent. The Cottonian manuscript of the "Heliand," or old Saxon Harmony of the Gospels, is in this hand. The alphabet of this style is figured in the first volume of Hickes's *Thesaurus*, in a plate

prefixed to his *Grammatica Franco-Theotisca*. This is the penmanship of the whole Old High German literature. This Frankish writing was in nearer relationship to Rome than was the Saxon. The true distinction would perhaps be, that the Frankish drew its descent from Papal Rome, and the Saxon from Imperial Rome. The Frankish handwriting underwent in the tenth century a sensible modification, which made it more Roman in its character. This change took place about that juncture in history at which we cease to talk of Franks and Gauls, and begin to speak of the "French." It corresponds to the rise of the Capetian dynasty. Accordingly, the French writing of the tenth and eleventh centuries used to be styled "Capetian," and by that name it goes in Astle. Modern palæographers have called it "Ludovician," after those two Ludovici, viz., Louis le Gros and Louis le Jeune, who pretty nearly parcel out the eleventh century between them. Perhaps the former name is truer to chronology, inasmuch as the style was already formed in the tenth century. But the latter is more in vogue now; and relatively to the history of British writing, it is more convenient. A few tangible distinctions between the Anglo-Saxon and the Ludovician writing may be useful. In the character "a," that upper member which distinguishes it from *ɑ*, was now first introduced into Britain. The letter *r* now began to be a short letter instead of a long down-shafer, as the Anglo-Saxon *p*. The letter *s* in Anglo-Saxon was down-shafted (*ſ*); it now began to be up-shafted—thus, *f*. The *th* was now introduced, and it superseded both the old Runic "Thorn" (*þ*), and also the Romanesque *ð*. The Saxon *þ* disappeared, and was replaced first by *uu* and later by *w*. These were some of the chief innovations, but their triumph was not equally rapid and complete in every part.

It is this style of writing that, as we have noticed in the former section, Edward the Confessor was charged with the innovation of introducing into England. It came into England in the middle of the eleventh century, but it does not appear in Scotland till very near the close of it. In England it got mixed up with the previous native style, but predominated notwithstanding. In Scotland it established itself in its continental purity. This is only one of the repeated instances known to history in which a more effective sympathy with the Continent had been established in Scotland than in those parts which lie over-against the shore of France. Accordingly, the Capetian or Ludovician writing is seen to greater effect in

the Scottish than in the English manuscripts. It may be traced very plainly, amidst various oscillations, from No. II. down to No. XLII., the date of which is past A. D. 1200. These oscillations indicate, what the English series fails to show, how it was that, from this Ludovician hand, the branchings took place—in the one direction towards the cursive and chameleon-like court-hand, and in the other direction to the erect, slowly-forming, and more constant text-hand of the black-letter books. Of this Capetian or Ludovician hand we will take as a sample No. II., the charter of Duncan to the monks of St. Cuthbert, not only because it is good as a specimen, but also and more especially because of the interesting “diplomatic” questions of which it has been the subject. The consideration of this matter will afford an occasion of noticing the distinction between palæography and “diplomatique,” and the relations which they bear to each other. George Chalmers, the biographer of Ruddiman (1794), has blamed him for acknowledging the authenticity of Duncan’s charter:—

“The charters, which Anderson has exhibited with such splendour and accuracy, extend in their dates from the year 1094 to 1412. He did not publish more ancient charters, because older he could not find. He did not publish more recent charters, except indeed the charter wherein Francis and Mary styled themselves, ‘in an unpropitious hour, King and Queen of England;’ because, from the epoch of 1412, he had observed the general character of writing to continue nearly the same [?] In order to gain for his country all the honour which can be obtained from the earlier, or the later use of charters, Anderson published a charter of Duncan, that stands the first in his series, though there be engraven on its front the manifest characters of forgery; for Duncan herein styles himself ‘*filius Regis Malcolmus constans hereditarie Rex Scotie*.’ Now, the *constans hereditarie*, and the *Rex Scotie*, are two circumstances which are repugnant to the usage of the times, and are inconsistent with the invariable titles of the Scottish kings. By these objections were doubts raised in the mind of Ruddiman, who was yet willing to assent to the authenticity of Duncan’s charter, because it carries the use of diplomas in Scotland one step farther into the regions of antiquity. It is to be lamented that such a judgment as Ruddiman’s should have been somewhat perverted on this occasion by the love of his country—a noble passion indeed—which, however, ought not to enter into competition with the more sacred love of truth.”

—*Life of Thomas Ruddiman*, p. 161.

After all this solemn lecturing at the moral and literary memory of Ruddiman, we naturally look with interest to see what Mr. Cosmo Innes has to tell us about this

long-ago condemned charter; and we find, to our great satisfaction, that the judgment of that eminent scholar is confirmed:—

“The second of our specimens was engraved in the great work of Anderson, *Diplomata et Numismata Scotiæ*, and, with some hesitation, admitted by Lord Hailes as ‘the oldest original charter concerning Scotland that is now known.’—*Annals of Scotland*, A. D. 1094.

“Several circumstances have been thought to throw doubt on the authenticity of this charter. Duncan’s careful assertion of his hereditary right to the Crown—*constans hereditarie Rex*—may merely help the argument for his illegitimacy, or it may be one more symptom of a new order of things recognising the absolute law of primogeniture instead of the old use—Saxon or Celtic alike—by which the member of the family of full age, or otherwise fitter to rule, was preferred to an infant or imbecile heir; or finally, it may be an affectation of style of which that age was not incapable. Hicks and Ruddiman, followed by Mr. Raine, seem to have suggested the true reason for this form of words, namely, that Duncan was imitating the Conqueror, who loved to found upon his hereditary right to the throne of England. Two charters of his, granted to Durham a very few years before the accession of Duncan, run in the style,—‘*Ego Willielmus Dei gratia Rex Anglorum hereditario jure factus*.’ Another objection was founded upon the manner of authenticating the charter with the crosses of the granter and witnesses, as well as with the granter’s seal; but a better acquaintance with Anglo-Saxon charters, in which this practice was common, has destroyed the weight of this objection.

“This is the first of a series of charters to the monks of St. Cuthbert, which have been so fortunately preserved for us in the fine air of Durham.”

The diplomatic reasons, then, are in favour of the genuineness of the charter. To these we can add, that the palæographic evidence is consentaneous. If the charter be fictitious, it must have been forged at a time very little removed from its professed date, while yet the Ludovician handwriting retained its pristine characteristics.

One of the earlier charters in this volume, No. VII., provokes that old and vexed question concerning the early feudal relationships between the Crown of England and the Crown of Scotland. In the excellent and scholarlike Introduction of Professor Cosmo Innes, which is prefixed to this volume, the notice of this charter is accompanied with some observations which will justify a quotation:—

“After these, another charter of Edgar to Coldingham would have followed, if the original had not unfortunately been lost. From good and unsuspected copies, we know that that charter contained the words where Edgar

set forth his right to the land of Lothian and the kingdom of Scotland by a double title, the gift of King William of England, and his hereditary right as heir of his father; and thus made his grant of Lothian lands—*‘consilio predicti domini mei Regis Willelmi.’*

“Following upon this lost charter of Edgar, we have the charter of King William I. of England (VII.), which narrates the gift of those Lothian lands by Edgar, made with King William’s consent—*me concedente.*”

“The controversy which once raged upon these words rages no longer. It is now held, without much difference of opinion, that Edgar may have wished to acknowledge, or was not minded to dispute, some claim of property or superiority of William in these Berwickshire lands, and that the monks of Durham were well pleased to hold them by the grants of both Kings. Neither party dreamt of giving or taking a right of superiority to the King of England over the kingdom of Scotland. Sir Francis Palgrave, in his Anglo-Saxon zeal, had worked himself up to be of a different opinion, but, *pace tanti viri*, the question has been settled by more temperate historians; and an Englishman, who knew more of the evidence than any man of his time, has wound up his argument thus:—‘That homage was paid from time to time is certain, but it was for the territories held of the English Crown, and not for Scotland at large.’—(Raine’s *History of North Durham*, p. 377.)”

Of this verdict of Mr. Raine’s there can hardly be room for doubt in the mind of any one who is acquainted with early records. Only then it so far leaves open a question, as it does not define what were the “territories held of the English Crown.” That Scotland was ever legally regarded as a fief of the English Crown, with all the feudal liabilities of escheat and forfeiture, is a position quite groundless and untenable. When Rufus demanded of the Scotch king that he should submit to be tried by the English peers, as if he were himself but a peer of the southern realm, this appears to be a mere flourish of wanton arrogance, for it was contemptuously refused, and no pretence was made to enforce it.

Passing over seven charters, we come to No. xv., where we enter on the reign of David I., 1124-1153. This is the king who is so famous as the founder and benefactor of Holyrood, Melrose, and many other religious foundations. He impoverished the Crown by the number and largeness of his royal benefactions. He is best known as *Saint David*; and one of his successors said of him that he was “a sair sanct for the Crown.”

In this charter he grants Coldingham and many lands in Lothian to Durham. The next number (xvi.) is the great foundation-charter of Holyrood. It exhibits the

roundness of the Ludovician hand beginning to assume that angularity which led to the form of the book-text. Concerning that distant time we find some very interesting observations in the introduction. Scotland had as yet no recognised capital or established seat of government. The King had his rude dwelling-places in walled strengths like Edinburgh or Stirling; but there was nothing that could be called a Royal Palace till long after this period. The whole economy of our early kings was at variance with fixed palaces. There were laws even requiring them to move their household frequently to avoid excessive burden on the poor commons, who were harried for *prisæ* and *carriagia* by the Court functionaries. The Court moved from place to place, lodging for the most part in the great abbeys. And hence we trace a sort of natural affinity between the abbey and the palace. The palace sprang up by the side of the abbey, as at Dunfermline; and the Abbey of Holyrood, also in the course of time, became the parent of the palace. When the monks had improved the royal grant, and had made a comfortable establishment there, the kings were often their welcome guests. Not till the fifteenth century came the erection of the palace. It was built by three successive Jameses, and finished by the father of Queen Mary, who put his mark upon it. The abbey, which had for generations been the chief hostelry of the king and court, now stood coupled with the palace, offering to the observant eye a significant indication of the early relations of Church and State. We may compare in England, not only the Abbey and Palace of Westminster, but also the grouping of church and manor-house in the rural scenery almost everywhere. This feature was produced by that alliance and reciprocity of benefit between the secular and religious elements, which have constituted the basis of national life throughout Christendom. So the simple chapel on the Castle rock of Edinburgh is the representative of an early royal residence there, and reminds us of the time when Malcolm Canmore, with his Queen Margaret, dwelt in the Castle. The King dwelt on the rock, for the security which it afforded against surprise. David I. gave to the monks of Holyrood the little church on the Castle which is known to all the world as St. Margaret’s Chapel, so called after the good Queen of King Malcolm, the English Margaret, sister of Edgar Atheling. Not that it is the actual building in which the sainted Queen retired and heard mass and prayed for death when she heard

that her husband and son were slain. It was built later, but it represents the elder and still ruder edifice, and has inherited the great association which is native to the spot. This chapel is so regularly visited by tourists as to be one of the recognised stations of their pilgrimage. David also gave them the Church of St. Cuthbert, in the valley below, and some land under the Castle rock, where the King had a garden, one of the boundaries of which land was "the well at the corner of the King's garden," which apparently gave rise to the name of the Well-house Tower.

We have at No. xviii. another facsimile from the Book of Deir. It is introduced in this place for the sake of a marginal entry of King David's confirmation to the clerics of Deir of their right of exemption from secular duty.

The great religious houses which are connected with the name of this king are now mere wrecks of time. But they are the monuments of institutions on which the early civilisation of Scotland was founded. David I. availed himself of the best opportunities which he had for the civilisation of his country. Another part of this policy, which was rich in after consequences, as is well pointed out by Mr. Cosmo Innes, was the hospitable reception he gave to the southern strangers, Saxon and Norman, whom the distractions of England, which was precisely then passing through the most miserable period of its history, sent in rapid succession across the border into Scotland. Among these we may reckon the Bruces, who had been settled in Yorkshire since the Conquest, but now moved the chief seat of their family to the valley of Annandale, which the Bruce received as a gift from King David. No. xix. is a "charter by the King to Robert Brus, of Annandale and its castle," and No. xx. is "a charter by the King to Bruce, of Annandale in free forest, by boundaries extending from the Forest of Selkirk as far as his land reaches towards Nithsdale and Clydesdale."

The show-piece of the volume, as regards art, is No. xxxii., King Malcolm's great charter to the Abbey of Kelso. The initial M, which in the Lombard uncial here adopted, forms a couple of elliptical picture-frames, is filled with two royal figures enthroned and crowned. This is what the French writers would call "historiated," as far as we can rudely copy their easier turn of expression when they speak of "*Lettres Initiales historiées de figures d'hommes.*" We have spoken of this illuminated letter as Lombardic, and the same designation will apply to a few other capitals in the course of

the writing. These are used to indicate the sections, as it were heads of paragraphs. This illustrates the sense of the term "Capital;" a letter that stands at the head. It expresses not form or size, as "Uncial" does, but function, like the term "Initial." A "Capital" is a chief letter, a letter that makes a new *caput* or *capitulum*; chapter, or section, or paragraph. Besides these massive Lombardics, there runs through the charter another strain of uncials, namely, the elegant Ludovicians. These latter are far more numerous. Thus in the opening word, the King's name, MALCOLONVS, the initial only is Lombardic, the remainder are Ludovician, as indeed is the whole body of the smaller lettering. This painted initial affords us occasion to observe how intimately the two arts of caligraphy and painting began now, in the twelfth century, to be allied. As to the identification of the personages represented, and other particulars concerning this most splendid document, we must fall back on the assistance of the editor. Mr. Cosmo Innes says:—

"The most remarkable charter of Malcolm now extant is the great charter of Kelso (xxxii.), which collected under one general confirmation all the benefactions hitherto made to the great Abbey, the greatest of the monastic houses of Teviotdale, if not the richest in Scotland. David the First, before he was king, had founded the abbey at Selkirk, but when he found that that was not a proper situation for an abbey, he moved the foundation to Kelso, with great taste certainly as well as prudence. Malcolm had succeeded to his grandfather when twelve years old; he was in his nineteenth year at the date of this charter. I mention his age to account for the remarkable initial letter which distinguishes it. There are represented, not without some pictorial skill, two figures, both royally crowned, both with the sword and symbols of sovereignty. When we consider that the charter sets forth the foundation by David, and the confirmation by his grandson, it is impossible to doubt that the old bearded King with the sword and ball of sovereignty represents King David, whilst the smooth-faced stripling, with gold sceptre, and sword still sheathed across his knees, is the picture of Malcolm the Maiden. As a work of art these miniatures are not contemptible, but we regard them with tenfold interest as the first efforts of portraiture in Scotland. The Duke of Roxburgh, now the lord of Kelso, has not hesitated to place at the disposal of the Lord Register, for a national collection, this, which by so many titles may be considered the most interesting charter of Scotland."

The date of this charter lies between 1153 and 1165; but on the matter of chronology we do not find this work quite

so accommodating as it might be. We have claimed for it many points of advantage over the English series, but this is an exception. Mr. Basevi Sanders has given the date at the head of each translation, facing the facsimile; but in the Scottish volume we have the oft-recurring inconvenience of having to turn for the date back to the table of contents.

The Scottish charters are what the English would have been had there been no Conquest—except that the English archives would probably not in any case have presented so large a chapter of endowments at this particular period. The great Benedictine foundations of England were already long established. They dated from the reign of Edgar (960–975) or earlier. So that many of these magnificent Scotch charters, which range chronologically with Domesday or Magna Carta, have their English analogues in that earlier time which is represented in Kemble's *Codex Diplomaticus*. The centuries with which we are now engaged were in fact the stormiest of time in English history, while in Scotland things were comparatively tranquil. It has been said, Happy are the people whose history is not sensational. In the English memorials of the two earliest centuries of the zincographed period, there are contained four documents of the highest constitutional interest. They represent transactions which were caused or hastened by the Conquest and its train of consequences. In the northern kingdom these agitations were felt as waves whose first great shock had been already broken. New and influential families crossed the border and obtained settlements, who later on were to play important parts in Scottish history. The bulk of these charters represent a comparatively peaceful process of distribution of land and territorial power, and the growth of the constitutional elements. In great part they correspond rather to the highly-prized documents of the Saxon era than to the contemporary archives of England. And how nearly allied they are, even ethnologically, comes out now and then through the chinks of the Latin panoply in which they are clothed. Thus, in No. xxxiv., a charter by which the little Culdee abbey in Loch Leven is absorbed into the Priory of St. Andrews, the rents are measured in strange and archaic terms, for the explanation of which recourse must be had to Anglican antiquity. Mention is made of twenty “mel” of cheese, and four “mel” of malt, and twenty “mel” of barley. There is hardly a word that can be named which has its roots more deeply

imbedded in Gothic antiquity. It is hard, and perhaps impossible, to say whether this “mel” should be regarded as originally signifying time, or mark, or measure. But, in fact, these three ideas are but different aspects of one. And it is enough for the present purpose, to note that the word “mela” occurs in the Gothic Gospels as the translation of *μῶδος* in St. Mark iv. 21. The word figures in every-day English use when we speak of the times of the food as the “meals;” and a far older example of the word is in the adverbial compound, “piecemeal.” But the Anglican side of the island has a special property in this word. In these parts, the yield of milk which a cow gives at one milking is spoken of as a “meal of milk.” Here it seems rather to mean time than measure. It is a great saying in Norfolk, by way of admonition to any one to give heed to their conduct: “Mind your seals and your meals!” This in literal English is no more nor less than, “Mind your occasions and your proportions;” or, “Mind times and degrees in your conduct,” which it will be allowed is a good summary of discretion.

The material of these charters is not confined to the growth and territorial endowment of religious houses, which, though, important in a historical point of view as standing at the head of the development of the country, both in its temporal and its religious interests, is yet not the whole of a country's history. The other constitutional elements are here seen in their early development. David I. had done the part of a great legislator in organizing and protecting the Third Estate, but the first charter to a burgh given in this collection, is by his grandson William, to the burgh of Ayr (No. xl.), where William had built a Castle, probably as a barrier against the men of Galloway. The burgh privileges and freedoms extended over a very wide district. This glimpse of the establishment of a military burgh is followed in the next charter, No. xli., by indications of a different class of towns. Here we see the building of the Bishop's burgh at Glasgow, wherein Jocelin, the bishop of Glasgow, grants a toft of land to the monks of Melrose. In No. xliii. we have a peep at the commerce of the great religious houses. Philip, Count of Flanders, granted to the brethren of Melrose entire liberty of passing through his land in security, free from any toll or exaction whatever, either in port or in land; and he speaks of them as merchants of Anglia—“*si qua forte dissensio inter Angliæ et Flandriæ mercatores pro qualibet causa oriatur*”—“If any dispute

arise between the merchants of England and Flanders, no one is to take advantage of the opportunity for laying hands on the brethren, or impounding their goods." This is a fine illustration of the importance of the export of wool from this country in the twelfth century. The charter No. XLVI. is in a lamentable condition. It is an acknowledgment by Richard of England of the independence of Scotland. It is dated the first year of the reign of Richard Cœur de Lion. Richard was eager for the Crusade, and was willing to leave as few quarrels as possible behind him. He was therefore ready to appease the jealousies of his northern neighbour, especially as the Scottish king engaged to pay him the sum of ten thousand marks, which at this moment was a valuable consideration to Richard. Thus the independence of Scotland was established, and the effects of William's homage to Henry II., while he was a prisoner in the Norman Court at Falaise, was thus obliterated. The charters of homage were delivered up and cancelled. All things were restored to the state previous to William's capture. Richard delivered to William his castles of Roxburgh (Rokebore) and Berwick (Beraich), and restored his fees in the earldom of Huntingdon (Huntedon). This transaction was the means of preserving unbroken peace between England and Scotland for more than a century. The charter No. XLIX. records a decision in the King's Court of a quarrel between the Avenels Lords of Eskdale and the monks of Melrose. Roger Avenel had granted to the monks certain forest pasturage, reserving his game-rights,—*salva dieto Rogero salvagina*. The monks complained that Roger had used his privilege to make encroachments. It was determined that the Avenels should have only hart and hind, wild-boar and sow, roe and doe, and the eyries of the hawks, which latter were not to be molested by the monks. The Avenels were to take their sport without damage to the buildings, agriculture, and cattle of the monks.

This series presents some remarkable instances of capricious and elaborate variations of the standard types of writing. For example, in No. XXXIV. the elevation of the upshafts is carried to the point of extravagance. This was, as we have already seen, the prevailing fancy of the day; but it reaches its extreme in the Scotch documents. In the Nos. XLIV. and XLV. A. D. 1200, we see a capricious and sportive tendency to decorate these excrescences. The marks which indicate elision, or, as the palæographers call it, "suspension," of a syllable at the end of a word (as in *omniū fidelib'*), are especially made the subject of reiterated flourishes or

zigzags. We have only to look onwards to No. XLVII. the Bull of Pope Honorius affirming the independence of the Church of Scotland, A.D. 1218, to see whence the first hint was derived which led to the indulgence of this kind of dilettanteism. It would seem as if the further men were removed from Rome, the more diligently its suggestions were adopted and improved upon. The Scotch writing is indeed remarkable for this characteristic, that it seizes an idea and carries it out to an exaggeration hardly less than that by which we are amused or worried in the ingenious variations of musical composition. If it had been intended in the charter of Alexander II. to St. Andrew of Pluscardin, No. XLVIII. to caricature the penmanship of the Papal Chancery, as exhibited in the preceding number, it could not have been more effectually caricatured. But the intention, no doubt, was merely an elaborate ornamentation, to the end that the very writing of the charter should do honour to the bounty of the King. This peculiar whim of decorating the upshafts like May-poles being developed to the utmost in No. XLVIII., we find the succeeding examples of it somewhat more moderate. And yet No. LVI. is in its way hardly less peculiar. Zigzags of six or eight degrees rise above the line to signify suspension of a final syllable, or to ornament the sides of a capital letter, until an appearance is produced like heraldic in-veeting.

Nor is this elaboration of the tall letters the only peculiarity of the Scottish writing. A great feature of the twelfth century was that which gave a leaf-like turn to the upshaft letters. A trace of this fashion lingers still in our day, when we write the letter *d* with a bowed upshaft. In some respects this was a companion ornament to the elongation we have been last speaking of, but it gradually, and it would seem as a reaction from those elongations, came to usurp their place. We have many very fine specimens of the foliated writing in this volume, beginning with the remarkable example, No. LXX., a charter of the King's right in churches of Annandale, the lordship of Bruce, during the vacancy of the see of Glasgow. This form of writing was developed to a point of conventionalism which probably was nowhere reached but in Scotland. As an example of this we may appeal to the document, which, though latest in date, is put first in order, as it were a frontispiece to the volume. It is the charter by Sir William Wallace, Guardian of Scotland, to the Constable of Dundee, 1298. In this piece the marks of contraction and suspension are developed into very perfect leaves, as rigidly defined as those in

the adamantine foliage of a church-door. We cannot help observing on the greater tendency to conventionalism in art, which is found where the art is in few hands.

We are not informed by the Editor concerning this last-mentioned document, or the plate by means of which it is here represented. In the absence of information, we must fill up the void by our own conjecture. In this emergency we are inclined to surmise that it is the identical plate of Anderson's *Diplomata Scotiae*, or a reproduction of it. If we are in error, there are instances of equal error to keep us in countenance. We have known learned connoisseurs, in our own day, mistake a manuscript for print, and determine the printing-press which must have produced it.

This little circumstance leads to a further observation. The *Diplomata Scotiae*, when regarded as a sort of ancestor of the volume now before us, calls up the interesting question of the comparative merits of engraving and photozincography. The plates of Anderson are a noble production of the art of that age. Their outlines are clearer and more sharply defined than in the photozincographic plates. They would perhaps be generally preferred, as being more beautiful productions; but the eye which has given itself a special training in palæography would discern the modern tooling. There is a metallic rigidity about these beautiful copperplates which contrasts strongly with what we may call the weak and picturesque humanity of the originals, which is given with remarkable fidelity by the new art. In the great bulk of engraved facsimiles you would say it had been written by machinery, but when you look at the photographic plate you see all the pliancy and variability of the hand of man. It must, however, be acknowledged, that of late years we have had specimens of engraving against which this charge of hardness cannot be made. There is an example in one of the books on our list, in the second volume of Mr. Stuart's *Sculptured Stones of Scotland*. The plates from the Book of Deir exhibit the graver's art in its highest perfection, and must be allowed to leave the photozincography in its rear.*

* But in favour of the latter it may be observed that engraving has had centuries of cultivation, whereas photozincography is in its early infancy; and lest any one should think that the art of making literary facsimiles was already perfect enough to satisfy all competent judges, we will quote the testimony of Mr. Blades in his recent *Life of Caxton*:—

"Only those who have endeavoured to obtain a real facsimile,—one which, for identity of types and exactness of measurement, will bear the closest examination by the side of the original,—know the excessive difficulty of procuring an artist clever and

Thus far we have been chiefly concerned with those developments in the style of penmanship, which may be traced to Papal Rome through Capetian and Carolingian courts. We have now to look back to a style of higher antiquity, of which we have two small specimens in the English series, and a rather larger proportion in the Scottish. The first four figures of the Scottish volume plunge us at once into that higher antiquity. They represent a culture and a school far older than Charlemagne. They are taken from the Book of Deir, which dates from somewhere about 900 as regards its text, and goes down to 1150 as regards its later marginal entries. It is one of those books of Latin Gospels, written in a Scotian hand, of the ninth or tenth century; with memorials and memorandums and charters of Royal gifts inserted in the blank spaces by hands of the eleventh and twelfth centuries, and in the Gaelic language. This curious little volume was discovered in the University Library at Cambridge, by Mr. Bradshaw, "the present lynx-eyed librarian," as Mr. Westwood admirably writes. The four openings of the book here exhibited present examples of both kinds. We have in the text the first chapter of St. Matthew's Gospel in Latin, and in a narrower, more angular, and more recent penmanship, filling a blank half-page or crowding the margin, we have the monastic *notitie* in Gaelic; so that the same pages exemplify the progress of that type of handwriting, which is the peculiar property of the elder branch of the Keltic family. Not only are these two forms interesting by mutual comparison, but they indicate the source and original derivation of that which has been popularly termed Anglo-Saxon characters. These facsimiles alone, if other proof were not extant, would go far to demonstrate that the so-called Anglo-Saxon characters must have been learnt directly or indirectly from some Keltic source, while other historical evidence coming in would naturally suggest that it was from the Albanian Scotch they

patient enough to execute the tracing, and workmen skilful enough to print it, without clogging or some worse distortion. If an engraving on wood be the medium chosen, the opportunities of error are numerous, first in tracing the tracing on to the face of the block, and then from the engraver's tool. On copper, the difficulties, though of the same nature, are still greater. Lithography affords the only means of obtaining a real facsimile, as there the transfer is direct from the original tracing on to the stone. This method, however, is liable to two sources of error;—the stretching of the tracing-paper while in the act of being transferred to the stone, and the gradual clogging of the letters in working, to avoid which requires the greatest care and attention."—Vol. i. p. ix.

were derived. The recorded fact that the earliest Christian culture of Anglian people was of Scotian derivation, is amply supported by the evidence of Christian art in manuscripts and on stones. The Irish, the early Scotch, and the early Saxon manuscripts evidently belong to one family. There flowed a stream of teachers and artists from Ireland through Scotland into England. This current can be traced, and has been traced, by the antiquarian relics which it has left. We may name Mr. Westwood as a gentleman who has made a study of this interesting subject, and who has imparted to it that increased certainty and definiteness which might be expected from his well-known accuracy.* But there remains a separate department of this inquiry, which deserves more general attention than it has yet received. The course of Irish art through Scotland brings us into contact with a class of remains of a very independent and distinct character. These have been collected in Mr. Stuart's magnificent work on the SCULPTURED STONES OF SCOTLAND.

The two superb folio volumes of the Spalding Club, in which Mr. John Stuart has collected these remarkable monuments, may almost be said to open a new world before the eyes of the historian. Here we find a series of figures and patterns cut upon stones, which have been found within a definite geographical and historical area corresponding precisely with ancient Pictland. A nest of ancient life and special culture seems here to discover itself to the attentive student. That which, by its strangeness, is at first deterrent, comes, by persistency and frequency, to waken curiosity and inquiry.

In the first volume, which was published in 1856, we have the problematical objects themselves, presented in 138 Plates, containing engravings of a much larger number of sculpturings. The second volume, which appeared in 1867 besides more examples of the same class of symbolic work, which have been discovered since 1856, offers a rich assortment of illustrative objects, both in other carved pillars, Irish crosses, and especially analogous drawings and ornamentations from manuscripts. Useful as this body of ornamentation is, for comparison and illustration; it yet leaves entirely out, and offers nothing approaching to the peculiar figures or symbols for which the stones have attracted attention.

Strange and unassociable as these figures and devices at first sight appear when considered in regard to other European remains, they have been found, under the analysis of Mr. Stuart, to betray remote traces of Byzantine art, on the one hand, and of a native style, on the other. But the first thing is to establish a bond of kindred with some works whose place in history is already well ascertained, and here the Irish manuscripts come in with great effect; for they have a type of ornamentation which is also found on the stones. The Book of Deir, though in all probability written in Scotland, belongs to the Irish family of manuscripts. The border framings in that and other books of its class exhibit a series of patterns which are plainly to be identified with some of these Pictish stones. And it is not only by means of their drawings and designs, that the Irish manuscripts come into association with these remarkable stones. There is on one of these sculptured stones an inscription, which, by its lettering, tends to bring the whole class to which it belongs into still more assured relationship with Irish art and palæography. The Stone of St. Vigean's alone, when the sculptures on the same stone are taken into consideration, might suffice to establish a link of connexion between the otherwise mute relics of Pictland and the manuscripts which remain to us in Irish, Scottish, and Anglo-Saxon workmanship.

Everybody who has had a glimpse of early Irish art is aware how indescribably singular it is, and seeming to abound in the most remote combinations. The figures present a mixture of almost Oriental conventionalism, with a degree of *minutiae* in the drapery which has provoked a historical interpretation. The frames and borders are of a pattern which suggests to the passing glance a blending of Etruscan and late Roman and Runic; but which, when analysed, as Mr. Westwood has analysed them, are found to be unlike anything else but Hibernian or Scoto-Keltic. They may be seen in all the fidelity of their outline and colour, and in a large assortment of examples, in the facsimiles of Irish and Anglo-Saxon manuscripts lately edited by Mr. Westwood; and they belong to one and the same chapter of art as the entwining on the sculptured stones which have been so admirably edited by Mr. John Stuart.

Dr. Waagen has remarked:—

"It may be assumed as a settled fact, that the style of ornamentation, consisting of artistic convolutions, and the mingled fantastic forms of animals—such as dragons, snakes, and heads of birds—of which we discover no trace in Græco-Roman art, was not only invented by

* *Facsimiles of the Miniatures and Ornaments of Anglo-Saxon and Irish Manuscripts*, executed by J. O. Westwood, M. A. Drawn on stone by W. R. Tymmes. Chromo-lithographed by Day and Son, Limited. London, Quaritch, 1868.

the Celtic people of Ireland, but had obtained a high development."

Mr. Westwood reminds us, that of the copies of the Holy Scriptures sent into England by St. Gregory with the mission of St. Augustine, two are still preserved, and that they are different in the character of the writing from the Irish, as well as remarkable for their wanting the ornamentation which is so prominent in these. "All the most ancient Italian manuscripts are entirely destitute of ornamental elaboration."

Here we have to eliminate carefully a school of art which has often been confounded with that of the true Irish work. The interesting patterns which are associated with Runic inscriptions, and which are commonly spoken of as Runic knot-work, produce at first sight an impression not unlike the true Scoto-Anglian work. But they are different. For the details we must refer to Mr. Westwood. It is enough, in general terms, to say that they are Scandinavian, and that they belong to the age when Norsk influences were coming in from the North and East. The Alfred Jewel in the Ashmolean Museum, the patterns on the crosses in Iona and the Isle of Man, and some of the drawings in the later Anglo-Saxon manuscripts, such as *Cædmon* and the *Benedictionale of Æthelwold*,—these are of one character, which may be called Scandinavian or Runic. On the other hand, the Gospels of St. Chad at Lichfield; the Book of Deir now before us; the Book of Durrow, one of the treasures of the Library of Trinity College, Dublin; and the Gospels of MacDurnan at Lambeth, belong to the Scoto-Anglian work. It is this work that is capable of being identified with the ornamentation on the sculptured-stones of Scotland, the date of which may be proximately fixed by means of this manuscript evidence.

One of the most remarkable features of this work is a peculiar effect of the double spiral or (as it has been called) the trumpet pattern. Concerning this, Mr. Kemble, addressing the Royal Irish Academy in 1857, said—

"The trumpet pattern is neither Greek, nor Roman, nor Oriental. There is nothing like it in Etruscan art; there is nothing like it in German or Slavonic art; there is little like it in Gallic or Helvetian art; it is indigenous, gentlemen;—the art of those Keltic tribes, which forced their way into these islands of the Atlantic, and, somewhat isolated here, developed a peculiar, but not the less admirable, system of their own."

This ornament occurs on the stones of Scotland, but not on the stone crosses of Wales. A solitary instance has been noted of its oc-

currence in sculpture in England, and that is on the font of Deerhurst Church, which is probably the oldest ornamented font in England. This remarkable pattern is found in stone, in bronze, and in manuscript.

It tells of the time when Christian art, moving along with Christian instruction, overflowed the exuberantly productive island of "Scotia," pervaded Great Britain, and passed forth to found schools of learning in the central recesses of the continent of Europe. From this movement some of the English towns derive their origin, and one at least is reputed to retain the trace of it in its name; that is, the town of Malmesbury, anciently *Maidulfes-burgh*, in which there lies embalmed the name of a once honoured Irish teacher, *Maidulf*. In East Anglia we have the missionary *Furseus* about A.D. 640, whom *Beda* describes as "*de Hiberniâ vir sanctus*." About the same time, and in the same author, we read of "*monachus quidam de natione Scottorum*," who was called *Dicul*, and had his "*monasterium permodicum*" at *Bosanham*, where he lived with five or six brethren, shut in between the forest and the sea. Others of the same missionary class were held worthy of mention by the Anglian Church historian. *Beda* himself owed much to Irish teaching; for, as Mr. Stubbs says of the father of our ecclesiastical history, "his education was gathered, no doubt hardly and painfully, from the instructions of the professors both of the Roman and the Irish learning,—from *Trumbert* the disciple of Saint Chad, and *Acca* the disciple of Saint Wilfrid." It is this transition period, while Rome was not yet triumphant in Britain, but the British churches were looking towards Italy with curiosity and nascent fondness, which Mr. Stuart seems to regard as the point of history at which he can find anchorage for his collection of symbolic pillars. The following is only one among several examples by which he has illustrated this ecclesiastical movement:—

"The church of *Benedict Biscop* at Wearmouth was erected by him of stone '*juxta Romanorum morem*;' and the fame of this structure having apparently reached the ears of *Nectan*, the Pictish king, he, in the year 710, despatched messengers to *Abbot Ceolfrid*, the successor of *Benedict Biscop*, with a request that he would send him architects '*qui juxta morem Romanorum, ecclesiam de lapide in gente ipsius facerent*,' promising to dedicate the church, when erected, in honour of the chief of the apostles."—Vol. ii. Preface, p. 13.

But when we have found a link whereby these stones may be connected with Irish art, we only grazed the outside of the sub-

ject. We have only indicated the stream upon which the remains are found, and have not yet spoken of their own peculiar characteristics. Such an association is indeed valuable as contributing towards the right historical placing of these works; it is an external and chronological evidence. But the true problem has yet to be looked at. The stones contain a series of symbols, which are repeated with minor variations of detail on a large number of pillars through the length of Pictland, and which are never found elsewhere on crosses or in books which in other respects belong to the same school of Irish ornamentation. There is a mirror and a comb; an ornament like a pair of spectacles, but with a double bridge; a long and wide Z-like figure, with floriated extremities; an object like a sceptre; a dog's head, as it seems; a highly conventional animal, which has been called an elephant, its four legs terminating in scrolls instead of feet; a crescent; and, besides these often repeated and apparently symbolic figures, a number of more pictorial drawings of men and beasts. It is the symbolic figures around which the interest chiefly gathers. Many persons have tried to interpret them. They have generally treated them as religious emblems, indicative of mystic rites or heathen beliefs; and such interpretations have mostly ended in speculations concerning Druidic or Helio-Arkite mysteries. Others, who tried a more historical line of explanation, could find no race to own them except the Danes. Mr. Stuart's work is a grand illustration of the right way to begin all such investigations. It is astonishing how cloud-dispelling a thing it is simply to collect the objects, and to arrange in a lucid order the attendant facts. The skeleton-map alone which is given in the first volume, whereby the geographical area of these stones may be taken in at a glance, is enough to explode all the above vagaries, and to raise a strong presumption that they are the property of the ancient Picts. Between the fifth and the tenth centuries, we have to take account of five different races in Scotland. The south was held by the British kingdom of Strath-Clyde on the west, of which the chief stronghold was Dumbarton; while the remaining and larger portion was called Saxonia. This Saxonia extended north to the Frith of Forth, beyond which, as Beda tells, lay the kingdom of the Picts. This kingdom occupied the bulk of the eastern coast, and ran inland to the sources of the great rivers. On the west side of the mountains, and in the western isles, were the Scots. The northern extremities were, in the latter part of the period we are sketch-

ing, occupied by the settlements of the Northmen. The remains with which we are at present engaged line the coast and the river-valleys between Edinburgh and the Moray Firth. One only has been found so far south as Edinburgh, and that was on the Castle Hill. None has been found west of the Grampian watershed, nor any in the Scandinavian district to the north; so that their area agrees entirely with what was ancient Pictland.

And it is not on stones only that these peculiar designs have been found. At Norries Law in Fifeshire, on the estate of Mrs. Durham, there was dug up some silver plate armour, having these same devices engraved upon them. This will probably be to many persons one of the most convincing facts that Mr. Stuart's interpretation is the right one. He regards them as, in all probability, symbolic of personal condition, rank, or dignity. Thus they would have much in common, with the symbolism of heraldry. Many of the same devices are still extant among the conventional devices of heraldry. The stones on which they are found must be regarded as sepulchral monuments, corresponding to the modern hatchment on the house of the dead, or to the graving of his arms on the tablet over his tomb.

What the objects represented are, and how they came to be selected for the service of this symbolism, is another, and perhaps in some respects more obscure part of the inquiry. The fact of a symbolism is often patent and its meaning obvious, while the origin and explanation may be lost. Such is the case, in fact, with the more conventional parts of heraldry. Every-body knows what is symbolized by the striped pole of the barber; but comparatively few are aware that the stripes represent the bandages which were used by the barbers when they were also surgeons, and practised the surgical letting of blood. So here it is most difficult to fix with confidence on the objects pictorially expressed. The sceptre-like figure is much doubted by Mr. Stuart, for reasons which seem to bring it into close relations to the "spectacle-ornament," and this is supposed to represent originally some sort of fibula or clasp. The so-called sceptre might then be the tongue or pin of the buckle. That which we, following Mr. Stuart, have called an elephant, has by others been called a walrus. Others, again, have seen in the same figure the degenerate chariot of the British coins. The horse-shoe ornament looks in some instances like a stone arch. There are, indeed, two objects over which no uncertainty hangs, namely, the mirror and the double comb. But the

others are highly equivocal. And this arises, not from inability to draw, but from a manifest neglect of the pictorial, to the preference of the conventional outline. This circumstance speaks plainly that the objects are symbolical. The oft-recurring hand-mirror and comb suggest that this symbolism is of the nature of personal description. It is generally admitted that these represent a woman. In Spenser the mirror indicates a vain woman :—

“ And in her hand she held a mirrour bright,
Wherein her face she often vewed fayne.”

But such was not the general sense of antiquity. Articles of this sort passed as complimentary presents between princes and royal dames, and they must, therefore, have been emblematical only of honourable distinction. By the long consideration of the subject, and the extensive comparison of probable analogies derived from every likely quarter, Mr. Stuart seems to have been led to the general conclusion, that the other problematical objects are in like manner, articles associated with personal attire, and thus indicative of personal rank or dignity. The two rings with a double bridge, which have been called “the spectacles,” and also other varieties of ring-grouping, seem to be most reasonably interpreted as fibulæ. The horse-shoe ornament also is probably the open ring of precious metal with which the dress was looped together. We meet with mention of such objects in early poetry, as descriptive of rank, and indeed of kingship. In the *Beowulf*, the king is *hringa pengel*, that is, the lord of rings. It is a royal office, *hringas dælan*, to distribute rings. We read of the golden ring on the neck; and it is treated as an honourable distinction or meritorious decoration, in the term *hring-weorðung*, that is, as one may say, *ring-worthy-ing* or *annuli dignatio*. A very significant word in this connexion is *beag* or *beah*, a word which lives on in the modern French *bagne*, and in the English *badge*. This word is of the verb to *bow*, and at first indicates that which is bowed or bent, and so included all manner of ringed or spirally-twisted ornaments—circlet, frontlet, bracelet, necklace. It is a royal attribute to be called *Beahgifa*, the giver of circlets. The Danes in the ninth century had a ring or like object which they held in special veneration, and on which it was said they had constantly refused to take an oath for the confirmation of their treaties, until in a negotiation with Alfred (A. D. 876) *him pa apas sworon on pam halgan beage*—they swore to him their oaths on the holy beag. The nobility of this word is further exemplified by

the use to which it was put in the diction of faith. In Saxon theology the crown of glory was called *wulder-beah*; and he who has earned it was described as *gewulderbeagod*. Egilsson in his Poetical Norsk Dictionary gives *Baug-æðr* as the name of the ring-oath, and it may be added that solemn ring-oaths are still in use with us, in association with those holy badges, tokens of holy pledges, the royal crown and the wedding-ring. Those who have seen the collections of barbarian ornaments, which are in the Museums of Copenhagen and Dublin, know how largely primitive wealth was invested in rings and spirals of the precious metals. Illustrations might be multiplied to an indefinite extent, all tending to confirm Mr. Stuart's interpretation of these symbols, as, first of all, personal ornaments, and, secondly, characteristics of rank and dignity, which identifies them, in an elementary sense, with the blazon of heraldry. Heraldry, we know, cannot be documentarily traced back to an earlier date than 1300, the date of the Roll of Caerlaverock. The Heralds' College was not founded till 1483. These dates represent respectively the maturity of heraldry as a system of family symbolism, and the public recognition of it as a matter of national, or rather aristocratic, order. But these dates can by no means be taken as leading us near to the rise of heraldry in its primitive sources. The use of devices on shields to distinguish individual warriors is older than history. Æschylus wrote the *Seven against Thebes* in the fifth century before Christ, and the subject of that piece was already in the stock of things legendary and heroic. There we find all the seven chieftains in possession of *cognisances*; and they are described by the devices on their shields. This was one source of heraldry. But this was pictorial, and would hardly have engendered all that mass of conventional symbolism which forms the more intimate and essential part of heraldic expression. We must find something which had in it the classificatory element, for it is by this alone that picture-writing would tend to conventional symbolism. And that seems to be provided, for the first time, in this remarkable collection of monumental quarterings, which Mr. Stuart has here accumulated. We say “monumental,” because we are inclined to agree with him that they are of the nature of sepulchral monuments. At the same time, we hesitate to go with him so far as to say that all such pillared remains, including the rudest stone circles, are sepulchral. In such an opinion Mr. Stuart is supported by high authority. He can call in the judgment of Montfaucon, who ridi-

culed the interpretation of Stonehenge and Abury as temples or places of worship. He has a letter from Mr. Dasent to the same or a similar effect. These are strong authorities. But in this we prefer to suspend our judgment, and we are the less inclined to go into that question, as it is quite outside the present scope. Only this we may observe, that a large proportion of these stones have been discovered near churches, and not a few under their foundations. This may of course be explained by the supposition that churches were built on sites rendered venerable by the graves of ancestors; or the stones themselves may be held to have marked early Christian interments, before the Pagan habits of cairn-burial were abandoned. But it is also open to the theory that the sites were secured to religious worship before the conversion to Christianity. And the intimate local association of these pillars with present churches can hardly, as it seems to us, be divested of such a signification.

As regards the probable date of these remains, it is to be observed that some of them have been found applied to a secondary use in kists, which in the judgment of Mr. Stuart and Mr. Rhind of Sibster were Norse burial-places. This suggests a limit at the modern extreme of the series. As to the other extreme, Mr. Stuart would not be inclined to place them in high antiquity—no higher than the later Pictish times,—were it not that in one instance a symbol-stone has been found associated with an urn and an article in bronze. The general probability seems to be that the symbols are older than the Pictish conversion, that the mixture of Irish art is the badge of the conversion, and that the Pictish cross sculptures, which are only crosses designed in outline, are the germ of the more fully developed Irish and Scottish crosses. The Stone of St. Vigean's with its remarkable inscription in the Irish character has been interpreted by Professor Sir James Y. Simpson, with a high degree of probability, as a Pictish sentence: DROSTEN IFE VORET BLT FORCUS; that is, *Drosten ap-Voret of the family of Fergus*. The annals of Tighernach record the death of a Pictish King Drosten, in 729. Some peculiarities in the lettering are also found in a manuscript at Durham, which Professor Westwood considers an autograph of Bede himself. Thus a very strong series of evidence seems to fix the date of this singular inscription—the only sentence (if it be rightly interpreted) known to exist in Pictish. In regard to the chronological evidence of this monument, the author says:—

"It seems to me that we may regard 'Drosten's Cross,' as furnishing one standing-point for approximating the date of monuments of a like character and style, of art, and from it may reasonably believe that the erection of crosses combining the two symbolisms prevailed in Pictland in the eighth century."—Volume II. Preface, p. 10.

There is among these stones one which bears a mysterious inscription, in letters which have been generally felt to have an Oriental cast about them, but which has hitherto baffled interpretation. The late Professor Mill of Cambridge had nearly completed a monograph on this stone, in which he maintained that the characters were Phœnician. To our eyes they appear to suggest some of the more archaic forms of the early Greek alphabet, which has always had the reputation of a Phœnician origin. It may not be altogether out of place here to recall to mind that Cæsar when he saw the native alphabets of the Gaulish tribes held them to be a sort of Greek alphabet, and with this we might combine the reflection that there were on the south of the Loire a maritime people called Pictavi or Pictones, who seem by their name to claim a sort of relationship to our ancient Picts. It must have struck many scholars that the derivation of the latter name from a participle of the Latin language is, if true, a thing unparalleled in history. If it is not impossible that an emigration from Gaul is the real explanation of that mystery which surrounds the Picts, then we might easily imagine that the inscription on the Newton stone is a specimen of the early alphabet of Gaul.

Another stone has an inscription in Roman characters, which Mr. Stuart conjectures to belong to the time of St. Martin of Tours. This was found in Galloway, at Kirkmadrine. Among the later pillars given in Mr. Stuart's second volume, we have instances both of the Lombard character and also of the black letter. The Kilkerran pillar has Lombard letters, and so has the cross at Kilchoman, and the cross at Oransay, and a fragment at Iona: while the Soroby pillar has its legend in black letter.

But more important even than the varieties of character exhibited in this collection of monuments, is that gradation of art which supplies the key to the tendency whereby human iconography has, in one of its branches, resulted in the invention of alphabetic writing. Some of the stones bear sculptured groups of figures which appear to be narrative, to tell their own tale by the fidelity of their representation. Others, as

we have already noticed, make no attempt at fidelity, but rather court conventionality. Such are the symbols on the Pictish pillar-stones. This indicates that a special and arbitrary sense has become attached to the picture writing. It shows that the picture has long become a familiar token. The pictorial is wont to fade where it is made the instrument of a fixed idea. This is the account of the peculiar style of drawing used in heraldry. Another step gives us the hieroglyphics, where the pictorial is not entirely dropped, although they have admitted the spirit of the alphabet. The alphabet is conventional drawing in its extreme form, where the idea represented being very elementary, a proportionately wide power of combination is attained. Into the details of this most interesting subject we have not now space to enter, and we touch on it merely to indicate that in examining Mr. Stuart's great work we have all along been following on the skirts of our main subject in this paper, namely, the History of Writing.

We are loath to close the studies into which we have been led by these important publications of the Ordnance Survey Office, without reiterating our conviction that they

have in them the seeds of discoveries valuable even for advanced historians; and that they possess withal a general attractiveness which will tend to diffuse historic tastes and to enlarge the history-loving public. We are glad to learn that preparations are making for a second volume of the Scotch Manuscripts, and that the fourth of the English is nearly all in print. We hope that the series will by and by be rendered complete by a selection from the great examples of our insular pre-Ludovician penmanship. An Irish series would afford special opportunities for the attainment of this result. The Irish, Scotian, and Anglo-Saxon church manuscripts present a most instructive group, which now can only be seen by wide travelling or in highly expensive works. These might appropriately be grouped together under the name of that people with whom the type of writing was originated. Not so the Saxon historical documents; these are inseparable from England. The originals of the charters printed in the *Codex Diplomaticus*, where the originals exist, would for double reasons be worthy of a place in a future volume, to stand at the head of the English Manuscripts.

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- ART. I.—1. *The Life of Las Casas, "The Apostle of the Indies."* By ARTHUR HELPS, Author of "The Spanish Conquest of America." 8vo. London, 1868.
2. *Vidas de Españoles Celebres.* Por DON MANUEL JOSEF QUINTANA. 8vo. Paris, 1845.
3. *Der Cardinal Ximenes und die kirchliche Zustände Spaniens am Ende des XV. und Anfange des XVI. Jahrhunderts.* Von Dr. KARL HEFELE. 8vo. Tübingen, 1859.
4. *A New History of the Conquest of Mexico, in which Las Casas's Denunciation of the Popular Historians of that Event are fully vindicated.* By ROBERT ANDERSON WILSON. 8vo. London, 1859.

THERE is a mixture of religion and romance in the story of Bartolomeo de Las Casas, which, even apart from its high moral interest, must always make it an attractive study. All that stirs the fancy or engages the religious sympathies in those great events which form the charm of mediæval history,—the half-sacred, half-martial enthusiasm of the Crusades; the mingled piety and adventure of Rubruquis' or Carpini's mission to Prester John, or of Pedro Covilham's search for the supposed Christian kingdom of Abyssinia; the large-hearted philanthropy of John de Matha's Brotherhood of the Redemption of Captives; the union of proselytism and chivalry which impelled Francis of Assisi to court martyrdom among the infidels; the eager self-sacrifice which spread all over Europe, in cowl and scapular, his brethren, and those of his fellow-apostle Dominic, renouncing fortune and friends, home with its tenderest ties, life with its most courted pleasures, in the pursuit of that lofty vision of gospel

perfection which was the soul of mediæval monasticism; even the less sacred spirit of scientific research or of commercial or territorial enterprise, which sent out, to every point of the compass, adventurous explorers, from Marco Polo to Ca da Mosto or Vasco di Gama,—names which will not suffer by comparison even with

"The glorious roll
Of those who search the storm-surrounded
pole;"

—all these characteristics, in various degrees, are found in that episode of the history of the discovery and conquest of America with which the name of Las Casas is associated. And in Las Casas the various characteristics of these representative men of their several ages are found united to a simple, though at times unregulated, earnestness peculiarly his own; to a boldness of thought and speech—a "rough and ready" eloquence—which few adversaries could withstand; a dauntless purpose which no resistance could check and no failure dishearten; a power of self-assertion in the cause of right which rose superior to all respect of persons, maintaining itself alike against the frown of authority, the arts of secret intrigue, and the warfare of open conflict; above all, to a large-hearted philanthropy, as warm as it was comprehensive:

"Wide and more wide, the o'erflowings of his
mind

Took every creature in, and every kind."

It is true that the problem to the solution of which the life of this remarkable man was devoted—the relations, and especially the social relations, between the victorious occupants of a new country and the conquered aborigines whom they displace—

is a problem which is as old as the history of conquest, and one whose fitting resolution most probably can only be hoped for as the latest triumph of Christian civilisation: but to Las Casas, in the New World, this problem presented itself in circumstances peculiarly painful, and we think the only drawback upon the almost unqualified panegyric of his friends and the reluctant admiration of his angriest adversaries—that suspicion of an over-fervent temperament to which we alluded above—will find its explanation, if not its defence, in these circumstances. Not even the coldest could contemplate them without emotion. “If it can be proved,” says Mr. Helps in his general *History of the Spanish Conquest of America*,* “that Las Casas was on occasions too impetuous in word or deed, it was in a cause that might have driven any man charged with it beyond all bounds of prudence in the expression of his indignation.” He carries the feelings with him, even when the judgment may refuse to follow. His impetuosity, even taking the most extreme picture of it which his enemies have drawn, is free from the slightest tinge of the vulgar vice of excitable and uncontrolled irritability. Throughout his career in America the moral nature of the man appears in a state of preternatural tension, the result of a solemn consciousness of ever-present responsibility. But his ardour is never fitful or intermittent, as is found in weaker temperaments or under lower motives and less generous impulses. It is as unvarying as it is fervent and impetuous.

Although the oldest traditions of the ancient world are those which regard the migrations of peoples and the successive displacement or interchange of races, yet neither from these traditions, nor from the narratives or speculations of the earliest histories founded upon them, is it possible to glean precise information as to the condition of the native races under the various early colonizations; but it can hardly be doubted that in direct proportion to the rudeness of the age was the oppression and degradation of the weaker race. And as the earliest migrations most probably had their origin in the natural growth of population, which made it necessary for the adventurer to leave an over-crowded home and seek for new settlements—

“exire, locosque

Explorare novos, quas vento accesserit oras
Qui teneant, nam inculca videt, hominesne
feræne,”—

* Vol. i. p. 240.

the result must have been in most cases that the existing population was dispossessed of their lands or hunting-grounds, and either compelled to retire to a distant settlement, or reduced into servitude, more or less complete, under the new comer. The most ancient records of colonization are found among maritime peoples; because for them, besides the growth of population, an additional motive for the formation of new settlements was supplied by the necessities of trade. In this way were formed the Phœnician settlements on the northern coasts of Africa, Septis Magna, Hippo, Hadrumetum, Tunis, Carthage, and the Pelasgian settlements of Greece and Asia Minor, as well as the similar colonies of the islands of the Mediterranean. In many of these the aboriginal population seems to have in great part disappeared. In others, like the Helots of Sparta, they remained in a state of servitude more or less complete. In others, again, where the object was the carrying on of mining operations or similar works, the natives were probably held in a condition of enforced service, of which that of the Israelites under their Egyptian taskmasters is no exaggerated type. Most of the Greek colonies in Asia, in the Islands, and in Southern Italy, in like manner, were maritime. The greater number of them were even restricted within limits immediately adjoining the coast; and although several of the migrations which led to their formation had their origin in some political revolution of the mother city, yet the colonies were in almost every instance mainly commercial, and their relations with the peoples among whom they fixed themselves arose principally out of that character. But it was not so with the colonies of Carthage in Spain and on the Mediterranean, or with those of Rome outside of Italy, especially in the days of her later development. The settlements formed by both these remarkable peoples were, generally speaking, purely military positions, occupied for the purpose of conquest. In the colonies of the Carthaginians, especially in Spain, the native population seems to have been treated with extreme severity. The Romans, generally speaking, were content with appropriating a portion, commonly a third, of the land, which was assigned to the Roman colonists; and the population, with the exception of the captives of the lance and bow in the first conquest (who were ordinarily reduced to slavery), remained in possession of the rest of the land, the chief hardship of their condition being in the abnormal proportion of the burden of taxes and other impositions which they were compelled to bear.

The successive irruptions of barbarians by which the Roman empire was overthrown, as also those of the Saracens in the East and Africa, must be described as conquests rather than colonizations; and indeed in both alike the interests of the conquered population seem completely disregarded, or rather ignored: but the more enlightened governments of the mediæval Italian republics of Genoa, Pisa, and Venice, renewed that colonial system which had formed so important a part of the system of conquest under which the republics of Carthage and Rome had grown into power. The Pisan and Genoese colonies were for the most part purely commercial, being little more than mercantile factories, similar to those established by European nations in more modern times in India, China, and Japan. The Venetian colonies, on the contrary, with few exceptions, were, like those of the Romans, direct instruments of conquest, the object of which was to acquire and to maintain power in the countries in which they were established, some of them in fact being, and being styled (as Candia and Cyprus), kingdoms subject to the republic. In the Venetian colonies, as a general rule, the inhabitants were left in enjoyment of their own municipal laws, as well as of their more important personal privileges. Nevertheless, whatever may have been the diversity of form which these colonial establishments assumed, the relations of the native population to the colonists or conquerors who occupied their territory is in most cases but too aptly described in a Spanish proverb quoted by Mr. Helps: "If the jar strike against the pot, woe to the jar; and if the pot strike against the jar, woe even still to the jar!"

In all these more modern collisions of rival races, however, there was no very striking inequality in point of intelligence or of civilisation between the masters and their captives or dependants; and the more or less complete servitude which existed was that which, in all ages from the beginning, has grown up in virtue of the rights of the stronger. But that discovery or re-discovery of hitherto almost unknown and uncivilized races in Africa, in which the explorations of the Portuguese navigators of the fifteenth century resulted, and still more that which followed the Spanish Conquest of America, displayed an entirely new phase of what had always existed in one form or another, as an institution of society from the earliest recorded period. Hitherto men had been reduced to slavery in virtue of the right of conquest, and because, by the conditions of the war, their lives having become forfeit by defeat, were held to be redeemable at

the price of their liberty. But the new phase under which slavery appears in later times is that in which men were reduced to slavery for the slavery's sake, and of which the ideal is found in Sancho Panza's scheme of making his government a source of profit by selling the people as slaves and putting the money in his pocket.

Mr. Helps, in the introductory book of his general *History of the Spanish Conquest of America*, has traced very carefully the progress of this unhappy commercial phase of slavery in more modern times through the successive discoveries of the Portuguese navigators under Prince Henry, along the western coast of Africa, from the first transaction of Antonio Gonçalves in 1442 with some Moors whom he had taken prisoners, and from whom he bargained to accept in ransom a certain number of black slaves, down to the formal establishment of a regular trade in slaves, as well as in other products of the country, at the Portuguese factory at Arguim. We learn that from Arguim before the end of the century between seven and eight hundred slaves were sent yearly to Portugal. In this traffic the middle-men were Moors, who exchanged their Barbary horses with the native chiefs for slaves, at the rate of from ten to eighteen slaves for a horse. It is true that the direct object proposed, and no doubt sincerely proposed, by Prince Henry, in obtaining possession of these slaves, was their conversion to Christianity; and the commissions issued to the several explorers who by degrees carried the Portuguese arms along the whole western coast of Africa, teem with instructions and admonitions against maltreating the captives so obtained; but although for a time these admonitions were obeyed, yet it is plain, from the conduct of the agents employed, that they soon ceased all pretence of adhering to the terms of their commission; and in the traffic, whether with the natives themselves, or with the Moorish dealers, the human commodity came to be considered solely as forming part of the commercial medium of the country, and was transferred and accepted upon precisely the same principles as the ivory, gold-dust, and other products of the land.

By degrees, too, we find a still further development of the slave system. The expedition of Dinis Fernandez in 1445 brought home and presented to Prince Henry four negroes, not obtained by purchase or barter, but directly captured in their own country by the Portuguese. His object appears to have been to make them useful, having first converted them to Christianity, as interpreters and organs of communication with their

countrymen in subsequent expeditions. But the example, however innocent its intention, was not lost. We are easily rendered indulgent to vice by its actual presence—

“For, seen too oft, familiar with its face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace;”

and in the patronage of this and similar enterprises by Prince Henry, the evil of which, though palliated in him by the higher motive of benevolence and religious zeal according to his age and opinions, it is impossible to ignore or to disguise, we may see the germ which, under the demoralizing influences that never fail to grow up around institutions in themselves evil, was destined to develop at last into the horrors of the Middle Passage.

It is not, however, our present purpose to trace the details of this melancholy story, the interest of which since our own Emancipation Act, and still more since the late Act of Enfranchisement in America, is rapidly passing into a thing of history. We shall only particularize one single expedition in the year 1444, in which a number of the inhabitants of the Islands of Nar and Tider, no fewer than two hundred, were carried off as slaves, and in which Prince Henry himself, in accordance with the conditions of the expedition, received his fifth share of the captives, amounting to forty-six souls. Mr. Helps, in his *History of the Conquest*, has preserved the narrative of the chronicler Azurara, which might easily appear to be but an anticipated description, on a small scale, of a scene which has a thousand times been repeated with aggravated horrors in the later history of this nefarious commerce. Azurara dilates upon the “marvellous” sight which was presented by the captives; amongst whom were “some of a reasonable degree of whiteness, handsome and well made; others less white, resembling leopards in their colour; others as black as Ethiopians, and so ill-formed, as well in their faces as in their bodies, that it seemed to the beholders as if they saw forms of a lower hemisphere. What heart is there,” he piteously exclaims, “which was not pierced with sorrow, seeing that company? For some had sunken cheeks, and their faces bathed in tears, looking at each other; others were groaning very dolorously, looking at the heights of the heavens, fixing their eyes upon them as if they were asking succour from the Father of Nature; others struck their faces with their hands, throwing themselves upon the earth; others made their lamentations in songs, according to the customs of their country, which, although we could not comprehend their language, we

saw corresponded well to the height of their sorrow.” Nor is there wanting in this typical narrative the accompanying incident, which has so often formed the most painful characteristic of the modern slave sale—the agony of separation. “While they were placing in one part the children that saw parents in another, the children sprang up perseveringly and fled to them. The mothers enclosed the children in their arms, and threw themselves with them on the ground, receiving wounds with little pity for their own flesh, so that their offspring might not be torn from them.” Azurara repeats what has been affirmed by all other writers regarding Prince Henry, that in accepting those forty-six slaves as his share, he did not look to the gain, “his principal riches being in his contentment, considering with great delight the salvation of those souls which before were lost;” and he adds that the thought was not vain, for “as soon as they had knowledge of our language they readily became Christians;” and he himself professes to have seen in Lagos, young men and young women, the sons and grandsons of those very captives, born in the land, as good and true Christians as if they had lineally descended since the commencement of the law of Christ from those who were first baptized.

It will be seen in this way that at the beginning of the last quarter of the fifteenth century a regularly systematized importation of slaves had been established—the annual supply being between seven and eight hundred. At Seville in 1474 negro slaves were abundant, and the tax of twenty per cent. on their value formed an appreciable item of the royal revenue. The same authority, Ortiz di Zuñiga, adds that they were treated with great kindness, being allowed to hold their dances and festivals; and that, moreover, one of their own number was named their “Majoral,” and had the duty of protecting them against their masters and before the courts of law, as well as of judging between them in their private quarrels—this officer alone having power to take cognizance of “the disputes, pleadings, marriages, and other contracts,” which arose amongst them.

It is certain, therefore, that for many years before the discovery of America, an organized system of slavery and of slave-traffic already existed in Spain and Portugal; and the existence of this traffic will be found hereafter to have an important bearing upon the history of Las Casas. There is every reason however to believe that the importation of slaves from Africa into Europe would not in ordinary circumstances

have endured for any long time. Black slaves might have continued for a space to be held a part of the grandeur of a great household, and perhaps for the more luxurious uses of domestic service the negro might have remained in demand, at least until a change of fashion should have ensued. But the staple of labour in Europe must still have been supplied by the hardy natives of the soil, adapted to the European climate, and capable of the fatigues incidental to the conditions of European labour in European countries. It is difficult to believe that the demand for negro slaves for the home-market would have sufficed to maintain such a branch of commerce with Africa, while on the other hand the legitimate commerce in the natural products of the African slave-countries would have gradually taken the place of the slave traffic itself, and eventually have led to its abandonment.

It can hardly be doubted therefore that the discovery of America at this especial period was, according to all human seeming, "an inopportune conjuncture for evil." The labour-market which it speedily threw open at once supplied to the African slave-dealer the demand which Europe would not have continued to furnish; and the special aptitude for labour in the climate of the newly discovered land, which the colonists were not slow to recognise in the African negro, directed towards him in particular that evil instinct which the prospect of gain quickly organized into the hateful system which so long disgraced our civilisation.

These considerations, however, will be more appropriate at a later stage of our subject, and we shall not further delay the reader from what is the most important, as it is the most attractive, part of our theme—the biography of Las Casas.

Bartolomeo de Las Casas was born at Seville in 1474. Being regarded as in every sense one of the notabilities of Spanish history, he is never thought of except as a Spaniard, *sangre puro*, by descent, as well as by birth and education. Nevertheless, although Mr. Helps, in his most charming biography, overlooks the circumstance, it is certain that his family was French, and had settled in Spain under Ferdinand III., the founder of the family having distinguished himself at the siege of Seville in 1247. The name originally had been *Casas*; but although that name was at first used by Bartolomeo indiscriminately with *Las Casas*,* it is only in the strictly Spanish form,

De Las Casas, that it has become memorable in history. There is some obscurity in the chronology of the early years of his career. His father was one of the companions of Columbus in his first voyage of discovery, and some of Las Casas's biographers assert that Bartolomeo himself accompanied his father in that expedition. This, however, is a mistake. He was early designed for the Church, and was engaged in study at home during the whole time of that expedition. After making the preparatory studies at Seville, he was sent to Salamanca, where he remained till his eighteenth year, and where he took the licentiate's degree. Prescott, in his *Ferdinand and Isabella*,* places his first expedition to the Indies at this date, representing him as one of the twelve ecclesiastics who accompanied Columbus in his second voyage in 1493. That this also is a mistake,† a curious evidence is found in Quintana's biography, which Mr. Helps has overlooked. Among the trophies of the successful voyage which the elder Las Casas brought home when he returned for the first time in company with Columbus, was a young Indian slave; and it is a singular instance of what has been happily called the "irony of life," that while the future champion and defender of Indian liberty was pursuing his divinity studies at Salamanca, this very slave boy was attached to his person; and that he actually remained as the slave of the destined emancipator of the Indians until the publication of the edict of Isabella commanding all possessors of natives of India within the Spanish territory to set them free without delay, under penalty of death, and to send them back at their own cost to Hispaniola.

We think that Mr. Helps has fallen into a similar error in making Las Casas accompany his father, in 1498, "in an expedition, under Columbus, to the West Indies, returning to Cadiz with the expedition in 1500."‡ When Las Casas, in 1551, wrote his *Treynte Proposiciones*, he spoke of himself as having been for *forty-nine years* an eye-witness of the evils under which the Indies have been suffering. Now had he

* Vol. i. p. 386.

† Mr. Prescott has himself corrected this error in his *Conquest of Mexico*, where in the sketch of Las Casas the dates are accurately and fully stated. See vol. i. p. 206.

‡ It is worthy of remark that in his greater work, *The Spanish Conquest of America*, Mr. Helps makes no allusion to this supposed earlier voyage of Las Casas. He states without any reservation that Las Casas came with Ovando to Hispaniola in 1502.—Vol. i. p. 239.

* Quintana, *Vidas de Españoles Celebres* (Las Casas), p. 129.

left Spain in 1498, he would have appealed to an experience of fifty-three years instead of forty-nine.

We are of opinion, therefore, with Las Casas's latest and most elegant Spanish biographer, Quintana, that it was not until 1502 that he set out for the Indies. He had not yet received priest's orders; but, although he certainly was far from entertaining the opinions regarding the Indian affairs which he ultimately held, the spirit of religious enterprise was already strong within him. His professional studies once completed, he was not a man to wait long upon opportunity, or to hold back until others should by previous trial have made success secure. He seems to have felt strongly at every period of his career that, under Providence, men's destiny is in their own hands—

“That in the flaming forge of life
Our fortunes must be wrought.”

Still unordained, he accompanied Nicholas de Ovando, who went out as Governor of Hispaniola; and as if his mission was to be marked by a special and distinctive character, he was the first who received the order of priesthood in the Indies, and the first to celebrate in the New World the ceremony of the “Misa Nueva,” which even still in the Catholic countries of the Old World is regarded as possessing a peculiar solemnity.

Not until eight years subsequently does the really remarkable part of his career begin. It is known chiefly from the scattered allusions in his several works, especially his *Historia de las Indias Occidentales*, still in ms. In this work he commonly speaks of himself under the name of “El Clerigo,” and forgets his individuality altogether, except in so far as regards his relations to the Indian population. We have not space to enter fully into his history of the treatment of the native Indians by the Spaniards in the first period of the conquest. It will be sufficiently illustrated by a brief explanation of the condition of affairs at the point at which Las Casas himself first appears upon the scene. The historians of the Indies, in describing the condition of the native population under the Spaniards, have dwelt at great length on the system known by the name *repartimientos* and *encomiendas*, which were in part legalized by the early legislation, in part introduced by individual Governors. These terms, however, have been very imperfectly understood. Their meaning indeed was very different at different stages of the history, and in practice the system worked very differently from what its theo-

retical import would imply. We have taken some pains to determine the several conditions of this well-known institution at different times, up to the commencement of the benevolent labours of Las Casas. Four distinct phases of the *repartimiento* system are clearly traceable.

It began with the issue of royal letters-patent to Columbus in 1497, authorizing him to grant to Spaniards *repartimientos* of lands in the Indies, in virtue of which letters the grantee is enabled to “sell, give, present, traffic with, exchange, pledge, alienate, and do all that he likes or may think good with,” the lands so assigned. This form of grant, as far as regards its terms, was but an exercise of the right of assignment of conquered lands claimed by all conquerors, and was rigorously limited to the land itself, giving no rights or powers whatever over the liberties or personal services of the natives.

But the matter did not long remain thus. The next step was to assign to Spaniards portions of cultivated land, each of which was placed under the management of a cacique, with the obligation on his part of tilling, by himself or by his people, for the benefit of the grantee, the particular portion of land thus granted. This was usually done by placing under a particular cacique a specified number of thousands of *matas* (shoots of the cazabi), or of *montones* (small mounds a foot and a half high, and ten or twelve in circumference, on the soil of which a cazabi shoot was planted), it being obligatory on the cacique to keep these in a state of cultivation. In this way the colonist, in acquiring the land, acquired also the right to at least so much service on the part of the natives.

A third step in advance was soon after taken. It was permitted to proprietors of mines to take Indians to work not only at the land, but also in the mines, under certain restrictions, the chief of which was the obtaining of a license, which was granted only for a specified time.

The final seal was placed upon the system by a royal letter, dated December 20, 1503, which, although it did not go beyond the terms of the previously existing local enactments of the Governors of the colony, legalized these enactments by investing them with the royal sanction. By this letter the governor Ovando was empowered to compel the Indians to have dealings with the Spaniards, and to work in their service. It is true that the ordinance contemplates the payment of wages for these forced services; but as the amount of the wages was left to be regulated by the Governor, the

service practically degenerated into a system hardly, if at all, distinguishable from slavery. It might seem some mitigation of the rigour of such a system that the ordinance provided that the Indians should work under the direction of their own caciques, that they should be instructed in the faith, and should attend the services of the Church; and that they should do these things "as free persons, for such they are." But such a provision, in such a system, and under such hands, could not be more than an idle mockery. Ovando's interpretation of it was, by letters issued to the several applicants, to distribute the Indians in gangs of fifty or a hundred, with a cacique at their head. The order as to their instruction in the faith, it is true, was formally inserted in the deed of assignment, but it remained in every instance a dead letter; and it is a significant commentary on the character of the relations which now arose with the Indians, that these assignments henceforward, instead of being called *repartimientos*, came to be designated by the name *encomiendas*, a name equivalent to our "commandery" or "preceptory," and borrowed from the vocabulary of the military orders of the home country. The *encomienda* of Ovando thus fell immediately upon the persons of the native Indians, who were directly apportioned to the several grantees. In the *repartimiento* of Columbus, although it dealt with certain specified services of the caciques and their people, to be rendered in the cultivation of the lands assigned, the direct object of the grant was the *land*, and not the *Indian* or *his service*. The latter was a hard and oppressive form of feudal service. The former drifted by an inevitable necessity into formal and unmitigated slavery.

And although the technical conditions of the early *repartimientos* appear to offer some security against the extreme into which the system ultimately ran, yet it is but too plain, not only that the *repartimientos* from the very beginning took, in the hands of the majority of the grantees, the form of a slave system, scarcely, if at all, disguised, but also that even from the first there had existed in the colony a regular slave system based upon the right of conquest. After his very first victory in 1495, Columbus sent home four ships laden with slaves; * and soon afterwards occasion was taken, from a tribute which Columbus imposed by his own authority on the inhabitants of Hispaniola, and which in some instances remained undischarged, to lay the foundations of an organization for the capture, and even for the

traffic, in Indian slaves, hardly less flagitious than that which in Africa was for so many generations the disgrace of Western civilisation. Many hundreds * of Indian slaves, captured upon this pretext, were sent home in 1498 by Columbus; and in the letter to the King and Queen which accompanied the consignment, Columbus estimates that it would be possible to supply in the same way, each year, as many slaves as sale would be found for in Spain (which he calculates would be 4000), and that the revenue thence accruing to the Crown would amount to forty million maravedis, or about £12,345. It is true that this proceeding excited in the highest degree the anger and indignation of the Queen, who at once ordered proclamation to be made at Seville, Granada, and elsewhere, commanding that all persons who were in possession of any of the slaves thus unjustly captured should at once send them back to Hispaniola under pain of death. But even this decree recognised the lawfulness of reducing to slavery the Indian who might be made prisoner *in a righteous war*, and thus left open to local and interested adjudication the whole practical question of the liberties of the native population.

Such was the condition of affairs in the Indies when Las Casas first appears upon the scene. He had been many years in the country. The native population, under the fatal influences which have been described, was disappearing by thousands. The evil had already reached a formidable height, and was rapidly increasing. In colonial legislation, and still less in colonial judicial action, no hope could be placed of amelioration. It was only from the mother country and its influences that the remedy was to be sought. In its despair under the cruelty of the colonial taskmasters,

"The New World stretched its dusk hand to the Old."

With the enthusiasm of Las Casas's later career before us, it is not easy to realize how he could have remained so many years an apathetic, or at least an inactive, spectator of what in the end stirred his whole nature so powerfully to its very depths. Mr. Prescott,† it is true, represents him as labouring in the cause of the natives from the very day of his arrival in the Indies. But this is certainly a mistake. It is distinctly at variance with the Clerigo's own

* The exact number was 600, of whom 200 were given to the masters of the ships in payment of the freight of the rest.

† Ferdinand and Isabella, i. 236.

* Helps's *Spanish Conquest*, i. 141.

humble and ingenuous acknowledgment. He frankly confesses, at a time when he had been already several years in the colony, that in these matters he had till then been as blind as the lay members of the flock intrusted to his care.* He was kind and indulgent towards the Indians personally; but he was by no means at this time alive to the true nature of the system pursued towards them by the colonists, without scruple, and apparently without consciousness of its enormities. Of his kindly and merciful dispositions in their regard, and of the notoriety of this character in the colony, we are assured by the very earliest recorded circumstance of his relations towards them—namely, his being selected by Diego Velasquez to accompany him in his expedition in 1511, in the expedition for the occupation and pacification of the island of Cuba; but, on the other hand, we have equally significant evidence how different his theoretical opinions must have been from those of his later career, in the fact that he not merely accepted a *repartimiento* from Velasquez, who assigned to Las Casas, in conjunction with his friend Pedro de la Renteria, a large village (*pueblo*) near Xaquá, but even employed the Indians thus assigned to him, not only in cultivating the land, but also in the more oppressive labour of the mines.

The story of his change of opinion and of conduct, although it has little of the dramatic character which belongs to many of the memorable conversions in history, is yet eminently interesting, and the more so for its thorough simplicity and openness, and that unshrinking self-dissection which stamps autobiography with the seal of genuineness. He had lived for years in daily contact with the *repartimiento* system, seeking as far as lay in his power to mitigate its rigour, and to promote the happiness as well as the spiritual welfare of the natives who lived under its conditions. But he does not appear ever to have called in question the morality of the principle upon which it was based. At length, on the Feast of Pentecost in 1514, in preparing the sermon of the day, he had occasion to refer to the 34th chapter of Ecclesiasticus. His attention was immediately arrested by verses 18–22:

“He that sacrifices of a thing wrongfully gotten, his offering is ridiculous; and the gifts of unjust men are not accepted.

“The Most High is not pleased with the

offerings of the wicked: neither is He pacified for sin by the multitude of sacrifices.

“Whoso bringeth an offering of the goods of the poor doeth as one who killeth the son before the father's eyes.

“The bread of the needy is their life; he that defraudeth him thereof is a man of blood.

“He that taketh away his neighbour's living slayeth him; and he that defraudeth the labourer of his hire is a blood-shedder.”

Las Casas was startled. He suddenly recalled a dispute which he had formerly had with a certain friar who had refused to give him absolution because he possessed Indians. The arguments of the good Father now recurred to his memory with new force. He went to the root of the subject. With his characteristic energy he pursued the inquiry to its first principles; and at length, fully aroused to its true import, he did not shrink from the conclusion that the system of *repartimientos* was in itself a violation of natural justice, and that it was his bounden duty as a priest to expose its iniquitous character.

He began at home. Personally he cared little for the pecuniary sacrifice; but as he held the *repartimiento* in common with his friend De Renteria, he felt it necessary to consult with him as to its surrender. Renteria was absent in Jamaica. Las Casas, although he lost no time in communicating to his friend the governor Velasquez the startling revolution which had taken place in his views as to the lawfulness of the *repartimiento* system, and his firm resolve to give up his own slaves, yet requested Velasquez to keep this determination secret till Renteria's return. Meanwhile, however, his own convictions being once settled, it was not in his ardent nature to remain inactive. On Assumption Day in the same year, his sermon opened up the whole question, and made public his own resolution, as well as his views regarding the unlawfulness of the system, and his conviction that no one could possess Indian slaves without peril to his immortal soul. His hearers were amazed. Some, he tells us, were struck with compunction; others “were as much surprised to hear it called a sin to make use of the Indians, as if they had been told it was sinful to make use of the beasts of the field.”

This public denunciation of the *repartimientos* he followed up by vigorous private remonstrances and representations. They had little effect, it will readily be believed, in abating an abuse now inveterate in the colony. Las Casas saw that the battle could only be successfully fought in the councils of the King himself; and although he was utterly penniless, he resolved to undertake

* “En aquella materia estaba por aquel tiempo el buen Padre como las seglares todos que tenia por hijos.”—*Historia de Las Indias*, ms. L. iii. c. 32. Helps, p. 18.

the voyage to Spain for the purpose. He wrote at once to this effect to Renteria, and summoned him home without delay.

It is not the least remarkable incident in this curious story, that at the same moment in which the new light was breaking upon Las Casas, a similar revolution was taking place in the sentiments and convictions of his friend and partner Renteria. We learn from Las Casas's simple narrative, that the revolution in Renteria's sentiments regarding the Indians was due to the influence of one of those ascetic observances which abound in the system of the Roman Catholic Church—a so-called "spiritual retreat," which Renteria undertook in the Franciscan monastery of Jamaica during the Lent of 1514. His views in the first instance fell short in boldness and breadth of those of his impetuous friend. Renteria limited his plan to a provision for the Christian education of the children of the unhappy Indians; but so earnest was he in pushing it forward, that he had actually formed an intention similar to that of Las Casas, of going in person to Spain to secure the royal sanction and support for the measure. On receipt of Las Casas's letter, he returned without delay to Cuba. A mutual explanation took place. Renteria eagerly transferred to his friend a mission for which he felt that he was himself infinitely less qualified. He sold off without delay the merchandise which he had just brought from Jamaica, together with the farm which he and Las Casas had held in common, and the proceeds were joyfully devoted to the expenses of Las Casas's mission.

Las Casas's departure from Cuba, and probably also the effort which he had inaugurated for the amelioration of the condition of the Indians, led in the first instance to the very opposite result. It may be that the hopes which were raised in the minds of the natives by his interposition in their favour, excited them, as has often been the case in the later movements for abolition in the United States of America, to courses which their taskmasters made the occasion of fresh repression and of increased severity. Incidents such as the following, and others recorded by Mr. Helps, after Las Casas's own narrative, must have lent a powerful stimulus to the zeal with which he entered on his mission:—

"After their departure from the island, the cruelties of the Spaniards towards the Indians increased; and, as the Indians naturally enough sought for some refuge in flight, the Spaniards trained dogs to pursue them. The Indians then had recourse to suicide as a means of escape, for they believed in a future state of being,

where ease and felicity, they thought, awaited them. Accordingly they put themselves to death, whole families doing so together, and villages inviting other villages to join them in their departure from a world that was no longer tolerable to them. Some hanged themselves; others drank the poisonous juice of the Yuca.

"One pathetic and yet ludicrous occurrence is mentioned in connection with this practice of suicide amongst the Indians. A number of them belonging to one master had resolved to hang themselves, and so to escape from their labours and their sufferings. The master being made aware of their intention, came upon them just as they were about to carry it into effect. 'Go seek me a rope too,' he exclaimed, 'for I must hang myself with you.' He then gave them to understand that he could not live without them, as they were so useful to him; and that he must go where they were going. They, believing that they would not get rid of him even in a future state of existence, agreed to remain where they were; and with sorrow laid aside their ropes to resume their labours."

In St. Domingo Las Casas saw the superior of the Dominican missions in the Indies, the excellent monk Pedro da Cordova, who warmly approved his design. But Da Cordova warned his friend that he would have little chance of success during the life of King Ferdinand, who was entirely under the influence of two determined supporters of the *repartimiento* system, and moreover themselves possessors of Indians—Fonseca, Bishop of Burgos, and Lope de Conchillos, the King's Secretary. Las Casas, however, was not a man to be dismayed by the prospect of difficulty. It may even be doubted whether the very difficulty did not constitute for him one of the charms of the enterprise. If it was so, he had abundant cause afterwards to recall the prediction of Pedro da Cordova.

His first appeal upon his arrival in Spain was to the King in person. Influenced probably by the representations of Pedro da Cordova, he determined to avoid the ministers, the Bishop of Burgos and Lope de Conchillos; and having been furnished with letters to the King by the Archbishop of Seville, he addressed himself directly, and in very energetic terms, to Ferdinand, first enlisting on his side the influence of his confessor, Tomas de Matienzo. But he soon saw that the age and infirmity of Ferdinand left little room for hope of independent action on his part; and although Ferdinand received his representation with much interest, and promised to give him a further audience and to provide a remedy for the evils which he described, it became evident that the matter would ultimately come into the hands of the Bishop of Burgos and the

Secretary, and Las Casas thought it best to forestall their hostility by himself bringing the subject under their consideration before it should meet them in an official form. Conchillos, we learn, received him courteously, and listened to his statements; but the Bishop was overbearing and repulsive. The interview with the Bishop is described by Las Casas with his characteristic plainness. After he had urged upon the Bishop all the arguments which he could bring together against the atrocities of the existing system, concluding with the startling fact, that within three months no fewer than seven thousand children had perished, he had the mortification to find the Bishop utterly unmoved. "What a silly fool you are," interposed Fonseca. "What is all this to me, and what is it to the King?" Las Casas was shocked, but not silenced. "Is it nothing to your lordship," he asked, "or to the King, that all these souls should perish? O great and eternal God! And to whom then is it of any concern?" With these words he took his leave. What might have been his ultimate chance of success with Ferdinand in conflict with counsellors like these it is needless to speculate. Ferdinand died a few weeks afterwards on his way to Seville, at a little village called Madrigalejos, on the 23d January 1516.

By Ferdinand's death, the regency of Spain having been intrusted during the minority of the young King Charles, conjointly to the celebrated Cardinal Ximenes, who had been named by Ferdinand's will, and to Adrian of Utrecht, who had been Charles's tutor, the supreme direction of Indian affairs fell into the hands of a minister who, although a churchman like Fonseca, was a churchman of a very different stamp. The latter indeed was a churchman in name only, although he held in succession a number of ecclesiastical preferments, which, if church-temporalities could make a true churchman, might have infused the ecclesiastical element even into the most secular organization—the Archidiaconate of Seville, the Bishopric of Badajoz, that of Cordova, of Palencia, of Conde, the Archbishopric of Rossano in Italy, and the Bishopric of Burgos! Although a faithful and able minister, and a ready, bold, and dexterous politician, Fonseca appears to have been destitute, not alone of all ecclesiastical tastes, and of those higher spiritual instincts which often give a colour to the character of men of secular pursuits, but even to have been wanting in that inner moral sense which lies at the bottom of all true Christian polity, even in its purely secular relations. He was a statesman of the hardest and most materialistic

school; and in that age the materialism of statesmanship had not even the redeeming characteristics which in later times it has drawn from those higher and more benevolent views developed in the progress of the new civilisation. On the contrary, Ximenes, to whose general career we hope to return at more length upon some convenient opportunity, was, by the very constitution of his mind, a churchman and even an ascetic. But he was of that noble school of churchmen to whom there was still a debatable land between the realm of the Church and that of the State, and before it was attempted to draw between them a sharp and immovable line of demarcation, the latter has owed so many and so deep obligations. With him the interests of right and justice were ever foremost, and no consideration of political or economical advantage could reconcile him to the expedient, when he believed it to be at variance with either. Las Casas on hearing of Ferdinand's death had resolved to repair to Flanders, in the hope of enlisting the sympathies of the young King; but he determined in the first instance to lay his statement of the wrongs of the Indians before the Cardinal and his colleague Adrian. They were struck with horror by the recital; and Ximenes, with his characteristic decision, at once assured Las Casas that it was not necessary for him to go to Flanders, but that the remedy for such evils should be found at Madrid. Accordingly he at once appointed a council to hear the representations of Las Casas; and when the facts had been ascertained, he named a committee to draw up, in conjunction with Las Casas, a plan for securing for the future the liberty of the natives, and for regulating their relations to the Government and the Spanish colonial population. The result of many protracted consultations was a scheme, drawn up roughly by Las Casas, modified by the subsequent revision of the associated councillors, and ultimately approved by Cardinal Ximenes and Adrian. The administration of the system so devised was intrusted to a commission of three Fathers of the order of St. Jerome, selected by the General, who were brought to Madrid to receive their instructions and powers. Las Casas, profoundly suspicious of the intrigues of the colonial slaveholders and their Spanish abettors, regarded the sojourn of these commissioners in Madrid as a great evil, and ascribed many of the difficulties and misunderstandings that subsequently arose to the impressions made upon them by the patrons of the *repartimiento* system, before they left Spain for their destined place of action.

During their sojourn in Madrid the code of instructions by which they were to be guided was drawn up under the immediate direction of Ximenes himself. Mr. Helps does not enter into its details, and it would carry us quite beyond the space at our disposal to enumerate them.* It will be enough to say that while they appear to have aimed at a complete redress of the sufferings of the native population; and that while they firmly insist upon immunity from personal servitude as the birthright of Indians† as well as Castilians, they yet attempt a compromise between these principles and the long-established and widespread institution of compulsory labour at the mines. It was represented to Ximenes by almost all the returned Spaniards that this could not be suddenly abandoned without the utter ruin of the colony. He tried therefore to devise a remedy for its evils. Within the four islands in which mines existed villages were to be formed, in the immediate neighbourhood of the mines, each under its own cacique, each provided with a sufficient number of houses, a church, and a hospital, and each having a portion of land allotted, which was to be distributed according to the rank and requirements of the community. As a security against the absolute compulsion of slave-labour, a provision was introduced that no Indian could be compelled to join any of those communities. The villages moreover were placed directly under the rule of their respective chiefs, and to each was assigned a priest, secular or regular, who was to be not alone the instructor of the Indians, but was also to be associated with the cacique in the exercise of his authority, and especially in administering punishments, in which respect his power was limited to the infliction of flogging. With the same view many restrictions were placed upon the amount and duration of labour which might be exacted; and rules were laid down as to the mode of conducting the operations and apportioning the products. The superintendents or administrators were to be bound by oath not to impose excessive labour on the natives; and further, as some protection against such

excess, it was provided that the master-miners and inspectors themselves should in all cases be Indians.

Such were the leading features of the plan of administration with which the Hieronymite commissaries were intrusted. It is due to Las Casas to say that both the permission to make slaves of the Carib Indians and the compulsory labour of the miners were introduced against his remonstrance, and were regarded by him as opening the way, at least in principle, to a revival of the atrocious system against which he was contending. But it was difficult for a minister at a distance from the scene, and beyond the immediate presence of the evil, to realize its full extent, or to understand, as did Las Casas, the subtle influences by which it would be enabled to resist every measure devised for its abatement, short of complete and absolute abolition; and Ximenes believed that in the precautions which his plan embodied, together with the further discretionary powers in its execution which he intrusted to the Hieronymite Fathers, would afford a more safe, as well as a more easy remedy, than could be hoped from the measure proposed by Las Casas, more complete in theory, but in practice difficult, if not impossible.

But besides, as a further security for the effectiveness of his plan, the Cardinal invested Las Casas himself, under the title of "Protector of the Indians," with independent authority, not only as adviser and consulter of the commission, but also as direct organ of communication with the home Government, with a very wide and general power to "take such steps in the matter as might be for the service of God and of their Highnesses." And a most valuable support to his views was the appointment of a legal commissary named Zuazo, who was invested with extraordinary judicial powers, and authorized to inquire into, and if necessary revise, without right of appeal, the proceedings of all the judges in the Indies. An appointment so unlimited was vehemently resisted, not only by the *repartimiento* party, but even by some more moderate members of the council on Indian affairs; and Las Casas feared that the Hieronymite Fathers themselves had been injuriously influenced by the representations of the agents who had been sent home from the Indies in the interest of the colonists, and who had several interviews with the Fathers during their stay in Madrid. After long delay, five of the council definitively refused to affix their signatures to the powers proposed for Zuazo. The preparations were thus brought to a

* They will be found fully explained in Herrera, *Historia de Las Indias Occidentales*, dic. ii. lib. ii. c. 3, pp. 27-32. An excellent summary is given by Hefele in his admirable biography of Ximenes, *Der Cardinal Ximenes und die Kirchliche Zustände Spaniens am Ende des XV. und Anfange des XVI. Jahrhunderts*, p. 484-92.

† An exception is recognised for the case of the Caribs, who were represented by the colonists as cannibals, although Las Casas consistently denied the allegation. It was permitted to make captives of the Caribs, and to retain them as slaves.

stand. It seemed as if, after so favourable an opening, the scheme was about to fall hopelessly to the ground. Las Casas was alarmed, but he did not lose courage. He went once again to the Cardinal, and Ximenes proved equal to the occasion. To use the homely phrase of Las Casas, he was not a man to suffer himself to be played upon (*ninguno con el se burlaba*). He sent upon the moment for the recusant councillors, and called upon them to sign in his own presence the required powers of Zuazo. They did not dare to refuse. But it is painful to add that they had the bad faith to affix secretly to the signature a certain private mark, which they intended as a means of attesting, what they meant subsequently to avow, namely, that they had signed only upon compulsion.

At length all difficulties, at least upon the surface, were removed:—

“At last, all was ready for these seeds of well-devised legislation to be taken out and sown in the Indies. Las Casas went to take leave of Ximenes and to kiss hands. He could not on this occasion refrain from uttering his mind to the Cardinal, telling him that the Jeronimite Fathers would do no good thing, and informing him of their interviews with the agents from the colonies. It moves our pity to think that the sick old man, wearied enough with rapacious Flemish courtiers and untameable Spanish grandees, should now be told, after he had given so much time and attention to this business of the Indies, that the mission would do no good. Well may Las Casas add, that the Cardinal seemed struck with alarm; and that, after a short time, he said, ‘Whom then can we trust? You are going there: be watchful for all.’ Upon this, after receiving the Cardinal’s benediction, Las Casas left for Seville.”

Ximenes might well entertain these gloomy forebodings. The germ of failure was brooding even before the expedition left Spain. It is plain that mutual distrust had arisen between Las Casas and the Hieronymite Fathers. The Fathers, with a view to the greater effectiveness of the commission, thought it prudent to dissociate themselves from him, as a person who was already committed to a course decidedly hostile to the Spanish party in the Indies. They sailed therefore in a different ship, and on their arrival (in December 1516) they took a separate, and, as it speedily proved, an antagonistic course. The difference was on a vital point. One of their instructions was to take away and restore to full liberty all Indians who were held in servitude, whether by absentee Spaniards, or by judges or other officials of the Spanish Crown, even though resident in the colony. The first

part of the instructions they carried out; but they deemed it inexpedient to enforce the second. Las Casas protested warmly against this resolve, but in vain. The Fathers, conceiving that such a measure would be more than the temper of the colony, indeed than the actual exigencies of its labour-market, would bear, made use of the discretionary power which they had received from the Cardinal, and suspended this part of the instructions.

Meanwhile Zuazo, the judicial commissary, arrived, and Las Casas resolved, as the only means of bringing what he believed to be the vital interests of the Indian cause under discussion, to impeach the judges whom the Hieronymites had spared. Mr. Helps holds the balance between Las Casas and the Hieronymites with a very hesitating hand. He evidently believes in the good faith and right-mindedness of both; but though he is of opinion that the bolder course would have been successful, he leans to a very indulgent judgment of the motives, as well as of the prudence, of that adopted by the Fathers:—

“Las Casas resolved to impeach the Judges. To use his own phrase, he brought against them a tremendous accusation (*púsoles una terrible acusacion*), both in respect to their conduct in bringing Indians from the Lucayan islands, and also in reference to the infamous proceedings connected with an incident in Cumaná, where two poor Dominicans were left to be murdered by the natives. Certainly, if any charges were to be made against these Judges, it must be admitted that the subjects of accusation were well chosen.

“The Jeronimite Fathers were much grieved at this bold step being taken by Las Casas. They evidently wished to manage things quietly; and were proceeding mainly with the second class of remedies for the Indians, giving them in *repartimiento* to such of the colonists as they thought well of, and publishing the orders for ameliorating the condition of the subject people. The Fathers seem on the whole to have made great efforts to do good; which must not pass without due recognition. I think with Las Casas, that if they had ventured to adopt the scheme, which he, Dr. Palacios Rubio, and Antonio Montesino, had planned (the main points of which were, the doing away with the system of *repartimientos* and compulsory working at the mines), it would have been better; and there is no doubt that, while Ximenes lived, they would have had a sufficiently powerful protector to enable them to carry out such a measure. But, though not determined enough to carry out such a bold undertaking, which few men, indeed, would have had courage for, and leaving many of the colonists in possession of their Indians, they still made great efforts to carry out the second class of measures for the relief of the Indians and the benefit of the colony.

"Las Casas may complain of the Jeronimites, but I have no doubt they were more vigorous, and aimed at better purposes than almost any mere official persons would have done: and their conduct illustrates to my mind what I have long thought about government,—that there are occasions when those do best in it who are not strictly bred up for it, and who are not, therefore, likely to have the vigour and force of their natures encrusted with routine and deadened by a slavish belief in the incomplete traditions of the past.

"Such measured proceedings as the Jeronimite Fathers at first adopted did not accord with the temperament of Las Casas; neither were they such remedies as the fearful nature of the disease demanded. Moreover, in addition to his disapproval of their measures, he distrusted the men themselves. He states that they had relations whom they wished to benefit in the island of Hispaniola, but as they feared him too much to do so there, they recommended these relations to Diego Velasquez, the Governor of Cuba; and Las Casas observed, that in a letter which he happened to see when they were about to close it, they signed themselves, 'Chaplains to your Honour' (*Capellanes de Vuestra Merced*), a mode of describing themselves which seemed to him conclusive of the position the Fathers were going to take up with regard to this Governor."

This collision of views was the crisis of the danger which Las Casas had foretold to the Cardinal. He had written repeatedly to Spain during the progress of affairs, but without any direct result. It was afterwards ascertained, indeed, that his letters had been intercepted, and he now resolved to return, and to appeal in person against what he regarded as the fatal policy of the Hieronymite Commissioners. He left St. Domingo in May 1517, and was followed soon after by Fray Bernardino de Manzanedo, one of the three Hieronymite commissioners, and the representative of his brother.

There can be little doubt what would have been the judgment of Ximenes in this vital controversy. But it was the fate of Las Casas many times in the course of his labours to find his hopes baffled on the very eve of expected fulfilment. On his arrival in Spain he found the great Cardinal dying. Mr. Helps affirms that he was still able to receive Las Casas,* and although it appears to us much more probable that this is a mistake, and that Las Casas never saw the Cardinal after his return, it is certain that the latter was enabled to learn the sentiments of the dying minister. He had the mortification to find that his letters had been studi-

ously intercepted, and that Ximenes had been kept in almost entire ignorance of the proceedings in Hispaniola. The knowledge of the bitter truth came too late for the remedy. Ximenes died on November 8th, 1517.

At the time of Ximenes' death the young King Charles was but sixteen years old. The supreme authority in Spain now came into the hands of the Grand Chamberlain William de Croy of Chievres, in Hainault, and of the Grand Chancellor Jean Salvage. In the latter Las Casas had the good fortune to find a not unfavourable listener, having been recommended to him by some Franciscan Fathers from Picardy, whom he met at St. Domingo, while on his way to Spain. The Chancellor, to whom the department of the Indian affairs chiefly appertained, freely consulted Las Casas on the many memorials which came before him, and in the end obtained the young King's consent that, conjointly with Las Casas, he should devise a remedy for the ill-government of the Indies. The drawing up of the scheme was intrusted to Las Casas. Its chief feature was a proposal to supply to the colony from other sources the labour which experience had proved to be unsuited to the feeble and unenergetic Indian race; and it consisted of a two-fold provision, first, of emigrant labourers from Spain who were to be invited by certain definite advantages, and of whom Las Casas undertook to secure an abundant enlistment; and secondly, of negro slaves, of whom each Spanish resident in Hispaniola was to have license to import twelve from Africa. The latter branch of the scheme remains as a lasting blot on the reputation of Las Casas; and it may well be regarded as one of the most curious of those anomalies in which history abounds, that the greatest triumph of philanthropy in the present age has been the undoing of an inveterate and intolerable wrong, which, if it did not originate with the greatest philanthropist of the sixteenth century, at least had his undoubted sanction and support. It has been doubted by some of the apologists of Las Casas whether the proposal for the importation of negroes really was made by him; and the well-known constitutional Bishop of Blois, Gregoire, formally denies it in the *Life of Las Casas* which he prefixed to the French edition of his works. But the fact is undeniable. Quintana in his admirable biography devotes a special dissertation to the subject, in which he produces four several proposals of Las Casas, of which it forms a part.*

* Helps's *Las Casas*, p. 54. Hefele states that on Las Casas's arrival at Aranda, he found Ximenes too ill to receive him.—*Der Cardinal Ximenes*, p. 498. Quintana is equally explicit.

* *Vidas de Españoles Celebres*, p. 227. First, in 1516, to Cardinal Ximenes; secondly, in a later memorial presented to the Government, proposing

And indeed it is strange how any doubt as to the fact could ever have arisen, seeing that Las Casas himself, in the *History of the Indies* which he wrote in his later years, humbly confesses it and frankly avows and bewails his error. "This advice," he says, "that license should be given to bring negro slaves to this land, the Clerigo Casas first gave, not considering the injustice with which the Portuguese take them and make them slaves; which advice, after he had apprehended the nature of the thing, he would not have given for all he had in the world. For he always held that they had been made slaves unjustly and tyrannically, since the same reason holds good of them as of the Indians." *

But although Las Casas must beyond all question be held answerable for having made this proposal, it would be equally unjust to regard him as the originator of negro slavery in the Indies. We have already seen that the importation of African slaves into Europe almost kept pace with the progress of maritime discovery in Africa; and its introduction into the West Indies was one of the very first devices of the infant colonization. In proposing it, Las Casas was only following the universally received ideas of his time.

"From the earliest times of the discovery of America, negroes had been sent there; and the young King Charles had, while in Flanders, granted licenses to his courtiers for the importation of negroes into Hispaniola. But, what is of more significance, and what it is strange that Las Casas was not aware of, or did not mention, the Jeronimite Fathers had also come to the conclusion that negroes must be introduced into the West Indies. Writing in January 1518, when the Fathers could not have known what was passing in Spain in relation to this subject, they recommended licenses to be given to the inhabitants of Hispaniola, or to other persons, to bring negroes there. From the tenour of their letter it appears that they had before recommended the same thing. Zuazo, the judge of *residencia*, and the legal colleague of Las Casas, wrote to the same effect. He, however, suggested that the negroes should be placed in settlements, and married. Fray Bernardino de Manzanedo, the Jeronimite Father, who had been sent over to counteract Las Casas, gave the same advice as his brethren about the introduction of negroes. He added a proviso, which does not appear in their letter (perhaps it did exist in one of the earlier ones), that there should be as many women as men sent over, or more.

that each colonist might be permitted to take two or three negroes; thirdly, in a clause of the contract with the Government for the Cumana expedition; and lastly, in a memorial to the Council of the Indies in 1531.

* MS. *Historia de Las Indias*, liii. c. 101; Helps, p. 67.

"The suggestion of Las Casas was approved of by the Chancellor, and by Adrian, the colleague of the late Cardinal: and, indeed, it is probable there was hardly a man of that time who would have seen further than the excellent Clerigo did."

* * * * *

"Before quitting this subject, something must be said for Las Casas which he does not allege for himself. * This suggestion of his about the negroes was not an isolated one. Had all his suggestions been carried out, and the Indians thereby been preserved, as I firmly believe they might have been, these negroes might have remained a very insignificant number in the general population. By the destruction of Indians a void in the laborious part of the community was being constantly created, which had to be filled up by the labour of negroes. The negroes could bear the labour in the mines much better than the Indians; and any man who perceived that a race, of whose Christian virtues and capabilities he thought highly, were fading away by reason of being subjected to labour which their natures were incompetent to endure, and which they were most unjustly condemned to, might prefer the misery of the smaller number of another race treated with equal injustice, but more capable of enduring it. I did not say that Las Casas considered all these things; but, at any rate, in estimating his conduct, we must recollect, that we look at the matter centuries after it occurred, and see all the extent of the evil arising from circumstances which no man could then be expected to foresee, and which were inconsistent with the rest of the Clerigo's plans for the preservation of the Indians.

"I suspect that the wisest amongst us would very likely have erred with him: and I am not sure that, taking all his plans together, and taking for granted, as he did then, that his influence at court was to last, his suggestion about the negroes was an impolitic one."

At all events, certain it is that the part of Las Casas's scheme, against which the opposition of the antagonistic party was directed, was not the importation of negroes, but the project of free emigrant labour. His old adversary the Bishop of Burgos, who had for a time fallen into disfavour, was recalled about this time to the Indian administration. He ridiculed the project of free emigration, and declared that in twenty years he had not yet found twenty men who would go to the Indies in the capacity of labourers. Las Casas in reply undertook to find three thousand. But again his evil fortune awaited him. At the crisis of the struggle his friend and supporter, the Chancellor, was suddenly seized with fever, and died, leaving

* "Las Casas is much misrepresented by Herrera, who gives an account of the suggestion as if it were made, not in addition to, but in substitution for, other measures."

to the Bishop of Burgos his old supremacy, and sinking the Clerigo, in his own homely phrase, "down to the abysses." Fonseca at once proceeded to form a special council of Indian affairs almost all devoted to his own views; and his first act was to undo the last relic of the old scheme of Las Casas, by recalling the Hieronymite Fathers from the Indies.

Meanwhile the Clerigo, undismayed by this adverse change, set about his plan for enrolling emigrant labourers. He had obtained, through the influence of the Flemish ministers, all the necessary authority for the purpose, and an Italian named Berrio was appointed to act under him. Unluckily for the success of the enterprise, this man, by a secret understanding with the Bishop of Burgos, had his instructions privately altered, so as to make him independent of Las Casas. The history of this transaction throws a curious light on the social condition of the rural population of Spain at this period:—

"The Clerigo, with his squire and other attendants, set off on his expedition for procuring emigrant labourers. He directed his course from Saragossa towards Castille, assembling the people in the churches, and informing them of the benefits and privileges they would acquire by emigrating. Numbers consented to go, inscribing their names in a book. At Berlanga, out of a population of two hundred, more than seventy inscribed their names. It gives a curious insight into those times, to see that the inducement with these people to emigrate, was to get away from the seigniorial rights over them. They came to Las Casas with the greatest secrecy; and he relates this speech made by four of them:—'Señor, no one of us wishes to go to the Indies for want of means here, for each of us has a hundred thousand maravedis of *hacienda* and more, but we go to leave our children in a free land under royal jurisdiction.'

The scheme, however, notwithstanding the favourable disposition of the peasants, failed, through the insubordination and recklessness of Berrio; and Las Casas at once turned to a project of an entirely different character. Abandoning for the moment the hope of any general legislation for the colony, by which one common end might be put to the horrors of the condition of the natives, he directed his efforts towards the foundation, within a limited district, of at least a model settlement, in which the benefits of Christian civilisation might be secured for the Indians, and an efficacious protection might be afforded to them, and to all other natives who might take refuge amongst them, against the cruelties for which he had found it impossible to carry out a preventive in the colony at large. With this view, he pro-

posed to form a sort of company, consisting of fifty individuals, each contributing two hundred ducats, who would undertake the work out of Christian motives; and at the same time he offered to them a fair prospect of forwarding their own interests by lawful means. He proposed that the members should wear a distinctive dress—white, with a red cross, like that of the Knights of Calatrava; and he looked forward, if the design should prosper, to its being ultimately incorporated as a religious fraternity. To this association he asked that a district on the mainland, extending a thousand* leagues along the coast, should be assigned, in consideration of a yearly tribute to the Crown; and he stipulated that, in order to guard against the contagion of evil example and the other ills under which the good name of Christianity had been dishonoured by Europeans in the eyes of the natives, the district should be shut against all Europeans, with the exception of the members of the fraternity; and one of the objects of enforcing a distinctive costume was to distinguish this band in the eyes of the Indians from all other Spaniards whom they had ever seen before. They were to labour for the conversion of the Indians, and to carry a friendly message to them from the King; they were to be accompanied by twelve priests, Franciscans and Dominicans; and it was to be expressly provided that neither then, nor at any later time, should the Indians, within the limits appointed, be given to Spaniards, whether as *repartimiento* or any other form of slavery. But in this scheme, as in the last which the Clerigo had proposed, liberty was given to the fifty members to import a hundred and fifty negro slaves, one half men, the other women, which number might be increased to five hundred, if it should so seem expedient to the Clerigo. In a word, the plan, omitting the provisions for negro labour, bore a strong resemblance in its leading features to that of the celebrated *reducciones* of the Jesuits of Paraguay; and it is particularly to be observed that the very regulation which, during the height of the anti-Jesuit crusade, was represented in so invidious a light against the society—that by which the territory was kept shut against all other Europeans and against the questionable example of their lives and character,—was one of those upon which Las Casas insisted most strongly, as indispensable for the success of the gospel among the native population. It is further worthy of note that Las Casas asked nothing for

* The limit eventually fixed was two hundred and sixty leagues.

himself, and in no way provided for his own interest or ambition.

The scheme was approved of by the Flemings, and by the new Grand Chancellor, Arborio de Gattinara, who had succeeded on the death of Salvage. By their advice it was laid before the Indian council. There it met with the strong disfavour of Las Casas's old antagonist, the Bishop of Burgos; but he combated it less by open opposition than by delay. In this way, however, he managed no less effectually to baffle the design of the Clerigo.

Las Casas encountered the Bishop with his own weapon of indirect warfare. Finding himself powerless in the Indian council, he enlisted on his side the sympathies of the eight royal preachers and of other eminent ecclesiastics, one of whom is said by Las Casas to have been a venerable monk from Picardy, a brother of the Queen of Scotland,* who had been a missionary in the Indies, and was able to speak from personal knowledge of the wrongs of the native population. The course taken by the royal preachers is not uncharacteristic of the age. Having first discussed among themselves, and been satisfied of the enormity of the evils of the Indies, they drew up a plan for their redress, and bound themselves by oath not to be deterred by fear or influence from seeking its accomplishment. They resolved that they would first admonish the council of the Indies; failing this, they would go to the Chancellor; should he not take the initiative, they would address themselves to Monsieur Chievres; if he too were unmoved, they would appeal to the King in person; and if all these failed to provide a remedy, they would preach publicly against the neglect of duty by all these men, powerful as they were, not sparing even the King himself. This resolution they committed to writing, and each having subscribed it with his name, they swore solemnly upon the cross and the book of the Gospels to carry out their resolve.

The Indian council contrived to check-

mate them at their very first move. Their memorial never went beyond the first stage of the contemplated procedure. When presented to the council, it was received courteously, and even with somewhat of approval. But the old policy of delay was again effectually applied.

Las Casas, however, had not relied exclusively upon the royal preachers. He vigorously pressed forward his own plan of a separate colony; and in the end he succeeded in getting the King to appoint a special council to judge between him and the council of the Indies, Las Casas himself being permitted to name some of the members. It was in vain that Fonseca resorted to the old expedient of procrastination. When summoned to a meeting of this special council he shammed sickness as an excuse for non-attendance. Again he was summoned, this time to a council the object of which was not specified; but to his chagrin he discovered, on presenting himself, that it was for the very discussion which he had determined to evade; and he had the mortification to find that the council adopted by a majority of voices the proposal of Las Casas, and ordered that the territory should be assigned for his experimental colony.

Fonseca's expedients were not yet exhausted. He set on another company, at the head of which was the historian Oviedo, to offer for the territory a much higher yearly revenue than that proposed by Las Casas. The council were summoned again to consider both proposals. Las Casas appeared in person, and a most exciting scene ensued:—

"Las Casas spoke out very boldly before it; and, in the course of the proceedings, Antonio de Fonseca, the brother of the Bishop of Burgos, a man of great authority, thus addressed Las Casas, interrupting him probably in the midst of some statement: 'You cannot now say that the members of the Indian Council have been the death of the Indians, for you have taken all their Indians away.' He alluded to the order issued by Ximenes, that the Indians should be taken away from absentee proprietors, amongst whom were members of the Council. Las Casas replied—'My Lord, their Lordships have not been the death of all the Indians, but they have been the death of immense numbers where they possessed them: the principal destruction, however, of the Indians has been effected by private persons, whose destruction their Lordships have abetted.'

"The Bishop in a furious manner then broke into the discussion with these words: 'A fortunate man, indeed, is he who is of the Council of the King, if, being of the Council of the King, he is to put himself in contest with Casas.' To this unmannerly speech the Clerigo replied with much readiness and dignity:

* We have sought in vain to verify this statement, having failed to discover any brother of any of the queens of Scotland about this period who entered into the Franciscan order. On referring to Wadding's *Annales Fratrum minorum*, we find the same individual described as 'fratrem germanum regis Scotiæ' (vol. xvi. p. 21). But even on this supposition the difficulty seems equally insoluble. A brother of the royal house of Scotland, who in 1517 was a *viejo muy cano*, could only be the son of James II.—hardly possibly of James III. But even supposing the latter, neither of these kings had any son who entered the Franciscan order. Las Casas, however, only mentions the circumstance as a thing commonly said—*segun se decia*.

'A more fortunate man is Casas, if, having come from the Indies two thousand leagues, encountering such risks and dangers, to advise the King and his Council, in order that they might not lose their souls (*que no se vayan a los Infernos*) on account of the tyranny and destruction which is going on in the Indies, in place of being thanked and honoured for it, he should have to put himself in contest with the Council.'

The majority of votes was again found to be in favour of Las Casas. But the Indian council still continued obdurate. They drew up a lengthened memorial against Las Casas, which they presented to the Chancellor. It was laid before the council, and Gattinara informed the Clerigo that he must put in a reply. But the council refused on various pretences to place the memorial in his hands for the purpose. Months of delay were thus entailed:—

"Months were wasted about this trumpery affair, which may give us some notion of the perseverance and endurance of the Protector of the Indians. At last the Chancellor got the memorial into his hands. He then invited Las Casas to dinner, and afterwards, taking out of his *escritoire* a large bundle of papers, he said to the Clerigo, 'Answer now to these things they say against you.' Las Casas replied, that the Council of the Indies had been months preparing this accusation, 'and I have to answer them in a *credo*. Give me the papers for as many hours as they had months, and your Lordship shall see that I will answer them.' The Chancellor said, that he could not part with the papers, as he had promised he would not let them go out of his possession, but Las Casas might answer them there. So, of an evening, while the Chancellor was at his work, the Clerigo came, and sat in a corner of the room, and drew up his reply. Chancellors, even in those days, seem to have been greatly overworked; but, indeed, this has always been the case, that the work of the world, of all kinds, gets into knots, as it were; and one man is often left to do the work of six men, who, with infinite dissatisfaction to themselves, are looking on and noting how ill the work is done. At eleven o'clock, a collation was always brought in; at twelve, the Clerigo took his leave, and went home to his *posada*, not without some fear of what might happen to him on the way from such powerful enemies as were ranged against him. In four evenings Las Casas had prepared his reply.

"The Chancellor then summoned a Council, and laid the reply before them. It seems to have been successful, for all the Bishop of Burgos could say against it was, 'The preachers of the King have made these answers for him.' This, of course, the Chancellor knew to be false. He reported to the King the whole course of the proceedings; and his Highness ordered that Micer Bartolomé should have the grant, and that no notice should be taken of the offers of those who wished to outbid him."

Notwithstanding this seemingly conclusive decision another "terrible combat" still awaited him; but we must pass it by, although it is eminently characteristic of the man. The concession remained undisturbed. On May 19, 1520, the King signed the necessary deed previous to his departure to Flanders; and it somewhat relieves the dark shadows of the character of the Bishop of Burgos, that, although by the departure of most of Las Casas's friends in the King's train, he was left in a great degree at the mercy of the Bishop for the details of the arrangement, yet everything regarding the settlement was facilitated, and all further opposition was withdrawn.

The plan of Las Casas was variously criticised. The opposition hitherto described arose for the most part from the very lowest and most unworthy motives. Others condemned it from the higher ground of spirituality. Among them was an old friend, a distinguished licentiate called Aguirre, whom Queen Isabella had trusted most highly, and had appointed one of her executors. Las Casas's answer to his friend places in a very striking light the mingled shrewdness and simplicity of his character:—

"This man had always loved and favoured Las Casas, but when he found that the Clerigo was pursuing an enterprise in which Aguirre heard of rents being paid to the King, and of honours being sought for by Las Casas on behalf of his companions, the licentiate said 'that such a manner of proceeding in preaching the gospel had scandalized him, for it evinced an aiming after temporal interests, which he had never hitherto suspected in the Clerigo.'

"Las Casas, having heard what Aguirre had said, took occasion to speak to him one day in the following terms: 'Señor, if you were to see our Lord Jesus Christ maltreated, vituperated, and afflicted, would you not implore with all your might that those who had him in their power would give him to you, that you might serve and worship him?' 'Yes,' said Aguirre. 'Then,' replied Las Casas, 'if they would not give him to you, but would sell him, would you redeem him?' 'Without a doubt.' 'Well, then, Señor,' rejoined Las Casas, 'that is what I have done, for I have left in the Indies Jesus Christ, our Lord, suffering stripes, and afflictions, and crucifixion, not once but thousands of times, at the hands of the Spaniards, who destroy and desolate those Indian nations, taking from them the opportunity of conversion and penitence, so that they die without faith and without sacraments.'

"Then Las Casas went on to explain how he had sought to remedy these things in the way that Aguirre would most have approved. To this the answer had been, that the King would have no rents, wherefore, when he, Las Casas, saw that his opponents would sell him the

gospel, he had offered those temporal inducements which Aguirre had heard of and disapproved.

"The licentiate considered this a sufficient answer, and so, I think, would any reasonable man."

The expedition sailed at last in 1520. But its arrival in the New World fell at a most unhappy conjuncture. A few years before, a company of missionary monks, Franciscans and Dominicans, had founded establishments on the Pearl Coast, on the mainland where Las Casas's grant lay. They had been eminently successful in attracting and converting the Indians, and had lived most happily with the natives, until a treacherous attack was made upon the little settlement by the Spanish pearl-fishers of the island of Cubagua, who seized and carried off a number of the Indians as slaves. It had unluckily happened, although the missionaries regarded this outrage with horror, that the suspicion of the Indians was turned upon the Dominicans, in consequence of the leader of the expedition having some time previously visited the convent; and a few Sundays afterwards, the Indians, in revenge for their supposed treachery, attacked the Fathers while celebrating mass in the little church, and slew several of them. The news of this violence had thrown the whole Spanish colony into excitement; and when Las Casas reached Porto Rico, the first intelligence which awaited him was that the *audiencia* at St. Domingo had prepared an expedition to avenge the outrage, and that Ocampo was actually on his way in command thereof. His dismay may be easily imagined. On Ocampo's arrival he showed him the powers which he held under the royal commission, and endeavoured to set aside, or at least to detain, an expedition which could not fail to defeat for ever the hopes of such a settlement as was contemplated under the royal grant. Ocampo respectfully pleaded that he was directly responsible to the *audiencia*, and could not receive orders from any other source. He continued his voyage; and Las Casas had no resource but to distribute his party for a time in threes and fours amongst the inhabitants of Porto Rico, and to proceed himself to St. Domingo. He was received coldly, but without open resistance. He required to have public proclamation made of his mission, and to have the fleet recalled, and the expedition withdrawn from the territory which had been assigned to him. The *audiencia* had no choice but to comply. But they contrived to thwart him effectually, although indirectly. Under pretence of concern for the lives of the King's subjects,

the ship in which Las Casas had reached St. Domingo was submitted to an official survey; she was pronounced not alone unseaworthy, but incapable of being repaired; and Las Casas was thus condemned to sit still, while Ocampo's expedition carried destruction among his unhappy people, and the result of this expedition was first made known to him by the arrival of a consignment of Indian slaves at St. Domingo, the first fruit of the treachery and cruelty of Ocampo and his party!

Thus distracted between the consideration of two extreme evils, Las Casas was driven to an accommodation with the colonist party in Hispaniola, the terms of which are so much at variance with his habitual views, as to supply some measure of the embarrassment in which he found himself:—

"They thought it better to come to terms with him, and for this purpose they devised a plan which would not only remedy the past, but from which they might hope for some profit in the future. This was to offer to become partners with Las Casas in working out his grant from the King. They sent for him and made their proposition. He listened favourably to their terms; and it was finally agreed that Las Casas should go to the territories assigned to him; and that the expedition which had been sent out under Ocampo should now be placed under the Clerigo's command. Accordingly, two vessels were fitted out for him, and well provisioned. Ocampo's expedition consisted of three hundred men: out of them Las Casas was to choose a hundred and twenty, who were to be paid wages: the rest were to be sent back.

"This agreement between the authorities of St. Domingo and Las Casas took the form of a commercial speculation. There was to be a company, and the venture was to be divided into twenty-four shares. The King was to have six shares in the concern, the Clerigo and his Knights six shares, the Admiral three shares, the Auditors, the Treasurer, the Contador and other official people, each a share. The means of profit were to be found in pearl-fishing, exchanging trifling commodities for gold, and making slaves, which last was a great object, for the following reason. Many of the principal persons in St. Domingo had bands of slaves employed under mayordomos in the pearl fishery at Cubagua; and human life was swiftly exhausted in procuring these diseased productions then so highly valued—the water mines, if we may so call them, being quite as injurious to the delicate Indian as those on land. A constant supply of slaves on the spot where their services were most valuable, was much to be desired.

"This last-mentioned means of profit was to be provided for in the following manner. Las Casas was to ascertain what Indians in those parts were cannibals, or would not be in amity or converse with the Spaniards, or would not receive the Faith and the preachers of it.

Upon his pronouncing against the natives of any province upon either of the above points, these people were to be attacked by the hundred and twenty men under Ocampo, and were to be made slaves. Anybody who hoped that Las Casas would so pronounce must, as he intimates, have been somewhat mistaken in their man.

"The whole of this business must have been exceedingly distasteful to Las Casas; but he saw no other way of accomplishing any part of his object, and prudently availed himself of this."

It was, accordingly, with all the unhappy prestiges of this Cubaguan outrage, and of the treachery and violence of Ocampo, that Las Casas landed at last on the mainland of America. The only hope of recovering the confidence of the unhappy natives was by the enforcement of the regulation, which had formed part of the original royal grant, for excluding all Spaniards from the colony. Now the Spaniards on the island of Cubagua had hitherto freely visited the mainland on the plea of getting fresh water, that of the island being reported unfit for use. Las Casas protested on his arrival against this infringement of the law, which had already had the effect of utterly demoralizing the natives. But he found himself powerless to prevent it. He remonstrated energetically with the *alcalde* of the island, but without effect; and in the end, as a last resource, he was prevailed on, against his own better judgment, to make a voyage to St. Domingo, in order to engage the authority of the *audiencia* to support him. His withdrawal from the district was the signal for an uprising of the Indians, and almost as soon as he reached St. Domingo, he received the news of the breaking up and all but total extermination of his colony.

This was a crushing blow. His first impulse was to return once more to Spain, and appeal anew to those who alone had power to counteract the fatal colonial influences by which, unless controlled from the Supreme Government, every measure for the protection of the natives, however wisely and carefully devised, must be baffled and turned to evil. But his resources had long been exhausted, and he neither possessed, nor was able, in this crisis of his unpopularity heightened by failure, to command the means necessary for the cost of the home voyage. He was forced, therefore, to be content with an appeal in writing, addressed to the King, to Cardinal Adrian of Utrecht, who at this time (although Las Casas was unaware of it) had been elevated to the Papacy, and to the other ministers who had heretofore shared and supported his views. Meanwhile, he was received with ready hospitality by the

Fathers of the Dominican convent of St. Domingo.

From the date of this crowning misfortune, we are for a long period without any detailed account of his proceedings. It would seem that sickness for a time was added to the other depressing influences which bore him down, and that now, if ever in his eventful life, his resolute spirit gave way. All we know is that, in the interval of suspense, while he was awaiting the reply to his letters, he "began to ponder more frequently upon his state," and held much converse with the Fathers of the community, especially with a certain Father Betanzos, whom he had known for many years,—"a grey-haired young man, grey from his terrible penance in other lands," who was afterwards a most prominent figure in the history of the New World; and the result was that, after much deliberation, he received the Dominican tonsure and habit in 1522. And thus, when the returning fleet brought back from the court and even from the Vatican kindly letters of encouragement and promise, the Protector of the Indies was already committed to the silence and abstraction of the novitiate, from which he emerged at the regular period, only to pursue, for a long series of years, the routine of the monastic life, diversified by study, and probably by the preparation of that History of the Indies on which all the historians of the New World have drawn so largely for their materials.

The precise time and occasion of his re-entrance into active life are obscure and doubtful. He is supposed to have been aroused into his old activity by the news of a rebellion in Hispaniola, and of the horrors which accompanied its repression; and Mr. Helps gives credit to a statement (which, however, does not appear very definite) of his having gone once more to the Spanish court in 1530. There is also reason to believe that shortly before Pizarro's second expedition to Peru, Las Casas procured a royal decree prohibiting the Spaniards to reduce the Peruvians to slavery, and travelled in person to Peru to deliver the order into the hands of the commander.

It was not, however, until 1531, that Las Casas re-entered in a regular and permanent way upon his old career as missionary and protector of the Indians. At the invitation of the Bishop of Nicaragua, he, in company with his brother Dominicans, established a convent of their order at Leon, the chief Spanish town of the province. In 1534 he made, or rather attempted, a second voyage to Peru; and about the same time, or probably a year or two later, he again returned to

Spain. The great object to which he now was compelled to address himself was rather the prevention of individual acts or enterprises of atrocity, than any of the general schemes for securing the liberties and persons of the Indians, in which he had so frequently been baffled by the ingenious obstinacy of his interested antagonists. The most unbridled license was practised with impunity. Out of a body of four thousand natives impressed in this very province of Nicaragua to carry burdens for an expedition, only six survived the hideous cruelties to which they were subjected; and Las Casas mentions that when one of the Indians fell sick and weary on the march, and was no longer able to keep pace with his fellows, the quick way of getting free the chain by which the gang were bound together, was to cut off the head of the broken-down sufferer, and thus disengage him from the party!

In many of these atrocities the most revolting circumstance is the entirely gratuitous and objectless cruelty:—

“There was a certain man named Juan Bono, and he was employed by the members of the *audiencia* of St. Domingo to go and obtain Indians. He and his men, to the number of fifty or sixty, landed on the island of Trinidad. Now the Indians of Trinidad were a mild, loving, credulous race, the enemies of the Caribs who ate human flesh. On Juan Bono's landing, the Indians, armed with bows and arrows, went to meet the Spaniards, and to ask them who they were, and what they wanted. Juan Bono replied, that his crew were good and peaceful people, who had come to live with the Indians; upon which, as the commencement of good fellowship, the natives offered to build houses for the Spaniards. The Spanish captain expressed a wish to have one large house built. The accommodating Indians set about building it. It was to be in the form of a bell, and to be large enough for a hundred persons to live in. On any great occasion it would hold many more. Every day, while this house was being built, the Spaniards were fed with fish, bread, and fruit by their good-natured hosts. Juan Bono was very anxious to see the roof on, and the Indians continued to work at the building with alacrity. At last it was completed, being two storeys high, and so constructed that those within could not see those without. Upon a certain day Juan Bono collected the Indians together, men, women, and children, in the building, to see, as he told them, ‘what was to be done.’ Whether they thought they were coming to some festival, or that they were to do something more for the great house, does not appear. However, there they all were, four hundred of them, looking with much delight at their own handiwork. Meanwhile, Juan Bono brought his men round the building, with drawn swords in their hands: then, having thoroughly entrapped his Indian friends, he entered with a party of armed men, and bade

the Indians keep still, or he would kill them. They did not listen to him, but rushed against the door. A horrible massacre ensued. Some of the Indians forced their way out, but many of them, stupefied at what they saw, and losing heart, were captured and bound. A hundred, however, escaped, and, snatching up their arms, assembled in one of their own houses, and prepared to defend themselves. Juan Bono summoned them to surrender: they would not hear of it; and then, as Las Casas says, ‘he resolved to pay them completely for the hospitality and kind treatment he had received,’ and so, setting fire to the house, the whole hundred men, together with some women and children, were burnt alive. The Spanish captain and his men retired to the ships with their captives: and his vessel happening to touch at Porto Rico when the Jeronimite Fathers were there, gave occasion to Las Casas to complain of this proceeding to the Fathers, who, however, did nothing in the way of remedy or punishment. The reader will be surprised to hear the Clerigo's authority for this deplorable narrative. It is Juan Bono himself. ‘From his own mouth I heard that which I write. Juan Bono acknowledged that never in his life had he met with the kindness of father and mother but in the island of Trinidad. “Well, then, man of perdition, why did you reward them with such ungrateful wickedness and cruelty?” “On my faith, Padre, because they (he meant the auditors) gave me for destruction (he meant instruction) to take them in peace if I could not by war.”’”

And Las Casas describes another scene, of which, early in his career, he himself was witness, which is hardly less explicable on any intelligent principle of human action:—

“In the morning of the day on which the Spaniards under Narvaez and Las Casas, amounting to about a hundred men, arrived at Caonao, they stopped to breakfast in the dry bed of a stream where there were many stones suitable for grindstones; and they all took the opportunity of sharpening their swords. From thence a wide and arid plain led them to Caonao. They would have suffered terribly from thirst, but that some Indians kindly brought them water on the road. At last they reached Caonao at the time of vespers. Here they halted. The chief population of this Indian town and the vicinity were assembled together in one spot, sitting on the ground, and gazing, no doubt with wonder, at the horses of the Spaniards. Apart, in a large hut, were five hundred of the natives, who, being more timid than the others, were content to prepare victuals for their visitors, but declined any nearer approaches. The Spaniards had with them about a thousand of their own Indian attendants. The Clerigo was preparing for the division of the rations amongst the men, when suddenly a Spaniard, prompted, as was thought, by the Devil, drew his sword: the rest drew theirs; and immediately they all began to hack and hew the poor Indians, who were sitting

quietly near them, and offering no more resistance than so many sheep. At the precise moment when the massacre began, the Clerigo was in the apartment where the Spaniards were to sleep for the night. He had five Spaniards with him: some Indians who had brought the baggage were lying on the ground sunk in fatigue. The five Spaniards hearing the blows of the swords of their comrades without, immediately fell upon the Indians who had brought the baggage. Las Casas, however, was enabled to prevent that slaughter, and the five Spaniards rushed out to join their comrades. The Clerigo went also, and, to his grief and horror, saw heaps of dead bodies already strewn about, 'like sheaves of corn,' waiting to be gathered up. 'What think you these Spaniards have been doing?' exclaimed Narvaez to Las Casas; and Las Casas replied, 'I commend both you and them to the Devil.' The Clerigo did not stop, however, to bandy words with the Commander, but rushed hither and thither, endeavouring to prevent the indiscriminate slaughter which was going on, of men, women, and children. Then he entered the great hut, where he found that many Indians had already been slaughtered, but some had escaped by the pillars and the woodwork, and were up aloft. To them he exclaimed, 'Fear not, there shall be no more slaughter—no more;' upon which, one of them, a young man of five-and-twenty, trusting to these words, came down. But, as Las Casas justly says, the Clerigo could not be in all places at once, and, as it happened, he left this hut directly, indeed, before the poor young man got down, upon which a Spaniard drew a short sword, and ran the Indian through the body. Las Casas was back in time to afford the last rites of the Church to the dying youth. To see the fearful wounds that were made, it seemed, the historian says, as if the Devil had guided the men that day to those stones in the dry bed of the river.

"When inquiry was made as to who had been the author of this massacre, no one replied. This shows how causeless the massacre was, for if there had been any good reason for it, the Spaniard who first drew his sword would have justified himself, and perhaps claimed merit for the action. It may have been panic in this one man; it may have been momentary madness, for such things are taken much less into account than is requisite; but, whatever the cause, the whole transaction shows the conduct of the Spaniards towards the Indians in a most unfavourable light."

Goaded to madness by their sufferings, it could hardly be hoped that the Indians should not prefer any conceivable position, however full of privation, to a condition of dependence upon the lawless race whose progress in the world could be tracked by a series of such enormities. There was a province called Tuzulutlan, bordering upon Guatemala, in which dread of the Spaniards, and a resolute spirit of resistance to their admission, prevailed in so remarkable a de-

gree, that among the Spanish inhabitants of Guatemala it was known by the ill name *Tierra de Guerra*, "Land of War." The people of this land were "a phantom of terror" to the Spaniards. Three several times had the latter attempted to penetrate it; thrice had they returned miserably foiled (*las manos en la cubega*, "with their hands to their heads"). It would be difficult to imagine a more unpromising field for missionary enterprise. But its very difficulty gave it value in the eyes of Las Casas and his brethren, who accepted it as a crucial test of the possibility of succeeding by peaceful and Christian measures where force had proved utterly unsuccessful. The experiment was made the subject of a very curious contract, dated May 2, 1537, the terms of which Las Casas has preserved, between the Deputy-Governor and the missionaries; in which the former distinctly admits the ferocity of the tribe, and their impracticability under the hands of the Spaniards, and engages that, if the monks shall succeed in bringing the district into conditions of peace and of submission to the King, the province shall be reserved as a domain in chief of the Crown, and shall not be let in *encomienda* to any private Spaniard, nor shall any Spaniard, except the Governor himself, be permitted to enter the province for four years after the date of its conversion.

The plan of Las Casas and his religious brethren is detailed minutely, and illustrates very remarkably the spirit of the men and of the age. After several days spent in prayer, fasting, and other ascetic exercises, they prepared with great care a series of verses in the Quiché language, explanatory of the great doctrines of Christianity,—the creation, the fall of man, his banishment from Paradise, and the promise of his future redemption; next the birth of Christ, His life and miracles, His passion and death, His resurrection, and His future coming as judge, to reward the good and punish the wicked. Having arranged these verses in *coplas* after the Castilian mode, they set them to music suitable to the Indian instruments; and lastly, they trained four Indian merchants, who, as traders with the natives, had free access even to this dreaded land, to recite these verses and chant them to the accompaniment of the rude instruments of the Indians. This preparatory process occupied three months. Mr. Helps shall narrate the rest:—

"The merchants were received, as was the custom in a country without inns, into the palace of the cacique, where they met with a better reception than usual, being enabled to make him presents of these new things from

Castille. They then set up their tent, and began to sell their goods as they were wont to do, their customers thronging about them to see the Spanish novelties. When the sale was over for that day, the chief men amongst the Indians remained with the cacique, to do him honour. In the evening, the merchants asked for a '*teplanastle*,' an instrument of music which we may suppose to have been the same as the Mexican *teponaztli*, or drum. They then produced some timbrels and bells, which they had brought with them, and began to sing the verses which they had learned by heart, accompanying themselves on the musical instruments. The effect produced was very great. The sudden change of character, not often made, from a merchant to a priest, at once arrested the attention of the assemblage. Then, if the music was beyond anything that these Indians had heard, the words were still more extraordinary; for the good fathers had not hesitated to put into their verses the questionable assertion that idols were demons, and the certain fact that human sacrifices were abominable. The main body of the audience was delighted, and pronounced these merchants to be ambassadors from new gods.

"The cacique, with the caution of a man in authority, suspended his judgment until he had heard more of the matter. The next day, and for seven succeeding days, this sermon in song was repeated. In public and in private, the person who insisted most on this repetition was the cacique; and he expressed a wish to fathom the matter, and to know the origin and meaning of these things. The prudent merchants replied, that they only sang what they had heard; that it was not their business to explain these verses, for that office belonged to certain *padres*, who instructed the people. 'And who are *padres*?' asked the chief. In answer to this question, the merchants painted pictures of the Dominican monks, in their robes of black and white, and with their tonsured heads. The merchants then described the lives of these *padres*; how they did not eat meat, and how they did not desire gold, or feathers, or cocoa; that they were not married, and had no communication with women; that night and day they sang the praises of God; and that they knelt before very beautiful images. Such were the persons, the merchants said, who could and would explain these complements: they were such good people, and so ready to teach, that if the cacique were to send for them, they would most willingly come.

"The Indian chief resolved to see and hear these marvellous men in black and white, with their hair in the form of a garland, who were so different from other men; and for this purpose, when the merchants returned, he sent in company with them a brother of his, a young man twenty-two years of age, who was to invite the Dominicans to visit his brother's country, and to carry them presents. The cautious cacique instructed his brother to look well to the ways of these *padres*, to observe whether they had gold and silver like the other Christians, and whether there were women in

their houses. These instructions having been given, and his brother having taken his departure, the cacique made large offerings of incense and great sacrifices to his idols for the success of the embassy.

"On the arrival of this company at Santiago, Las Casas and the Dominican monks received the young Indian chief with every demonstration of welcome: and it need hardly be said with what joy they heard from the merchants who accompanied him of the success of their mission."

In this way an entrance was effected, and under the gentle and dexterous management of these devoted men, all the rest followed so easily, as to demonstrate in the eyes of the most obdurate the theory for which Las Casas had all along contended—the practicability of "bringing the Indians to the true faith by words only and sacred exhortations."

It was at this period, too, that he found for the first time, in the comparatively favourable circumstances of the mission which the Dominican Fathers had established, and which was little exposed to the disturbing and corrupting influence of contact with the main body of the colonists, an opportunity of reducing to practice his plans for the civilisation of the Indians, and for their moral and social elevation towards the level of European life and usages. Within a comparatively short time he succeeded, first by exciting curiosity and creating an interest in the preparations for his scheme, and afterwards by rather permitting its advantages to be discovered by the Indians themselves than forcing them obtrusively on their notice, in weaning them from those of their customs which opposed the greatest practical obstacle to their instruction. The story is too long to be transferred to our pages; but we can refer with much satisfaction to Mr. Helps's account of the gradual formation of *pueblos* or villages, and of the steps by which the Indians were won over to abandon their nomadic life, and to come together into certain centres, where they might be within easy reach of the influences to which it was desired to subject them, and where the Fathers might be able to preach and teach, "not merely spiritual things, but manual arts, and even to instruct their flock in the elementary processes of washing and dressing" (p. 218).

This, indeed, appears to have been the happiest time of the good Father's life; and, in the midst of his success, he had the—for so good a son of the Church—inexpressible satisfaction and triumph of finding his views as to the treatment of the Indians, and his teaching as to their fitness and

capacity, as well as readiness, to receive the Christian faith, confirmed by the highest authority of the Catholic Church. Two briefs, issued by Paul III. in June 1537, one addressed to the Bishop of Tlascala, and the other to the Archbishop of Toledo, proclaimed, in the most decisive terms, the aptness of the Indians to receive Christianity; denounced, in the same forcible language, the injustice of depriving them of their liberty or their property; and prohibited, under pain of excommunication, all attempts to reduce them to slavery. In a word, Las Casas at this period began to see his way to that happier state of things for which he had long been sighing, and which in truth became a reality under the later Jesuit missionaries in Paraguay. There only seemed to be needed a competent supply of missionaries, in order that the work of purification and conversion might, at least in the new districts, be fully and satisfactorily established.

With the view of supplying this want, Las Casas, now in his sixty-sixth year, cheerfully, in 1537, undertook once more the voyage to Spain, and speedily effected, with the superiors of his own and the Franciscan orders, the necessary arrangements for a reinforcement of the devoted band of labourers whom he had left behind; and we may infer, from the royal orders and letters issued at this time, how thoroughly the Emperor appreciated their services, and approved their views:—

“... There are a number of royal orders and letters, about this period, all bearing upon the conversion of the inhabitants of Tuzulutlan. There is an order sanctioning the promise which had been made on the Emperor's part, that no lay Spaniard should enter that province within five years, unless with the permission of the Dominican monks. There are letters, addressed, by command of the Emperor, to each of the principal caciques of ‘the Land of War’ who had favoured the Dominicans, in which letters Charles thanks them for what they had done, and charges them to continue in the same course. There are orders to the Governor of Guatemala to favour these caciques in their endeavours to help the Dominican monks, and instructions to the Governor of Mexico to allow Indians to be taken from that province by the Dominican monks, if they should find such Indians useful in their entry into Tuzulutlan. Music, the means by which Las Casas and his friends had accomplished so much good, was not forgotten; and the Emperor commands the head of the Franciscans in New Spain to allow some of the Indians who could play and sing church music in the monasteries of that order, to be taken by Las Casas into the province of Tuzulutlan. And, finally, there is a general order to the authorities in America to punish those

who should transgress the provisions which had been made in favour of Las Casas and his Dominicans.”

When the missionary party was in readiness to sail, an order came from the President of the Council to detain Las Casas, in order that he might assist at a commission which was about to be held concerning the government of the Indies. The Franciscan Fathers sailed for their destination in the beginning of 1541, but Las Casas and the Dominicans delayed their departure. Las Casas entered into the project of reform with his characteristic energy. It was now that he wrote his well-known work on *The Destruction of the Indies*, and the practical deductions from the facts therein detailed which are embodied in his memorial entitled *Veynte Razones*;* and it is to the labours of this commission, inspired by his energy, and directed by his practical experience, that the natives of Spanish America owe the code of laws which, although revoked before long, has yet, by the spirit which it embodied and the ideal which it set up, been the great safeguard against the utter ruin which has fallen upon the native races elsewhere throughout the New World—the code known as the *Nuevas Leyes*.

In the preparation of these laws, Las Casas, although he would have desired much more had he been free to follow his own views, took a principal part. In 1543, when this work was completed, and when he was about to take his leave in order to return to the scene of his labours, he was surprised by an offer from the Emperor, of the wealthy bishopric of Cuzco, capital of the province of New Toledo. Las Casas declined it without hesitation, and resolved to persevere to the end in the career which he had chosen as a humble labourer in the work of the mission. But before the time fixed for his departure arrived, news reached Spain of the death of another bishop who had just been named to the newly-founded see of Chiapa, and had died while on his way to take possession of the bishopric. It was now represented to Las Casas that the charge of a purely native missionary bishopric like Chiapa would be in fact the most perfect realization of the career which he had always desired; and that, as the see was remote from the seat of government, it would be necessary that the new bishop should be one capable of looking effectively to the administration of the new laws. Las Casas felt that he ought not to resist any

* “Veynte Razones, por las quales prueva no deve darse los Indios a los Españoles en Encomienda no en Feudo.”

longer; and in deference to the advice of the superiors of his own order, no less than to the earnest representations of the Indian council, he consented to accept it, and, having been consecrated at Seville, he set out for his new bishopric on Wednesday, July 4, 1544.

This was the turning-point in his public life. To the *encomienderos* of the Indies his appointment to a bishopric was an open declaration of war, and from the first he was received by them with sullen discontent, which gradually warmed into undisguised hostility.

Personally, the change of his rank affected him little:—

“His dress was that of a simple monk, often torn and patched. He ate no meat himself, though it was provided for the clergy who sat at table with him. There was no plate to be seen in his house, nothing but earthenware; and in all respects his household was maintained in the simplest manner. He had lost all his books, which had been on board a vessel that had sunk in Campeachy Bay. This was a great grief to the good bishop, who, amidst all his other labours, was a diligent student, giving especial attention to the voluminous works of Thomas Aquinas, which were a needful armoury to all those who had any controversy to maintain in that age.

“It was only at rare intervals that Las Casas achieved success, or knew happiness; and the sufferings of the Indians oppressed his soul here, in Chiapa, as they had done in other parts of the New World. The members of his household could often hear him sighing and groaning in his own room at night. His grief used to reach its height when some poor Indian woman would come to him, and, throwing herself at his feet, exclaim, with tears, ‘My father, great lord, I am free. Look at me; I have no mark of the brand on my face; and yet I have been sold for a slave. Defend me, you, who are our father.’”

It was not in the nature of Las Casas to remain passive. Supported in his own strong conviction by the authority of the Papal pronouncements already mentioned, he resolved to enforce by spiritual penalties the new laws under which he had accepted his episcopal trust; and he took the decisive measure of forbidding that absolution should be given to any one holding slaves contrary to the provisions of these laws.

This bold, but in Las Casas thoroughly natural and consistent course, brought on the crisis:—

“There was nothing that the Spaniards in Ciudad Real did not say and do to molest the bishop. They called him a ‘Bachelor by the Tiles;’ a phrase of that time, signifying one who had not been a regular student of theology, who had entered by the roof, and not by the door. They made verses upon him,

of an opprobrious kind, which the children sang in the streets. An arquebuse, without ball, was discharged at his window, to alarm him. His dean would not obey him, and gave absolution to some persons who notoriously had Indians for slaves. The Dominican monks partook of the unpopularity of the bishop. Finally, Las Casas resolved to seek redress, not for his own wrongs, but for those of his Indian flock, from the Royal *Audiencia* of the Confines; and he made a journey to Honduras for that purpose. There is a letter of his, dated the 22d of October 1545, addressed to that *audiencia*, in which he threatened the Auditors with excommunication unless they should provide a remedy for the evils which existed in his diocese. When he appeared before them, the president, far from listening favourably to the protestations of Las Casas, poured forth a torrent of abuse upon him: ‘You are a scoundrel, a bad man, a bad monk, a bad bishop, a shameless fellow; and you deserve to be chastised.’ ‘I do deserve all that your lordship says,’ Las Casas replied. The bishop said this ironically, recollecting how much he had laboured to obtain for this judge his place.’

The history of the contest which ensued would be too long to be inserted here—the result of this appeal to the *audiencia*; the delegation of an auditor to examine into the matter on the spot; the formal conflict of Las Casas with the people of Ciudad Real; the synod of bishops at Mexico; and the decrees of Las Casas’s separate junta, declaring that the Spaniards who made slaves were “tyrants,” that such slaves were to be considered as illegally made, and that all who possessed slaves were bound in conscience to liberate them. His struggle was a bold and earnest one, but it was unsuccessful. The time was once again singularly unfavourable for Las Casas. It was just the height of Gonzalo Pizarro’s rebellion in Peru, and the resistance to the New Laws was so powerful and so determined that the Emperor was forced to revoke them. Las Casas felt that to contend further would be only to compromise the interests which he should appear to maintain. He saw, moreover, that his relations of antagonism with the *encomiendas* party made success doubly difficult for him, or rather that his presence even acted as an incentive to resistance. He resolved, therefore, to withdraw from a position which from the first with reluctance he had accepted. He decided accordingly not to return to his diocese after the Mexican synod; nominated a vicar-general; appointed confessors for the diocese, laying down, in twelve rules, the conditions upon which they were to give absolution; and trusting to the presence of so many of his own brethren in the province, as some

assurance that the spirit of his mission would still be maintained, he returned to Spain in 1547, and resigned his bishopric.

But not even with this formal withdrawal from the episcopal office did his interest in Indian affairs, or his active connexion with them, terminate. His return to Spain fell in exactly with the controversy regarding Sepulveda's well-known work *Democrates Secundus, sive de Justis Belli Causis*, in which the writer maintained the right of the Pope and the Kings of Spain to subdue by war the natives of the New World, and to compel them by force of arms to receive the gospel and to obey the laws of nature. Sepulveda openly declared that more could be effected in a month by conquest than by mere preaching in a hundred years.

A doctrine so revolting to every instinct of Las Casas, and so at variance with every incident of his life, could not fail to arouse him to activity: and especially when, after the publication of Sepulveda's work had been arrested in Spain, an "Apology" of the work had been printed in Latin at Rome, and afterwards in Spain, in a Spanish translation. The controversy which ensued is one of the most curious upon record. It was conducted in the way of a disputation, held in the presence of a junta convened by Charles v. at Valladolid, and consisting of the members of the Indian Council and several theologians and learned men, numbering in all fourteen. Sepulveda opened the discussion by a lengthened statement. Las Casas replied by reading, in five consecutive days, his work entitled *Historia Apologetica*. The case on either side was then summed up in a most masterly manner by the celebrated Domingo de Soto, confessor of the Emperor, and one of the most eminent of the theologians of Spain, whom Hallam describes as "always inflexibly on the side of right." This summary was first submitted to Sepulveda, who delivered, in presence of the junta, a formal reply to Las Casas, drawn up in the form of twelve distinct objections. To these objections Las Casas in turn rejoined. No formal verdict was delivered by the members of the Council; but the proceedings were ultimately published.*

At this time Las Casas had reached his seventy-seventh year, and the reader even of the meagre outline of the controversy to which Mr. Helps's limits of necessity confine him, will be amazed by the vigour which he still exhibited at so advanced a period of life, and after a career of such

labour and anxiety. And his career of useful and energetic action was far from terminating here. He fixed his residence in the Dominican College of St. Gregory at Valladolid, and the energy which had hitherto found its vent in action was now transferred to his pen. He laboured indefatigably at the work undertaken during the first years of his conventual life, the *History of the Indies*. The concluding sentences of it record that he was still engaged upon the task in the year 1561, the eighty-seventh of his age. His treatise on Peru, in Mr. Helps's opinion the most successful effort of his pen, was written in 1564, when he was ninety years old. And although his time was chiefly devoted to these literary labours, yet, even in his extreme old age, he was always ready to work on behalf of the cause he loved so well, whenever occasion of danger might seem to arise. In 1555, soon after the accession of Philip II., a suggestion was made to the King to relieve the embarrassment of the national finance by selling the claim of the Crown to the reversion of the *encomiendas*. This measure, at the sacrifice of the liberties of the natives, would have produced an enormous increase of revenue. Las Casas wrote against it with all his ancient fire and resolution. The dying Emperor, Charles v., from his retreat at Yuste, joined in the same protest, and the project was abandoned. Even so late as 1566, when Las Casas learned from the Dominican Fathers at Guatemala that the *audiencia* of that province had been suppressed, foreseeing that the natives must thus lose all chance of justice, as it would be necessary for them, in case of oppression, to undertake the long journey to Mexico in order to seek redress, the veteran of ninety-two years, without a day's delay, set out to Madrid, represented to the King and Council the evil results of the suppression of the local *audiencia*, and had the satisfaction to obtain the assurance of its revocation.

This success appears as it were the *Nunc dimittis* of the Protector of the Indies. Las Casas never returned to his convent at Valladolid. Within a few weeks he fell ill at Madrid, and after a brief illness died at the convent of Atocha, in July 1566, having reached the patriarchal age of ninety-two years.

Like all earnest workers in a cause which involves important interests, Las Casas encountered during life the angry hostility of those whose interests were bound up with the profitable abuses for which it was his object to find a remedy; and thus among his contemporaries his character has been

* It was published in 1552, and will well repay perusal. It occupies about 140 quarto pages.

represented in the most contradictory lights. The same diversity, although by no means expressed with the same bitterness, exists in the judgment of later historians. He has been taxed by some with indiscretion, intemperate zeal, overbearing violence of temper, impatience of opposition, and blind and uncompromising spirit of party. Much of this unfavourable judgment has been revived by a late writer on the history of the conquest of America—Mr. Wilson; and although the avowed purpose of his book is to vindicate Las Casas's substantial accuracy in another point of view, the picture which he draws of the Protector of the Indies himself is singularly unamiable. He regards him as a "well-meaning enthusiast," but "blindly zealous" (p. 281), and represents "his zeal as constantly outrunning his judgment" (p. 437). Mr. Helps may perhaps be said to fall into the opposite extreme, and to be too reluctant to acknowledge in the conduct of Las Casas any failure, even upon the score of over-impetuous enthusiasm. Prescott's estimate of his character is on the whole more calm, and will be more readily accepted. The devotion and admiration which even the warmest admirers of the great philanthropist must entertain towards his memory will scarcely be less tender for the acknowledgment, that with all his great and generous qualities he was not entirely without failing; in a word, that although a noble and devoted champion of a sacred cause, he was yet a man. And, at all events, no doubt has ever been entertained of the greatness of his qualities and the nobleness of his views. His energy was almost superhuman. The mere bodily fatigue which he underwent, and which he continued to an extreme old age to endure without a murmur, is almost without example. He crossed the ocean twelve times; he traversed every then known region of America and the islands; he made repeated journeys from Spain to Flanders and Germany to see the Emperor on the affairs of his mission; his literary labours would have been remarkable even in a scholar who had no calling outside of the halls of his college or the quiet of his private study; and he had the gift which belongs to most energetic natures, of infusing his own energy into all with whom he was thrown into contact in the progress of his all-absorbing enterprise. Nay, there is something of the greatness of his own mind and the fervour of his own spirit in the very opposition which he provoked, and in the controversies by which his life was almost unceasingly agitated.

He was doomed to experience much bit-

terness and to encounter many disappointments; and in the end he was driven by the force of circumstances to retire from the struggle, with the painful consciousness that much of the evil against which he had contended still remained unabated. It is idle at this distance of time to speculate what might have been the fate of the Indies had Ximenes lived, and had the policy which that great minister embraced, at the dictation of Las Casas, been carried out with his characteristic energy. We only know that another policy triumphed. But no one can doubt that while the persistent opposition offered by Las Casas to that unhappily triumphant policy failed in much; yet in much also was it effective for good. It is difficult to estimate what amount of the destruction of the native races is due to the cruel treatment which Las Casas denounced, and how much to the altered condition of things, to the ravages of disease, and to other causes placed beyond ordinary control. Unhappily, with our own disgraceful memories of the fate of those aboriginal races with which our colonial enterprises have brought us into contact, we cannot afford to judge too severely even the worst pages of Spanish colonial history. The feeble races, as in Australia and Tasmania, have literally withered away before our footsteps. The fiercer and more vigorous, as in New Zealand and Caffraria, and in part in Canada, have either been exterminated or driven into jealous isolation; and in no case whatever have we succeeded in effecting even the semblance, we do not say of fusion, but even of a common and neutral occupation of the land. But whatever we are to regard as the explanation of the result, it is undeniable that, of all the colonists of the New World, the Spaniards, with all the crimes against the native races for which even they must be held responsible, are those whose destructive influence appears at the end of four centuries to have told least fatally upon the aboriginal population. A comparison of the so-called Spanish America, whether with Brazil, Guiana, and the West Indies, or still more, with the United States of North America, presents a contrast which cannot but be painful to members of the Teutonic race, and followers of the Teutonic Christianity. Omitting in all the negro element, it will be found that in the United States the Indian population stands to the Europeans in about the proportion of one to forty. Now, in Brazil, Guiana, and the West Indies, the Indians fall but little short in numbers of the Europeans and those of European descent, while in Spanish America the Indians and

half-caste Indians, who form a large element of the population, are actually in a majority of nearly five to one.*

Much of the merit of this result is due to the enduring influence of the labours of Las Casas, sustained and systematized by the missionaries, and still more by the Jesuits in a later generation. And, however difficult it may be to reconcile the system which they pursued with the theories of political economy, or with the supposed requirements of modern civilisation and freedom of thought, few of those who ponder well the above contrast will hesitate to accept the decision of one whose very verdict may show by its language that he was no lover of the Jesuits, that "in Brazil and Paraguay their superstition may be forgiven them for the noble efforts which they made on behalf of the oppressed Indians, and for the good which they effected. The centenary of the institution of the Society could not be celebrated by these tribes with more gratitude and joy than were justly due."†

ART II.—THE GREEK GNOMIC POETS.

THE term Gnostic, when applied to a certain number of Greek poets, is arbitrary. There is no definite principle for rejecting some and including others in the class. It has, however, been usual to apply this name to Solon, Phocylides, Theognis, and Simonides of Ceos. Yet there seems no reason to exclude some portions of Callinus, Tyrteus, Mimnermus, and Xenophanes. These poets, it will be observed, are all writers of the elegy. Some of the lyric poets, however, and iambographers, such as Simonides of Amorgos and Archilochus, have strong claims for admission into the list. For, as the derivation of the name implies, gnostic poets are simply those who embody *γνώμαι*, or sententious maxims on life and morals, in their verse; and though we find that the most celebrated masters of this style composed elegies, we yet may trace the thread of gnostic thought in almost all the writers of their time. Conversely, the most genuine authors of elegiac gnomes trespassed upon the domain of lyric poetry, and sang of love and wine and personal experience no less than of morality. In fact, the gnostic poets represent a period of Greek literature dur-

ing which the old and simple forms of narrative poetry were giving way to lyrical composition on the one hand, and to meditative writing on the other; when the epical impulse had become extinct, and when the Greeks were beginning to think definitely. The elegy, which seems to have originated in Asia Minor, and to have been used almost exclusively by poets of the Ionian race for the expression of emotional and reflective sentiments, lent itself to this movement in the development of the Greek genius, and formed a sort of midway stage between the impassioned epic of the Homeric age and the no less impassioned poetry and prose of the Athenian age of gold.

Viewed in this light, the gnostic poets mark a transition from Homer and Hesiod to the dramatists and moralists of Attica. The ethical precepts inherent in the epics received from them a more direct and proverbial treatment, while they in turn prepared for the sophists, the orators, and Socrates.

This transitional period in the history of Greek literature, corresponding, as it does, to similar transitions in politics, religion, and morality, offers many points of interest. Before Homer, poetry had no historical past, but after him a long time elapsed before the vehicle of verse was exchanged for that of prose. Xenophanes, Parmenides, and Empedocles wrote poems upon nature in hexameters. Solon and Theognis committed their statecraft and ethics to elegiac couplets. Yet at the same time Heraclitus and the seven sages were developing the germs of prose, and preparing the way for Attic historians and philosophers.

Again, whereas Homer introduces us to a Hellas small in its extent, and scarcely separated from surrounding tribes, we find in the transitional period that all the strength and splendour of the Greek race are dissipated over distant colonies, Hellenic civilisation standing out in definite relief against adjacent barbarism. The first lyrical and elegiac poets come from the islands of the Archipelago, or from the shores of Asia Minor. The first dramatists of note are Sicilian. Italy and Sicily afford a home to the metaphysical poets, while the philosophers of the Ionian sect flourish at Ephesus and Miletus.

Corresponding to this change in the distribution of the race, a change was taking place in the governments of the States. The hereditary monarchies of Homer's age have disappeared, and, after passing through a period of oligarchical supremacy, have given place to tyrannies. The tyrants of

* See the *Kirchen-Lexicon* of Welter and Wetze, Art. "America."

† Southey's *History of Brazil*, ii. 332.

Miletus and of Agrigentum, rising from the aristocracy itself; those of Corinth, Athens, and Megara owing their power to popular favour; others, like Cylon, flourishing a while by force of mere audacity and skill; others, again, like Pittacus of Mitylene, abusing the rights of their dictatorship for selfish purposes,—had this one point in common: it was the interest of all of them to destroy the old religious and historical prejudices of the race, to gather a powerful and splendid court around them, to encourage art, to cultivate diplomacy, and to attach men of ability to their persons. As the barons of feudalism encouraged the romances of the Niebelungen, Carolingian, and Arthurian cycles, so the old hereditary monarchies had caused the cyclical epos to flourish. It was not for the interest of the tyrants to revive Homeric legends, but rather to banish from the State all traces of the chivalrous past. With this view Cleisthenes of Sicyon put down the worship of Adrastus, and parodied the heroic names of the three tribes. Poetry, thus separated from the fabulous past, sought its subjects in the present,—in personal experience, in pleasure, in politics, in questions of diplomacy, in epigrammatic morality. Such, then, was the period during which the gnomic poets flourished,—a period of courts and tyrannies, of colonial prosperity, of political animation, of social intrigue, of intellectual development, of religious transformation, of change and uncertainty in every department. Behind them lay primitive Homeric Hellas; before them, at no great distance, was the time when Greek genius would concentrate itself in Athens. Poetry and science were then to be distinguished; the philosophers, historians, and orators were to make a subtle and splendid instrument of Greek prose; the dramatists were to develop the choice and dialectic beauty of the Greek language to its highest possible perfection; tyrannies were to be abolished, and the political energies of Hellas to be absorbed in the one great struggle between the Dorian and Ionian families. But in the age of gnomic poetry these changes were still future; and though the mutations of Greek history were accomplished with unparalleled rapidity, we yet may draw certain lines, and say—Here was a breathing-time of indecision and suspense; this period was the eve before a mighty drama. We propose, therefore, to consider the gnomic poets as the representatives to some extent of such an age, and as exponents of the rudimentary, social, and political philosophy of Greece before Socrates.

Three periods may be marked in the

development of the early Greek elegiac poetry—the Martial, the Erotic, and the Gnomic. Callinus and Tyrtaeus are the two great names by which the first is distinguished. Mimnermus gave a new direction to this style of composition, fitting the couplet, which had formerly been used for military and patriotic purposes, to amatory and convivial strains. In after years it never lost the impress of his genius; so that Ovid, Tibullus, and Propertius may be regarded as the lineal descendants of the Colophonian bard. Solon at a later date applied the elegiac measure to severer subjects. He was the first to use it for purely gnomic purposes, maintaining, however, the martial spirit in his Salaminian verses, and imitating the example of Mimnermus in his lighter compositions. Phocylides, to judge by the scanty fragments which we possess of his poems, was almost wholly gnomic in his character. But Theognis, who is the latest and most important of the elegiac writers of this period, combined the political, didactic, and erotic qualities to a remarkable degree. As a poet, Simonides was greater than any of those whom we have named; but his claims to rank among the sententious philosophers rest more upon the fragments of his lyrics than upon the elegiac epitaphs for which he was so justly famed. These are the poets whom we intend to speak of in detail. Taken together with Homer and Hesiod, their works formed the body of a Greek youth's education at the time when Gorgias and Hippias were lecturing at Athens. In them the contemporaries of Pericles when boys had learned the rules of good society, of gentlemanly breeding, of practical morality, of worldly wisdom. Their saws and precepts were on the lips of the learned and the vulgar; wise men used them as the theses for subtle arguments or the texts for oratorical discourses. Public speakers quoted them as Scripture might be quoted in a synod of the clergy. They pointed all remarks in after-dinner conversation or upon the marketplace. Polemarchus, for instance, in Plato's *Republic*, starts the dialogue on Justice by a maxim of Simonides. Isocrates the Rhetor alludes to them as being "the best counsellors in respect of human affairs," and Xenophon terms the gnomes of Theognis "a comprehensive treatise concerning men." Having been used so commonly and largely by the instructors of youth, and by men of all conditions, it was natural that these elegies should be collected into one compendious form, and that passages of a gnomic tendency should be excerpted from larger poems on different subjects. In this

way a body of sententious poetry grew up under the great names of Solon, Phocylides, Simonides, and Theognis. But in the process of compilation confusions and mistakes of all kinds occurred, so that the same couplets were often attributed to several authors.

The earliest elegiac poet was Callinus, a native of Ephesus, between the years 730 and 678 B. C. His poems consist almost exclusively of exhortations to bravery in battle. "How long will ye lie idle?" he exclaims; "put on your valour; up to the fight, for war is in the land!" He discourses in a bold and manly strain upon the certainty of death, and the glory of facing it in defence of home and country, winding up with this noble sentiment:—"The whole people mourns and sorrows for the death of a brave-hearted man; and while he lives he is the peer of demigods." The lines of Tyrtæus, whose prominent part during the second Messenian war is the subject of a well-known legend, embody the same martial and patriotic sentiments in even grander verse. It would be alien from our purpose to dwell upon these military poems, since the only gnostic character which they display is the encouragement of a heightened honour, unselfishness, indifference to gain, devotion to the State, and love of public fame.

Strangely different are the elegies of Mimnermus, the poet of Colophon, who flourished toward the end of the seventh century B. C. His name has passed into a proverb for luxurious verse, saddened by reflections on the fleeting joys of youth, and on the sure and steady progress of old age and death. Tyrtæus, though a native of Attica, wrote for Spartans at war with a strong nation; Mimnermus was born and lived among Ionian Greeks emasculated by barbarian control and by contact with the soft Lydians. It was of these Colophonians that Xenophanes, a native poet, said—"Instructed in vain luxury by the Lydians, they trailed their robes of purple through the streets with haughty looks, proud of their flowing locks, bedewed with curious essences and oils." For such a people the exquisitely soft and musical verses of Mimnermus, pervaded by a tone of lingering regret, were exactly suitable. They breathe the air of sunny gardens and cool banquet-rooms, in which we picture to ourselves the poet lingering out a pensive life, endeavouring to crowd his hours with pleasures of all kinds, yet ever haunted and made fretful among his roses by the thought of wrinkles and death. "When your youth is gone," he says, "however beautiful you may have been, you lose the reverence of your chil-

dren and the regard of your friends." More hideous is old age than death. It reduces the handsome and the plain man to one level—cares attend it—the senses and the intellects get deadened—a man is forgotten and put out of the way. The Greek sentiment of hatred for old age is well expressed in one epithet which Mimnermus employs—*ἄμορφον*, *formless*. They detested the ugliness and loss of grace which declining years bring with them, almost more than weakened powers or the approach of death. Nay, "when the flower of youth is past," says Mimnermus, "it is best to die at once." Men are like herbs which flourish for a while in sunshine—then comes the winter of old age, with poverty or disease, or lack of children. His feeling for the charm of youth was intense; he expressed it in language which reminds us of the fervency of Sappho—"Down my flesh the sweat runs in rivers, and I tremble when I see the flower of my equals in age glad-some and beautiful." Such is the hopeless, dreamy, and regretful strain of Mimnermus. He repeats it with a monotonous, yet almost pathetic persistency, as if the one thought of inevitable age oppressed him like a nightmare day and night. "May I complete my life without disease or cares, and may death strike me at my sixtieth year!" Such is the prayer he utters, feeling, probably, that up to sixty the senses may still afford him some enjoyment, and that, after they are blunted, there is nothing left for man worth living for. In all this Mimnermus was very Greek. We shall have occasion further on to revert to this subject, and to dwell again upon the fascination which the flower of youth possessed for the Greek intellect, and the horror with which the ugliness of age inspired them. That some escaped this kind of despair, which to us appears trivial and unmanly, may be gathered from the beautiful discourse upon old age with which the *Republic* of Plato opens. Mimnermus belonged to a class of men different from Cephalus, however: nowhere in the whole range of literature can be found a more perfect specimen of unmitigated *ennui* produced by political stagnation, by the absence of any religion or morality whatever, and by the practice of mere sensuality. In Mimnermus we have the prostrate tone of the worst Oriental, combined with Greek delicacy of intellect and artistic expression. The following passage* may be cited as at once

* This and some other hitherto unpublished verse translations we have been kindly allowed to use by their author.

illustrative of his peculiar lamentation, and also of his poetical merits:—

“What's life or pleasure wanting Aphrodite?
 When to the gold-haired goddess cold am I,
 When love and love's soft gifts no more de-
 light me,
 Nor stolen dalliance, then I fain would die!
 Ah! fair and lovely bloom the flowers of
 youth;
 On men and maids they beautifully smile:
 But soon comes doleful eld, who, void of ruth,
 Indifferently afflicts the fair and vile:
 Then cares wear out the heart; old eyes forlorn
 Scarce reckon the very sunshine to behold—
 Unloved by youths, of every maid the scorn,—
 So hard a lot God lays upon the old.”

We are not surprised to hear that the fragments of Mimnermus are supposed to have belonged to a series of elegies addressed to a flute-player called Nanno. They are worthy of such a subject. Nanno, according to one account, did not return the passion of the poet.

In Mimnermus, however affected or morbid he may have been, we yet observe a vein of meditation upon life and destiny, which prepares us for the more distinctly gnomic poets. Considered in the light of Greek philosophy, Mimnermus anticipates the ethical teaching of the Hedonists and Epicureans. In other words, he represents a genuine view of life adopted by the Greeks. Horace refers to him as an authority in these well-known lines:—

“Si, Mimnermus uti censet, sine amore jocisque
 Nil est jucundum, vivas in amore jocisque,”

on which the scholiast observes that the elegiac poet “agreed with the sect of the Epicureans.”

Next to Mimnermus in point of time is Solon. Perhaps the verses of this great man were among his least important productions. Yet their value, in illustrating the history of Athens, would have been inestimable, had they been preserved to us in a more perfect state. “There is hardly anything,” says Grote, “more to be deplored, amidst the lost treasures of the Grecian mind, than the poems of Solon; for we see by the remaining fragments that they contained notices of the public and social phenomena before him, which he was compelled attentively to study, blended with the touching expression of his own personal feelings, in the post, alike honourable and difficult, to which the confidence of his countrymen had exalted him.” The interest of Solon as a gnomic poet is derived chiefly from the fact that he was reckoned one of the seven wise men of Greece, that he was one of the two most

distinguished Nemothetæ of Hellas, that he is said to have conversed familiarly with the great Lydian monarch, and that he endeavoured to resist the ascendancy of Pisistratus. Thus Solon bore a prominent part in all the most important affairs of the period to which the gnomic poetry belongs. Its politics, diplomacy, and social theories, its constitutional systems and philosophy, were perfectly familiar to him, and received a strong impress from his vigorous mind. It is thought that his poems belong to an early period of his life, yet they embody the same sentiments as those which Herodotus refers to his old age, and express in the looser form of elegiac verse the gist of those apophthegms which were ascribed to him as one of the seven sages. Literature and politics were almost identical at this period among the Greeks; their philosophy was gained in actual life and by commerce with men of all descriptions. The part which Tyrtaeus, Alcæus, Pythagoras, Empedocles, and Archilochus played in the history of their States need not be more than alluded to. Simonides of Amorgos founded a colony; Theognis represented a large and important party. But Solon, more than any of these men, combined a prominent public life with letters. Nor are we inclined to agree with Grote in depreciating the poetical value of his verses. Some of them are very fine and forcible. The description, for example, of the storm which sweeps away the clouds, and leaves a sunny sky (Frag. 13, ed. Bergk.), is full of noble imagery. The first three fragments of Solon's elegies form part of the ode which he recited in the marketplace of Athens, when he braved the penalty of death, and urged his fellow-citizens “to rise and fight for the sweet isle of Salamis.” These lines are followed by a considerable fragment of great importance, which describes the misery of ill-governed and seditious Athens. Among the sayings attributed to Solon (Diog. Laër. i. 63) is one which gives the keynote to this poem. When asked what made an orderly and well-constituted State, he answered, “When the people obey the rulers, and the rulers obey the laws.” The paraphrase which we subjoin exhibits in strong contrast the difference between *Dysnomia* and *Eunomia*, as conceived by the Athenian lawgiver. Demosthenes, who used the name of Solon on all occasions with vast rhetorical effect, quotes these lines in a celebrated passage of the speech *De Fals. Leg.* 254:—“The citizens seek to overthrow the State by love of money, by following indulgent and self-seeking demagogues, who neglect religion and pervert the riches of the temples.

Yet justice, silent but all-seeing, will in time bring vengeance on them for these things. War, want, civil discord, slavery, are at our gates; and all these evils threaten Athens because of her lawlessness. Whereas good laws and government set all the State in order, chain the hands of evil-doers, make rough places plain, subdue insolence, and blast the budding flowers of Até, set straight the crooked ways of tortuous law, root out sedition, quell the rage of strife; under their good influence all things are fair and wise with men." Thus early and emphatically was the notion of balance enunciated among the Greeks; it formed the ruling principle of their philosophy as well as of their politics; for the *μηδὲν ἄγαν* of Solon corresponded to the *μέτρον* of the Ionic physicians, and contained within itself the germ of Aristotle's ethical system, no less than of the political philosophy of Plato's *Republic*. In the fifth and sixth fragments Solon describes the amount of power which he would have intrusted to the Athenian Demus; in the ninth he prophesies the advent of a despot: "From storm clouds descend furious snow and hail, and thunder is born of bright lightning; so great men produce the overthrow of States, and into the bondage of a despot's power the people fall unwittingly. Easy it is to raise the storm, but hard to curb the whirlwind; yet must we now take thought of all these things." Fragment the second contains a further warning on the subject of impending tyranny. The power of Pisistratus was growing to a head, and Solon told the Athenians that if he proved despotic they would have no one but themselves to blame for it. The remaining fragments of Solonian poetry are more purely meditative. "Bright daughters of Mercury and Olympian Zeus," he begins, "Pierian Muses! hear my prayer. Grant me wealth from the blessed gods, and from all men a good name. May I be sweet to my friend and bitter to my foe; revered by the one and dreaded by the other. Money I desire, but no ill-gotten gain: for the wealth that the gods give lasts, and fleets not away; but the fruits of insolence and crime bring vengeance—sure though slow. Zeus seeth all things, and like a wind scattering the clouds, which shakes the deep places of the sea, and rages over the corn-land, and comes at last to heaven, the seat of gods, and makes a clear sky to be seen, whereupon the sun breaks out in glory, and the clouds are gone—so is the vengeance of Zeus. He may seem to forget, but sooner or later he strikes; perchance the guilty man escapes, yet his blameless children or remote posterity pay

the penalty." Two points are noticeable in this passage: first, the dread of ill-gotten gain; and secondly, the conception of implacable justice. There was nothing which the Greeks more dreaded and detested than wealth which had been procured by fraud. They were so sensitive upon this point that even Plato and Aristotle regarded usury as criminal, unnatural, and sure to bring calamity upon the money-lender. Thus Chilon the Lacedemonian sage is reported to have said, "Choose loss rather than dishonourable gain: for the one will hurt you for the moment, the other will never cease to be a curse." There are few of the seven sages who have not at least one maxim bearing on this point. It would seem as if the conscience of humanity were touched at a very early period by superstitious scruples of this kind. The Jewish law contains warnings similar to those of Solon; and among our own people it is commonly believed that unlawful wealth, especially money taken from the devil, or property wrested from the church, is disastrous to its owner, and incapable of being long retained in the possession of his family. Theognis expresses nearly the same sentiments as Solon in the following verses:—"He who gets wealth from Zeus by just means, and with hands unstained, will not lose it; but if he acquire it wrongfully, covetously, or by false swearing, though it may seem at first to bring him gain, at last it turns to calamity, and the mind of Heaven prevails. But these things deceive men, for the blessed gods do not always take vengeance on crime at the moment of its being committed; but one man in his person pays for a bad deed, another leaves disaster hanging over his own children, a third avoids justice by death." Both Solon and Theognis, it will be observed, express emphatically their belief in a vengeance of Heaven falling upon the children, and the children's children, of offenders. This conception of doom received its most splendid illustration at the hands of the tragic poets, and led philosophers like Empedocles to devise systems of expiation and purification, by means of which ancestral guilt might be purged away, and the soul be restored to its pristine blamelessness. Theognis in another fragment (731-752) discusses this doctrine, and calls in question its justice. He takes it for granted, as a thing too obvious to be disputed, that children suffer for their father's sin, and argues with Zeus about the abstract right and policy of this law, suggesting that its severity is enough to make men withdraw their allegiance from such unjust governors. The inequality of the divine rule

had appeared in the same light to Hesiod and Homer (see *Iliad*, xiii. 631; Hesiod, *Op. et Dies*, 270). But it is in the gnostic poets that we first discover a tendency to reason calmly upon such questions: the wedge of philosophical scepticism was being inserted into the old superstitious beliefs of the Greek race. Yet in some respects these gnostic poets represent even a more gloomy view of human destinies than the epic poets. Solon says, "It is fate that bringeth good and bad to men; nor can the gifts of the immortals be refused;" and in Theognis we find, "No man is either wealthy or poor, mean or noble, without the help of the gods." . . . "Pray to the gods; nought happens to man of good or ill without the gods." . . . "No one, Cyrrus, is himself the cause of loss and gain; but of both these the gods are givers." It would be easy to multiply such passages, in which the same conception of the divine government as that for which Plato (*Rep.* p. 379) blamed Homer is set forth; but the gnostic poets go beyond this simple view. They seem to regard Heaven as a jealous power, and superstitiously believe all changes of fortune to be produced by the operation of a god anxious to delude human expectations. This theology lies at the root of the Solonian maxim, that you ought not to judge of a man's happiness until his death: "for," in the language of Herodotus, "there are many to whom God has first displayed good fortune, and whom he afterwards has rooted up and overthrown."

Thus Solon moralizes in his elegies upon the vicissitudes of life:—"Danger lies everywhere, nor can a man say where he will end when he begins; for he who thinks that he will fare well comes to grief; and often when a man is at his worst, Heaven sends him good luck, and he ends prosperously." It must however be observed that Solon in no passage of his elegiac poems alludes distinctly to the intervention of a jealous or malicious destiny. He is rather deeply impressed with the uncertainty of human affairs—an uncertainty which the events of his own life amply illustrated, and which he saw displayed in every town about him. Simonides repeats the same strain of despondency, moralizing (*Frag.* 2, ed. Gaisford) upon the mutabilities of life, and exclaiming with a kind of horror: "One hideous Charybdis swallows all things—wealth and mighty virtue." The tone of belief was very low and insufficient at this period in Greece. The old simplicity of life was passing away, and philosophy had not yet revealed her broader horizons, her loftier aims, and her rational sources of

content. We have seen how Mimnermus moralized upon the woes of age. Solon, whose manliness contrasts in every other respect with the effeminacy and languor of the Colophonian poet, gave way to the same kind of melancholy when he cried, "No mortal man is truly blessed; but all are wretched whom the sun beholds." What can be more despairing than the lamentations of Simonides?—"Few and evil are our days of life; but everlasting is the sleep which we must sleep beneath the earth." . . . "Small is the strength of man, and invincible are his sorrows; grief treads upon the heels of grief through his short life; and death, which no man shuns, hangs over him at last: to this bourne come the good and bad alike." In the midst of this uncertainty and gloom Theognis cannot find a rule of right conduct. "Nothing," he says, "is defined by Heaven for mortals, nor any way by which a man may walk and please immortal powers." Nor can we point to any more profoundly wretched expression of misery than the following elegy of the same poet: "It is best of all things for the sons of earth not to be born, nor to see the bright rays of the sun, or after birth to pass as soon as possible the gates of death, and to lie deep down beneath a weight of earth." This sentiment is repeated by Bacchylides, and every student of Greek tragedy knows what splendid use has been made of it by Sophocles in one of the choruses of *Edipus Coloneus*. Afterwards it passed into a commonplace. Two Euripidean fragments embody it in words not very different from those of Theognis, and Cicero is said to have translated it. Truly the people were walking in darkness; and it is marvellous that men, conscious of utter ignorance, and believing themselves to be the sport of almost malignant deities, could have grown so nobly and maintained so high a moral standard as that of the Greek race.

The remaining fragments of Solon contain the celebrated lines upon the Life of Man, which he divides into ten periods of seven years. He rebuked Mimnermus for wishing to make sixty the term of human life, and bade him add another decade. We also possess some amorous verses of very questionable character, supposed to have been written in his early youth. The prudes of antiquity were scandalized at Solon, a lawgiver and sage, for having penned these couplets. The Libertines rejoiced to place so respectable a name upon their list of worthies. To the student of history they afford, in a compact form, some insight into the pursuits and objects of an Athenian

man of pleasure. Plato quotes one couplet in the *Lysis*, and the author of the dialogue *περί ἐρώτων*, attributed to Lucian, makes use of the same verses to prove that Solon was not exempt from the passion for which he is apologizing. Apuleius mentions another as "lascivissimus ille versus." On the whole, although the most considerable of these elegies has also been ascribed to Theognis, there seems no reason to doubt their authenticity. Solon displays no asceticism in his poetry, or in anything that is recorded of his life or sayings. It is probable that he lived as a Greek among Greeks, and was not ashamed of any of their social customs.

Passing from Solon to Phocylides we find a somewhat different tone of social philosophy. Phocylides was a native of Miletus, who lived between 550 and 490 B.C. If Mimnermus represents the effeminacy of the Asiatic Greeks, Phocylides displays a kind of prosaic worldly wisdom, for which the Ionians were celebrated. He is thoroughly *bourgeois*, to use a modern phrase; contented with material felicity, shrewd, safe in his opinions, and gifted with great common sense. Here are some of his maxims:—"First get your living, and then think of getting virtue." "What is the advantage of noble birth, if favour follow not the speech and counsel of a man?" "The middle classes are in many ways best off; I wish to be of middle rank in the State." Aristotle (*Pol.* iv. 9. 7) quotes the last of these sayings with approbation. It is a thoroughly Ionian sentiment. Two of his genuine fragments contain the germ of Greek ideas which were destined to be widely developed and applied by the greatest thinkers of Greece. One of these describes the Greek conception of a perfect State:—"A small city, set upon a rock, and well governed, is better than all foolish Nineveh." We here recognise the practical wisdom and thorough solidity of Greek good sense. Wealth, size, and splendour they regarded as stumbling-blocks and sources of weakness. To be compact and well governed expressed their ideal of social felicity. Plato in the *Republic*, and Aristotle in the *Politics*, carry the thought expressed in this couplet of Phocylides to its utmost logical consequences. Again he says, "In justice the whole of virtue exists entire." This verse, which has also been incorporated into the elegies of Theognis, was probably the common property of many early moralists. Aristotle quotes it in the fifth book of the *Ethics* with the preface: *Διὸ καὶ παροιμιαβόμενοι φάμεν*. It might be placed as a

motto on the first page of Plato's *Republic*, for justice is regarded by Plato as the architectonic virtue which maintains the health and safety of the State. Phocylides enjoyed a high reputation among the ancients. Though few genuine fragments of his sayings have been handed down to us, there is a long and obviously spurious poem which bears his name. Some moralist of the Christian period has endeavoured to claim for his half-Jewish precepts the sanction of a great and antique authority. The greater number of those which we may with safety accept as genuine are prefaced by the words *καὶ τόγῃ φωκυλίδειω*, forming an integral part of a hexameter. Phocylides was author of an epigram in imitation of one ascribed to Demodocus, which is chiefly interesting as having furnished Porson with the model of his well-known lines on Hermann. He also composed an epigrammatic satire on women, in which he compares them to four animals, a dog, a bee, a pig, and a horse, in the style of the poem by Simonides of Amorgos.

To enter at length into a criticism of the long and exquisitely satirical iambic poem of Simonides the elder would be out of place. But we cannot refrain from observing, by the way, how much of Ionian sentiment upon the subject of the family and the sexual relations is contained in it. Many lines remind us of the bitterest Euripidean sarcasms, nay, Euripides may be said to have quoted them. The Ionian race, strongly influenced by Asiatic nations, conceived a very low opinion of women, and treated them in such a way as to prevent their attaining any intellectual eminence or even physical vigour. Among the Dorians the reverse held good; and the contrast between the two Greek families on this point furnished both the comic writers and the moralists of Athens with much matter for ridicule and meditation. Simonides, it must be allowed, gives to good women a fair share of commendation.

Xenophanes, a native of Colophon, and the founder of the Eleatic school of philosophy, has left some elegies of a gnomie character, which illustrate another point in the Ionian intellect. While Phocylides celebrated the superiority of comfort and the solid goods of life, Xenophanes endeavoured to break down the prejudice in favour of mere physical advantages, and to assert the absolute pre-eminence of intellectual power. In his second fragment (ed. Bergk.) he says, "You give all kinds of honours—precedence at festivals, pensions, and public maintenance—to runners, boxers, pentathletes, wrestlers, pancratists, and charioteers

who bear away the prize at Olympia; yet these men are not so worthy of reward as I am, for better than the strength of men or horses is our wisdom. What is the use of all this muscular development? It will not improve the constitution of the State or increase the revenue." In our paraphrase we have, for the sake of brevity, modernized the language of Xenophanes; but we have preserved the meaning of an elegy which admirably illustrates the principles of the Ionian race, and of Athens in particular, as contrasted with those of the Dorians. Plato, Aristotle, and all the political moralists of Greece, blamed Sparta and Thebes for training mere soldiers and gymnasts to the exclusion of intellectual culture, thus retarding the growth of their constitutional systems, and forcing them to depend in all emergencies upon brute force. Had all Ionians been like Solon and Xenophanes, had there been nothing of Mimnermus or Phocylides in their character, then the Athenians might have avoided the contrary charge of effeminacy and ignobility of purpose and merely æsthetical superiority, with which they have been taxed.

Contemporary with Phocylides was Theognis, a poet of whose gnostic elegies nearly fourteen hundred lines are still extant. Some of these are identical with verses of Solon, and of other contemporary writers; yet we need not suppose that Theognis was himself an imitator. It is far more probable that all the gnostic poets borrowed from the same sources, or embodied in their couplets maxims of common and proverbial wisdom. That Aristotle so regarded one of their most important aphorisms on the architectonic supremacy of justice we have already seen. Besides, it is not certain on what principle the elegies which bear the names of different poets were assigned to them. Theognis covers more ground than any of his predecessors, and embraces a greater variety of subjects. It has never been imagined that the fragments we possess formed part of an elaborate and continuous poem. They rather seem to have been written as occasion served in order to express the thoughts of the moment. Many of them contain maxims of political wisdom, and rules for private conduct in the choice of friends; others seem to have been composed for the lyre, in praise of good society, or wine, or beauty; again we find discussions of moral questions, and prayers to the gods, mixed up with lamentations on the miseries of exile and poverty; a few throw light upon the personal history of Theognis; in all cases the majority are addressed to one person called Cynrus.

Theognis was a noble, born at Megara about the middle of the sixth century B. C. His city, though traditionally subject to the yoke of Corinth, had under the influence of its aristocracy acquired independence. In course of time Theagenes, a demagogue, gained for himself despotical supremacy, and exiled the members of the old nobility from Megara. He too succumbed to popular force, and for many years a struggle was maintained between the democratic party, whom Theognis persistently styles *κακοὶ* and *δειλοὶ*, and the aristocracy, whom he calls *ἀγαθοὶ* and *ἔσθλοι*. Theognis himself, as far as we can gather from the fragments, spent a long portion of his life in exile from Megara; but before the period of his banishment he occupied the position of friend and counsellor to Cynrus, who, though clearly younger than himself, seems to have been in some sense leader of the Megarian aristocracy. A large number of the maxims of Theognis on State government are specially addressed to him. Before proceeding to examine these elegies in detail, we may touch upon the subject of the friendship of Theognis for Cynrus, which has been much misunderstood. It must be remembered that Theognis was the only Doric poet of the gnostic class—all the rest of these whom we have mentioned belonging without exception to the Ionian family of the Greek race. We are not, therefore, surprised to find some purely Dorian qualities in the poetry of Theognis, which are missing in those of the others. Such, for instance, are the invocations to Phœbus and Artemis, with which our collection of fragments opens; but such, in a far more characteristic sense, is the whole relation of the poet to his friend. From time immemorial it had been the custom among the Dorian tribes for men distinguished in war or statecraft to select among the youths one comrade, who stood to them in the light of pupil and squire. In Crete this process of election was attended with rites of peculiar solemnity, and at Sparta the names of *ἑσπρηλῆς* and *ἀκτῆς*, or "in-breather" and "listener," were given to the pair. They grew up together, the elder teaching to the younger all he knew, and expecting to receive from him in return obedience and affection. In manhood they were not separated, but fought and sat in the assembly side by side, and were regarded in all points as each other's representatives. Thus a kind of chivalry was formed, which, like the modern chivalry of love and arms, as long as it remained within due limits, gave birth to nothing but honourable deeds and noble friendships, but

which in more degenerate days became the curse and reproach of Hellas. There is every reason to believe that Theognis was united to Cynus in the purest bonds of Doric chivalry; and it is interesting to observe the kind of education which he gives his friend (see 1049-1054, Theogn. ed. Bergk.). Boys in the Doric States were so soon separated from their home, and from the training of the family, that some substitute for the parental discipline and care was requisite. This the institution to which we have briefly alluded seems to have to some extent supplied. A Spartan or Cretan settlement resembled a large public school, in which the elder boys choose their fags, and teach them and protect them, in return for duty, service, and companionship.

Lines 87-100 describe the sincere and perfect affection, the truthfulness and forbearance, which the poet requires from Cynus. In another passage (1259-1270) he complains of the changeable character of the youth, and compares him to a skittish horse. One of his longest, and, in point of poetry, most beautiful elegies, celebrates the immortality which his songs will confer on Cynus (237-254). He tells his friend that he has given him wings to fly with over land and sea, that fair young men at festivals will sing of him to sweetly-sounding pipes, and that even Hades shall not prevent him from wandering on wings of fame about the isles and land of Hellas so long as earth and sun endure. The lofty enthusiasm and confidence of these promises remind us of Shakespeare's most pompous sonnets. Again, he bewails the difficulties and dangers of this kind of friendship (1353 and 1369), or entreats Cynus not to let malicious slanders interrupt their intimacy. In some cases we cannot acquit Theognis any more than Solon of licentiousness in the expression of his love. But the general tone of his language addressed to Cynus is so dignified and sober that we are inclined to think his looser verses may refer to another and more scandalous attachment.

A very ingenious attempt was made by Mr. Hookham Frere to reconstruct the life of Theognis from the fragments of his elegies. We cannot allow that his suggestions are uniformly successful; on the contrary, it seems to us that he introduces a great deal of merely foreign matter and modern sentiment. Yet several points are clear enough, and on some others Mr. Frere has thrown the light of very plausible conjecture. Those who are interested in such feats of hypercriticism will do well to pos-

sess themselves of *Theognis Restitutus*. We will select two points for further illustration—the politics of Megara and the private life of the poet, so far as they are made clear to us by the fragments, and then revert to some more general questions of Greek morality which are suggested by the reading of these poems.

The first elegy of great importance (43-60) describes the state of Megara when under the control of a democracy. It expresses the bitter hatred and contempt which the Greek nobles in a Dorian State felt for the Periœci, or farmers of the neighbouring country, whom they strove to keep beneath them, and to exclude from all political rights:—"Cynus, this city is still a city, but the people are all changed, who some time since knew neither law nor justice, but wore goatskins, and dwelt like deer beyond the walls. Now they are noble, son of Polypas; and the brave of heretofore are base. Who can endure to look upon these things?" Again he says (1109-1114), "The nobles of old days are now made base, and the base are noble, . . . a man of birth takes his bride from a low man's house." In another place he complains that the rabble rule the State with monstrous laws, that the sense of shame has perished, and that impudence and insolence lord it over the land (289-294). In these perilous times he compares the State to a ship managed by incompetent and unruly mariners; the waves are breaking over her, but the sailors prevent the good pilot from guiding her helm, while they make pillage of the common good (667-682). This simile bears a striking resemblance to the passage of the *Republic* in which Plato compares a State possessed by demagogues and the mob to an ill-governed ship. Lastly, says Theognis, "Porters rule, and the nobles are subject to the base." In this state of disorder the very principles of Dorian society are neglected. Money is regarded as the charter of nobility, and no attempts are made to maintain a generous breed of citizens. "We are careful," he says (183-196), "to select the best race of horses and the like, but a noble man doubts not about marrying a mean woman if she bring him money; nor does a woman reject the suit of a mean man if he be rich. Wealth is honoured; wealth has confused our blood." This passage has great interest, both as showing the old prejudices of the Dorian aristocracy, and also as proving that a new order of things was beginning in Greece. Even the Dorian States could not resist the progress of commerce and republican institutions; and little Megara, situ-

ated between mercantile Corinth and democratic Athens, had but small power to stem the tide. But the party of Theognis were not always out of power. When Cynrus and his friends held sway in Megara, he gives them this advice (847-850): "Trample on the empty-headed rabble; strike them with the stinging goad; and put a galling yoke upon their neck, for never shall you find so despot-loving a Demus in the whole earth." That he had frequent cause to apprehend the rising of some tyrant from the body of the people may be noticed in the fragments. Among the earliest of these in our arrangement (39-42) occurs this elegy:—"Cynrus, this city is pregnant; but I fear that it will bring forth a man to chastise our evil violence." He then proceeds to lay down the axioms of the oligarchical State theory: the nobility, he says, never ruined a city; it is only when base leaders get the upper hand, and wrest justice in order to indulge the populace and make their own gain, that civil dissension and ruin ensue. Tyrants were as hateful to the true oligarchs as a democracy, and Theognis in one place actually advises tyrannicide: "To lay low a despot who consumes the people is no sin, and will not be punished by the gods" (1181). This sentiment corresponds with the couplet of Simonides on Harmodius and Aristogeiton, and with the apophthegms of several of the sages.

Theognis, seeing Cynrus environed with political difficulties, though fit to furnish him with rules of conduct. He was very particular about the choice of proper friends. One elegy (31-38), in which he discourses on the desirability of consorting with none but the best company, and of avoiding the contagion of low comrades, attained a wide celebrity among the Greeks. So much of their life was spent in public, and so much of their education depended on society, that the question of social intercourse was one of paramount importance. Plato in *Meno*, Xenophon in the *Memorabilia*, and Aristotle in the ninth book of the *Ethics*, all make use of these verses:—"Come not into the company of bad men, but cling always to the good; eat and drink with them; sit with them, and seek to please those who have great power. For from the noble you will learn what is noble; but if you mix with base men you will lose the wits you have." It must always be borne in mind that by *εὐθλοὶ* and *ἀγαθοὶ* Theognis meant the men of his own party. The "good" and "noble" were men of birth, wealth, breeding, and power, on whom, by prejudice and habit, he conferred these moral

titles. In course of time, however, as the words acquired a more ethical significance, the philosophers were able to appropriate maxims of worldly prudence to their own more elevated purposes; nor were they even in the times of Theognis other than ambiguous, for the identification of aristocratic position and moral worth was so conventionally complete, that words which were intended to be taken in the one sense had an equal application in the other. In another elegy (305-402) Theognis repeats this advice, when he observes that no one is born utterly bad by nature, but that he contracts habits of depravity from his associates. Here it is obvious how much of ethical meaning the words "good" and "bad" involved, even in the times of the Megarian poet, and how vastly important he considered the society of well-bred companions to be in the formation of character. A different view of moral habits seems to be taken in another fragment (429-438), where Theognis attributes more influence to nature than to training:—"To beget and rear a child," he says, "is easier than to instil good principles. No one ever devised means for making fools wise, or bad men good. If Heaven had given to the sons of Æsculapius the gift of healing wickedness and folly, great fees would they have earned. If you could fashion or insert what minds you liked, good men would never have bad sons. But no amount of teaching will make a bad man good." These verses are quoted both by Plato and Aristotle, with whose inquiries on the subject of Education *versus* Nature, of *τροφή* as opposed to *φύσις*, they had, of course, considerable correspondence. In connexion with this subject of moral habits and companionship, Theognis thought fit to give his pupil advice about his deportment at the public dinners of the Dorians. At these social meetings there was ample scope for political intrigue; and hence it followed that a public man was forced to be particular about his associates. The poet devotes a series of couplets (61-82) to this point, recommending Cynrus to be reticent, and not to communicate the whole of his plans even to his friends. He warns him how difficult it is to get a faithful friend. You could not find, he says (83-86), one shipload of really trustworthy and incorruptible men upon the face of the globe. Moreover, nothing requires more skill than to discover the insincerity of a hypocrite (117-128). You may test gold and silver, but there are no means of getting at the thoughts of men. This sentiment, together with the metaphor of pinchbeck metal, is

used by Euripides in *Medea* (line 515). Aristotle also quotes the passage in his Eudemian *Ethics* (vii. 2). Time, however, says Theognis (963-970), and experience and calamity are the true tests of friendship. If a man will bear misfortune with you, or will help you in a serious undertaking, you may then, but not till then, rely upon his expressions of attachment. This suspicious temper reminds us of the social philosophy of Macchiavelli; indeed, Greek politics in no respect resembled those of modern Italy more closely than in the diplomatic footing upon which all the relations of society were placed. There are two very curious passages (213-218 and 1071-1074) in which Theognis bids his friend be as much as possible all things to all men. "Turn a different side of your character," he says, "to different men, and mix part of their temper with your own. Get the nature of the cuttle-fish, which looks exactly like the rock it clings to: be versatile, and show a variety of complexions." Again, he boasts that "among madmen I am exceeding mad; but among the just no man is more just than I am." Nor is this subtlety to be confined to friendly relations merely. In one most jesuitical couplet (363) Theognis urges his friend "to beguile his foe with fair words; but when he has him in his power, to take full vengeance and to spare not." As to the actual events of the life of Cynrus, we know nothing except what is told us in one of the elegies (805-810), that he went as a Theorus to the shrine of Delphi. We may gather from some expressions of the poet that he was of a rash and haughty and unconciliatory temper.

Passing now to the personal history of Theognis, we are struck with his frequent lamentations over poverty and the wretchedness of exile. "Miserable poverty!" he cries, "go elsewhere; prithee stay not with a host that hates thee." "Poverty breaks the spirit of a noble man more than anything, more even than age or age." The poor man is gagged and bound; he cannot speak or act. . . . Poverty comes not to the market or the law-suits; everywhere she is laughed and scoffed at, and hated by all men; . . . mother she is of helplessness: she breaks the spirit of a man within his breast, so that he suffers shame and wrong in silence, and learns to lie and cheat and do the sin his soul abhors. . . . Wretched want; why, seated on my shoulders, dost thou debase body and mind alike?" (267, 351, 385, 173-182, 649). Wealth, on the other hand, he cries with bitterness, is omnipotent (1117): "O wealth! of gods the fairest and most full of charm! with thy

help, though I am a mean man, I am made noble." "Every one honours a rich man and slights a poor man: the whole world agrees upon this point." But the finest and most satirical of all his poems on this subject is one (699-718) in which he says: "Most men have but one virtue, and that is wealth; it would do you no good if you had the self-control of Rhadamanthus himself, or if you knew more wiles than Sisyphus, or if you could turn falsehood into truth with the tongue of a Nestor, or if you were more fleet of foot than the children of Boreas. You must fix your mind on wealth—wealth alone. Wealth is almighty." It was poverty which gave its bitterness to exile. My friends, he says, pass me by; "no one is the friend or faithful comrade of an exile. This is the sting of exile." "I have suffered what is as bad as death, and worse than anything besides. My friends have refused me the assistance which they owed, and I am forced to try my foes" (811-814). Hope, which has always been the food and sustenance of exiles, alone remained to him. There is one beautiful elegy (1135-1150) in which he imitates Hesiod, singing how faith and temperance and the graces have left the earth, how oaths are broken and religion is neglected, how holiness hath passed away; yet, if a pious man remain, let him wait on Hope, to Hope pray always, to Hope sacrifice first and last.

Verses 825-830 and 1197-1202 describe his condition while living as a poor man, stripped of his paternal farms, in Megara. The voice of the harvest bird brings him sorrow, for he knows that other men will reap his fields. How can he pipe or sing, when from the market-place he sees his own land made the prey of revellers? The same sense of the *res angusta domi* is expressed in the welcome to Clearistus. We gather from another elegy (261-266) that Theognis had lost not only his land, but also a girl to whom he was betrothed. Her parents gave her in marriage to a man less noble and less worthy than himself. Nor do we fail to get some insight into his domestic circumstances. Mr. Frere explains one fragment (271-278), full of Lear's indignation, by conjecturing that Theognis had left a wife and children behind him at Megara during his wanderings, and had returned to find them estranged and thankless. He translates the fragment thus:—

"One single evil, more severe and rude
Than age or sickness or decrepitude,
Is dealt unequally, for him that rears
A thankless offspring; in his latter years,

Ungratefully requited for his pains,
 A parsimonious life and thrifty gains,
 With toil and care acquired for their behoof;
 And no return! but insolent reproof;
 Such as might scare a beggar from the gate,
 A wretch unknown, poor and importunate!
 To be reviled, avoided, hated, curst;
 This is the last of evils, and the worst!"

The same kind of ingenious conjecture supplies us with a plausible explanation of some obscure couplets (1209-1216), in which it appears that Theognis, having been taunted by a female slave, replied by making most sarcastic remarks on the servile physiognomy, and by boasting that among all his miseries he had remained a free man and a noble-minded gentleman. He often bids his soul be strong and bear bad fortune, like Ulysses when he cried, *τέτλαθι δὴ καρδίη καὶ κύντερον ἄλλο ποτ' ἔτλως*. Nor does he fail to ease his heart by praying for vengeance, and indulging the hope that he may live to drink the blood of his foes (349), and to divide their property among his friends (562). That he was kindly entertained in the various States he visited, he tells us; and it is thought that he received the citizenship of Hyblæan Megara, Sicily, Eubœa, Sparta (783-788), and Thebes (1211), are specially mentioned by him as his homes in exile. Wherever he went he carried with him fame, and found a welcome. "Yet," says the poet, "no joy of those fair lands entered my soul, so far was anything from seeming dearer than my native land."

Among the elegies of general interest attributed to Theognis, none is more beautiful than the following hymn to the goddesses of Song and Beauty, which has been very elegantly rendered into English verse:—

"Muses and graces! daughters of high Jove,
 When erst you left your glorious seats above,
 To bless the bridal of that wondrous pair,
 Cadmus and Harmonia fair,
 Ye chanted forth a divine air:
 'What is good and fair
 Shall ever be our care.
 Thus the burden of it rang:
 'That shall never be our care
 Which is neither good nor fair.'
 Such were the words your lips immortal
 sang."

The very essence of the Greek feeling for the beautiful is expressed in these simple lines. Beauty, goodness, and truth were in their minds almost convertible terms; and the nearest approach which Plato made to the conception of a metaphysical deity was called by him the *ἰδέα τοῦ καλοῦ*. Not less Greek is the sentiment expressed in the

following lines (1027):—"Easy among men is the practice of wickedness, but hard, friend Cynrus, is the method of goodness." Theognis here expresses very prosaically what Hesiod and Simonides have both enunciated in noble verse (*Op. et Dies*, 285-290, and Simonides, *Frag.* 15, ed. Gaisford). It is noticeable that in his couplet τὸ ἀγαθὸν is used instead of ἀρετή. The thought, however, is the same; nor does it differ widely from that which is contained in the Aristotelian "Hymn to Virtue," where we see that what the Greeks meant by this word included not only moral rectitude, but also the labour of a Hercules, and all noble or patriotic deeds which implied self-devotion to a great cause.

The occasions for which the elegies of this class were composed by Theognis seem to have been chiefly banquets and drinking parties. In the Dorian States of Greece it was customary for men to form select clubs, which met together after the public meals for the purpose of drinking, conversing, and enjoying music. These friendly societies formed an appendix to the national *φαιδρία*, or public tables. Great care was taken in the selection of members, who were admitted by ballot; and in time the clubs acquired political importance. Pericles is said (*Ar. Pol.* v. 9. 2) to have abolished them in Corinth because they proved favourable to aristocracy—no doubt by keeping up the old Doric traditions which he took pains to break down. In the verses of Theognis we are introduced to many members of his club by name,—Onomacritus, Clearistus, Demonax, Democles, Timagoras, and doubtless Cynrus. Of course these customs were not confined to Doric cities; on the contrary, the Symposia and Erani of the Athenians are more celebrated for their wit and humour, while readers of Thucydides remember how large a part the clubs played in the history of the 8th Book. But the custom was systematized, like everything else, with greater rigour among the Dorians. It appears that, after having eaten, the cups were filled and libations were made to the Doric patron Phœbus (cf. Theogn., *Frag.* 1.); then came the *Comus* or drinking-bout; flute-players entered the room, and some of the guests sang to the lyre, or addressed an elegy to the company at large or to some particular person. These facts may be gathered from different fragments of Theognis (997, 757); but if we wish to gain a complete picture of one of these parties we may seek it in an elegy of Xenophanes, which is so fresh and pretty that we feel inclined to paraphrase it at length:—

"Now the floor is cleanly swept; the hands of all the guests are washed; the cups shine brightly on the board. Woven wreaths and fragrant myrrh are carried round by the attendants, and in the middle stands a bowl full of all that maketh glad the heart of man. Wine too is ready in reserve, wine inexhaustible, honey-sweet in jars, smelling of flowers. Frankincense breathes forth its perfume among the revellers, and cold water, sweet and pure, waits at their side. Loaves, fresh and golden, stand upon the table, which groans with cheese and rich honey." In the midst is an altar hung about with flowers, and singing and merriment resound throughout the house. First must merry-making men address the gods with holy songs and pure words; libations must they pour, and pray for strength to act justly; then may they drink as much as a man can carry home without a guide—unless he be far gone in years. This also is right, to speak of noble deeds and virtue over our cups; not to tell tales of giants or Titans or the Centaurs, mere fictions of our grandfathers, and foolish fables."

It was customary at these banquets to sing the praises of youth and to lament old age, ringing endless changes on the refrain "*Vivamus atque amemus*," which antiquity was never weary of repeating. Very sad and pathetic is the tone of these old songs, in which the pæan mingles with the dirge, for youth and the grave are named in the same breath, and while we smell the roses we know that they will wither. Then comes the end—the cold and solitary tomb, eternal frost and everlasting darkness, to which old age, the winter and night of life, is but a melancholy portal. "*Gaudeamus igitur, juvenes cum sumus*."

"To pleasure, in life's bloom, yield we our powers,

While yet to be and to enjoy are ours—
For swift as thought our glorious youth goes by,
Swift as the coursers that to battle fly,
Bearing the chief with quivering spear in hand,
Madly careering o'er the rich corn-land,"—

so sings Theognis (977), and with even more of pathos he exclaims—

"Ah me! my youth! alas for old's dark day:
This comes apace, while that fleets fast away."

The same idea is repeated in many other elegies, always with the same sad cadence: "No man, as soon as the earth covers him, and he goes down to Erebus, the home of Persephone, takes any pleasure in the sound of the lyre, or the voice of the flute-player, or in the sweet gifts of Dionysus" (973-976). At another time he reckons up the ills of life: "When I am drinking I take no heed of soul-consuming poverty nor of enemies who speak ill of me; but I lament delightful youth which is forsaking me, and

wail for grim old age who cometh on apace" (1129-1132). Their tone reminds us of Minnermus, who said the utmost when he cried—

"Zeus to Tithonus gave a grievous ill—
Undying age, than death more horrible!"

To multiply more elegies of this description would be useless. We may, however, allude to an exquisite poem of Simonides (Frag. 100, ed. Gaisford), which combines the sweetness of Minnermus and the energy of Theognis:—"Nothing human endures for aye. Well said the bard of Chios, that like the leaves so is the race of men: yet few who hear this keep it in their mind; for hope is strong within the breast of youth. When the flower of youth lasts, and the heart of a man is light, he nurses idle thoughts, hoping he never will grow old or die; nor does he think of sickness in good health. Fools are they who dream thus, nor know how short are the days of youth and life. But learn thou this, and live thy life out, cheering thy soul with good things." The tone of these elegies pervades a great many monuments of Greek sculpture. Standing before the Genius of Eternal Repose, or the Genius of the Vatican, we are surprised at the dumb sadness with which their perfect beauty has been chastened. Like the shade of young Marcellus in Virgil, they seem to carry round them a cloud of gloom, impalpable, yet overshadowing their youth with warnings and anticipations of the tomb.

With Theognis the list of gnomic poets, strictly so called, may be said to close. Simonides, from whom we have adduced some passages in illustration of the elder elegiac writers, survived the bard of Megara, and even attained a greater reputation at the Syracusan and Athenian courts. How highly his maxims were valued by the moralist of the succeeding age, is known by every reader of the *Protagoras* and *Republic* of Plato. But a more detailed analysis of his verses would be out of place, when we consider that his chief fame rests upon epitaphs, patriotic epigrams, and lyrical fragments,—none of them strictly gnomic in their character.

To modern readers the wisdom of the poets whom we have considered will perhaps appear trite and commonplace, their inspiration tame, their style pedestrian. But their contemporaries were far from arriving at this criticism. To obtain distinct and abstract maxims upon the morals of society, politics and education, was to them a new and inestimable privilege. In the gnomic poets the morality which had

been merely implicit and vague in Homer and Hesiod, received a separate treatment and distinct expression. The wisdom which had been gradually collecting for centuries in the Greek mind, was tersely and lucidly condensed into a few pregnant sentences. These sentences formed the starting-points for new syntheses and higher generalizations, the topics for enlarged investigation, the "middle axioms" between the scattered facts of life and the unity of philosophical system. We may regard the gnomic poets with interest, partly on account of the real, if rare, beauty of some of their fragments; partly on account of their historical and illustrative value; partly because all efforts of the human mind in its struggle for emancipation, and all stages in its development are worthy of attentive study. To the sophists, to the orators, to Socrates and his friends, to the tragic writers, to educated men at large in Hellas, they were authorities on moral questions; and their maxims, which the progress of the centuries has rendered commonplace, appeared to them the sentences of weightiest wisdom, oracles almost, and precepts inspired by more than human prudence.

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- ART. III.—1. *The Treatment of Idiocy by the Physiological Method.* By SEGUIN.
 2. *Traitement Morale des Idiotes.* Par SEGUIN.
 3. *Maladies de l'Esprit.* Par E. ESQUIROL.
 Revue des Deux Mondes.
 4. *De l'Idiotie chez les Enfants.* Par FÉLIX VOISIN.
 5. *Reports of the American Asylums for the Imbecile.*
 6. *Idiot Asylums.* Edinburgh Review, 1865.
 7. *Des Principes qui doivent présider à l'Éducation des Idiotes.* Par M. DELASIAUVE.
 8. *A Manual on the Classification, Training, and Education of the Feeble-minded, Imbecile, and Idiotic.* By DUNCAN & MILLARD.

In every human being, be he the mightiest or the meanest among the family of Adam, there exists a vast dimly lighted region of unknown extent and unascertained resources; a world of which we as yet know too little even to define its boundaries, and of which we can only say, in vague and general language, that it lies between mind and body, between soul and sense. It is a realm thick sown with subtle affinities,

thick peopled with analogy, hint, and suggestion, some of them of obscure, and some of fearful import. Far off there is a murmur as of the ocean, and we hear far inland the rush and roar of a mighty cataract; dark untracked woods are around us, and through them the river of life flows down. But who has tracked that river to its unknown source? Who through marsh and jungle, and waste of whirling burning sand, has won his way to the centre of this mysterious realm, and there ascended some height of vantage commanding it from sea to sea?

All that we as yet know of our own nature tends to awaken surmises as vague and wild as were those of Cortez when he gazed

"Silent upon a peak of Darien,"

and yet if we wish to know anything of man as he really is, if we would desire, amid the complications of an incomplete and struggling existence, to be truly useful and helpful to our fellow-creatures, we must learn not to turn aside from Humanity under its more strange and conflicting aspects. We must be content to grow as familiar with its every chamber as we might be with the rooms of some old memory-haunted house where we have played in childhood, and dreamed away the golden hours of youth. And in this "our breathing house not made with hands," we shall doubtless find not only fair parlours looking upon a summer garden, but many dark closets, many long drearily-echoing corridors, many passages that end in nothing. We shall come suddenly upon windows that open upon heaven itself, and find that here also, as in the vision of the Pilgrim, is a gateway "that leadeth unto hell."

This region has in ages less enlightened than our own been almost given up to the charlatan and the fanatic, and even in our own days we have seen fantastic tricks played within it both by the mesmerist and the revivalist, and known things done that were enough to make the angels weep. But surely the time has come when all fact has grown too valuable to the true thinker to be ignored or passed over because it happens to be inconvenient and hard to fit in to some already established system. Man's complex nature encloses within it many facts, startling, hard to classify, or to bring under a general law, and some of these we must be content to accept and to acquiesce in, to receive them as self-asserting facts, and to let them lie quietly alongside of others that seem to oppose and contradict them. We believe that physio-

logy, approached in this spirit, is the true antidote to materialism, and that the more we learn of the soul's dependence upon the body, the more we recognise its actual, if not entire subjugation to the organism it has to work through, the more thoroughly we shall believe in the soul's distinct existence, and separate power and freedom. When we have learnt all that is at present known about brain and cell, and nerve and tissue, we shall find that we have extended, and not in any degree exhausted, the study of the rational, affectionate man. Nay, we shall find him rather grown than lessened in our eyes by researches that some may deem too curious. To say that such an instinct or emotion belongs to the animal part of our nature is thought to convey a certain sense of disparagement, but what if we can prove that the range of feelings we are so accustomed to classify are connected as intimately with the highest as they are with the lowest region of our nature,—what if we can establish by the very light which the late researches on imbecility cast, that the slightest warp in our physical organization is fatal to general human development, and that the perfect animal is needed to make the perfect man? If the foot or the hand be faulty the soul suffers, if a muscle withers the whole life endures a blight. From all that we at present know of man, it appears that the soul can as little exert itself without the body, as the body can exist without the soul. Nor is there between these two wedded mates any such disparity of native rank and lineage as a proud and ignorant spiritualism has been pleased to place. Each is originally beautiful, originally noble; each is "created free, although born in chains;" each is fallen and perverted from its clear original ideal; each seems capable of utter, even final degradation; each contains within it the hints and rudiments of ultimate perfection, while in each lie wrapped the seeds of death and ruin. It is not in vain that spiritual and natural life and death, moral and physical well-being and decay, are so full of affinities, that we can scarcely speak of one without making use of some term that seems more properly to belong to the other. The springs of life, *of all life*, lie close together, they may be tracked up to the same remote and hidden source, more hard to find than that of Nile or Niger, that "well-spring of life" which remains the secret of God himself—they lead down to one unfathomable sea. Physiology reveals so many marvels, so extends our views of the capabilities of man; it shows us, both in his body and mind, such vast reserves of

power, such sheathed and crippled energies; it lays bare such springs of latent ecstasy, dark in their flow, and silent as is a subterranean river, that need but a touch to bid them flash and kindle into air and light, to allow the heart or the intellect to believe that either man's body or his soul can perish. Yes! I would say further, that physiology stands in need of Christianity as its complement; it makes sense (to speak familiarly) with the gospel, and with it alone. It requires a commandment that is exceeding broad, and no creed will suit it but that which *saves* both soul and body, which purifies and exalts and crowns each with an equal honour. Christ is the Saviour of the body; the heaven to which He admits us is no blank uncomfirmed Sheol, of which Job said, "I shall lie down in desolate places among kings and counselors of old"—no shadowy Elysium to which Achilles and Iphigenia preferred life, be it even that of a slave "toiling among men beneath the light of the cheerful sun." Christ is emphatically the "life;" He is the Lord and the Giver of life in its fulness and entirety, and the resurrection which we obtain through union with Him is the restored perfection of *our whole nature*, the marriage of the purified soul with the glorified body,—a union without which neither can exert its full powers or know its true blessedness, and awaiting which *each* groans within itself, being burdened, "waiting for the adoption, to wit, the redemption of the body."

And in a region presenting, as does all that has to do with Humanity, many apparent contradictions, it need not surely surprise us to find that we advance greatly towards the clear understanding of man's whole nature, through the contemplation of its exceptional and abnormal phases. The very imperfections and aberrations of humanity seem to let light, as through chinks and crannies, into caverns within which it would not otherwise have penetrated. In insanity and delirium, for instance, both soul and body exert a fitful and irregular strength, of which the experience of calmer moments has possibly given little more than the hint. Even the wreck of mind will sometimes give proof of the power of mind, and manifest the superiority of will over muscle, in the energy of misdirected volition put forth by a poor emaciated madman whom many strong men cannot hold. In dreaming, too, the soul is often stirred to depths of anguish, and raised to heights of ecstasy, such as actual life under its present limited conditions can never admit it to. The tenderest heart in its

waking moments can neither conceive nor realize rapture so exquisite as the bliss that floods body and soul and spirit in a happy dream, nor can all that a cruel imagination has yet devised of subtle torture equal the absolute horror with which nightmare can crowd and overcharge a moment. Even some of our merely intellectual powers seem to gain strength in states like those induced by hysteria and somnambulism. Nay more; the mind under these unnatural conditions seems to develop a fresh range and order of faculties, as if a secret finger had been laid upon some hitherto unsuspected stop in the great organ.* The dull under these conditions become brilliant; the illiterate (as in so many cases of religious exaltation) eloquent; the very countenance is, as it were, transfigured into tender and expressive beauty. These things are enough to prove that around, above, *within* man, is a world from which he is at ordinary times excluded, yet a world which is surely his own, although it be for the present barred from him by angels or demons with their swords of flame, and as yet he can but look through the gate, so girt and guarded, for a moment, flinging his soul across through pang and spasm, so to win a dear-bought, momentary glimpse.

And amongst the abnormal conditions of humanity, imbecility, at first sight so repulsive, so barren of all suggestion, will appear, when we come to look into it more closely, to be rich in analogical inference and full of tender poetry. For, taking man at the standard he was evidently originally designed to meet, what are any of us, even the most gifted, but beings to whom something is wanting, people of whom it may be truly said, to quote the ordinary north-country expression in speaking of the imbecile, *that we are not all there*. How much of us is wanting even to the best of us, none but He who made us knows, for *we* may be dimly conscious of some inward swerve and failure, but in His mind alone is drawn the clear perfection of the outline each was originally designed to fill. "I do

not wish," writes Thoreau, "ever to see John again, I mean him who is dead, but that other whom only *he* would have wished to see or to be, and of whom he was the imperfect representative." To explain what I mean more fully, I would say that humanity, even under its happiest conditions, works under a stringent "statute of limitations," the grace and freedom of its movements is fettered, the crowning glory of its achievements dwarfed, by the imperfection of man's bodily faculties and organs. A man, even the greatest man, is in some degree sheathed and swathed in an organization which literally renders him

"Incompetent to keep
Heights which his soul is competent to win."

But an idiot is one on whom this bodily organization has acted like the machinery of the iron shroud in the frightful mediæval story: it has crippled and crushed his rational and intellectual being, which lies within it maimed even to death, inert and passive as the prey within the folds of the boa-constrictor. An idiot is one who is never strong enough to cast off the swaddling-bands of infancy, and who lives bound round with them from head to foot, until he exchanges them for the bere-cloths of the grave. Therefore there is no sight that our world, so full of sorrowful ones, can offer, so deeply tragic as that of idiocy. Insanity itself is not so full of fearful suggestion, nor is its problem one of such intricate and overwhelming complication. For the poor maniac has at least *lived*; he is one who has suffered the extremity of woe and loss, but who still retains something of the dignity of him "who has had losses," of a being once responsible and intelligent, capable of feeling and inspiring love. He is now, in the expressive French phrase,* an alien from his kind, cut off from the broad swift-flowing stream of human interests and sympathies, "he is desolate with all his company;" but the idiot, as his very name implies, is *isolated*, and has ever been so; he is disinherited from his very birth—even from before it. He is a being disassociated from all around him, without ties, without aims, without resources; his life's history is indeed a blank, summed up and circled in nonentity. He is one who, in the emphatic language of Seguin, "can do nothing, can think of nothing, can care for nothing."

The spectacle of idiocy fast bound in the iron misery of an imperfect organization, awakens in the mind the thought of a fatality more gloomy and irresistible than

* Nothing in this way is more wonderful than the influence of narcotics, and the consciousness of expansion and freedom, thronged with images of beauty, to which the soul attains under such influence. And yet it cannot be in the power of a mere drug to create such images, or to induce such energies. The secret of beauty and of energy is in man himself, and the power of the drug is over the body, imparting a momentary concentration to the nervous system, that lifts its weight from the soul, which is ordinarily kept down by a too feeble or too heavy physical organism, and enables both body and soul to ascend together to heights, from which, alas! both must quickly fall.

* *Aliéné.*

that which presides over a Greek drama. The bondage here is final, the soul's captivity lifelong. Yet even in learning the soul's dependence upon the body, we learn, as I have said, much of the soul's greatness; and nothing brings out more strongly than does idiocy, the sharp distinctive difference between the animal and man. When the great governing principle of reason, intelligence, *that in fact which makes man what he is*, is unable to exert its supremacy, all in the lower, as in the higher part of human nature, is chaos and disorder, and the idiot is as far from the perfect animal as he is from the perfect man. Such is the grandeur of man's whole nature, that, as in all that is perfect and structural, defect in any part works ruin to the whole design. An animal is sufficient to its own wants—self-helpful, in harmony with the universe it belongs to, a law unto itself, guided and checked even as to its instincts and propensities; but the man in whom the animal nature predominates is unable even to provide for the mere animal wants which have to him become imperious. He has lost his life's Dominant to which every fibre in his nature refers, and all is discord; he is unable to help himself, out of relation with all that surrounds him; and the utter absence of spontaneity in the idiot is one of the strongest witnesses we have to man's inalienable freedom. If Man is robbed in any degree of his birthright, if the motive, impelling, governing principles of reason, volition and affection, are unable to make their energies felt within him, he is indeed bereaved. He is one who may perish with cold and hunger, although he is the Father's son, and heir unto a kingdom, while the furred, skinned, and feathered tribes of earth, sea, and air, know how to provide themselves with homes and sustenance.

The question which we are now considering, that of the educability of the imbecile, is not one of mere philanthropy. So far it has been chiefly considered in that light, and has engaged the attention of but a few persons, and they among the number of so-called enthusiasts. But if the principles laid down in the books and reports before us are true, and the facts to which they bear witness can be well established, it is a question which connects itself most closely with almost every other social one. It is an inquiry which bears, and that in no indirect way, not only upon education in general, but upon legislation, upon morals, upon the general relations of human beings with each other, and even upon the nature of moral accountability with God. "The question as to whether or not the idiot can

be improved," says one who is well qualified to speak upon the subject,* "is a question which touches upon the loftiest outlooks of psychology, the most important problems of education; and the light our researches shed is as valuable to the philosopher as it is to the physician."

The books and papers which now lie before us are not cheerful reading, they are not of the kind which makes a half-hour pass pleasantly to the general reader, nor are they likely to be taken up except by persons particularly interested in the subject to which they are devoted. They carry us into the heart of deep scientific problems, and involve the weightiest practical conclusions. Seguin tells us that when he began to write on idiocy he found himself involved, without intending it, in moral, medical, physiological, and educational questions of the highest import. One question, he says, drew on another, each fact seemed to rest upon some anterior one, *alone able to explain and to interpret it*, so intimately connected are all researches that have Man for their object.

It does not fall within our present limits to follow out the questions into which these books enter largely; a few simple, clearly established facts are enough to make any thinking person feel the importance of their leading inquiry—"Can the idiot be educated?" England and Wales, it seems, contain at present about 50,000 idiotic and weak-minded persons. A formidable battalion, and the more so when it is swelled and strengthened by the vast number of unrecognised cases of mental infirmity, of backward, imperfectly developed, and peculiarly constituted children, who all require, in the language of those who best understand their condition, a *special* (or physiological) education, and who cannot be benefited, but will assuredly be injured, by the course of ordinary teaching. How all-important to the life of the family, to the well-being of the nation, becomes the question of their susceptibility to improvement! How worthy of the attention of the Government of every Christian State! For the idiot, as it has been truly remarked, does not sink alone. The present scientific researches bring into clear light a fact which has been long familiar to the chaplains of jails and others practically interested in our criminal population, that a large proportion of it is made up of weak and mentally deficient people, whose infirmities have made them the easy victims and the ready tools of the vicious and designing.

* M. Delasiauve, Médecin de l'Hospice de Bicêtre.

M. Voisin's attention was drawn to this subject by seeing a company of *forçats*, among whom his practised eye at once detected a man who was a manifest idiot, incapable of responsibility. In 1838, he inspected, along with a Commission appointed by the Government, a prison where 500 young criminals were submitted to his inspection. Upon a phrenological examination, it appeared that the heads of more than two-thirds of these boys, that is 315 out of the 500, were of the lowest character of development—a truly astounding proportion. These poor boys, who all belonged to the very lowest class, had not only had to contend against every social disadvantage, but had started in the race of life under the heavy weight and disability an imperfect organization entails. Are such poor beings to be turned loose on society, to become centres of evil and degradation, or are they to be trained to peace and order, or at least to be sheltered, to be saved alike from injuring and from being injured? Such inquiries are certainly worthy of the attention of a great and Christian nation. It is kind no doubt in the individually charitable to subscribe sovereigns, to fill purses, to weary their friends to give them a vote for Earlwood for the benefit of this or that idiot who has come across them in a chance way, but this is a question that ought not to be left to philanthropy.* It is one worthy of a nation's

* We must not however forget to draw attention to the wonders which philanthropy, so far unaided and single-handed, is at present working. The noble Northern Counties Institution now founding at Lancaster, which will be the largest in the world, owes its origin to the munificent gift of £2000 from a private individual in circumstances not even affluent. Its objects have been advocated with great ability and zeal by Dr. De Vitre, the chairman of the central committee. The secretary, Mr. James Diggins, calls the writer's notice to a very interesting feature connected with the work—the interest which has been taken in it by the humbler orders of men. The *Provençals* in their richly poetical idiom are accustomed to speak of an “*alma in blossom*,” by which they mean a gift given by the indigent to one yet worse off than himself, and we are all familiar with the touching *Manx* proverb—“*When the poor man gives to the poor, God himself smiles*.” Mr. Diggins tells me of a poor old woman in receipt of parish allowance who asked leave to send some work she had done to a bazaar spontaneously got up at Anstwick, a small village near Settle, for the benefit of the Royal Albert Institution, a bazaar which raised £74. In Lancaster, he adds, the poor have now been contributing their weekly penny for a year or two, and have also subscribed through the medium of their friendly societies—the Oddfellows alone contributing £105. Handsome sums have also been obtained through the co-operative bodies. At Lancaster we have a working-men's auxiliary committee that has raised upwards of £150 in weekly contribu-

tion. It is time that England, who for her 50,000 imbeciles has as yet provided asylums for just one thousand, to ask whether we are to continue to allow the weakest, the least fortunate among us, to drift hither and thither as chance and fate direct, the very *flotsam* and *jetsam* of humanity, or to decide whether as a nation we will seek to emulate the wise and loving economy of our Divine Founder, and strive to heal that which is sick, to bind up that which is broken, to bring back that which is driven away, to gather up of these fragments and leavings of human existence, “so that nothing be lost.”

The idea of educating the imbecile is probably the youngest born among the daughters of philanthropy. It has yet to make its way into general acceptance, and the apathy with which it is apt to be received in so many cases, arises from the want of interest which, even in subjects far more naturally attractive, belongs to pure and simple ignorance of their nature and objects. It seems well, therefore, to give a short historical outline of the rise and progress of this new science; and for this we have not to go back to any remote period, for the schoolmaster, as regards the feeble-minded, has not been long abroad. France, the nurse and mother of great ideas, too generous to remember Lord Bacon's famous adage, “*Fiat experimentum in corpore vili*,” ever ready herself to be herself the subject of each high experiment of liberty and progress, claims, along with many kindred glories, that of being the first worker in this peculiar field. Itard, in the early days of the French republic, was the first person who ever tried to educate an idiot; and his indefatigable labours upon the well-known wild man of Aveyron laid the foundation-stone of all that has been since done in the way of physiological education. Yet Itard, strange to say, never imagined himself to be educating an idiot, and all that has proved most valuable in the result of his experiments, grew, as in the case of those of alchemy, out of a mistaken aim. Trained in the principles of Rousseau, Itard sincerely believed that if a true savage—meaning by this a real wild man, one who would be considered such even by savage tribes—could be found, the task of his education would lay bare those “innate ideas,” the true springs of human intelligence, which a false and artificial mode of culture had blighted and perverted. Such a subject for theorization he believed himself to have

tions. Sunday-schools have also subscribed, one of them raising in a few weeks as much as £18.

discovered in the "*sauvage de l'Aveyron*," a boy who at the age of about eleven was caught by some hunters in the woods, wild and naked, living upon roots and acorns. The literature of the eighteenth century, and above all the philosophy of Rousseau, says M. Esquirol, had made savages fashionable, and the wild boy was for a short time the gazing-stock and wonder of Paris. Fashionable curiosity was however quickly satiated; the world soon grew tired of looking at a morose, unclean, ill-conditioned child, who bit and scratched every one who interfered with him. The poor "wild man of the woods" was soon abandoned, and forgotten by all save by the few, Humanity's true and faithful lovers, who never lose their sense of kinship with the great family we all belong to, and in whose eyes a man, however forlorn, degraded, and embruted, is still a man. He was visited by the illustrious Pinel, the earliest friend of the insane, who saw at once how nearly his characteristics approached those of the idiotic children confined in the Bicêtre, and under the then rooted impression that nothing could be done to improve those who were born deficient, warned Itard that his cares would be thrown away. Itard took a different view of the boy's condition, but so fully agreed with Pinel in the firm belief that idiocy was incurable, and that children affected by it were not susceptible to the influence of any sort of sociability or instruction, that when after years of patient labour he found out that the boy was really an idiot, one who as such had probably been cast out by his parents to perish in the forest, he gave up his case for ever in deep disappointment and disgust. But the zeal and patience which Itard brought to an obscure and unrepaying task, and continued to exert through a period of five long years, were not really thrown away. Himself a man of true genius, he had caught from another, the Spaniard Pereire, the first teacher of the deaf and dumb, whose labours a little preceded his own, the secret of the education of the senses; he had learnt from him the futility of pursuing ordinary methods of culture with children whose whole organization was exceptional, and upon this hint of deep significance he spoke and acted.

To attach the wild boy to the habits of social life, to awaken his nervous sensibility, to extend the circle of his ideas, to lead him by degrees to the use of language,—such were the aims of Itard, and such are now those of the idiots' most advanced teacher; and none that have come after him, says M. Esquirol, have ever surpassed him in

miracles of patience and ingenuity, in artifices brought to bear upon continually recurring obstacles, in the separate training of every separate sense. These were so far successful, that although his work must be on the whole regarded as a failure, the boy who had lived in the midst of his fellow-men, as one blind, deaf, and insensible, learnt to see and listen, to distinguish objects by their touch and smell, and awoke to sentiments of tender and caressing gratitude towards his teacher. The name of Itard must be ever cherished by the friend of the idiot as that of the pioneer boldly striking into trackless forests, the pilot venturing upon "perilous seas forlorn." He takes high rank among the guides who have none to guide them, among the leaders following only the instinct of their own great souls. We are perhaps lingering too long upon the threshold of our narrative, and yet before leaving the well-worn subject of the wild man of Aveyron, it is scarcely possible not to be struck by the light his story casts upon days not very far from our own. Our own age has plenty of faults, and plenty of fault-finders to discover and proclaim them. We are told at least once a week, if not oftener, that there was never an age so shallow, heartless, and money-seeking as the present one; yet in humanity we may perhaps have gained something, and that removes us a long way from days when, as in the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries, idiot children were frequently thrown to perish in the forests by their parents. Some few among these contrived to exist in spite of a thousand adverse chances, through the sole strength of instinct, and became assimilated to the wild beasts among whom they lived. Linnaeus has left a list of ten of these unfortunate beings, whom he, curiously enough, considered as forming a variety in the genus *Homo*. Its headings read strangely—

Juvenis Lupinus Hessensis, 1544—a young man found in Hesse among wolves.

Juvenis Ursinus Lithuanus—a young man found among bears in Lithuania.

Juvenis Ovinus Hibernus—a young man found among wild sheep in Ireland.

Juvenis Bovinus Bambergensis—a young man found among herds of oxen near Bamberg; and so on through the sorrowful catalogue,

"Sorte funesta clari."

Contemporary with Itard's labours may be noticed those of another celebrated physician, Foderé, a Savoyard, who gave his attention to Cretinism, a local form of idiocy, involving physical and mental de-

generacy of the profoundest type, attributable as is generally known to atmospheric causes, and to hereditary transmission in the places which have originally favoured its development. Foderé entered on the path since then more fully explored by Dr. Guggenbühl, and tried to ameliorate the condition of the Cretin* of the Alpine valleys, to make him serviceable in rural industry, and in some degree to educate him. But the attention, never perhaps very general, which had been excited by the writings of Itard and Foderé was not of that strong and lively character which can keep itself long awake. Public interest altogether slumbered on the question, and Pinel and Esquirol, so full of undying solicitude for the insane, only added strength to the ban under which the idiot lay, by casting the weight of their powerful authority into the heavy balance against him. For him alone there was neither help nor hope, and for about thirty years, dating the work of Itard at the very beginning of this century, we find a chasm in our narrative broken perhaps as the years go on by some solitary little-headed voice.

But all things, according to the saying of Tertullian, ripen, and righteousness also ripens along with them. "At certain times and eras," remarks M. Seguin, "the whole race of man, as regards the discovery of truth, seems to arrive at once at a certain point, so that it is hard to say *who* is the discoverer. All we know is that something which the race has long wanted has at last been found, and this point once reached, the friends of truth hasten in from all quarters to compare, to analyse, and to increase their great acquisitions." "For it is not enough," adds Seguin, "that a truth be ripe in the mind of a thinker, and that the vowed advocates of light and progress are ready to hail its birth, *the social medium in which it has to work must be also ready*, otherwise it falls upon soil in which it cannot germinate, and no decided result ensues." Some such propitious hour had struck when in 1842 Dr. Guggenbühl opened his school for cretins on the Abendberg, while at the same time M. Saegert commenced one for idiots

at Berlin, both without knowledge of the methods being pursued by Seguin, whose indefatigable labours at the Bicêtre were in full vigour of operation. In 1846 a school was established in Leipzig by Dr. Kern. As early as 1819, Dr. Poole of Aberdeen had advocated the expediency of subjecting idiotic children to medical treatment and educational training, but the first practical effort in Great Britain was made by the Misses White of Bath, who opened in 1846 a small house in that city for the training of the imbecile, and commenced with four children. In the early part of 1847 there appeared in *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal* two articles on M. Seguin's work at the Bicêtre, which were written by Mr. Gaskell, then medical superintendent of the Lancashire Lunatic Asylum, and for many years subsequently a Commissioner in Lunacy. These articles attracted the attention of Dr. Andrew Reed, the renowned philanthropist, who, having secured the earnest co-operation of Dr. Connolly, and other active benevolent and scientific gentlemen, started an asylum at Park House, Highgate. The outgrowths of this institution are the National Asylum at Earlswood, one of the best known and most efficiently conducted institutions of the kind in the world, and the Eastern Counties Asylum at Colchester, of which Mr. Millard, one of the earliest friends of the idiot, is the able superintendent. Scotland in 1852 opened her first institution at Baldovan, near Dundee, promoted by Sir John Ogilvy; and Dr. Brodie began the good work in Edinburgh, now carried on upon a larger scale at the new Scotch Asylum at Larbert. In June 1853 the corner-stone of Earlswood, Surrey, was laid by Prince Albert. In 1863 a small asylum for the Western Counties was commenced at Star-cross, Exeter, under the leadership of the Earl of Devon, and in June 1868 we see the foundation laid at Lancaster of a large institution for the reception of the idiots and imbeciles of the seven Northern Counties of England. A small asylum for the Midland Counties has, we understand, recently been started at Birmingham.

As early as 1842-3, two American gentlemen, Messrs. Mann and Sumner, had seen the work of Seguin at Paris, and written home an approving notice of it.*

* It is not perhaps generally known that the word *Cretin*, linked with such painful and repellent associations, is a modification of the family name of the great family of Christ. They were called "Chrétians" by the peasantry, in the same spirit that has sometimes given them the name of "innocents," and which still continues in Eastern countries to invest insanity with a protecting halo. And the name imports that these are Christians as it were *par excellence*, children of the good God, born irresponsible, and therefore incapable of ever displeasing Him.

* Seguin's deservedly eminent (we may call it pre-eminent) position among the teachers of the idiot, consists in the high and honourable place he gives to moral forces, especially to the freedom of the will. This at all costs and trouble he is bent upon evoking and strengthening, and while his predecessors had

Idiot education was quickly set on foot in Massachusetts, and since then has been adopted as a *State duty* by New York, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, and Ohio. Seguin himself has been won to America, and has had the school of New York under his care; and one fact to America's undying honour must not pass unrecognised,—that even the heavy financial strain which the late war has laid upon all her energies and resources, has not been allowed to interfere with the keeping up of these establishments, nor has party feeling been allowed to check their beneficial working by preventing the admission of children from the Southern States.

The American reports, to which we shall have occasion to refer again, are characterized by a quite remarkable warmth and kindness of expression, and by the broad basis upon which the work is placed. "This school," says the annual report for Massachusetts, "had its origin in that respect for humanity which is pained by the thought that any who bear its image should remain outcast from the universal family, unembraced in the common bond of brotherly love."

France meanwhile has continued the work she so nobly inaugurated. Among many names honourable in the ranks of those who, in the emphatic language of M. Esquirol, have endeavoured, and not in vain, to remove "the mark of the beast" from the forehead of the idiot, Belhomme, Falret, Ferrus, Leuret, we come to one who even from the unscientific reader challenges a more than ordinary attention. M. Voisin is one of those ardent and lively thinkers who compel you to go along with them, perhaps not the whole length of the road upon which he is himself travelling, but assuredly further than you at first intend. They who have gone one mile in his company will certainly go twain, and find themselves richer in ideas than when they started. His attention has been greatly drawn to the consideration of the obscurer mental afflictions less obvious to the outward eye than idiocy, yet dating like it from birth, and interfering as surely and fatally as it

does with the exercise of volition, affection, and will, displacing that grand triumvirate under whose rule alone a happy, respectable, and honoured life is a possible thing. Voisin's extended practical observations of idiocy, insanity, and mental and nervous maladies in general, joined to profound phrenological studies, have led him to believe that in a certain nature any given moral faculty—say affection, or the sense of responsibility—may be as surely, though less obviously, wanting, as the power of attention, comparison, or the faculty of number is wanting to those whose deficiencies are intellectual. "We must learn," says Voisin, "that human nature is made up of instinctive, perceptive, moral, and intellectual elements, whose harmony constitutes the man. But an unseen enemy can sap and mine at any one of these, idiocy can besiege *any one of these faculties in separation from the rest*, or it can attack the whole nature at once, thus making of man, as the case may be, a complete or a partial wreck. It can work an innate weakening of the moral sentiments, it can enfeeble the motive springs of duty and affection, it can induce an actual deadness in the region of some great fundamental power, while the other powers remain undisturbed, and continue the independent exercise of their several functions."

Also, says Voisin, there are a number of persons whose whole organization is exceptional, who do not conform to the common standard and level of humanity—people who are, and must remain, as he expresses it, *hors de ligne*, a class in which, along with weak and wandering, perverted and ill-balanced minds, he does not hesitate to include the bright inheritors of genius, and the possessors of extraordinary benevolence and heroic courage. All these, he says, are alike in this, that they sink below or rise above the safe mediocrity and even balance to which the great majority of the human race is vowed and consecrated; they resemble each other, sadly as the great hero and the great criminal differ, in a certain *original want of adjustment and proportion*, which makes each pass easily, under exciting circumstances, into a state of exaltation, in which man, in Voisin's energetic language, "is given up to his individuality," when his actions become automatic, his passions irresistible,—when he is no longer, in the language of common life, his own master, but the blinded follower of a blind guide, left at the mercy of some fierce over-ruling instinct, or of some trivial outward circumstance.

Voisin founded a school in Paris in 1834

contented themselves with the mere education of the senses, his rare genius makes all that can be done in the region of emotion and impression subserve to the true if but partial awakening of reason, conscience, and will, feebly as each may be able to manifest itself. "When we try," he says, "to educate the isolated idiot, we do not mean the mere teaching him reading, music, etc.: we mean to give him the sense and the power of establishing in the limits of his capacity those social relations (*rappports sociaux*) whose ever changing state is expressed by the two fixed words *rights and duties*."

only each several sense that requires a separate education, but even the simplest muscular movements are in the idiot inept and irregular; he cannot move, sit, or stand like other people; every gesture is a revelation of his peculiar infirmity. His limbs are either convulsed and agitated with continual *aimless* movements, or stiffened into the rigidity of that *inertia* peculiar to the idiot, and presenting, says Seguin, the most formidable among the many difficulties his teacher has to encounter. The silent immobility of his "I will not" differs, he says, most essentially from the positive refusal to move which either man or animal can exert at pleasure. His attitude is wholly negative, and arises from the absence of any external inducement which solicits, or internal motive which induces him to exertion. He must be wooed and coaxed to action. "Even to walk," says Seguin, "presents to him at first so many difficulties, that we may say it is as hard work to him as to think. So he will leave it alone till he is compelled or bidden, and will scarcely undertake anything on his own impulse." To grasp or lay hold of anything we wish for would seem one of the simplest of conceivable operations, yet whole pages of one of these interesting works is devoted to the subject of "prehension," or the action of the hand in taking, losing, and keeping hold. "No language," says Seguin, "descriptive or scientific, can give an idea how many steps are required before a child will learn to throw a stick from him in the direction the teacher points to." An idiot, from being unable to perceive the relation which one object bears to another, has no idea how, in common parlance, to set about anything of his own accord. Seguin tells us that in teaching his pupils to draw a figure so simple as the square, they could not be brought, except at the expense of countless artifices, to see that in order to form it the four lines must be made long enough to meet each other at each corner.

These artifices, these aids, these encouragements, are indeed endless. Not the adept watching his crucible, nor Newton pondering over the mighty problem of the universe, ever brought more zeal and patient devotion to bear upon his task than is here given to quicken the dormant intellect of an idiot, to aid the obscure travail of some poor feeble and fettered soul, to send a ray of glimmering light down the deep sunken shaft of the pit where humanity lies bound like Joseph, and forgotten of his brethren.* Incidentally

in these books, and as mere matters of course, we find it recorded that a teacher, before he could make a child appreciate the difference between a round and a square, repeated the same experiment 600 times, or we come across some evidence of tender ingenuity like that of Dr. Guggenbühl, who, after many ineffectual attempts to teach his Cretin pupils the alphabet, succeeded in quickening their attention by drawing out the letters in phosphorus on the wall of a darkened room. Miracles of patience and of love such as these, and the kindred ones that have lately been brought to bear on the teaching of the deaf-mutes and the care of the insane, at once recall and fulfil a deep saying of our Saviour, when, alluding to His own beneficent works of healing and restoration, He says, "*Greater works than these shall ye do, because I go to my Father.*" To raise the dead was for God an easy task, but for a man it is surely a gigantic one; all things were possible to the Master—"Speak the word only, and thy servant shall be healed;" but of the disciple, in a work like the present, it may be said truly, "that he has nothing to draw with, and the well is deep." None has gone before him on his path, and he has, as it were, to explore and make good each step he takes.

And if we ask to what good has this great cost been made, and inquire into the reward of so much devoted labour, the results which these reports and papers lay before us are indeed surprising. Their testimony as to the amount of good already done is uniform, and when we consider the great and real difficulties of the work, the statistics laid before us by the various reports we are considering, English, Scotch, and American alike, the general impression is abundantly cheering. One and all speak

"reason, compare, or abstract." On this account, says Seguin, the task of teaching him to read would have been much easier than it is, had written letters remained, as in the days of hieroglyphics, the direct representation of the thing they signify, instead of being, as they now are, mere bizarre and arbitrary signs, in no way logically connected with their object. Even so, he adds, a chasm yawns between the written letter and the articulated sound,—no relation connects, no similarity makes them one; and to acquire a knowledge of them is indeed a feat of mental gymnastics.

"Ulysses knew, indeed," says Madame de Gasparin, in her affecting story *Un pauvre Garçon*, "that one apple and two apples made three apples, and when the innkeeper's son took two of them away, he was aware that he had only one left; but this transaction, however simple in itself, stunned and stupefied him when it was translated into figures. The white symbols upon the black slate conveyed not one idea to his mind, however long his restless eyes might wander over them."

* The idiot seems always to conform to Locke's definition of him, and to continue one who cannot

of bad habits corrected, of health and morals improved, of many children who were a positive burden to their family being now able to maintain, or partially maintain, themselves by their own labour. Dr. Howe tells us, of the children placed under his charge, many who were in a state of apparently hopeless idiocy have gained useful knowledge, most of them have become cleanly, decent, docile, and industrious, and *all* of them are happier and better in consequence of the efforts made in their behalf. Dr. De Vitre, in a speech made at the late foundation of the Northern Counties Asylum, says, "As far as our present statistics go, there are only 6 per cent. of the whole family of idiots in this country who are incapable of improvement; one half of the remainder can be so far benefited by training as to be made able to attend to their own wants with some degree of propriety; *of the whole, at least 10 per cent. can be restored to society as useful members of it.*"

In this doubtless very high average of good accomplished *all* the reports before us concur, and add to their generally encouraging statement some very interesting cases of a more extraordinary kind. Among these we may notice that of a pupil of Dr. Guggenbühl, who was sufficiently cured to become a schoolmaster, and was capable of instructing his scholars in four languages. We are also told of a physician, once resident at Montpellier, in childhood an undoubted Cretin, but who recovered, passed through a professional education, and became the author of a book on Cretinism. Seguin tells us of several among the American pupils who passed out of idiocy into heroism, and enlisted of their own accord to defend the republic. One of these, after doing good service as a soldier, was captured by Lee's army, and died a prisoner in the miserable Andersonville stockade. Another youth, who had been pronounced incapable of instruction in ordinary schools, learned in the institution at Syracuse to speak, read, and write well, and developed great and useful capacities for work in the farm and garden. Seguin tells us how he, moved, along with another comrade, by an intelligent patriotism, joined the army, and after serving half a year, was smitten by typhus fever, and dragged himself "home," *i. e.*, to the asylum, at the door of which he was found in a dying state. His companion served with distinction two years, and was fatally wounded at Fisher's Hill. Instances like these must, however, be looked upon as exceptional, as in general cases, whatever amount of improvement may be effected in the habits, conduct, and mental acquisitions of those

who are born so far below the mark which others start from, an absence of originating power, a *want of self-direction*, will remain, which seems, as one of these books expresses it, always to call for the directing and guiding hand. In judging what education can effect for the idiot, we must be careful not to compare him with the average man, with whom he must always appear to a disadvantage, *but with himself* in his untrained, original condition, or with that of those of his fellow-sufferers upon whom no such care has been bestowed.

The theory on which the education of the imbecile rests is stated in language which some may think extreme by Dr. Parrish of Pennsylvania. At a meeting there in 1859 he said, "The notion that imbecile children or idiots did not possess minds was not admitted in this institution. He himself believed that every creature born in the form of man had a mind. Darkened and infirm it might be; shut out from human sympathy and aid, alone in its solitary gloom; wayward and without intention and purpose so far as we could see; but yet, far down, behind its sorrow, in its solitude, somewhere in its nature, was the image of God. But for our faith in the existence of mind in every human creature we could not labour with any hope of success." He adds elsewhere, "Mind is not *wanting* in cases of imbecility and idiocy, it is only warped, weakened, or overcome by physical causes. The brain is *there*, but its workings are clogged by disease." In accordance with this view, every effort of the teacher of the idiot, from whatever point he works, is directed to one aim, that of awakening what is dormant and setting free that which is bound. We have seen in the quotations made from Seguin's writings how perseveringly this aim is kept in view as regards the intellect, and how vast and varied a machinery is brought to bear upon the passivity in which the will sits in the idiot, like the lady in Comus, "looked up in alabaster." The same end is kept in view by all the gymnastic exercises and hygienic aids which have been found so valuable; all these seek by a series of shocks and stimulants to rouse and rally the physical energies from their death-like trance. Dr. Guggenbühl's climatic experiment with regard to the Cretins, whom he has removed from the depressing influence of their native valleys to a home where they breathe the clear stimulating mountain air, is a sort of crowning achievement in this line, and its eminent success shows what may be gained as to general intelligence by the bracing and tightening of the fibres of a relaxed and

languid physique. But there is one irresistible engine, the powerful reinforcer of all other leverage, the fulcrum alone strong enough to effect the imminent deadly breach in the thick-walled rampart which lets the forlorn hope pass through into the citadel. Love is in this region, as in all others, the stand-point from which, when once won, the world can be moved from its place. "It would surprise no one," says Dr. Howe of Massachusetts, "to hear that neglected children have been awakened to affection by the kindness shown them in this institution, for we all know that love will call forth love; yet we have here been taught a new fact, *that love also elicits intelligence.*" We have learnt how it is that God himself works when He would quicken the faculties of His creatures, *and love is brought before us as the magnetic force of the moral, as electricity is of the physical, world.* It vivifies and exalts all that is ethereal in man—reason, affections, will; and all who would do good may here learn a lesson that points them to the hiding of their power, in the element of their nature through which alone they can open the way of hopeful and beneficent communication with every one who wears the human form."

Seguin closes a series of admirable remarks upon what is required in the moral training of the imbecile, as to order, obedience, authority, in these remarkable words: "Our work is one *ever changing in form, never changing in object*; it is a work in which the teacher, the nurse, the physician, the philosopher, the moralist have all something to do. But all that each does must be done in the spirit of affection, and that of the deepest kind. Science, art, literature, education, medicine, philosophy, may each do something for our pupils, but love alone can truly socialize them, *and those alone who love them are their true rescuers.*" Moral association, sociability, family affinity, all these have to be created in the idiot; his sense of affection stands in need, like all his other senses, of development. *All of these poor children may be taught to love by being loved; and to make the idiot feel that he is loved, and to make him eager to love in his turn, is the end of our teaching, as it has been its beginning.*" "The treatment of idiocy," adds Seguin, "is a commentary upon St. Paul's declaration; we may bring skill, even genius, to the task, we may understand all mysteries and all knowledge, we may speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and if we have not love it will profit us nothing."

And along with the blessed influence of love, another sentiment, equally holy in its origin, and scarcely less powerful in its

effects, is freely brought into play in the education of the imbecile. When love is present, joy, under one form or another, can never be far distant, and when the poor idiot is re-baptized into the great human family, these two stand together at the font his elected sponsors, to declare, and promise, and vow in his name glorious things which he as yet can but imperfectly apprehend. Nothing in these manuals is so affecting as the large share which pleasure and delight take in the work of intellectual and moral regeneration. The idiot, it seems, is one who must above all things be *pleased*. He is not cognisant of the claims of duty, nor alive to the promptings of interest; he is, alas! unconscious of the fit and fair, and utterly careless of the profitable. Yet as regards both doing and having, he knows what he *likes*. His teachers will often watch for weeks and months to see the first gleam of intelligent interest making itself known in a manifestation of pleasure—in sense, sight, or sound. Perhaps some day he will take up a pencil in a shy and furtive manner, and quickly lay it aside if he sees that he is observed, or he will betray a passing susceptibility to the power of music.* No such hint or indication is thrown away, be it even *playing with a straw*, mentioned in one of the Philadelphian reports, as being, in the case of a remarkably sluggish and inert boy, the first voluntary action he was ever known to engage in. The same report tells us of an idiot of the most depraved class, "a moral idiot, secretive, roguish, thievish, ignorant, and indifferent, also as obstinate as a mule, whose whole better nature was brought into exercise through the delight with which it was found he listened to a well-told story." Judicious advantage was taken of this by his teachers, improving lessons were inculcated, and this boy was found to have a susceptible heart, as easily led into right as it had been darkened and misled by wrong. He gave evidence in due time of strong religious feeling, and became so honest that he was trusted with money, while in the school-room his progress was surprising. Even his very gait was altered. Instead of thieving, he gave a poor woman in poverty and rags a large portion of his Christmas savings;

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languid physique. But there is one irresistible engine, the powerful reinforcer of all other leverage, the fulcrum alone strong enough to effect the imminent deadly breach in the thick-walled rampart which lets the forlorn hope pass through into the citadel. Love is in this region, as in all others, the stand-point from which, when once won, the world can be moved from its place. "It would surprise no one," says Dr. Howe of Massachusetts, "to hear that neglected children have been awakened to affection by the kindness shown them in this institution, for we all know that love will call forth love; yet we have here been taught a new fact, *that love also elicits intelligence*. We have learnt how it is that God himself works when He would quicken the faculties of His creatures, and love is brought before us as the magnetic force of the moral, as electricity is of the physical, world. It vivifies and exalts all that is ethereal in man—reason, affections, will; and all who would do good may here learn a lesson that points them to the hiding of their power, in the element of their nature through which alone they can open the way of hopeful and beneficent communication with every one who wears the human form."

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are apt to do, as a happy and harmless if limited being, shielded by his very infirmity from the awful burden of responsibility,* and freer than are wiser people from care and pain. These books reveal a sadly different story. Some of the phases they exhibit are so repellent, and some of the narratives they tell so dark and terrible, that no one would pause over them except to gain some desired end, and that end once attained he might pray to be able to dismiss and to forget them for ever. The experience of few grown-up people is so limited as not to have shown them something of the evil which a poor being so fearfully left to his own guidance may both suffer and cause, a risk of course greater in the humble order of life, where continual care and watching of a weak-minded person is impossible, and where, unless the tone of the family life is unusually good, such persons too often become the centre of wide-spread moral debasement,—for the idiot, be it ever remembered, *does not sink alone*.

These books show us that the naturally harmless idiot, apparently incapable of either good or evil, if left to his own unguided instinct, is apt to furnish but another example of the degradation to which the savage and the outcast, to which, in fact, all human beings in a state of isolation, almost inevitably descend. His own darkened nature becomes to him "a horrible pit, full of mire and clay," and no evangelizers went ever on a more blessed errand than those who descend into it with light and encouragement; who put his feet upon the rock, and order his goings, and who in many cases succeed in putting a new song within his mouth, enabling this poorest among all earth's denizens to rejoice in God his Maker.

We have said that the claims of this subject are far too weighty to be left to mere individual charity. Yet it is well, perhaps, that philanthropy should in this case, as in many others, work out the first experiments, which may afterwards be carried forward on

a broader scale, as one of universally admitted obligation. The institutions which are at present being founded demand a heavy outlay; they are large, and necessarily expensive,—as a single master cannot here, as in places of ordinary education, take charge of a great number of pupils. "Here," says M. Delasiauve, "all preceptoral action is necessarily minute, immediate, sustained, and in some degree individualized on each separate object," so that a large staff of teachers and superintendents is called for, and these, it is scarcely necessary to say, must be unexceptionable as regards intelligence and moral tone. Considerable space is also required for the varied exercises the children so imperatively require, and another object gained in large institutions is to be found in what in these reports and papers is called "mutuality," or the efficacious stimulus of numbers, which seems most friendly to the state of the imbecile, whose natural foe is isolation. They are naturally prone to imitation, and the moving pantomime which is here ever going on around them, solicits, and as it were constrains, them to attend and to participate; they are more at ease, too, it appears, and happier in the company of each other than in the world, where a vague yet crushing sense of their own infirmity is apt to grow upon them to a degree that checks any possible improvement. These institutions must also be contemplated in the light of asylums and refuges for those who are incapable of receiving permanent benefit; and to see how great a blessing they may thus prove, we need only look around us, and see how many idiots of the hopelessly incapable class become a terror and perplexity to their relatives, and very often, in poor families, exhaust the whole energies of a parent by the continual and harassing anxiety which watching over them entails. This burden is sometimes life-long, and though often, to the honour of human nature, met with the tenderest devotion, often also what is really, as poor people express it, "a heavy handful," is *felt* to be such. Some hearts are formed to love and pity the unfortunate, yet when we look at human nature as it really is, and remember that weak-minded people are always more or less troublesome, and sometimes very provoking—when we reflect too that in many of these cases the infirmities which constitute misfortune are such as at the same time create repulsion, we will cease to wonder at the appalling instances of neglect and cruelty which the reports of the Commissioners of Lunacy have so frequently brought to light.

Such considerations, however, are but in-

* The list given in some of these books of the bodily diseases to which idiots, in addition to their participation in all ordinary ones, are particularly liable, such as epilepsy, chorea, rachitis, is indeed a formidable one, and must in some degree perplex the advocates for the comfortable doctrine of compensation, believers in which are generally pretty well at ease in their own individual minds and bodies and estates. The saying of the wise man, "The poor is oppressed because he is poor," unfolds a truer doctrine. When the mind, the body, or the outward circumstances become depressed below a certain point, kindred afflictions, allied infirmities, gather quickly round the whole life, and misery makes it a prey.

cidental to our subject; they will readily occur to any one who looks at it in the light of reason or experience, or who will follow out with any degree of care the bearings of any one case of mental infirmity which may happen to come under his own notice. Such an inquirer will soon learn enough to convince him that in the idiot, and *in those most nearly connected with him*, are to be found, if anywhere, the persons who need all the help and support and comfort which the stronger members of the Christian family are bound to furnish to the weak and heavily burdened ones. Nor must we forget, in considering this great subject, that we were men even before we were Christians, nor become oblivious of the claims of our brotherhood in that great "congregation of humanity, the first church founded by Jesus Christ upon earth, long before He himself appeared on it," *—Humanity, which, in the admirable words of Lavater, we shall find as we study it more closely, "ever, *even in its humiliation*, astonishing, ever a subject of wonder, surpassing even under its imperfect and abortive conditions the most lovely and perfect animal nature. Each circumstance connected with the human nature in which we share *cannot but appear to us in the light of a family consideration*, while we learn to rejoice and to triumph in the existence of whatever is happy, and to endure all that is favoured with the endurance of the Deity."

- ART. IV.—1. *Zwingli-Studien*. Von Dr. HERMANN SPÖRRI, Privat-docent der Theologie an der Universität Zürich. Leipzig, 1866.
2. *Ulrich Zwingli, nach den urkundlichen Quellen*. Von J. C. MÖRIKOFER, Erster Theil. Leipzig, 1867.

BENEATH the crest of Mount Sentis, on an upper slope of the Toggenburg, a long narrow valley watered by the river Thur, and lying to the north of Lake Wallenstadt, is situated the village of Wildhaus, peopled by Alpine shepherds and farmers. It is a spot not lying within the usual limits of the tourist's range; yet one who guides his movements by an interest in national memories may allow it a claim on his attention stronger than the home of Rousseau or of Tell; for there, in a small quaintly timbered house, still pointed out with pride by the

inhabitants of the locality, was born, on January 1st, 1484, one who, if to command the wills of men in his own generation and to anticipate the reasonings of a distant futurity be proof of greatness, may justly be called the greatest of all Swiss men,—Ulrich Zwingli the Reformer. A genuine Helvetic stock was that of Zwingli. The Reformer's father was bailiff or *ammann* of his district. It was a true Alpine landscape on which Ulrich first opened his eyes: to the south the mountain summits called the Seven Electors (*Churfürsten*); to the west, the green hills of the Toggenburg; to the east, the snow-capped heights of the Vorarlberg.

In his native village a meeting was held a short time since, to provide funds for the establishment of some public institution in commemoration of Zwingli, the "Toggenburger," as his friends were wont to style him in his lifetime. The institution resolved upon is, we are told, a college, to be erected at Wildhaus, for the reception of the most gifted students from the different scholastic foundations of Switzerland; in which institution means are to be provided them for completing their education without expense. This, it was felt, would be a more worthy monument to such a man, a lover of practical utility and of mental enlightenment, than any effigy of stone or brass. The journal from which we derive our information adds a hope that the funds now being collected for a statue of the Reformer at Zürich may be diverted to the furtherance of the Wildhaus project.*

This local recognition of Zwingli's greatness falls in with a theological and literary tendency of our days. Powerful as he was in his own age, and famous as his memory has been through the centuries succeeding, it seems to be reserved for the modern time to estimate justly the drift and tenor of his thoughts. The subject has been treated in sundry publications which have issued recently from the German press. A Life of the Reformer by J. C. Mörikofer, of Zürich, carefully compiled from original research among the archives of Zürich and Berne, as well as from the usual biographical authorities, is now in the course of publication. The first half of it was issued in 1867. A smaller volume, entitled *Zwingli-Studien*, by Dr. Hermann Spörri, private tutor at the University of Zürich, published in 1866, conveys, in five concise and suggestive essays, the leading outlines of his opinions, ecclesi-

* Our information dates from January last. We do not know what progress in the scheme may have been made since then.

* Lacordaire.

astical, theological, and literary, verifying these by a constant reference to the works of the Reformer himself. These two works we shall use as in great measure the ground-work of our considerations in the ensuing pages.

But Zwingli's historical *pose* had already been re-adjusted within our own time. The first writer who formed a just and comprehensive view of his character, and of the part he aimed at playing in the Reformation drama, was Leopold Ranke, in his history of that great transaction. Ranke brought the sympathetic lights of modern criticism to bear on events and personages that had long been treated in the spirit of traditional acceptance so all but universal with historical writers up to the last half-century. The history of the Reformation, in particular, had been stereotyped by Protestant narrators, and Zwingli's character had received its sentence first from the Lutheran, and then from the Calvinist point of view. From neither was he rightly understood. It had always been well known, and admitted, of course, that he was a fearless and enlightened man, doing battle to the Papal usurpations as resolutely as Luther, and founding the Helvetican church; but, together with this, he was held to be a cold, dry, utilitarian religionist in matters of doctrine; a combative and secular politician, who mixed up the affairs of this world with those of the next; and whose death on the bloody field of Cappel, was rather a warning than a bright example. This was the verdict of the Lutheran writers in the first instance, who inherited their leader's aversion to the principles of the Swiss Reformer. It fell in with the tendencies of the Calvinistic school likewise, who could never relish nor understand the breadth of Zwingli's theology; and English writers, accustomed to assimilate rather than to originate opinion, mostly followed in the track of the Continental critics.

"Die Weltgeschichte ist das Weltgericht!"

How strangely, it may be said in passing, this, or the Tower of Siloam theory, comes from lips which, when it serves their purpose, are so ready to pronounce human afflictions to be a token of Divine acceptance and blessing! The exultation of Erasmus and Sir Thomas More on Zwingli's death had, however, at least the plea of party feeling to excuse it, though Luther himself could speak more generously on the occasion; but the carping criticisms of the modern writer D'Aubigné bespeak nothing less than feebleness of judgment, both in his character of historian and of theologian.

But Lutheranism and Calvinism, the

most powerful expressions of Protestant life for three centuries, have ceased to have any real command over the present generation. Men are now inquiring how it is that the Reformation, the vital essence of which was deliverance from human authority in matters of faith, so soon lost its principle of free inquiry, and ran its neck under the yoke of dogmatic inventions. And as investigation is opening up vistas long overgrown by the tangle of time and prejudice, it lights upon the commanding figure of the Reformer of Zürich, and experiences in the contemplation of his eagle glance an unexpected thrill of sympathy. Luther and Calvin spoke to their own generation. Speculation, not yet released from the training of the schoolmen, was ready to embrace with the one the mystic sensuous exposition of faith blending the Divine influence with tangible symbols; with the other, to syllogize from partial premises, till natural feeling and moral intuition lost all their shapings in the rigid grooves of predestinarian dogma. Apart from both, Zwingli, prophet-like, sketched the outlines of a religious scheme for which his time was unprepared, but which harmonizes signally with the critical convictions now taking hold of our generation. The great effort of his soul was to establish the "reign of Law." Convinced that there could be no essential discrepancy between the dictates of the conscience, of the moral impulses and of the understanding, he traced, or believed in where he could not trace it in detail, some fundamental generalization capable of giving method to all the detached manifestations of God's truth in earth and heaven. This made some call him a rationalist; but the reason to which he appealed was not the mere faculty of logical analysis; he was much less of a dialectician than either Luther or Calvin, and if he sometimes used their weapons in arguments for which they were scarcely fitted, it was in contradiction to the principle of his philosophy that he did so. What he really trusted in as man's best guide, was the reason which acts on wide deduction, and is assisted by the moral sense; the "verifying faculty," as some in later times have called it. Again, he believed in a close connexion between piety and practical utility: "By their fruits ye shall know them." This led his adversaries to style him a cold utilitarian. His utilitarianism was that of the gospel; his idea of piety he has himself described: "*Veram pietatem, quæ nihil aliud est quam ex amore timoreque Dei servata innocentia.*" Again, he believed that the best conditions for man's development consisted in his social and political well-being. Here his views, as well as his

national training, induced him to mix in the intricate web of State ambitions and rivalries. Accordingly his enemies upbraided him as a meddler and a worldling; but he meddled with no more worldly aim than the promotion of that Christian Utopia, which to him, the republican citizen of a small community, seemed more actually and nearly attainable than to a private student under a monarchical government, like Sir Thomas More. It was Zwingli's habit, in short, to regard human progress as a thing which "moveth altogether if it move at all," and in this, we repeat it, he was very unlike any other religious teacher of the sixteenth century.

This also makes it difficult to divide the subject-matter of his opinions under distinct heads; but we may for our present purpose set before us two leading directions of thought in regard to which his attitude demands our special attention; after which we purpose to glance at some biographical particulars, but briefly only, and as they help to verify our general estimate.

Zwingli's active career began in 1506. Up to that date he had been a student, receiving instruction in some of the best academies of Germany and Switzerland, drinking in the spirit of the Renaissance. For twelve years he was pastor at Glarus, for twelve more, pastor, professor, political leader, at Zürich. This is the summary of his life; not a life of many outward changes, or of startling vicissitudes, but teeming with far-reaching results, both practical and ideal.

I. Let us first consider his position in the matter of Church-and-State politics: a position not to be understood without some insight into the contemporary condition of Switzerland. Switzerland, when Zwingli grew to manhood, was in one of those transitional phases which come alike to nations and to individuals, when the character awakens to new impressions, and exhibits tendencies divergent from the track of its former associations. The Burgundian war had ended, triumphantly for the Confederates, but the renown their valour had acquired by it attracted the notice of the restless kingdoms around them, and made foreigners eager to purchase so useful a commodity. It was but the economical law of demand and supply. The Swiss had valour and sinews; the French, Germans, and Italians had gold, and wanted fighting men, and so came to pass the result, thus rendered by Bishop Alexander from the animated rhyme of Victor Hugo:—the Swiss gave

"The strength of foot they learnt by perilous path and flood,
And, from their blue-eyed mothers won, the old mysterious blood;
The daring that the good south wind into their nostrils blew,
And the proud swelling of the heart with each pure breath they drew,
The graces of the mountain glens, with flowers in summer gay,
And all the glory of the hills—to earn a lackey's pay!"

Corruption of manners naturally ensued, and a cosmopolitan indifference to political ties and traditions. These were the evils which were undermining the old national virtue when Zwingli came to manhood; and during the years of his Glarus ministry he did his utmost to recall his fellow-countrymen to former principles, to unite them by the bond of patriotism, and to denounce foreign service, *i. e.*, every military engagement to which they were not called by the interests of the Confederacy or by their constitutional relations to the Papacy or the Empire. Thrice as military chaplain he accompanied the troops of Glarus across the Alps, but on each occasion it was to espouse the cause of the Pope against the ambitious French monarch. It was the success of French intrigues and the establishment of French ascendancy at Glarus which at last overwhelmed him with perplexity, and caused him to forsake his post there. The two years he subsequently passed at the convent of Einsiedeln, while still nominally pastor at Glarus, were a memorable turning-point in his mental development—momentous as the seclusion of the Wartburg to Luther, or the retirement in Arabia to St. Paul. While there, meditating among the displays of the grossest superstition, and the study of the original Greek Scriptures—in the year 1516, before Luther had lifted up his voice in controversy, he came to the conviction that "the Pope of Rome must fall." This was the great High Priest for whose temporal sovereignty he had trod the battle-field at Marignano, whose spiritual sovereignty had held Christendom together for a thousand years. How was his new conviction to operate on his political and ecclesiastical course?

The answer to this question is given by his career at Zürich, to the chief pastoral office in which city he was summoned in consequence of the reputation he had already acquired by his learning and his pulpit eloquence.

"Nel mezzo del cammin di nostra vita,
Mi ritrovai in una selva oscura,
Chè la diritta via era smarrita."

such might well have been Zwingli's utter-

ance when, exactly on his thirty-fifth birthday, January 1st, 1519, he delivered his first sermon from the pulpit of Zürich Cathedral. What with religious ignorance and moral corruption, Zürich might well at this time have been called a "forest intricate, and wild and drear." It was a *Vorort* (presiding canton) of the Confederacy, and as such had, according to the remark of Vadian, received more numerous embassies from the chief European potentates than any other free city of Christendom. Political life accordingly ran quick and active in its veins. But what was political life to the Swiss of those days? It was the sordid barter of blood for gold; and the cities most prominent in the world's eye had of course most share in the market. The perversion of manners engendered at Zürich especially, by the wealth and bad example of the foreigners, was such that the historian Bullinger compares its moral position in the Confederacy before the preaching of the Reformed doctrine, to that of Corinth among the Greek republics. The corruption however was greatest among the petty nobility and the peasantry of the canton. Among the city magistrates, elected from the burgher class, some sturdy sense of virtue and public spirit did exist. Eventually this formed the stable fulcrum for the operations of the Reformer.

For the first two years of his residence at Zürich, Zwingli held aloof from direct participation in political affairs, and devoted himself to maturing and imparting the moral and religious impressions produced on his own mind by the study of the Scriptures and of ancient literature. Meanwhile he had opportunity of observing with a critical eye the administrative action of the Great Council.* Practically, the independent spirit of the Swiss cantons had long made itself felt even in ecclesiastical matters. Zwingli's original appointment at Glarus had been given him in spite of the interest made for a favourite of the Pope himself; and no special ordinance, either of the Pontiff, or of the local bishops, his delegates, had much chance against a decided expression of popular opinion. It was in this state of things that Zwingli discerned a way to the solution of any theoretical difficulties consequent on the Reformation movement. Withdraw the National Church from all dependence on the Bishop of Rome or his subalterns, and what would naturally ensue? Nothing but what was in point of fact the ordinary procedure—the management of Church affairs,

appointment of pastors, etc., by the ruling council of the city, elected, theoretically at least, by the people themselves. This brought the whole conception of the visible Church to the basis of a pure democracy. In every Christian State the people were the Church; and Church functionaries, legislative or executive, owed their powers ultimately to popular election or sanction. Inasmuch as the highest State council—in Zürich the Council of Two Hundred—had the power of government for all secular purposes, so also should it have power of government for ecclesiastical purposes, which having no other ultimate law than the people's will and conscience, ought to be considered not apart from, but in conjunction with, their secular interests. Harmonizing as it did with the spirit of free inquiry and scriptural study inculcated by Zwingli from the moment he mounted the Cathedral pulpit, the dictum of the Council's representative right of management in Church affairs made speedy way in the convictions of the Zürichers, and being formally proclaimed in the famous conferences of 1523, became the foundation of the Helvetian or Zwinglian Church.

It was the same principle on which, allowing for differences in the political constitution of the State, the English Reformation of Edward VI.'s reign was built. The notion of a Divine right in any hierarchical order was an innovation of the Presbyterian Puritans in the first instance, and afterwards taken up in opposition to them by the Episcopalian High Churchmen. Our early Reformers recognised the Church character of all Protestant national communities, and never dreamt of repudiating the "orders" of non-Episcopal sects.

Now, in maintaining this view, Zwingli had to resist two opposing forces—the Romanists on the one hand, the fanatical levellers on the other, who wished to make the Church of the "true believers" independent of all State control. The Romanists, not unnaturally, accused him of "dividing the Confederacy." In reality, however, the Confederacy had already admitted the germ of disunion in the sordid competition for foreign service. Zwingli believed himself to have discovered the secret of its reunion on a new and firmer basis. The levellers accused him of subordinating the things of religion to the things of this world. Zwingli believed that in his postulate of the identity of Church and State he held the true key to religious reform, as well as to the restoration of Confederate unity. Like so many prophets, inspired and uninspired, he blended in his vision the ideal with the presently prac-

* The Great Council, or Council of Two Hundred, was the chief governing body in Zürich.

tionable fulfilment of the principle he advocated. He anticipated that Switzerland, agreed upon first principles of far greater depth than any that had as yet held its cantons together, would become the mountain fortress of a pure and enlightened doctrine. He did not require to fence in his Reformation by articles and dogmas, but simply to trust it to the free and fair study of the Word of God. To establish true principles of Scriptural interpretation and moral judgment was to him far more important than to particularize doctrine.

But the most magnificent ideals are hemmed in and quenched by the perversity of human conditions.

“Dem herrlichsten was auch der Geist empfangen
Drängt immer fremd und fremder Stoff sich an.”

Zwingli's Reformation struck rocks on every side. In as far as it succeeded, in outward results at least, it passed after his days into a sectarian form of confession like others, and has received less of the world's homage than the originally coarser conceptions of Luther and of Calvin. Its comparative failure was partly in consequence of local and accidental, partly also of inherent difficulties, on which we will here say a few words. And, first, the untowardness of external circumstances made Zwingli himself adopt means inconsistent to some extent with his ends. One section of his opponents consisted of the Anabaptist levellers, who desired to make church affairs dependent on the will of each separate congregation, and to exempt them altogether from State supervision. Zwingli had theoretically admitted their principle of congregational democracy: in subjecting the country communes to the central control of the Zürich city magistracy, he was to some extent infringing the logical corollaries of this tenet, and substituting practical expediency. Again, it so happened that it was among the unenlightened bigoted adherents to the old faith in the pastoral cantons of the mountains that the democratic element in secular affairs was really prevalent. In Zürich and Berne, rich and industrial States, whose predominance in the Confederacy had been of later growth, the trading oligarchy, and not the democratic plebs, in point of fact gave the tone to public affairs, and offered the favourable soil for the cultivation of the new opinions.

Again, one of Zwingli's main difficulties, when the Reformation left the narrow field of Zürich to encounter the general opinion of Switzerland, was the confederate con-

stitutional law which provided that the common affairs of the thirteen cantons should be decided by a majority of the cantons themselves. Now, the five forest cantons commanded an undoubted majority in this sense; but then theirs was by far the poorest, the least populous, the least enlightened portion of the Confederacy. The real moral weight lay with Zürich and Berne. Nothing could be done in the way of religious reform, wearing the semblance of joint confederate action, save by altering the fundamental law, and making the majority depend on individual voices and not on the number of the cantons. It was a similar question to that which had to be decided when the National Assembly of 1789 met at Paris, and which it was then felt must precede all other innovation.

Zwingli never carried this point,* but as time went on his views acquired expansion in another direction. He cared less about uniting the Confederacy, which for the moment seemed a hopeless task, and more for enlarging and consolidating the fellowship of Protestant believers throughout Christendom. “*Civitas Christiana*,” Christian co-burgery:—that was the dream, some will perhaps say the delusion, of his later years. That was the hope which made him dedicate to Francis I., the representative of that very French influence he had formerly so detested, the greatest of his theological works (*De vera et falsa religione*); for Francis was for political reasons drawn to favour the Protestant movement in Germany and within his own dominions, and in his own family the “Word” appeared to be making progress. That was the vision which made the obstinacy of Luther at Marburg so very bitter to him, which made him co-operate with the designs of Philip of Hesse, which threw him into opposition to the cautious “confederate” policy of Protestant Berne, and so, eventually, wrought his ruin.

Thus much, briefly, for the local and accidental obstacles to the realization of his principle of the identity of Church and State. The inherent difficulties attending it are those which have never ceased to attach to a similar conception when advanced in later times, whether by a Grotius, an Arnold, or a Bunsen. If by the State is meant a body politic organized for the purposes of national unity and law, it is obvious that its ends are temporal merely, and subsist only with reference to this life. If the State means

* We are told that at the present moment a movement with this tendency is taking place in Switzerland, beginning with the internal constitution of Zürich.

something more than this, and contemplates the religious interests of the individual, then indeed it may mean the Church also, but then also it ought to include like-minded Christians of other States, and so would belie its own essence as a *national* body. The Church, again, is held together by views and sanctions which refer to another state of existence. To raise a barrier between one National Church and another on the ground of geographical separation, would seem to be a mere conventional device, not subsisting in the nature of things. The only matter that can properly separate Churches is fundamental difference of creed; but differences of creed do not create any barrier of exclusion among the members of a well-constituted *State*, as such. Formerly they did so; and in that way Church and State may in a certain sense be said to have been more nearly identical before the modern progress of democracy made the abolition of test restrictions inevitable. But then the *State government* did not represent the actual state or nation in any broad popular sense; it is a mischievous error to confuse the two things.

Whether, ultimately, the progress of civilization may not accomplish a much nearer approach to the true identification of Church with State than has ever yet been attained since the times of the old heathen republics, it is not for us to divine. It can only be, as it would seem, by a movement of States towards federalism, and of religious opinion towards harmony. That it ever will be perfect on this earth seems, to say the least, unlikely, and its most earnest advocates are driven to compromise when expounding it in detail—witness the Dean of Westminster's late thoughtful pamphlet on the subject. In Zwingli's days the consummation seemed no doubt much more near and probable than it seems to us; and this for a reason which we are hardly wont to take enough into account when we meditate on the Reformation crisis in general. In that great and unprecedented revolt against traditional beliefs, and the ecclesiastical foundation on which they rested, a reaction could at first scarcely be contemplated by the advancing spirits. The breaking in of light after long centuries of superstition seemed certain to be followed by a progressive dispersion of the shadows. That day should still have to contend with night, and even partially to give place to it again, seemed as improbable to the heralds of the new opinions as that the classics should be lost once more, or the way to America forgotten, or all the printing-types in the world mislaid—for these had been so many concurring sources of new enlightenment to a generation not yet passed away,

If in our day a Cambridge professor of astronomy were to attempt a revival of the Ptolemaic system, it would not seem more strange to us, than it probably would have seemed to Zwingli had he been told that three centuries after his time the Virgin and Saints would still be carried in procession at Lucerne. Nor would he have been more ready to anticipate the pertinacious hostility of Protestant sects to each other. It was his confident belief that the "truth" would make its way as inevitably in moral and doctrinal as in physical science.

II. We have next to look upon Zwingli in his relation to that revived zeal for the culture of ancient literature which characterized his age,—the intellectual movement known by the name of the *Renaissance*. His position in this respect is a very independent one, and brings him into connexion with modern ideas far more than with those generally prevalent in his own age.

The Renaissance, with all its kindling appeal to the human intelligence and imagination, was embraced eagerly by many who before the religious revolution broke out, anticipated an era of purified doctrine and free inquiry. When the flood-gates were opened, these ardent thinkers found themselves jostled against a number of rough and coarse spirits, whose insight into the cause of Reformation was based on no higher motives than common-sense and sturdy impatience of priestcraft and superstition. Of the intellectual vanguard of the sixteenth century, some, like Luther, resolved that religious reform was only to be won by prompt and resolute assertion of conscience, and threw behind them all special care for literary culture, as secondary to their main object. Some, like Erasmus, took fright for the interests of the learning which to them was dearer than differences of religious doctrine, and preferred to call back the authority of the Pope and priesthood if only revolution might be averted. And some there were, mild and genial spirits, like Melancthon, who preserved unabated both their love for general culture and their pious solicitude for purity of faith; but in these the two impulses were present side by side, as it were, with no direct attempt to harmonize them; possibly, as among a large number of religionists among ourselves, with a secret misgiving that their essential aims were divergent. Now Zwingli was a votary of the Humanities with all his heart and soul, and at the same time a most resolute and thorough-going investigator into religious doctrine. He never for a moment allowed the two objects to be incompatible; but, on

the contrary, studiously yoked them together, and placed their union in the forehead of his philosophy. The whole bent and endeavour of his teaching was to show that knowledge under any conditions was part and parcel of religious culture. Wherever God's great gifts of imagination and reason had been bestowed, there also His Spirit had moved; and where His Spirit had moved, there the benefits of Christian redemption must needs have extended. His interest in ancient literature was not the merely æsthetic, or the merely philological, or the merely scriptural interest, which led so many in divers ways to the study of Latin and Greek. Besides and above all these it was the *moral* interest. He admired the poets and philosophers of antiquity for the heroism, the patriotism, the magnanimity of their sentiments. As a Swiss republican his heart bounded at finding his national aspirations glorified in the words and deeds of those who had immortalized the republics of old. He delighted in Plutarch, Thucydides, Demosthenes, and, above all poets, in Pindar, whose polytheistic utterances he was wont to explain as hyperbole only, while for his ethical grandeur he ranked him on the same level with the writers of the Psalms and of the Book of Job.

Erasmus hailed in Zwingli a student whose classical taste and knowledge were superior to Luther's. Their first personal acquaintance was made at Basle in 1515, before the Wittenberg Theses had been proclaimed, and while Erasmus was still favourable to religious reform. Zwingli's generous nature at once bowed down with reverence before the prince of the Renaissance. A letter, expressive of unbounded admiration, written by him to Erasmus after their parting, has been preserved. Six letters from Erasmus to Zwingli have also been preserved; they extend from the early period of their intercourse to 1523, when Zwingli incurred Erasmus's abiding wrath by the magnanimous protection he accorded to the turbulent controversialist, Ulrich von Hutten. It is curious to trace in these letters the gradual abatement of Erasmus's good-will; his warnings against Zwingli's reforming zeal, and distrust of the path he was pursuing. We can hardly doubt that one of Zwingli's greatest trials must have been this severance in opinion from one who saw more clearly into the worth and greatness of knowledge than any other humanist of the time; himself excepted, and to whose surpassing scholarship he looked up with such profound reverence. But not for a moment did he falter. Truth was dearer to him than Erasmus. As for the minor pro-

phets among the humanists, and for those temporizing Reformers who sought to slacken his energies by preaching up their favourite virtue of patience, towards them he clearly felt some movements of contempt. "Patience" was such an easy plea wherewith to gild the moral cowardice of minds which shrunk from the demands of an age of change. "This patience (*Geduld*)," remarks Mörikofer, "was the everlasting song which the humanists were perpetually singing in different tones;" and he quotes a letter of Beatus Rhenanus to Zwingli, praising him for some presumed manifestation of this virtue, adding, "Zwingli was sagacious enough to know how far he might build his faith on a Rhenanus, and how far such a man was likely to keep step with him. Most of his letters to this correspondent accordingly contain nothing relating to his ideas as a Reformer, and are simply confined to books and political news. But when Rhenanus takes to praising his apostolic zeal, Zwingli puts the subject aside with a playful turn, and finds that his friend paints him in too tragic colours."

It was in accordance with the marked utilitarian character—using the word in a worthy sense—of his literary judgment, that Zwingli was never seduced into cultivating the conceits of a classical style where the homely language of his fellow-countrymen was more appropriate to the purpose in hand. In the versification of his political and literary poems, and in the prose of his popular treatises, he was wont to use the dialect of German Switzerland, fashioning it, however, into a useful literary instrument, as Luther did that of Western Germany, by the application of grammatical rules and forms derived from the languages of antiquity. Nor did he attempt to display his acquirements by early authorship, like so many enthusiastic students of the new learning. His preface to Cæporin's edition of Pindar, composed towards the end of his life, is the only contribution to classical literature he has left. And yet as an instructor in the classics he was indefatigable, from the time of his tutorship in Basle University to the last days of his life at Zürich; while for his special insight into their sense and spirit we have the testimony of his pupil Valentine Tschudi, who declared, writing from the University of Paris, that no acuter interpreter of the ancient authors had he there or anywhere else found. It is amusing to contrast with this testimony of Tschudi, and with the yet more important estimate of Erasmus, the arrogant contempt of Luther for the theological opponent he detested: "What a fellow is this

Zwinglius!" he wrote, "ignorant as a block of grammar, and logic, and every other science!" No doubt Zwingli was less of an adept in the dialectics of the schoolmen than the Saxon divine. He studied scholastic theology at Basle, but it was only to turn from it with settled aversion; but his genuine sympathy with the spirit of antique philosophy and poetry was a faculty which Luther in his imperious self-consciousness had simply no organ to comprehend.

The value Zwingli claimed for the intellect as the main channel for receiving the breadth and depth of God's truth, is a feature of his religious philosophy which differentiates it from the teaching of most pious sentimentalists, with whom it is the commonest of commonplaces to deery intellectual culture in comparison with spiritual graces. Zwingli, like the teacher in Proverbs, believed in a vital connexion between the two. He carried this conviction almost to the length of mysticism; the mysticism of the reason as opposed to that of the heart. Revelation itself, he held, was no objective fact, but the inward impression of Divine truth on man's discerning spirit. And while he held that the intuitions of philosophy and poetry were in their degree "revelations" to the genius capable of discerning and harmonizing them, he laid at the same time a stress on the true principles of scriptural exegesis, which brings him again in connexion with the reasonings of modern scholarship.*

It was in accordance with this strong bent of his character that Zwingli set the highest possible value on a liberal education, and made the endowment of schools the first result of his Church Reformation, applying to that purpose the revenues which were surrendered by the Cathedral and Our Lady's Minster foundations. He supervised personally the course of education at the Cathedral school during the last six years of his life, delivering lectures on the Greek and Hebrew Scriptures.

The impulse given to Zürich in this respect outlived his age. While Berne has been famous for material prosperity, and Geneva for cosmopolitan culture, Zürich, the "Athens of the Limmat," has been distinguished above all Swiss cities for her

learning. A university was founded there in the present century, carrying on the honourable traditions; and the recent works of Mörkeler and Spörri on Zwingli's life and opinions owe their origin to its influences.

Dr. Spörri, expounding the different structure of Zwingli's theology from that of Luther, shows how the breadth of his views, ecclesiastical, moral, and intellectual, was consequent on his fundamental conviction of the incommensurateness of things material and things spiritual. We cannot here enter into all the doctrinal deductions which follow from this view; it is enough for our present purpose to point to one or two of its leading results. He would not allow that the visible church, or its ministers, or the Sacraments, or the Scriptures, were definite fountains of grace, or had any supernatural power essentially contained in them. God's intercourse with man's spirit he held to be immediate; outward means to be helps and occasions, but never, strictly speaking, media of spiritual life; to attach positive virtue to them was superstition. If, in the austere banishment of all sensuous elements from his ritual he strained a point too high for mortal nature, it was in recoil from a superstition whose debasing influences he felt to be incalculable. The rigid morality that prevailed in Zürich under his pastoral sway was at all events a noble justification of his teaching. The description of the army that took the field in 1529 might pass for one of Cromwell's *Ironsides*, or of the Huguenot following of the first Condé.* Then again Zwingli held that the Church invisible extended through all countries and all ages; that the eternal scheme of redemption, through the eternal Son of God, not being tied by the events of historical Christianity, was destined to embrace all varieties of character and training,—to apply to the heathen sage who had followed the law of conscience and right, as well as to the student of the Gospels who had had the immense advantage of a more definite teaching and a purer example. It was a great rest and joy for him thus to find place in his scheme of Divine government for his favourite heroes of the old world. He could not bear to consider them apart from it, nor to exclude from the limits of the heavenly franchise any human beings who had received from the Creator of all mankind the highest gifts of the so-called natural human soul.

III. And now, thirdly, let us cast a glance over some personal aspects of this

* His simile in condemnation of those whose habit it is to argue from single texts is especially apt:—"They are neither skilful nor judicious," he says, "in the teaching of the gospel. They pick out a fragment of the Word, regardless of what stands before or after it, and try to force it into the meaning they desire, just as though one were to try and plant a garden with a flower which has been broken off from its roots."

* See, for the last, the 7th volume of Froude's *History of England*, p. 392.

great man's career, considered as a whole, and in more detail than we can here even indicate. There is an epic harmony in its proportions which makes up for its comparative lack of dramatic incident; while the hero's noble consistency of spirit may be set not disadvantageously against the picturesque impulsiveness of Luther's genius. It is an appropriate metaphor by which some writers have contrasted the two Reformers: the one, the son of the mines, exploring the dark recesses and glittering treasures of personal sin and grace; the other, the native of the mountains, stretching his vision over the general bearings of God's providential scheme, and drinking in freedom from the airs of heaven. Oswald Myconius, the devoted personal friend and biographer of Zwingli, said of him, in allusion to the place of his birth, "I have often thought that, being brought near to heaven on these sublime heights, he there imbibed something celestial and sublime." The expression is remarkable, because in the time of Myconius and of Zwingli the education of sentiment had not arrived at any direct recognition of the moral influences of nature. That Zwingli did observe and assimilate the phenomena thus present to his early consciousness we have interesting proof in the Alpine comparisons which he was wont to introduce into his dissertations,—as when, writing to the Anabaptists, he compares dissensions among Christians to the devastation caused by mountain torrents; or when, exhorting the pastors of the people, he likens their cares to those of the faithful shepherd whom he must so often have watched on the slopes of the Toggenburg; entering on both occasions into details which mark the freshness of his observation. Had he lived under the influences of our day he might, we can imagine, have recognised some of the half-conscious impressions of his boyhood in the noble description of Wordsworth's mountain philosopher:—

"What soul was his, when from the naked top
Of some bold headland, he beheld the sun
Rise up and bathe the world in light!

No thanks he breathed, he proffered no request,
Rapt into still communion that transcends
The imperfect offices of prayer and praise,
His mind was a thanksgiving to the power
That made him; it was blessedness and love.
A herdsman on the lonely mountain-tops,
Such intercourse was his."

We turn again to the wondrous monody of Leopardi on the Eastern Shepherd's life:—

"E quando miro in cielo arder le stelle,
Dico fra me, pensando,

A che tante facelle?

Che fa l'aria infinita, e quel profondo
Infinito seren? Che vuol dir questa
Solitudine immensa? Ed io, che sono?"

And we feel a conviction that, however imperfectly realized to his own mind, communings such as these with the works of Nature's God must have had their share in widening the basis of Zwingli's theology, in tuning his lofty spirit to harmonies which the barriers of scholastic creeds and systems could not limit, which few theologians in his age dared so much as to acknowledge.

Zwingli's ministry at Glarus and his two years' retirement at Einsiedeln constituted his training time for the Reformer's mission. In the first of these places he had full experience of the political corruption of his country, and at Einsiedeln, a sanctuary of cosmopolitan resort, he witnessed in a concentrated form the grossest aspects of Romish superstition. When removed to Zürich, at first, as we have before noticed, he abstained from direct political action, and occupied himself with pastoral duties and study, giving time for the new ideas which had taken possession of his soul to settle upon their foundations. But his presence made itself felt irresistibly; and when, a year and a half after the preaching of his first sermon, the Great Council issued a stringent ordinance for the regulation of pulpit instruction generally on the basis of wholesome scriptural doctrine, it was obvious that a new and potent influence had been at work already on the sentiments of the people. The first production of Zwingli's pen (*A Defence of Freedom in the matter of Fasting*) appeared in 1522. From that time his treatises fell like hammer-strokes, thick and frequent, but always as occasion arose, never for mere literary display or recreation. Unlike other Reformers, he was not impatient to rush into the lists of controversy. He possessed a rare patience of thought, and preferred, unless where the vital exigencies of warfare demanded a charge, to let his ideas grasp their final consequences before he brought them to the battle-field;—in this also unlike Luther, who confidently proclaimed his leading dogma without reference to anything before or after, and when brought in collision with an unwelcome inference, bounded off to another dogma with equal assurance, no matter how inconsistent with the conditions which seemed to render the first possible.

From January 1523, when the great conference was held at Zürich, which virtually decided its secession from the authority of Rome, to Easter 1525, when the first celebration of the communion after the Re-

formed model took place, Zwingli's guiding hand was not only felt, but acknowledged, both by friends and foes. He was the shaper of the Reformation, the adviser, and often the secretary, of the Council, the pastor of the people; and before long he was called to encounter and to direct the sympathies, favourable and unfavourable, of the rest of Switzerland. His activity was prodigious. We find him on one occasion declining a proffered visit from Bernhard Haller, who, following in his steps, was promoting the cause of Reformation at Berne, "partly," he says, "because the pressure of business and the care of the churches so beset me on every side that Dr. Henry Engelhart said lately he only wondered I did not lose my senses."

His personal qualities helped, along with his intellectual distinction, to give him a rare empire over the hearts of his compatriots. They have been described by his near and affectionate observers, Oswald Myconius and Henry Bullinger, both of whom composed records of him after his death. Naturally, as it would seem, his spirits were buoyant. He was fond of nature, a lover of society, poetical by impulse, and a proficient in music, which indeed at one time threatened to absorb too much of his time and attention, in the opinion of his friends. But practical exigencies made him a man of many cares and anxieties. His business habits were laborious, and when engaged in important affairs he allowed himself but little sleep. His tastes were simple and popular. He loved the country-folk and their ways. His temper was cordial, but somewhat hasty and impatient of contradiction. In his younger days he had not always been strict in the moral regularity of his behaviour; but as the purpose of his life stood out in distincter proportions before him all early levity gave way. The requirements of the Christian life pressed nearer on his conscience. Grave responsibilities, the alienation of old friends and ties, the painful opposition to sanctities and authorities formerly held supreme, made his heart sadder and his will more resolved. But to the last much of the old charm was there. The quick feeling, the fearless love of learning and of truth, whenever and however it might present itself, the warmth of friendship, the tenderness of pity for the weak and young. Of his sensibility we hear some interesting indications at different crises of his career. He was wont to burst into tears when his sympathies were either warmly excited or cruelly chilled. Comparing him with Luther—for the comparison is one which will continually suggest

itself perforce,—we remark, that while more swayed by his reason and less by his instinct in matters of opinion, while less given to that picturesque impulsiveness of heart and fancy which constituted Luther's great charm in domestic intercourse, Zwingli was to the full as ardent in his own beliefs, and as susceptible of those emotions which are the accompaniment of the highest genius. In the earlier portion of his career there was the intense interest of present success and the hope of great things for the future to make Zwingli's head higher and his pulse quicker. His practical energies were invigorated by the occasions which called them forth. He met opposition with the buoyancy of the "happy warrior." His popularity suffered, as was inevitable, from the uncompromising manner in which he tilted his lance against all abuses that came in his way—for he aimed at being a moral and a patriotic *Reformer* in the fullest sense of the word. "While Luther's main object," says Ranke, "was a reform of doctrine, which he thought would be necessarily followed by that of life and morals, Zwingli aimed directly at the improvement of life. He kept mainly in view the practical significance of Scripture as a whole. His original views were of a moral and political nature. Hence his labours were tinged with a colour peculiar to himself." And hence he encountered enmity from various and opposite quarters. At one time he lived in daily danger of assassination at Zürich.

Like Luther and so many other Reforming doctors of his time, Zwingli married a wife, Anna Reinhardt, a widow of good connexion and substantial means—circumstances which his enemies did not allow to pass without a sneer. He was a husband of a different type from the jovial impulsive Saxon; apparently more like an ancient Roman or an austere Puritan in his notions of the retired position befitting a woman. He rarely makes mention of his "dearest wife" in his letters, though from the casual indications he gives of her existence, happiness and confidence are implied. The names of four children, two sons and two daughters, are duly inscribed by his own hand in his Family Bible, which still exists among the archives of Zürich, an interesting memento of his orderly domestic life. Gerold Meyer, his wife's son by a former husband, was his ward and pupil. It was for him he composed his admirable work *On the Education of Noble Youths*, which he published at the moment when the opening of the new Cathedral school promised the means of carrying out in practice the precepts of his pen. Over Gerold's morals he watched

anxiously when youth and gaiety misled him for a while, had the satisfaction of seeing early levity give way to manly virtue, and was not divided from him in his death at Cappel.

Dr. Spörri gives a striking summary of Zwingli's position, drawn from the indications in his own writings, at the period when it stood highest amongst his contemporaries:—

"On far into the North, to the *natio libera et bellicosa* of the Dittmarshers, even to East Friesland and Sweden, he superintends the progress of evangelical doctrine. To the king of France he prescribes conditions, almost as to a vassal. The secret council of Zürich, carried away by the daring spirit of the man, and fascinated by the promise of a glorious future, is his passive organ. Duke Ulric of Wirtemberg and Landgrave Philip of Hesse, 'with whom he can do pretty much what he likes,' wait for the hints he gives them in his private despatches. . . . It is a remarkable contrast. Whilst Luther, placed on the stage of a great political power, withdraws more and more within the depths of his individual soul, Zwingli stretches with ever-increasing influence beyond the boundaries of his narrow fatherland."

But while Zwingli's external sway thus expanded, the ground was waxing hollow beneath his feet. The year 1525 may be pronounced the most really triumphant and happy of his life. His grand reforms at Zürich were then consummated. The Easter communion after the Reformed model set its seal upon them. Schools, hospitals, public provision for the poor, had been carefully instituted out of the revenues withdrawn from the capitular and conventual foundations; for practical utility and morality were in his view the indispensable expression of all religious soundness—the wedding garment without which no creed, however orthodox, could find a place at the Master's board. No wilful corrupt application of any portion of the confiscated funds had been permitted. The disorderly efforts of the Anabaptists had been repelled. The city magistracy had been maintained as the administrators of law, both civil and religious. Zwingli himself was appointed in this year to the headship of the Cathedral school, a supererogatory burden of care to him, we would think, yet a proof of his fellow-citizens' confidence which he valued, and an office which appealed to the undying passion of his heart for classical culture.

From this time two new sources of difficulty, and eventually of defeat, cast their shadows over his path. We must devote a few words to each. In the first place, the opinions on the Eucharist publicly affixed as the badge of the Helvetian Church roused

the hostility of Luther, and effectually hindered that political union of all Protestants which Zwingli felt to be the only hope for the overthrow of the old superstition. Connected with this occurred the most dramatic incident of his life, his interview—the first and only one—with Luther himself, at Marburg, where, in conjunction with the Landgrave of Hesse, he sought to overcome the obstinacy of the Saxon theologian.

Highly characteristic are the accounts which have been left to us of this conference by Bullinger and others. The correspondence of Zwingli himself is—as for so many of the events of his life—one of the most valuable sources of information. The Landgrave cared comparatively little which definition of the Eucharistic rite gained the upper hand, as long as he could but bring the two parties to unite their strength. Union was all he desired, union against Papal and Imperial despotism, the dread forces which were concentrating their energies against the grand free movement of the age. But below him stood Luther bending over the velvet-covered table, and writing on it with chalk his text, *Hoc est corpus meum*, from the literal meaning of which he refused to depart, let Zwingli advance what arguments he might. There stood Zwingli, longing like the Landgrave for union, and chafing at the obstinacy which refused to listen to analogy or critical exegesis, or even to admit a liberty of interpretation, while at the same time unable himself to pander to a false harmony by calling black white at the bidding of the rival doctor. We are told of the insulting personalities of Luther, and his wilful misunderstanding of Zwingli's words—as when the Swiss Reformer brought the sixth chapter of St. John to prove that "feeding on Christ's body" was to be spiritually understood, and said, "This passage breaks your neck." "You are in Hesse and not in Switzerland," replied Luther haughtily; "in this country we do not break people's necks;" and then turned round and complained to his friends of Zwingli's violent camp language. We are told of the angry impatience of Zwingli, striking the table between them, and bursting at last into passionate tears when his own larger views could make no impression on his adversary's mind; of the Landgrave's anxious summons to dinner when words waxed high; of the more effectual interruption of the sweating-sickness, which broke out at Marburg, and made it advisable for the assembly to disperse; finally, of the last earnest efforts of Philip of Hesse and his divines, which induced Luther to go so far as to offer the hand of "peace and charity" to those he still refused to own as brethren;

and the glad acceptance by the Swiss of even this ungracious concession. Things indeed turned out somewhat better than might at one time have been expected. The drawing up of the articles was committed to Luther, who seems to have had some sense of the responsibility cast upon him. Many points of hearty agreement were found between the two parties, and where agreement was not attained, a tolerant expression of difference was permitted, so that, upon the whole, the approach towards religious concord, if imperfect, was not altogether abortive. On the other hand, the political union of German and Swiss Protestants, which had been so cherished an object with the Landgrave and Zwingli, had failed; Luther was not to be brought out of the narrow groove of principles—passive obedience to State authorities being one of them—within which his Reformation, deep, intense, and powerful as it was, had moved. Before Philip and Zwingli a broader horizon was in view, and in their private conferences at this period counsel was taken for a regeneration of European life, for which, as events proved, the time was not ripe. Had other Reformers been as much advanced beyond traditional limitations as they were, the Romanist reaction would scarcely have stopped the way.

The other cause of hindrance to Zwingli and his schemes was what seemed at first a splendid triumph to both,—the adhesion of Berne, the most powerful canton in Switzerland, to the Reformation. For Berne took the lead which Zürich had hitherto held, and her favourite element was political compromise. She loved material prosperity, relishing, as D'Aubigné puts it in scriptural language, "the butter of her kine with milk of sheep and fat of lambs." She held by the old traditions of confederate law, and did not choose to see, as Zwingli saw, that a new era had come upon the earth, and that the Confederacy needed to be reconstructed in order to meet its requirements.

When war, long expected, at last broke out between the Protestant and Romanist divisions of Switzerland, Zwingli desired one thing above all others, and that was, that the indispensable condition of peace should be the right of preaching the gospel without molestation in all the cantons of the Confederacy, so that the people might have the power of choosing for themselves what form of faith they would follow. Herein lay his main hope of yet seeing the realization of his *Civitas Christiana*. Berne opposed to the making this a necessary condition, her attachment to the old political system, which left each canton power to enact its own in-

ternal laws. Every sacrifice short of a renunciation of Reform by the cantons that had already embraced it should, she thought, be made to keep the old constitution together. From this action of Berne resulted the unsatisfactory peace of 1529.

A hymn of Zwingli's, long a favourite among the hills and valleys of his native land, entreating God's protection for His saints amidst the dangers of the time, and praying for the blessing of a holy peace, is said to have been composed by him as he descended the mountain of the Albis on this occasion, his heart heavy with disappointment and with the presage of unceasing perils. That he was desirous of a renewal of hostilities has been made a subject of reproach against him by religious historians. But he was actuated by no petty or revengeful motives, simply by a desire to decide a matter of supreme importance to the welfare of the world before the moment had passed when success might be secured. He knew the struggle must be renewed some day, and might be renewed when the foe was better prepared to carry it on: and the result justified his views.

When the forest cantons, not acquiescing in the position accorded them by the peace of 1529, renewed their offensive conduct towards individuals of the Reformed faith in those territories or "bailiwicks" where a joint-government by the cantons subsisted, Berne herself pronounced sentence of outlawry against them, by subjecting them to exclusion from the lowland markets,—a species of blockade prescribed by confederate law in cases of contumacy. Zwingli complained of the measure as both inadequate and cruel, punishing the innocent with the guilty. The forest cantons found it intolerable; and the actual outbreak of war came accordingly from them. But it came, as Zwingli had anticipated, when they were ready, and their adversaries ill prepared. Then followed the fatal end. On an October afternoon, in 1531, the hostile arrays encountered on the heights of Cappel, between Zürich and Zug. Zwingli, who had accompanied the troops with his Bible—some say with his battle-axe also,—lay dead on the field; and Protestantism lost her hope of predominance in Switzerland. Zürich and Berne and a few other places were allowed to retain their faith, and that was all. The Zwinglian Propaganda came to an end. In the common territories and bailiwicks the Romish creed was mostly re-established, the convents restored, the new teaching prohibited. The relation of the two persuasions in Switzerland as then established has continued mainly the same to our own days.

The Calvinistic evangelization of Geneva was a later and a distinct episode.

There is a pathetic grandeur about the history of Zwingli's last days on which we fain would linger, but the limits of our subject command us to be brief. As so often happens when a great man drops suddenly from the scene where he has filled so large a space, the dismay and regret of contemporaries found relief in superstitious associations. Bullinger tells of Zwingli's last visit to Bremgarten in the dead of night—for personal danger surrounded him even in the Protestant camp,—to impress on the Reformed Diet there assembled the serious perils of the situation; he avers that, when riding back before the break of day, and about to part from Bullinger himself and other friends at the Zürich gate of the town, a form attired in a snow-white garment appeared—and frightened the sentinels on guard, then vanished into the water. Nor were other portents wanting. Fountains of blood were said to spring from the earth in various places. Halley's comet made one of its seventy-sixth year courses through the heavens in the month of August. "This ominous globe," said Zwingli, as he gazed at it one night from the Cathedral burying-ground, "is come to light the path that leads to my grave." But his mind was tranquil. He was occupied during the last year of his life in writing a commentary on the prophet Jeremiah. He was softened, it was said, in temper and deportment, and towards his greatest foes showed less asperity than had been his wont. Other changes too had worked within him. Latterly his thoughts had learnt to rest not so much in the contemplation of his country's welfare or his church's efficacy as in that of God's universal scheme, and the eligibility of all good men of all the ages to its benefits. Latterly, too, he seems, though with no weak sentimentality, to have longed for death. Time had brought the bitter experience that the ideal and the practical could not as yet be brought into agreement, and the noble spirit yearned more and more for that immortal existence where its visions of harmony might expand unhindered.

And here we are tempted to confront the sententious strictures of D'Aubigné, a writer of the Calvinist type of piety, with the more liberal and judicious verdict of Dr. Spörri.

First D'Aubigné :—

"There was but one means of safety for Zürich and for Zwingli," he says, speaking of the preparations of 1531,—"*he should have retired from the political stage, and fallen back on that kingdom which is not of this world.* He should,

like Moses, have kept his hand and his heart night and day raised towards Heaven, and energetically preached repentance, faith, and peace. But religious and political matters were united in the mind of this great man by such old and dear ties that it was impossible for him to distinguish their line of separation. This confusion had become his dominant idea; the Christian and the Citizen were for him one and the same character; and hence it resulted that all resources of the State, even cannons and arquebuses, were to be placed at the service of the Truth. When one peculiar idea thus seizes upon a man, we see a false conscience formed within him, which approves of many things condemned by the word of God."

Next hear Dr. Spörri :—

"It is customary to regard Zwingli's death on the battle-field as the penalty for the errors in which his far-reaching endeavours involved him. But this is assuredly too hard a sentence for the measure of his fault. What Zwingli did indeed expiate at Cappel, by the expiation of experience, was the fact that just at that decisive moment his ideal of Christian co-burghery left him and Zürich in the lurch, and that the strenuous exertions of his later years were all in vain. But in those very exertions he showed himself not undeserving of the prophet's name. Not unlike Isaiah, who opposed alliances with stranger nations as unworthy of the chosen people, Zwingli devoted to the neutrality of his fatherland the best strength of his youthful years; he was the first indeed who recognised and declared this the true political mission of Switzerland. On the other hand, we do not speak too highly of his tendencies towards the common union of nations, when we say that they remind us of the cosmopolitan impulse of the ancient prophet, who in his inspiration beheld all peoples joined together in the kingdom of God. It is true it was, and remained, an ideal only: when Zwingli approached nearer to the present world with his visions of a universal theocracy, he erred; but it is by no mere accident that in those his last years he composed his commentaries on Isaiah and Jeremiah; and Bullinger in his memorial oration was not far wrong when he assigned to Zwingli a place on the same line with those heroes of the Ancient Covenant."

Before we close this sketch of a great man, who, with all his historical eminence, is, if we mistake not, somewhat of a stranger to the popular imagination of English readers, we may allow ourselves, perhaps, without too great a stretch of fancy, to point to one among our countrymen and of our own generation, as having in some personal characteristics and modes of thought (allowing for the difference of a humbler sphere of action and a less momentous mission) borne no slight resemblance to the Swiss Reformer. We allude to Arnold of Rugby. Arnold united the love of ancient republican life and literature with Christian devoutness. While sympathizing with the moral rather than the

æsthetic element in the best heathen civilisation and literature, he entered keenly into scriptural exegesis; he repudiated all sensuous media and human authority as sources of religious life; he urged intellectual inquiry with fearless ardour; he saw in social and political affairs the noblest field for the Christian's development; he advocated the co-extensiveness of Church and State. And he, like Zwingli, in the midst of a life of many-sided toil, sank suddenly from the world at the age of forty-seven, within two years of that which he used to remind himself had been signalized by Aristotle as the culminating period of man's faculties and energies:—

ἐπάμερον τί δέ τις; τί δ' οὐ τις; σκίῳς ὄναρ
ἀνθρώπος· ἀλλ' ὅταν αἴγλα διδόστος ἔλθῃ
λαμπρὸν φέγγος ἔπρεσιν ἀνδρῶν καὶ μείλιχος αἰὼν.

These are the words, from his favourite poet, which Dr. Spörri suggests might be placed as a motto over Zwingli's collected writings. They form a fit conclusion to our present considerations.

ART. V.—1. *La France Nouvelle*. Par M. PRÉVOST-PARADOL, de l'Académie Française. Paris, 1868.

2. *La Politique Radicale*. Par JULES SIMON. Paris, 1868.

3. *Tableau de la Situation des Établissements Français dans l'Algérie; Gouvernement Général de l'Algérie*, 1864, and 1865–1866.

4. *Compte Rendu au nom du Conseil d'Administration de la Société Générale Algérienne*. Par M. L. FREMY, Conseiller d'État en Service Extraordinaire Président. Exercice, 1867. Paris, 1868.

IN 1861 M. Guizot defined "the terrible problem of our time" to be—"What is the new political edifice which corresponds to the new society which has grown up, and how to construct it so that it shall endure?" Last June M. Rouher exclaimed in the Corps Législatif, "The work of the Empire may be summed up in two words—the preservation of order first, and then the separation of the liberal from the revolutionary flag." In these and similar utterances, and still more in their accordance with what appeared to us to be the prevailing tone of thought and feeling in France, we had already begun to fancy that we recognised the silver lining of those clouds of error, hesitation, and abject irresolution which have so long darkened the political horizon of that great country, when the two remarkable

books which we have placed at the head of this article fell into our hands. Their authors, unhappily, do not share our hopes. They are profoundly dissatisfied with the present, and distrustful of the future; and yet we conceive it to be the highest compliment we can pay them, not as individuals only but as exponents of the opposition, when we assure them that the effect of what they have written has been to strengthen these hopes in our minds. The appearance of a work so lofty in tone, so thoughtful, resolute, and temperate, as that of M. Prévost-Paradol more especially, is the best of all proof that the higher aspirations of France have not been extinguished during the sixteen years of tranquillity which the lassitude of the nation and the iron rule of the Empire have produced, and that, if her political progress has been less apparent, it has been scarcely less real than her material improvement. In these years of silence the dear-bought lessons of the previous sixty have been deeply, and we believe widely, pondered. Those who heedlessly rushed into action before, have demanded of themselves the reason of the political faiths for which they fought; they have sought to determine the amount of truth embodied in the symbols for which their fathers shed each others' blood, and the result has been the commencement at least, in many directions, of that winnowing of truth from falsehood, which is the first condition of all real advancement. The system of government under which Frenchmen have lived during this long period has been confessedly a transitional one. No man believed, and no honest and disinterested man professed to believe, that a military despotism could be permanently established in the nineteenth century, in what, without instituting invidious comparisons, we must all recognise as one of the foremost States of Western Europe. Under no conceivable adaptation could the Empire itself be accepted as the solution of the "terrible problem." But the whole nation accepted it notwithstanding, if not patiently at least peaceably, and many accepted it gratefully, not only as a *locus penitentie* for past errors, but as a great and glorious opportunity which God had afforded them for distinguishing between possible and impossible aspirations, and determining at least the necessary conditions of permanence in the future edifice.

Never was the boast which identifies the State with the person of the Sovereign truer in the case of anointed monarch, than of the present ruler of France. The Empire is not an institution but a man; and so long as the man exists, in vigour and effi-

ciency, the work of constructing the institution must be suspended; for that the man himself should accomplish a work which must consist in merging his personality in a permanent, and, as such, necessarily impersonal form of government, is scarcely a conceivable event. Nothing can be more natural than the impatience which the liberal party in France exhibit for the termination of this period of inaction; and we deeply sympathize with the discouragement which the present indifference of the nation to every higher interest than mere physical well-being occasions them. To the young, the vigorous, and the high-hearted, the duty of waiting is the hardest of all. But there are circumstances in which it is also the noblest, and the present position of Frenchmen we conceive to be emphatically one of those in which "they also serve who only stand and wait."

Till this period of hibernation elapses it is vain to conjecture what shall be the special characteristics of the future government of France; and in the comparative indifference to forms and names which the highest class of political writers profess, we see an indication of that temperance of view which is the best guarantee for the spirit of compromise which must inevitably guide any final arrangement. Nothing can be wiser than the following passage:—

"There will be found in these studies that declared and determined indifference to questions of persons, of dynasties, and of external forms of government, which has cost me so many attacks, and even a judicial condemnation; but which I hope will always be my principal title to the approbation of wise men and good citizens. Not that I have not, like the rest of the world, my private inclinations and personal preferences; but I insist upon regarding them as secondary questions when placed alongside of the primary question of the political and administrative reformation of France. Notwithstanding those abrupt or insensible modifications which time always operates on us, I believe that, on this point at least, I am proof against all change; and I cannot imagine that I should ever become capable either of hatred or enthusiasm for such words as monarchy or republic; or that any form of government, whatever be its form or its name, should ever succeed in changing me, by the mere fact of its existence, either into a factious adversary or a servile partisan. These questions of names and persons, which for too many Frenchmen sum up all that they understand by the term politics, are dominated, in my eyes, by a question vastly more important, that, namely, of whether or not we shall ever be a free nation."

But though it belongs to a future into which we need not seek to penetrate, to de-

termine what shall be the external form of the ultimate government of France, its principles, its objects, and even its essential characteristics are already traced by the results of experiments which have been repeated only too often. Whether it be monarchical or republican, whether its genesis be the spontaneous effort of the genius of the people, or, as is more probable, be presided over by an ancient dynasty of kings, enlightened by experience and chastened by exile,—if it is to be a free government of any kind, we know, and Frenchmen of all classes appear at length to have learnt, that it must be one which neither sacrifices liberty to order nor order to liberty. That the permanent realization of either of these great objects of political life apart from the other is impossible,—nay further, that the more perfect the realization of the one the more perfect will be the realization of the other also,—that they stand and fall, rise and sink together,—are ascertained truths of political science, of universal application, which for the present appear to be almost more familiar to the mind of France than to the mind of England. The firm hold which the national mind has at length been enabled to take of these cardinal maxims, not as theoretical doctrines, but as practical rules of action, we regard as so great a gain, that setting all minor grounds of present discouragement at defiance, we feel warranted in stretching out a hand of congratulation to our friends and neighbours, and meeting every token of discouragement with a *sursum corda*!

Nor have the publicists, or even the public of France, failed to deduce inferences from this political commonplace, which still further indicate the justness of their appreciation of the necessary character of the structure which it belongs to the next generation to rear:—

"The classes hitherto dominant," says M. Guizot, "no longer contest the general rights of humanity, and show themselves everywhere disposed or resigned to accept the system of open competition to merit of every form. The middle classes have learnt to distrust social Utopias, and to recognise the conditions of public order which are indispensable to the good order of families and the prosperity of labour."

The accuracy of the first branch of M. Guizot's assertion will not be called in question, either in France, or as he extends it, in Europe generally. The principles of Free-trade have extended themselves from the Forum to the Senate, and from the Senate to the *Salon*. In so far as the aspirations of democracy are confined

to the vindication of 'compétition without fear or favour,' their realization has been complete, and we trust final, in every department of life. It is in this triumph that we behold the true harvest of the French Revolution. Would that we could feel equally confident as regards the second ground of hope to which M. Guizot refers—that we could feel satisfied that the futility of the search after the central Utopia of all,—after equality, not in the sense of equality before the law, but of equality of social conditions and political rights and responsibilities, had been seized with the same clearness with which men have acknowledged the injustice and impolicy of erecting insuperable barriers between class and class. The distinction between liberty and levelling, between freedom to rise and license to pull down, plain though it seems at first sight, is one which, in the last analysis, even the scientific mind seizes with difficulty, and of which the popular mind continually loses sight. There is reason to apprehend that the instinct which has hitherto guided the English nation unconsciously to its reception, or at least to its application, has been somewhat enfeebled. Still, notwithstanding all that has happened to us of late, we ourselves are not prepared, and very few Englishmen, we presume, are prepared to give in their adhesion to the opposite doctrine, even as stated by so moderate a democrat as M. Prévost-Paradol; to concur with him in the opinion that our colonies, in so far as they have acted on it, have made *une prodigieuse avance sur la mère patrie*; or to join with him in looking confidently and hopefully forward to the time when the aristocracy of England shall be "vanquished and destroyed." In an eloquent passage in which he sketches the aristocracies of Rome, of France, and of England, with that clear and vigorous outline which gives such charm to his pictures, he pays to that of England the compliment of saying that it has had *la justice et l'adresse d'appeler dans son sein tout ce qui s'élève et brille à côté d'elle*. Now, an aristocracy of which this can be said even by so generous a critic, is an aristocracy the existence of which is, to our thinking, entirely consistent with the highest conceivable development of liberty, and we confess we can see no substantial object contended for by M. Prévost-Paradol, or by any individual or party that stops short of socialism, that is inconsistent with its permanence. Nay, we go farther than this. We assert, and if we could succeed in making ourselves understood, we should assert, without fear of contradiction, that the existence of such an aristocracy, and of the amount of inequality which it implies,

are not merely reconcilable with, but are involved in the idea of liberty, both social and political, and that to interdict to individuals the right of acquiring any one of its characteristics, or to prohibit their sanction either by society or by the State, would be to infringe upon liberty both private and public. For what are the characteristics of such an aristocracy? Let us try whether we cannot seize hold of this spectre which still so scares our neighbours, and demand of it whether its ultimate intents be indeed "wicked or charitable." M. Prévost-Paradol has an evident tenderness for it himself; and it has hitherto wandered amongst our alleys and hunted over our stubbles so harmlessly, he would be the last man to object that for old friendship's sake we should have a last word with it, before we commit it pathetically to the force of that democratic current, the action of which, he tells us, "will be so regular and gentle as to be almost insensible."

And first, let us put aside four accidental characteristics which have been associated with it so frequently as in the eyes of many to constitute its essence:—

1st. Hereditary legislation has no more to do with the existence of an aristocracy than hereditary jurisdiction has to do with the existence of a magistracy. The propriety of its preservation, even in States where it has long existed, is a question of political expediency which now greatly divides opinion, and we agree with M. Paradol in regarding its introduction or revival as impossible.

2d. *Privilege*, in any sense in which the interests of others could be prejudiced by it, never formed any part of aristocracy in England. With us the noble never enjoyed either favour from the judge or exemption from the tax-gatherer.

3d. Neither has exclusiveness ever belonged to it. Every office in England, and every rank and dignity which England could confer, short of the Throne, has always been open to every Englishman. There are, no doubt, certain offices, the duties of which are supposed, as a general rule, to be better performed by persons of illustrious ancestry and hereditary wealth, than by new men or poor men, however eminent may be their personal qualities. Wherever the object is to *represent*, either the nation abroad, or a portion of the nation at home, it is not unusual, and we humbly think not unreasonable, to give a certain preference to persons who, from their birth, have been taught to regard themselves less as individuals than as the representatives of families which existed, like the State itself, generations before they were born, and will exist for generations

after they are gone. Such persons, so to speak, are born representatives, and the experience which they have acquired in the family is a preparation for filling the offices of the State, unattainable in the case of other men. But when they are chosen to fill these offices, in consequence of what are believed to be their special qualifications, they are chosen for the benefit, not of themselves, but of those who choose them.

4th. Neither our laws nor our customs ever knew anything of the interdiction of marriage between nobles and commoners, which is probably the most offensive form in which social inequality can assert itself. The latter restriction was, if possible, more alien to the customs of our ancestors than to our own. Chaucer and John of Gaunt, "time-honoured Lancaster," married sisters, which would scarcely be permitted to a poet-laureate and a prince of the blood in our day.

Apart from these accidents, then, what are the necessary characteristics of aristocracy? Of what elements has it been composed in England hitherto, and what are those which we hope are permanent, and which M. Paradol has doomed?

They may, as it seems to us, be reduced to two—

1st. The consideration which, rightly or wrongly, the imagination attaches to illustrious or honourable birth, and the social precedence which, *cæteris paribus*, results from this consideration.

2d. The advantages which arise from the possession of inherited wealth—viz., independence of manual or servile labour in early life, and the consequences of this independence, viz., intellectual and moral cultivation, personal refinement and dignity, and perhaps an improved physical condition. The latter point is one on which we do not insist; though the possibility of improving the animal man is not likely to be soon abandoned in a country in which the lower animals have been made by culture almost to change their nature.

Now, inasmuch as a father has no dearer possession to transmit to his children than his good name, and this possession exists in all degrees, from the fame of the hero to the credit of the honest man, the first of these elements of aristocracy is as inseparable from liberty as the second, which manifestly belongs to the rights of property and of the person. Yet these, and nothing but these, are the elements of aristocracy, as we understand it now, and have always understood it, in England, and we fail to see in what sense their combined existence interferes with "that upward and downward motion, accord-

ing to the intelligence, the activity, and the good fortune of each," which M. Prévost-Paradol claims as the special peculiarity of a democratic society, or with equality in any sense in which equality does not mean leveling, and result in socialism. Apart from the position of the peerage as hereditary legislators, the aristocracy of England is neither more nor less than a cultivated class, the culture of which has been the work of more than one generation.

If our colonies do not possess it, its absence is a proof, not of their having outrun the mother country, but of their not having yet attained to her position. So far from believing that we shall lose it, we never doubt for a moment that they will gain it, because it is simply as a more highly developed form of social life than they yet enjoy.

That the social structure has been more than once rudely shaken in France is unquestionable; but the entire disappearance from such a country, even for a time, of a class, or rather of a hierarchy of classes, in the enjoyment of traditional respect and hereditary refinement, is a simple impossibility. That the tastes and habits and occupations of these various classes should, to a certain extent, separate them from the class which lives by manual labour, and even from each other, is not only inevitable, but it is reasonable and right; and though we know that M. Prévost-Paradol will smile, we do not hesitate to state it as our impression that, under external arrangements and designations somewhat different, separate classes of society are being reconstituted, which, *whilst they continue to be accessible to all*, whilst the very same individuals, between their cradles and their graves, may have belonged to every one of them, will nevertheless be as distinctly marked and as well defined as those of the *ancien régime*. Nay more, in the spontaneous growth of this classification, as one of the results of peace and industry and well-being, and in its more than toleration by public opinion in France, we trace one of the most hopeful indications of the progress of social and political reorganization, and of the proximate triumph of those very principles of liberty of which M. Prévost-Paradol is himself the most powerful living advocate. The lesson of subordination is the first lesson of the citizen as well as of the soldier,—for the State is only a vast and complex host marching through the wilderness of the ages. A citizen who refuses to recognise a superior is no more fit for the exercise of political power than a soldier who has not learned to obey is fitted to command; and it is not till a society has become capable of such an effort of self-discipline, as to tolerate a gradation of ranks,

as well as an unequal distribution of means, that it becomes capable of self-government.

But notwithstanding the healing action of this unconscious and spontaneous tendency to "order themselves lowly and reverently to their betters," it cannot be questioned that, to so logical a people as the French, great danger still lurks in the want of clearness of the public mind on the subject of equality.* So long as men continue to cherish the belief that equalization is involved in the attainment of liberty, and as such is the ultimate object of free government, so long as the proposition that "all men are equally men," which nature warrants, is regarded as convertible with the proposition that "all men are equal men," which nature repudiates,—liberty will be in constant danger of degenerating into license, and no safe groundwork has yet been laid for the political edifice.

But even on this subject, though much remains to be desired, the dawning of light is apparent. There is a wise inconsequence in M. Prévost-Paradol's preference for constitutional monarchy over republicanism, though we agree with him in thinking that but for the unhappy traditions which attach to it, the realization of a constitutional republic is by no means impossible. The same remark applies to the importance which he attaches to the regulating and guiding influences of the upper Chamber. A single Chamber so elected as to take cognizance of property and intelligence, as well as of mere naked manhood, is not inconceivable. As the simplest, it is probably the ultimate, form which the political organism will everywhere assume. But if it be, as we believe it is, inevitable in France, and probably in England, that the Lower Chamber, for an indefinite period, shall be chosen by a suffrage which is not only universal but equal, and which, as such, ignores all the higher elements of civilisation, the only hope of creating a political organism which shall be in some measure "the mirror" of a nation in which these elements exist, rests in the formation of an Upper Chamber which shall recognise them. A Chamber elected by a graduated suffrage, would, no doubt, be the

direct and consistent means of attaining this object. But here again the present state of political opinion will form an obstacle to anything beyond a mere approximation to the ultimate form; and till the public mind is educated up to the point of consciously receiving and openly acknowledging the fact that all electors are not equal electors, any more than all men are equal men, some such roundabout mode of arriving at the practical result which this acknowledgement would yield, as the Prussian system of double election by provincial assemblies of first and second instance, is probably the most workable. If, to an assembly so chosen, the higher dignitaries of the State and representatives elected by certain learned bodies, were added, as M. Prévost-Paradol proposes, it is difficult to imagine any attainable body which should more satisfactorily represent wealth, wisdom, and worth.

Even when we turn to writers and speakers with whose general tone of thinking we can less sympathize, the same indications meet us of a growing tendency to discriminate between liberty to rise and license to pull down.

"The separation of the liberal from the revolutionary flag" was not probably intended to be a very definite indication of policy, but it was no doubt intended to be, and is, a perfectly unequivocal expression of opinion; and in another direction we find even so pronounced a liberal as M. Jules Simon, in his recent book *La Politique Radicale*, making no secret of his distrust of the counting of heads without reference to their contents, as a final answer to the dictates of reason and the teaching of experience. But it is from the general tone of the press, and so far as we have had an opportunity of judging of conversation in France, more than from any expressions of individual opinion, however important or significant, that we derive the hope that the lesson of order, if less definitely comprehended, has not been less deeply impressed than the lesson of liberty. The constant use of the word itself and its equivalents, is perhaps as sure an indication as any other; and many of our readers, like ourselves, must have been struck with the extent to which such words as *ordre*, *organization*, *reconstruction*, and the like, during late years, have taken the place of the *liberté, égalité, fraternité* of former days. The sense, moreover, of this famous formula has itself been modified by the juxtaposition in which it now appears, and even socialism, as M. Jules Simon has remarked, no longer means what it meant twenty years ago.

We have been so long in the habit of re-

* The want of any French equivalent for the English word *Gentleman* may seem a trivial, but, if we reflect on it, is a conclusive proof of the accuracy of this allegation. The word *Gentilhomme*, of which our word was no doubt an adaptation, still retains its ante-revolutionary signification of a person born in an exclusive class: Monsieur, like our Master, is merely a polite mode of recognising the existence of the human *non-ego*; and there is no intermediate epithet.

garding the political genius of France as destructive, that we are often tempted to doubt of its success in the work of construction, even now that it seems willing to undertake it with honest intentions and sounder views. But if we recall for a moment the earlier history of France these doubts will be dispelled. It is impossible to contest the claims of old France to the honour of having contributed far more than her share to the building up of that new edifice of feudal society, and that system of separate feudal States, which arose out of the ruins of the Roman Empire. It was in France, more than anywhere else, that the fusion of the Romanic and Teutonic elements of society was effected, and that the monarchical and centralizing principles derived from the Empire continued to assert themselves alongside of those principles of local life and provincial individuality which the younger and fresher blood of the northern nations introduced. It was in France, somewhat later, that out of populations and institutions so dissimilar as scarcely to offer any bonds of union at all, was built up the most homogeneous State that the world has ever seen. In old France, in a word, we possess a guarantee that a new France, still fairer and more orderly, will arise out of the *débris* of revolutions, just as the old Paris, which is being gradually swept away, is a guarantee to us that a new Paris, more magnificent and symmetrical if somewhat less rich in associations, will spring from the *démolitions* which in their progress we deplore. "Paris is France"—the vast unbroken lines of her palatial streets, and the imposing symmetry of her architectural monuments, are the visible expression of the national genius,—and if any man would behold a symbol of the political edifice which the new generation of Frenchmen are destined to rear, let him gaze upon the city which they are constructing for their abode. The one, like the other, in all probability will surpass in completeness every previous effort of science and civilisation; and the first political edifice which can claim to be anything more than a happy historical accident will be seen in France. Too rigid in conception, time and use will adapt it to the complexity of human requirements, as the projecting boughs have softened the lines of the Champs-Élysées, till art, ceasing to be the rebel subject, has become the loyal minister of nature.

If we contrast the following profession of faith with that love of anomalies for their own sake which is characteristic of all parties in this country, we shall have some conception of the completeness which, sooner

or later, will probably belong to the political institutions of France:—

The true character of political radicalism (*une politique radicale*), is to reject all transactions and half measures,—to go, as is vulgarly said, to the very end of one's principles. It is that which distinguishes it from prudentialism (*une politique sage*), which boasts of being able to make all the necessary concessions at the proper time. The first of these political schemes is a doctrine, the second is a capacity. If one believes that one is possessed of an absolute truth, one can neither conceal it, nor deny it, nor delay it. Neither can one despair of it, for truth must prevail; that is a law as infallible as any of the laws of the physical world. Hence all the characteristics of radicalism—an ardent adhesion to the justice of its cause and to the truth of its principles, a determined confidence in the future, a generous contempt for expediency and equivocations, a voluntary ignorance of difficulties and obstacles, a habit of studying facts somewhat too hastily, and of taking too little account of the ephemeral variations of opinion. One may compare the adherents of radicalism to those travellers who pay no attention to maps or made roads, but who, fixing their eyes on the distant object which they wish to attain, march towards it in a straight line, with the unalterable resolution never to turn back, never to turn aside, never to stop. They are accused of pursuing chimeras, but they console themselves with counting the number of chimeras long-railed at and spit upon, which have become realities, and beneficent realities. They are reproached, moreover, and sometimes with reason, with speaking a language which their contemporaries do not understand, and thus condemning themselves to isolation and consequent impotence; but they reply that the true conductors of mobs are not those who bend down to them to be heard more readily, but those who call out to them from above. History does not justify the reputation for want of skill which has been attempted to be fixed on them; and the last teaching of philosophy is that justice is the surest and the most cunning of political schemes.

It is not that M. Jules Simon himself is precipitate or impractical, or that his party conceives that an adhesion to principle involves a literal acceptance of the maxim "*tout ou rien*." Radicalism, he tells us, aspires no doubt to the full and entire possession of liberty, but she approaches it by conquering successively such liberties as are possible. It is radicalism, because it demands the whole and vows never to stop till

the whole has been obtained; but it neither hopes to reform the world in an hour, nor has it the folly to despise such incomplete reforms as may render the final reform more attainable.

This latter we may say is plain common sense, which in the absence of either clear aims or lofty motives mere selfishness would dictate to any one who desires to elbow himself on in the crowd. But what British party or British partisan will dare to address the following to their opponents?—

"It is thus that we may speak to all third parties. It is by our obstinacy and immovability, of which you complain, that we do you service. In meeting you half-way we might give you perhaps a few votes, which would not be sufficient to make you a majority. By our constant pre-occupation with the absolute we prevent you from contenting yourselves too easily. We never cease to attract you towards the summits which we occupy. It is we who put something like inflexibility into politics, which without us would be nothing but the art of working out men and utilizing occurrences. Say if you will that you represent wisdom, experience, moderation, skill. As for us, our function is different—we represent conscience!"

But whilst these indications of juster principles and clearer aims seem sufficient to counterbalance the general apathy of France and the acknowledged difficulties of her financial situation, and to reassure us as regards the internal policy; if not of the Government, at least of the nation, we no sooner direct our attention to the external policy which French opinion still freely indorses, than our faith in the future is rudely shaken. In Europe we encounter vague aspirations, dictated not by reason but by tradition; and out of Europe, ill digested schemes of conquest and colonization, feebly prosecuted, and to which rumour ascribes other motives than their ostensible ones. The attempt to dominate Europe has been abandoned for the claim to vindicate the idea of nationalities; the passion for military glory has given place to the desire for material well-being and civic magnificence, the vanity of propagating liberty abroad has been supplanted by the hope of one day realizing it by moderate counsels at home. And yet France—not the Government, but the nation—continues to be haunted by the feeling that, apart altogether from any benefit either to herself or her neighbours, her dignity requires that she shall not as the general arbiter of European destiny. So long as this visionary object continues to be striven for, the necessity of France being in a condition to meet Europe in arms (*de tenir*

tête à l'Europe coalisée) is plain enough. Hence the enormous armaments which exhaust her resources, and the rumours which trouble her repose.

We are far from condemning the desire to preserve the well earned claim of France to be heard with deference in the counsels of Europe. The doctrine of *disarmament*, which M. Jules Simon tells us has become *presque une religion*, and which his friend M. Jules Favre supports with all the power of his marvellous eloquence, has, it is true, our warmest sympathies. But we are not prepared, even in its behalf, to give in an unqualified adhesion to the narrow and negative policy which would make immediate material self-interest the only ground which justifies either men or nations in interfering in each other's affairs. Collectively and severally we have active duties to others as well as to ourselves, and on the part of a great nation there can be no duty more imperative than to assert the lofty privilege of preventing injustice and promoting civilisation. On this ground, the part which France took originally in the Italian war entitles her to our admiration; and had she interfered in Denmark, she should have had our co-operation, or in Poland, our good wishes. In the latter case, the duty of helping the weak lay primarily at her door, and had she performed it successfully, she would have fairly earned more than the questionable honour which always waits upon success. A great wrong which sits heavy on the conscience of Europe would have been righted, and a valuable element of the balance of power would have been restored. The Mexican expedition stands apart as a wholly exceptional and inexplicable act of Imperial caprice. Whether we regard it in the light of policy or of duty, it was equally a mistake; for France had no need of Mexico, and no call, and as it proved no ability, to help her. But the Mexican expedition never enjoyed even the amount of popularity which in France usually attends on bold enterprises; the nation is not responsible for it, and it scarcely falls within the scope of any considerations which extend beyond the fortunes of the present holder of power. The case, however, is very different with the German question, the Eastern question, or the Roman question, even now. No Frenchman ever for a moment conceives it possible, that without loss of national prestige France can permit one of these to be finally adjusted without her interposition, and yet there is not one of the three to which any special French interest attaches. Even the coveted "Frontier of the Rhine," supposing its attainment to be possible, which there certainly is no present

reason to believe, necessitating as it would do the absorption of a large population of alien blood and race, would furnish a continual *casus belli*, and prove for generations a source of weakness rather than of strength. The loyalty of Alsace is a subject of constant congratulation amongst Frenchmen, and we quite believe that, for the present, the Alsacians have no desire to change masters. So much two centuries of habit and intermarriage have effected. Still it is in the possession of Alsace, and in a less degree of Lorraine, in violation of that very principle of nationalities which she has of late proclaimed so loudly, that France presents to Germany her one vulnerable side, whilst the consciousness of this fact is the only substantial or rational ground for the jealousy with which she contemplates the union of Germany into a single State. Till the limits of the Germanic Empire are determined, the tenure by which she holds these provinces must continue to be insecure, but the hope of strengthening it would scarcely be a surer or more substantial reason for going to war with Prussia, which means ultimately with the whole Teutonic race, than the hope of regaining the fancied hegemony of Europe would be for reverting to the policy of the First Empire.

The increased political importance of Germany, like her growing wealth and population, so long as it is attained without external aggression, is a fact which France and the other nations of Europe are bound to accept, just as they have accepted her intellectual pre-eminence, which, for half a century, has been quite unquestionable. Her material success may well be a stimulant to our efforts, but it neither justifies our envy nor warrants our interference. We have no more right to set limits to her political growth by invading her territories, than to arrest her in her search after truth by shutting up her lecture-rooms and burning her books.

And the further we pursue the subject, the more we are persuaded that the immediate material interests of France in this case are coincident with the policy which morality commands. If we put aside the frontier of the Rhine, and the French cantons of Switzerland, which would add so little to her power or grandeur, that the moral degradation which would result from the treachery of seizing them would more than counterbalance the material profit, there is only one conceivable material gain which could result to France from a successful war with Germany,—we mean, of course, the absorption of Belgium. The objection to the annexation of Belgium, as a violation of

the doctrine of nationalities, does not, as M. Prévost-Paradol remarks, exist to the same extent as in the case of the Rhine provinces. Even here, however, it is not absent, for if French be spoken in Brussels, Flemish is spoken even in Dunkirk; and in case of ill success, a counter-claim is not wholly out of the cards even on the Belgium frontier. But putting this aside, and throwing to the winds all such antiquated considerations as the faith of treaties and the opposition of England, the single fact that if France should lay claim to Belgium, Germany would fall heir to Holland as a *quid pro quo*, and would instantly bloom forth into a great naval power, is a sufficient reason why France should leave both as they are as long as possible.

Then look at the Eastern question. Suppose the victorious armies of France were to march into Constantinople and plant the three-coloured flag on her loftiest minaret—what then? What could she do with it? When the “rapture of the strife” was over, when the sensation articles were written, and read, and forgotten, and when “the occupation” began to weigh on the national resources to a greater extent than it gratified the national vanity, she must quietly give it back to the Turks, or hand it over to the Greeks or the Austrians to be again contended for by Russia. What gives its peculiarity to the Eastern question is, that Turkey is the only country in Europe which has not long ago passed into the hands of those who must be regarded as its ultimate possessors. But even Turkey, if it is to change masters, must fall to one or other of those who have the nearest claims, ethnologically and geographically. A foreign possession in Europe has become an anomaly too extravagant to be contemplated, and Constantinople would be as foreign to France as Calcutta is to England.

With one single great exception, the recent attempts of France at colonization have exhibited the same aimless or mistaken character as her European policy. Springing neither from national necessities nor aspirations, the only justification which can be made for most of them is that which M. Guizot stated in 1843 for the foundation of the colony of Cochin-China:—“Il ne convient pas à la France, d’être absente d’une aussi grande partie du monde, où déjà les autres nations de l’Europe ont pris pied; il ne faut pas que nos bâtiments ne puissent se réparer que dans la colonie Portugaise de Macao, dans le port Anglais de Hong Kong, ou dans l’île Espagnole de Luçon.” As a matter of sentiment we can appreciate the motive; but sentiment is a costly councillor

when she dictates the foundation of colonies at the ends of the earth. The existence of other European *comptoirs* in the ports of which her ships could trade and refit, far from being a reason for France rushing in to found another, seemed plainly to indicate the propriety of her reserving her energies for the still uncultivated field which Providence had assigned her for their display at her very doors.

The impassioned pages, in which his sympathies struggle with his regrets, in which M. Prévost-Paradol has given over the empire of our planet beyond the borders of Europe to the Anglo-Saxon race, will be read with a thrill of pride and thankfulness by every man who speaks the English tongue. We should be guilty of ingratitude to the Giver of all good if we failed to recognise the extent to which the gorgeous vision is justified by what has already occurred. In a wonderful measure, God has, no doubt, permitted us, in these latter years, to be "fruitful, and multiply and replenish the earth," and whether or not we anticipate so glorious a destiny for our children, it is impossible that we should not look hopefully forward to the heritage which appears to be in store for them. In North America, and in Australia, a basis of population has been laid, which, in accordance with the principle of nationalities, proclaims them to be ours. The same character belongs to our South African colonies. Our hold upon Asia is neither so secure nor so uncontested. Our Indian empire is still a colony, rather in the Phœnician than in the Anglo-Saxon sense; and along the shores of the Mediterranean, where their flag was so long without a rival, and where their factories were planted in every bay, where Carthage alone was more than a counterpoise to our three Presidencies, how slight are the traces which the great merchants of antiquity have left behind them! But in so far as France is concerned, Asiatic colonization, on any extended scale, belongs neither to the possibilities of the present nor to the aspirations of the future; Cochin-China is not intended to be more than a *comptoir*, and in every other direction, with the one reservation which we have made, she must fight at the best on equal terms with other nations; and this too without the basis of operations in the past which belongs to many of them,—to Spain, for example, and Portugal, and Holland. Nay, further, with the special character of the necessities which press upon her, or at all events of the ambitions which she cherishes, no amount of conceivable success in the acquisition of distant territories could compensate France for the price at which they must be purchased.

In return for our colonial supremacy we ourselves have been forced, in a great measure, to relinquish our position as an European power; and that of France, far from being strengthened, would unquestionably be weakened by similar acquisitions.

But one and all of these unfortunate peculiarities of her position are reversed when the eyes of France are directed to the opposite shores of the Mediterranean. There fortune appears positively to urge on her acceptance an empire, the possession of which would solve all her difficulties, and gratify all legitimate longings, whether as an ancient European State or as a member of the greater commonwealth of the world. The future of France—*La France Nouvelle*, to which M. Prévost-Paradol beckons his countrymen, we are entirely at one with him in thinking—morally as well as materially—is to be found in North Africa. But we cannot concur with him in regarding it as her *chance suprême*. It is more than a chance. The strongest Mediterranean power in Europe,—if France really wishes to conquer and possess its southern coast, her failure is simply impossible. The fairest portion of it already is hers; and from the Pillars of Hercules to the Libyan desert no native power could, and no European power would, oppose her gradual progress. Tunis and Morocco are in the last stages of Oriental decrepitude, sick unto death; Italy, a recent convalescent, is no more in a condition to reconquer Africa than to reconquer Gaul; and Spain stands more in need of a conqueror than of conquests. On the part of England, some slight diplomatic sparring might arise out of real or fancied interests in Morocco, or jealousies with reference to Egypt, but no more serious consequences need be anticipated from it than those which resulted from the unworthy repinings, the "dog in the manger," "beggar my neighbour" grumblings, with which we watched the occupation of Algeria in 1830; whilst, in the interests of civilisation, Englishmen in the main, like other civilized men, would simply wish to France every possible success in the performance of a task which Europe must sooner or later undertake, and which only France can perform.

Such are the ulterior prospects which that magnificent coast, on which the gifts of the tropical are added to those of the temperate zones, offers to the enterprise and ambition of France. Sallust tells us that the geographers of antiquity were divided as to whether the region north of the Atlas belonged to Africa or to Europe; and there seems no good reason, either geographical or ethnological, why it should not belong to

France, or why those who people it should not partake of all the benefits which European civilisation and French citizenship can confer. The population which covers it or wanders over it now is a mere tithe of that which it is fitted to support, but such as it is it would place France very nearly on a footing of numerical equality with Germany; and we believe that M. Prévost-Paradol's estimate of an ultimate population of eighty to a hundred millions of Frenchmen on the two sides of the Mediterranean is not an extravagant one.

But a nominal sway over hostile barbarians is a very different matter from the quiet possession of an equal number of cultivated men of our own race, speaking our own tongue, looking proudly back with us into a common past, and hopefully forward into a common future. An African empire peopled by Arabs never can make France what an European empire peopled by Teutons is fast making Germany; nay, can never be more to her than a drain on her resources and an impediment to her action as a European power. This reflection, so obvious as to suggest itself to every mind, and which presses very painfully on the public mind of France, seems at first sight to offer but two alternatives,—either all hope of a Franco-African empire, valid for European purposes, must be abandoned, or else it must be an empire peopled by men of French blood and their descendants. For present practical European purposes, the prospect of amalgamation with the existing inhabitants of North Africa is so distant and questionable as scarcely to deserve that it should be taken into account, and with these objects mainly in view, we cannot wonder that we should find M. Prévost-Paradol leaning in the direction of what is known in Algeria as the Colonial, in opposition to the Government policy, and embracing the latter of the two alternatives we have mentioned. As a recent residence of some months in that country has led us, if not to an opposite, at least to a modified conclusion, we must be permitted to offer two or three sentences of suggestion on a question, the momentous importance of which justifies every attempt at solution, however humble.

The difficulty of fusing together the various races which inhabit it is unquestionably the standing difficulty, "the dire discouragement," which opposes itself to French enterprise in Africa. That it does not admit of immediate, or even proximate removal, is plain; but the life of nations is long, and it is of a present field for her still exuberant, if not youthful energies, with an ultimate prospect of being able to retain, or, if she

will, to regain, her position as a European power that France stands in need. Now, of what may be possible in future, as regards the African coast generally, we can judge only by what has been accomplished, or seems to be possible, with reference to that part of it which France already possesses. With that view, let us turn our attention to the population of Algeria, and note its constituents as these appear in the analysed tables which have just been issued by the Government. The total population of Algeria, indigenous and European, according to the quinquennial census of 1866, amounted to 2,921,246. Of these, 469,040 were inhabitants of the civil territory and centres of colonization; 2,434,974 belonged to the indigenous tribes which are still administered by military government; and 17,243 were population *en bloc*, which is explained to mean persons connected with hospitals, schools, charitable institutions, convents, prisons, and indigenous porters who are generally negroes.

The total European proportion was only 217,990, and of these not much more than the half, namely 122,119, were French, born or naturalized. The rest were constituted as follows:—58,510 Spaniards, 16,655 Italians, 10,000 Anglo-Maltese, 5,446 Germans, and 4,643 of other nationalities.

Now, if these figures prove anything at all, they prove that Algeria is not yet, and is not at all likely soon to become, a country peopled by Frenchmen, in the sense of persons who have emigrated from France, or their descendants. To colonization, in the only sense in which it presents itself to the English mind, the obstacles in France are probably insuperable; or, what amounts to very nearly the same thing, Frenchmen almost universally believe that they are so. We Anglo-Saxons are so filled with the pride and joy of spreading our family ties of race and language; England is so small, and England's children are so great,—that nothing surprises us more than to find so high-spirited and capable a people as the French, decidedly, and apparently without reluctance, making up their minds to national sterility. But so it is. Just as the individual Frenchman prefers the freedom of celibacy and the joys of the *café* to the burdens of matrimony and the cares of the household, so the French, as a nation, prefer the decorations of Paris and the barren glory of occupying Rome to new cities and young citizens of their own. In addition to this want of enthusiasm, Frenchmen have a nervous distrust of their own ability to colonize, and an exaggerated belief in our colonial genius, and that of other nations. Inconsistent as it

may seem, this feeling is to be traced even in the most vehement organs of the colonial party in Algeria, whose bluster is dictated far more by opposition to the military government, and hatred for the Arabs, than by quiet confidence in their own powers. To these obstacles to success, partly imaginary and possibly temporary, others fall to be added, of a more serious and permanent nature. The population of France does not outgrow her limits like that of the Teutonic nations, and in many parts of France there is still more than sufficient field for the amount of agricultural energy which the nation develops. Though land is very dear in the north, in the immediate neighbourhood of the great centres of population, and in the rich wine-growing districts; it is very cheap in the centre and west; and the home-loving young French agriculturist prefers the banks of the Loire and the pastures of Brittany to the shores of Africa. For these and other reasons—of which the existence of a vast, powerful, intelligent, indigenous population, to whom the public faith of France is pledged, is surely the most prominent—we are disposed to join in the national distrust even of the ultimate colonization of Algeria by Frenchmen.

Is amalgamation, then, between the few Frenchmen who may still be induced to emigrate, and the Arabs, the only other resource? The nation whom it is the pride of Frenchmen to emulate, and the African portion of whose inheritance appears to have descended to them, were wont to supply, by adoption, the lack of children of the house; and the French themselves seem more apt to adopt than to generate. If we compare the feelings of the Alsacians with those of the Poles, we shall be disposed to conclude that France is by no means the worst of stepmothers; and to ascribe to her the genius of assimilating alien races, is only to concede to her the gift which, in repudiating that of colonization, she enthusiastically claims. Now, if, bearing this fact in mind, we revert to the character of the European population, which at present dwells in peace and brotherhood in Algeria, we shall see at least one element of hope that the difficulty which the want of direct colonization occasions may not prove insuperable. From the document to which we have referred, it appears that this population is already one of the most mixed on the face of the earth; and no man can walk for ten minutes along the streets of Algiers without having the fact confirmed to him by hearing three or four European languages spoken. As given in a table before us, the percentages stand thus:—French born and naturalized, of whom, be it remembered, no

inconsiderable portion are in Government employment, 56 per cent.; Spanish, 26; Italians, 7; Anglo-Maltese, 5; Germans, 3, and other nationalities, 3. What the French cannot do themselves, then, the other nations of Europe seem not unwilling to do for them, and under them; and a vast influx of European emigrants into the only colony which is really European in character, if suitable arrangements are made for them, and suitable inducements held out to them, may be anticipated almost as a certainty. It is this mine which the great Société Algérienne, the formation of which the Emperor announced to the colony in so pompous a manner on his arrival in 1856, and to which the Government has virtually handed over the task of colonization, is engaged in working with every prospect of success. As the French element will always preponderate over any other single element, and the government and business of the colony will be conducted in French, the whole of this European population, from whatever sources it may be derived,—and the more varied they are the better for the purpose,—in three generations will be as French as the inhabitants of the Rue St. Honoré. The French family will thus have received, by adoption, an accession to its numbers, which has no limits except the limits of unoccupied soil in North Africa; whilst the loyalty even of the portions of it which stretch away into the oases of the Sahara will be far more trustworthy than that of a German-speaking population dwelling on the banks of the Rhine.

So much for the European element. But the great difficulty lies confessedly elsewhere. How is the indigenous population to be assimilated to and amalgamated with the European? Let us try whether here again a glance at the tables will not help us.

The whole indigenous population amounts to 2,686,024. From this number fall at once to be deducted 33,952 Jews (or Israelites, as they prefer to be called) who, having been the great gainers by the conquest, are enthusiastically French. There remain 2,652,072 Mussulmans. But these Mussulmans are not a homogeneous body; and the bundle again admits of being broken by separating its component parts. In the first place, we must distinguish between those who inhabit the territories under civil government, and the centres of colonization, within the military territories on the one hand, and the tribes of the military territories on the other. The former, amounting to 217,098, are already partially Europeanized. Amongst the Moors, who in a rough way may be described as the Arabs of the

towns, the effects of the process are quite obvious; but it is extremely difficult to judge even by personal observation of the extent to which it has taken effect amongst the rural population, because in dress and appearance they remain unchanged, and very few of them speak more than half a dozen words of any European language. Their progress in industry, however, is attested by the fact that they suffered comparatively nothing from the late famine, which so cruelly decimated their countrymen in the military districts; whilst another fact which bears not insignificantly in the same direction has been ascertained by the Government. Of 44,493, which it seems is their whole number of married men, there are 41,578 monogamists, 2,571 bigamists, and only 344 polygamists. On these interesting numbers the Government statistician remarks:—

“It is thus established, that in the part of the territory in which Europeans and natives are brought most into contact, almost all the Mussulmans are monogamists, and polygamy is almost an exception. It is possible that poverty has a good deal to do with a state of matters which we are accustomed to consider as contrary to Oriental habits, but this can scarcely be the sole cause. It is not unreasonable to assume that, influenced by European example, the natives are beginning themselves to modify their traditional customs, and to constitute the family according to the new forms which new necessities demand.”

Deducting then this semi-Europeanized portion of the population (which is perhaps going a little fast) there remain of the tribes of the military territories, 2,434,974, by far the greater part of the population of Algeria, wholly Oriental in their customs, and fundamentally hostile to French, or any other European or Christian domination.

But even this element is not united, and one very important distinction falls to be made with reference to it, that namely between Berbers, or Kabyles, as they are more generally called in Algeria, and Arabs. Of this distinction, strangely enough, we find no trace in the Government tables; and yet, in the eyes of every Algerian, whether colonist or official, it is the most important of all. These Berbers, the Barbaroi of the Greeks, so far as is known, are the true indigenous inhabitants of North Africa. It is in their veins that the blood of Massinissa and Jugurtha flows; and what is even a more important fact for our present purpose, this blood has mingled with that of Phœnicians, and Carthaginians, and Romans, and Vandals, and all the other races who from time to time made descents on the country, or settled on its coasts. Nor is their

history less important than their pedigree; for it was they who listened to the preaching of Augustine and Tertullian, and constituted the flocks of the 800 bishops, or pastors, of the African church. When the Arab conquest swept over them in the sixth century, this Romano-African population bent to the storm; they conformed ostensibly to the religion of the Crescent, and retired into the mountain districts of the Atlas, and the oases of the Sahara. But they carried along with them much of what they had learned from previous conquerors, and much of it they have ever since retained. Industrious, frugal, and teachable, dwelling in a house, cultivating the soil, engaging in commerce, the husband of one wife who is his companion and his equal in place of his puppet and his slave, the Kabyle differs from the Arab in his customs still more than he does in his appearance, which, except where the sun of the desert has deepened his tints, approaches markedly nearer to the European type. Where the opposite influences of the snows of the Atlas have been at work on him, he often exhibits, at the present day, the red hair and blue eyes of the Vandals, who probably affected these colder regions. This Kabyle element, so vastly more open to European influences than the Arab, far from being insignificant in extent, is really the preponderating one in the population of North Africa, and this not in Algeria only, but in Tunis and Morocco. The Riff pirates of the coast, and the Tueregs or Tuarkys of the desert, “whose country is on the camel’s back,” as one of them told a friend of the writer, are the poor relations of the high-bred Kabyle of the Djurjura, on whose weapons and jewellery may still be seen the sign of the Cross, and whose “Canons” bear traces of the jurisprudence of Justinian. As the Kabyles are everywhere mixed up with the rest of the indigenous population, it is difficult, and perhaps impossible, to ascertain their actual number. In the absence of statistics we must be contented to be guided by such statements as we can glean. The population of Kabylie itself, where the race exists in tolerable purity, has been put down by a recent writer at 800,000, and the Kabyles of the plains, or Kabyle Arabs, as he calls them, at about a million. In the province of Algiers alone, the confederation of the Beïn-M’zab is stated in the Government report to amount to 22,000. With such figures before us, and knowing how extensive and densely peopled are the districts which they occupy, we believe we may with safety assign to the Kabyle element, more or less pure, one-half of the remaining indigenous population

of Algeria. This leaves us 1,434,974, and if we further deduct the native troops, amounting to some 13 or 14,000, and allow for camp followers, and if we subtract the Kourlour^{lis}, or children of Turks by Moorish women, and the negroes and half-castes, both numerous, we shall see our way to regarding the difficulty of amalgamation as a far less formidable one than it at first appeared. Mr. Wingfield, the intelligent writer whom we have just mentioned, estimates the Arabs of pure blood at not more than 500,000, and he is probably pretty near the truth.

In dealing with these people, the measures pursued by the French Government seem to us in the main to be eminently wise and just; and we do not doubt that, by such means as the constitution of private property, the education of the young, by contact and rivalry with Europeans, and still more probably with Kabyles, by time and patience, and we fear we must add by disease and poverty, the only serious obstacle which still opposes itself to the entire and permanent occupation of Algeria will gradually melt away.*

And then for the future! For ourselves we heartily join with M. Prévost-Paradol in exclaiming, "May that day be near when the children of France, feeling the limits of Algeria too narrow for them, shall pour forth over Morocco and Tunis, and found that Mediterranean Empire which shall be not only a satisfaction to their pride, but which, in the future condition of the world, is the last refuge of their grandeur." Let us atone for the unworthy jealousies of the past, by aiding, as best we may, so noble an enterprise! In the circular note in which the French Government of the day explained the objects of the Algerian expedition to the Christian powers of Europe and America, we find expressly set forth as one of them,

* One not unimportant element of ultimate success in the work of amalgamation probably will be found to lie in the very fine physical character of the native population of Algeria. If we except the negroes, there is no portion of it, from physical intermixture with which any European population need shrink; and though we should be very far from counselling any approach to a literal application of the old legend of the Rape of the Sabines, we confess that we have sometimes speculated as to whether its metaphorical meaning might not be justifiably called to mind. Of all the known means of bringing conquerors and conquered together, intermarriage is the most powerful—if not indeed the only effectual one. Why then should not the French Government bestow a dowry on every Moorish maiden who wedded a Christian lord, to be solemnly presented at the wedding,—when circumstances admitted, by the gracious and kindly hands of Madame la Maréchale de Mac-Mahon, or, perhaps, even of the Empress Eugénie herself?

"the necessity of opening the southern coast of the Mediterranean to the production, to the civilisation, to the commerce, and to the free intercourse of all nations." To the honour of the too many Governments that have since supplanted each other in France, it must be admitted that not one of them has proved faithless to this liberal programme. The merest casual visitor to Algeria will not fail to recognise the friendly dispositions towards our own countrymen which actuate the present holders of power; and those of them who may resolve on selecting it as a permanent residence, may comfort themselves with the reflection, that should fortune again prove fickle to the Napoleon dynasty, that which she promises next to favour is still more decidedly imbued with English sympathies. Next to an English colony—nay, next to England itself as an English home,—would be a colony within four days of London, governed by the Duc d'Aumale!

ART. VI.—*The Four Ancient Books of Wales, containing the Cymric Poems attributed to the Bards of the Sixth Century.* By WILLIAM F. SKENE. Edinburgh: Edmonston and Douglas, 1868.

THE literature of Wales, among general readers, has long been the object of a vague curiosity rather than of an intelligent interest. Popularly, the celebrity of the Arthur-myth, and less reasonably of Gray's "Bard," had impressed people with the notion that there might exist a mass of Cymric poetry, and of Cymric chronicle, of which the "Mort d'Arthur" was a specimen; and something like a feeling of disappointment was engendered as the labours of Welsh scholars year by year rendered accessible, by translation, to ordinary readers, some portion of that which had been hitherto veiled in the obscurity of a difficult language. It may be added that the self-assertion and exaggerated nationality of some of the literary "Fluellens" indisposed men's minds to be candid, and so it came to pass that Welsh literature found few who took much interest in it out of the Principality, and not many accurate students in its own land.

Yet that this branch of the Keltic family had special claims on the attention of the ethnologist, and that its literature demanded special critical study, was undeniable. Wales, so gifted by nature, so grand in its scenery, so rich in mineral wealth, so interesting in its historical associations, had left

its mark upon the history of the human mind. It had taken its share in that remarkable civilisation which is associated with the Irish missionaries in Western Europe. Its thought was an element in the Celtic influence on the world. It tended to illustrate the measure and true position of that influence as an integer in mediæval history, and thus, both for its own sake and as illustrative of the more copious literature of Ireland, the study of the Welsh writings is now assuming its proper place, and therefore we hail, with no ordinary satisfaction, the appearance of the scholarly work of William Forbes Skene, who, in addition to an accurate knowledge of Gaelic, Irish, and Welsh, brings to the study a more than adequate knowledge of the early history of the races represented by these languages, as well as an ingenuity, facility of suggestion, and power of synthesis of no ordinary measure.

To the literary treasures of Wales Mr. Skene applies that discriminating criticism which has with such happy effect been employed on the cognate works of Ireland. Just as men have cast aside the imaginative conclusions of Beetham and O'Brien for the accurate investigations of Petrie, Todd, and Reeves, so Mr. Skene supersedes the fanciful theories of Herbert and Davies by careful investigation and classification of facts. Not that Mr. Skene affects the sceptic. There is no tendency in his method to erect a literary reputation on the ruins of his subject. He is by no means the great man in Molière whom nothing pleases. He holds the balance between undue doubt and undue acceptance, and the result is that he has placed the Welsh question on a solid basis, and thrown much light on many hitherto obscure points of history and ethnology.

The Four Ancient Books of Wales are—the Black Book of Caermarthen (written A.D. 1154–1189); the Book of Taliessin (beginning of the fourteenth century)—both originally preserved at Hengwrt, and now the property of W. W. E. Wynne, Esq. of Peniarth; the Book of Aneurin (end of thirteenth century), in possession of Sir Thomas Phillips; and the Red Book of Hergest (compiled at different times in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries), now laid up in the library of Jesus College, Oxford.

The contents of these manuscripts remained little known till the publication of the *Archæologia Britannica* by Edward Lhuyd in 1707. In the middle of the eighteenth century, the Ossianic controversy naturally directed men's attention to the cognate Welsh poetry. In 1764, the Rev. E. Evans published his specimens of the poetry of the ancient Welsh bards, and in 1784, Edward

Jones, in his musical and poetical relics of the Welsh bards, printed some of the ancient poems with translations. Dr. Owen Pughe was the next commentator on these works, and in 1801 Owen Jones, a furrier in London, published the *Myvyrian Archæology of Wales*. Sharon Turner, in his *History of the Anglo-Saxons*, vindicated the real historical value of the poems; and a new school, represented by the Rev. E. Davies, in his *Mythology of the British Druids* (1809), and the Hon. Algernon Herbert, in his *Britannia after the Romans* (1836), and the *Neo-Druidic Heresy* (1838), maintained an ingenious but wild speculation, that these verses were the expression of a secret adherence to the old Paganism, and that under Christian terminology an esoteric heathenism was concealed in the poems of Taliessin. In 1850, the Vicomte de la Villemarqué, a learned Frenchman, sought to restore the ancient text by assimilating it to the Breton orthography. All these authors accepted the historic value of the works in question; but in 1849, Mr. Thomas Stephen, in his *Literature of the Cymry*, and in 1858, Mr. D. W. Nash, in his *Taliessin, or Bards and Druids of Britain*, rudely shook these convictions, by submitting the poems to a critical analysis, the result of which was to attribute the greater part of them to this twelfth century.

In this state of the question, Mr. Skene publishes the text of the ancient books in its oldest form, accompanied by a literal translation by two eminent scholars, the Rev. D. Silvan Evans of Llanymawddwy, and the Rev. Robert Williams of Rhydyroesau, along with a critical dissertation of no ordinary interest.

The date claimed for the early Welsh poets is the sixth century—the age of the Heptarchy, of Theodoric and the Ostrogothic kingdom, of Clovis and his Frankish successors, of Justinian, Belisarius, Boethius, and St. Benedict of Nursia. In Wales it was a century of national life, of religious and mental activity. It was the age of St. David, St. Illtudus, St. Sampson, and St. Teilo, Bishop of Llandaff. The ecclesiastical connexion of Wales with other lands was illustrated by St. Aedan, Bishop of Ferns in Ireland, and St. Padarn of Vannes in Brittany, not the friend of the celebrated poet of the day, Venantius Fortunatus, though some have supposed him to be so. The intellectual life of the times was represented by the discussions about Pelagianism, a phase of thought which, originated by Pelagius or Morgan, a Scot of Wales, seems to have found a congenial soil among the Britons. How a system which magnifies the force of the human will and minimizes the supernatural

ural factors in the operations of the soul, should have found favour among a race so influenced by the imagination, and so affected by the hyper-physical, is one of the most abnormal circumstances in the history of human thought. It was at this epoch that the celebrated college of Bangor-Iscoed on the Dee was founded by Dunawd Fawr—the “Dinoh Abbas” of Venerable Bede. In temporal matters, of which more hereafter, the Irish were in possession of Caermarthen-shire, Urien Reged held the lands between the Towy and the Neath, and regained his father’s dominions in the north—that is, the land between the Humber and the Clyde, the capital of which was Alclayd or Dumbarton.

Between the sixth and the twelfth century there occurs “a fault” in the literary production. Either no works ever existed, or they have perished. A few poems are attributed to Cuhelyn Elaith and Meigant, and one to Tyssilio, son of Brochmael Yscythrog. Since the twelfth century there has been a tradition of letters. At the end of the eleventh century an impulse was given by the landing of Gruffydd ap Cynan, the true heir of North Wales, in 1080; and by the return of Rhys ap Tewdwr in 1077 to South Wales. The first had been educated in Ireland, the latter in Armorica, and the result was that North Wales developed in the direction of poetry in the period between 1100–1450, its chief bard being Cyndello, the *prydydd mawr*, while South Wales manifested its intellectual life by a form of prose literature which took the form of history, the first evidence of which was the History of the Britons, compiled or edited by Geoffrey of Monmouth before 1147. Some of these works were chronicles called Bruts, others were tales termed Mabinogi, while about the middle of the twelfth century some historic facts appear in the form of Triads. There is a further branch of Cymric literature, not unquestioned as to its authenticity, and that is the productions of the four chairs or schools of bards, one of which, that of Glamorgan, is maintained by Edward Williams of Flimstone, *bardicé* Iolo Morganwg, to be still in existence. Of this class of works the most important is the Mabinogi of Hanes Taliesin, a history of the poet which professes to have been compiled by Hopem Thomas Philip, who flourished between 1590 and 1630.

To test the value of the actual inheritance of prose and poetry of the Cymry, so far as it embodies the national history, it is important to have a definite conception of what are really the sources of the early history of Wales. Beside the statements in contempo-

rary authors of other countries, we have three early documents which have come down to us—(1.) Gildas’s *Historia et Epistola*, A.D. 560; (2.) Nennius’s History of the Britons (*cir.* 788); with the additions of a later chronicle up to 977, and a collection of genealogies compiled a century and a half before the Bruts; (3.) The Ancient Laws and Institutions of Wales, the most important of which are those of Howel the Good, in the tenth century.

These documents supply us with some curious information about the state of Wales and the distribution of the Cymric population between the Roman occupation and the sixth century, in strong contrast to what we should have expected from the ordinary conception of the history of the period. Instead of Wales being the stronghold of the Cymry, and exclusively occupied by them, while the Saxons are in the centre of England, and the country north of the wall between Tyne and Solway surrendered to the Picts and Scots, we find the seaboard of Wales on the west possessed by the Gael or Gwyddyl, and the Cymry confined to the eastern portion of the principality. A line drawn from Conway to Swansea would separate the races; in North Wales the Cymry possessed Powisland, while the Gael had Gwynedd and Anglesey; in the south the Cymry had Gwent and Glamorgan, the Gael had Dyfed; Brecknock belonging to the mysterious Brychan and his family.*

But strange to say, from Dee and Humber to the Firths of Forth and Clyde, we find a great Cymric population, only broken by the mixed Gaels of Galloway, the Ettrick Forest, and the Manau Gododin, the region of Carron and Stirling, while along the coasts the Saxons had settlements from Tyne to Esk.

The names Cumberland and “the Cumbraes” have stereotyped the remembrance of this state of things. They are records of a great Cymric race, beset on different sides, by Saxons on the east, Picts on the north, and by Gael, Gwyddyl, Scots or Irish, on the west. These formed permanent settlements. After the final destruction of the Roman power, and the vain appeal of the Britons to Aetius in 446, the first event that emerges from the darkness is the appearance of Cunedda, his retreat from the first to the second wall in 409 or 410, and the expulsion of the Gael from Wales by his descendants in the fourth generation, especially by Caswallawn Law Hir, the father of Maelgwn, who was rapidly rising into power at the time when Gildas was writing. Cunedda was the Gwledig, an office similar

* Vide Rees’ *Welsh Saints*, p. 186.

to the Emperor or Bretwalda of the Saxons, a chief elected from the surrounding *reguli* as *summus dux*. Ambrose, Conan, and the great Arthur, held the same office. Divested of its mythical accretions, there seems no doubt that Arthur was a historical personage, but of the charm thrown round him by those who followed Geoffrey of Monmouth there is nothing. All that we know is that he combated Oeta the son, and Elessa the nephew, of Hengist, who tried to seize the country lying between the Forth and the Clyde, in twelve battles, the localities of which indicate a struggle for the possession of the south of Scotland. Mr. Skene very boldly and ingeniously finds localities for the different fields of action:—

“According to the view I have taken of the site of these battles, Arthur’s course was first to advance through the Cymric country, on the west, till he came to the Glen where he encountered his opponents. He then invades the regions about the wall, occupied by the Saxons in the Lennox, where he defeats them in four battles. He advances along the Strath of the Carron as far as Dunipace, where, on the Bonny, his fifth battle is fought; and from thence marches south through Tweeddale, or the Wood of Celyddon, fighting a battle by the way, till he comes to the valley of the Gala, or Wedale, where he defeats the Saxons of the east coast. He then proceeds to master four great fortresses: first, *Kaerlium*, or Dumbarton; next, Stirling, by defeating the enemy in the *tratheu Tryweryd*, or Carse of Stirling; then *Mynydd Agned*, or Edinburgh, the great stronghold of the Picts, here called *Cathbreigion*; and lastly, Boudon Hill, in the centre of the country, between these strongholds.”

It is strange that Mr. Skene, having carried the scene of Arthur’s exploits so far north, makes no allusion to the local tradition which connects the scene of Queen Guinevere’s death with Meigle in Perthshire, in the immediate neighbourhood of which is Arthurstone.

The hero’s death took place at Camelon, now identified with the interesting remains on the south bank of the Carron. It took place in 537, probably caused by a Pagan insurrection, for his murderer was the son of Loth, “*vir semipaganus*,” and every notice we have seems to point to Arthur as representing the Christian element in the contest. That Heathenism was struggling again for the mastery is clear from the fact that three years after this, St. Kentigern was expelled from Glasgow, and settled in Wales till 573, while the consolidation of the Pagan kingdom of Bernicia gave it temporary strength. The struggle between the opposing elements resulted in the triumph of the Faith, as well as in the amalgamation of various petty states

into larger kingdoms. Among the monarchs of the time, Maelgwn, first opposing his uncle, then turning monk, then relapsing, and marrying his nephew’s widow, shines out with some individuality. The critical field of battle took place at Arderdydd or Arthuret, near Carlisle; then Christianity prevailed. Rhydderch Hael established himself in Alclud as king of Strathclyde, at once recalling St. Kentigern to Scotland; and Aedan, who was crowned king of Dalriada by St. Columba, pushed his victorious arms into Bernicia in 603.

The history after this becomes most obscure, and the Keltic Bruts do not correspond with what is related by the trustworthy Bede. However, the Irish annals assign the date of 613 to a battle fought with Brochmael on the banks of the Dee, where the Britons were defeated. Ten years afterwards, Cadwalla, King of the Britons, supported by the able Penda of Mercia, slew Edwin at Hæthfelth. He also slew Osric of Deira, and Eanfred of Bernicia, doing great damage to the now Christianized Northumbrians. Next year, St. Oswald is narrated to have slain the impious leader of the Britons at Denises Burn, near the Roman wall, but it is probable that this was the other British king, Cadvan, king of Gwynedd, and that Cadwalla survived till 659. The history of his successor, Cadwalladwr, is also very confused; but the Britons seem to have been under the sway of Oswy, and remained so under his successor Ecfrið, till the latter was slain at the battle of Dunnichen, in Forfarshire, in 686. By this battle, the Cymry of Strathclyde recovered an independence which they had lost to the Saxon at Denises Burn, but confusion seems to have reigned in South Wales. From 664 to 754 there appears to have been no king there. Rotri Molwynog was the first real king of Wales after Cadwalladwr. These battles gave victory to the natives over the Saxons, and in Rotri the monarchy was re-established. In his son Conan the direct line failed, and the marriage of his only daughter Eaylt, with Mervyn Frych, king of Manau, set a new family on the throne.

Whence came the new dynasty? Where was this Manau? It was not the Isle of Man, which is Manand or Manann. It is, according to Mr. Skene, the region of which we get the first notice in the account of the battle of Mynydd Agned, or Edinburgh, in Arthur’s time, which was connected with St. Monenna, the apostle of the Irish Picts of Ulster, and of the Galwegians, and where Oswy attacked Penda and slew thirty chiefs, obtaining thereby the command of Galloway, and of the region in question. It was here

that the Picts rose in 698 and slew Brechhaig or Beohrt, the alderman. It was a province occupied by the great strong race of the Picts. On the termination of the Pictish kingdom, and the merging of the Picts and Scots in 844, it disappears from the map of Scotland.

"Manau or Manann, therefore, in its widest sense, included Slamannan, and the western frontier proceeded in a line from thence to the Pentland Hills, so as to take in the great moor formerly called Caldever Moor, consisting of what is now the three parishes of West, Mid, and East Calder, and thus included that mountainous region forming the west part of Linlithgowshire, embracing the parishes of Torphichen, Bathgate, and Whitburn. It probably also included that part of the range of the Pentland Hills called of old Pentland Moor, till it came down upon the North Esk, which formed its eastern boundary to the sea. On the north-west there lay between it and the Carron the district of Calatria or *Calathros*, containing on the coast the parishes of Kinnell and Carriden, while from Carriden to the Esk the coast would belong to Manann. At the point now called the Queensferry, it approaches within a short distance of the opposite coast, and the name of Clackmannan on the northern shore indicates that that district likewise belonged to it. On some one of the islands in the Firth which lie between the mouth of the Esk and Carriden was the city of Giudi or Iudeu, which may have been founded by the people Bede terms the Jutes, while the fortified rock of Mynydd Agned or Dunedin was the great stronghold of its Pictish inhabitants."

The remaining history of Wales, till the twelfth century, is contained in one page of our author:—

"Mervyn Frych was succeeded by his son Rodri Mawr, who acquired South Wales through his wife, and thus became king of all Wales. He divided Wales into three petty kingdoms among his three sons—Anarawd, Cadell, and Mervyn—the eldest, Anarawd, obtaining Gwynedd, with Aberfraw in Anglesea as his capital; Cadell, South Wales, with Dynevor for his capital; and Mervyn, Powis, with Mathraul for his capital; and the king of Gwynedd was to be supreme over the other two. He was succeeded by his eldest son Anarawd, who died in 918, and he by his son Edwal foel, after which Howel dda, son of Cadell, king of South Wales, obtained the dominion of the whole of Wales, from 940 to his death in 948. After his death a struggle commenced between the descendants of Edwal foel and of Howel dda for supremacy in Wales till the year 1000, when the sovereignty was usurped by Aeddan ap Blegwred, and a period of confusion ensued both in North and South Wales, during which Cynan, the rightful heir of North Wales, took refuge in Ireland, and Rhys, the rightful heir of South Wales, in Armorica, and which was only terminated when Rhys ap Tewdwr succeeded in establishing himself in South Wales, in the year

1077, and Gruffudh, the son of Cynan, in North Wales, in 1080.

"The kingdom of South Wales soon came to an end, in consequence of Jestin, the Lord of Glamorgan, having called in the assistance of Robert Fitzhamon, a Norman Knight. Rhys ap Tewdwr was defeated in battle and slain by him in 1090, and, according to the Brut y Tywysogion, 'then fell the kingdom of the Britons,' and Robert Fitzhamon, with his Norman knights, took possession of Glamorgan, and 'the French came into Dyfed and Oerddigion, which they have still retained, and fortified the castles, and seized upon all the land of the Britons.' This was true of South Wales only, as in North Wales the native princes still ruled till the year 1282, when the death of Llywelyn, the last prince of North Wales, was followed by the subjugation of all Wales by King Edward the First.

"Rhys ap Tewdwr had an only daughter, Nest, who had a son by King Henry the First, Robert, Earl of Gloucester. By marriage with the daughter of Robert Fitzhamon, he succeeded to all his possessions in South Wales; and, as the son of Nest, the only daughter of Rhys, was regarded by the Welsh as representing in some degree the princes of South Wales. He died in the year 1147."

This summary of the history of Wales leads to the inquiry into what were the mutual relations of the different races of which it was composed, and especially of the true place which the Picts occupy among them. The Picts seem to have been the strongest and the most civilized of all the Celtic tribes. This is proved, not only by the embassy sent by one of their kings to Jarrow, as recorded by Bede, but by the still more satisfactory evidence from the art on their sepulchres. These interesting documents in stone, now made so familiar to us by the volumes of the late Patrick Chalmers of Aldbar, and of Dr. John Stuart of the Register House, are in the main confined to the districts over which the Pictish kings had sway; there are few instances of their existence among the Dalriadic Scots, and therefore, the fusion with them, while it brought the Picts under the influence of the Irish civilisation, as indicated by the erection of the towers of Breehin and Abernethy, was by no means in all senses an advance in civilisation. The fused Picts had not the strength to introduce their peculiar art into the rest of the country, and this weakness accounts for their gradual subsidence into the feeble condition in which they are spoken of in the later monkish chroniclers,—for the entire merging of one race into another, the disappearance of a nation from the world, the death of a language, are remarkable facts in ethnology. The reader will recollect "the exquisite fooling" of Sir Arthur Wardour, in the *Antiquary*:—

'Why, man, there was once a people called the Piks—'

'More properly Picts,' interrupted the Baronet.

'I say the Pikar, Pihar, Piochtar, Piaohtar, or Penghtar,' vociferated Oldbuck; 'they spoke a Gothic dialect—'

'Genuine Celtic,' again asseverated the knight.

'Gothic! Gothic! I'll go to death upon it!' counter-asseverated the squire.

Since the time of Scott, fresh information on the mysterious race has been collected, and we have now, for the first time, a scholarly analysis of what remains to us, which we cannot introduce to our readers in more appropriate words than those of our author:—

"In human beings the recollections of infancy are the most vivid and tenacious, and every change of circumstance or of place in early years impresses itself with an indelible mark on the memory, so that, while the recollections of middle life become faint and dim with advancing years, those of the nursery still stand out in the background with a clear and distinct light, and can be produced in all their original vividness. In like manner with races of men in an early stage of their social condition, the events of the infancy of the race, its migrations and settlements, seem to be indelibly impressed on the national memory, are the subject of songs and ballads, and become interwoven into such oral literature as they possess, while their history, after they become a settled people, may become to them a dreary blank, till the progress of civilisation and society creates something like national annals among them.

"Such ethnological traditions, however, in time lose the form of simple narrative, and assume a mythic and symbolic shape, which, though bearing the outward semblance of fable, still preserve the recollection of real ethnological fact. This mythic and symbolic form of the early ethnological traditions of the various tribes which form the population of the country, usually presents itself in two different aspects, according as the one idea or the other prevailed. According to the one, these tribes were a series of colonies arriving in the country at different times, and succeeding each other as occupants of the land, and their migrations from some distant land, in which some fancied resemblance in name or customs had fixed their origin, are minutely detailed. According to the other, each race is represented by an *eponymus*, or supposed common ancestor, bearing a name derived from that of the people, and the several *eponyms* representing the population of the country are connected in an ethnological genealogy, in which they appear as fathers, brothers, or cousins, according to their supposed relation to each other."

We find both these existing in the documents of the particular race with which we have to do. On the one hand, we have Al-

banus, the eponymus of the Gwyddyl or Gael, called the brother of Brittnu, and progenitor of the Alban, from whom the Scots and Picts took their origin. Also we find the ethnology of the inhabitants of North Britain represented under the form of successive colonizations. Three tribes are brought to Alban, according to the Triads, and remain there: the race of Gwyddyl, or Gael generally; the red Gwyddyl, from Ireland, that is the Scots; and the Gwyddyl Ffichti or Gael Picts. The whole testimony of the Britons themselves, and the inferences to be drawn from tradition, clearly range the Picts as a people with the Gaelic division of the great Keltic race, and not with the Cymric or British.* They point to their race and language both being Gaelic, but though this may be true of a central body of the people, yet there are indications that the more outlying or frontier Picts were mixed with other races, especially with the Saxons, the Irish Scots, and the Britons. Thus the Picts and Saxons are mentioned by Ammianus as united in the second great Barbarian invasion of the Roman provinces, and in Constantine's Life of St. German the two races are mentioned in close union in 529. In 503 a settlement of Irish Scots occupied a portion of the Pictish kingdom of Dalriada or Argyleshire, while Higden, in his Polychronicon, declares that they were also mixed up with the Britons. Each of these races occasionally saw a king of their own upon the throne. At length the Scoti succeeded in converting the accession of one of their race to the crown, in right of his Pictish blood through female descent, into a permanent supremacy over the Pictish population of the country, when gradually the people disappeared among the Scots, and the name became lost.

Beside the testimony of tradition in the two forms which we have just indicated, there are three other sources whence we may draw conclusions more or less satisfactory—(1.) The allusions in foreign contemporaneous writers; (2.) The remains of language indicating its own ethnical relation to languages spoken by other races; and (3.) The inferences to be derived from the topography of the districts which the sept in question

* We know little or nothing of the relation between the ancient language of Gaul and the rest of the Keltic family except from the names that occur in Cæsar. Of the first there are no living remains. It lasted in some of the districts of France till the fifth century. In Sulpicius Severus's *Life of St. Martin of Tours*, in that age, a distinction is drawn between the two languages.—*Tu vero vel Celticè aut si mavis Gallicè loquere dummodo jam Martinum loquaris.*

have been known to have occupied. It is true that the evidence from the last two must be taken with some reservation; there may have been the infusion of a foreign element in the language, and the names of places may have belonged to a still more primitive race. With these abatements, however, an approximation to the truth may be obtained from all.

I. Under the first head, that of foreign writers, we learn that the Picts unquestionably existed as a known people and as an independent nation, possessing a political organization, and a known language, in which they read the Holy Scriptures, till the middle of the ninth century. Then till the twelfth the name of Pict is known as the denomination of one element in a population formed of two races, but combined under one monarch. After the twelfth century the name disappears as applied to any portion of the population of Scotland. Bede testifies to the first of these statements. Henry of Huntingdon, in 1135, writing in the second period, makes the curious remark that the Picts seemed destroyed, and their language so entirely obsolete that it seemed like a fable that their mention was made in the annals. Considering that the Picts occupied a division at the Battle of the Standard in the very year in which Henry wrote, and that Richard of Durham says their language was still spoken at Kirkecubright, we must (even if we allow, which there is no reason for doubting, that the mediæval chroniclers understood by Picts the same race that had existed some centuries before) take the statement with the reservation that the Picts had ceased to be a separate nation, and were fused with their neighbours, while their language, which had once been written, had degenerated into a provincial dialect or *patois*.

II. The scanty relics of the Pictish language are next very ingeniously used by Mr. Skene to illustrate the ethnical position of the nation. And here we must remark *en passant* that the singular advantage of being a scholar in Welsh, Gaelic, and Irish gives him a right to speak with such authority as few scholars in England possess. After stating that the modern condition of the different Keltic dialects probably represents that of none of the ancient ones, he remarks that there run through them all two distinctive differences, which must have existed before their introduction into Britain, if not before their entrance into Europe. These differences sever the languages into two—(1.) The Cymric, containing Breton, Welsh, and Cornish; (2.) The Gaelic, containing Manx, Irish, and Scotch Gaelic, which

resemble each other more closely than the three Cymric dialects do each other. Each of the dialects composing the one class possesses in common those great distinctive differences which separate them from the three dialects which compose the other class, but, on the other hand, all are children of one common parent. Two-thirds of the vocabulary are common to all the dialects; the great number of the primitive adjectives are the same; the irregular forms bear a smaller proportion to the regular forms than usual, but the irregular forms bear a remarkable analogy to each other. The permutation of the initial consonants common to all gives the means of discriminating the different dialects. The phonetic laws of transformation between Gaelic and Welsh are perfectly well known, and they become the test whereby to determine to which sept the Pictish belongs. When Scott wrote the *Antiquary* only one Pictish word was known, and that had been preserved by Venerable Bede. It is Peanfahel. Since that time there have been discovered Ur, Scolloft, Cartit, Duiper,* and a considerable number of proper names, both of places and persons. The phonetic changes in these words exhibit Pictish as occupying an intermediate place between Cymric and Gaelic, leaning to the one in some of its laws, and to the second in others. It is, to speak more correctly, a Gaelic dialect partaking largely in Welsh forms. This is confirmed by the historical fact that St. Columba the Scot† could be understood in familiar conversation, but not in preaching, by the Picts.

"I consider," says Mr. Skene, p. 188, "that Pictish was a low Gaelic dialect; and, following out the analogy of high and low German, the result I come to is, that Cymric and Gaelic had each a high and low variety; that Cornish and Breton were high Cymric dialects, Welsh low Cymric; that old Scottish, spoken by the Scotti, now represented by the Irish, Scotch Gaelic, and Manx, were the high Gaelic dialect, and Pictish the low Gaelic dialect."

When the Picts came into contact with the Cymric in Galloway and Manan, the mixed language and blended forms which resulted from the communication is the language which is known to Bede as Pictish.

III. The third source whence we may derive knowledge on ethnology generally, and specially in the case of the Picts, is the etymology of places; but here there is a danger lest the inquirer be led astray by resemblance in sound only. Arguments

* Reeves' *Adamnan*, p. 63.

† *Ibid.*, p. 62, n. 145.

from mere similarity in sound to words in an existing language overlook many important considerations, not the least weighty of which is the gradual change and corruption which go on. The whole question is not arbitrary, but must be determined by the strictest laws of philology. A double process can be detected. On the one hand, the language itself changes, and no longer exactly represents the ideas which existed when the local nomenclature was formed. On the other hand, the topographical terminology by corruption diverges day by day from the spoken language. Where the population has remained the same, and the dialect in which the names were given is still the spoken language of the district, the names either remain in their original shape; in which case they represent the archaic form of the language, or they undergo a change analogous to that of the written tongue. Obsolete names disappear as obsolete words drop out of the language, and are represented by more modern vocables. Where there has been a change in the population, and the older race has been replaced by a people speaking a kindred dialect, the names of places are subjected to the dialectic change which characterizes the rest of the speech of the inhabitants. There are some striking instances of this, where a British form has been superseded by a Gaelic one, *e. g.*, Kirkintulloch, the old form of which, Nennius informs us, is Caerpentalloch, *kin* being the Gaelic equivalent for the Welsh *pen*; Penicuik, the old name of which is Peniacop; or Kincaid, the ancient designation of which was Pencoed.

"When the new language is of a different family, the old name is stereotyped in the shape in which it was when the one language superseded the other, becomes unintelligible to the people, and undergoes a process of change or corruption of a purely phonetic character. In the former case it is chiefly necessary to apply the philological laws of the language to its analysis. In the latter, which is the case with the Celtic topography of the low country, it is necessary, before attempting to analyse the name, to ascertain its most ancient form, which often differs greatly from its mere modern aspect."—P. 147.

It is with these that we have chiefly to do. The first important thing is to distinguish between the generic terms, such as the words for *mountain, river, valley*, and the like, and the specific ones, *great, or small*, etc. etc. When the objects of nature remain in their eternity, the names applied by the original inhabitants are generally retained by their successors, but with some phonetic corruptions, as Aberbuthnoth becomes Arbuthnot.

On the other hand, when the districts are successively occupied by different branches of the same race speaking different dialects, the generic terms exhibit dialectic differences; thus the Welsh *Pen* is the Gaelic *Ceann*, and the Gaelic *Fionn* is the Cymric *Gwynn*. The comparison of generic terms thus helps to indicate the race of the aborigines, and even to discriminate between the different branches of the several races. Bal, Col, Dal, Drum, Inch, Inver, Aber, Pit, etc., are all generic terms, and from these we may approximate to the knowledge as to the branch of the great Keltic family to which each place may belong. Mr. Skene, after showing how fallacious are the rough generalizations of Chalmers, and the more recent inductions of Isaac Taylor, from the supposed positions of the Invers and Abers (which, indeed, are the same word pronounced with or without the aspirated *m*, or *anuswara*, as it is termed in the Sanscrit Grammar), gives us the following accurate table (p. 88) of the distribution of the Keltic local terminology.

Taking then the test of the Cymric *Pen*, *Gwynn*, *Gwern*, and *Gwydd*, the Gaelic equivalents of which are *Ceann*, *Fionn*, *Fearn*, and *Fiodh*, to determine whether the topography of the country indicates a Welsh or Gaelic occupation, and applying it to the names given in the works of the anonymous geographer of Ravenna in the seventh century, Mr. Skene detects a Cymric population along the Roman wall from Tyne to Solway, and a Gaelic one between Forth and Clyde. If the same test be applied to the actual terminology, it will be found that with one exception the British *Pen* does not occur north of the Forth, and the other Welsh terms only occur in the Gaelic equivalents. And, analysing a step further with reference to the Pictish language, we find five terms peculiar to the district occupied by that race, — *Auchter*, *Pit*, *Pitten*, *For*, and *Fin*. Thus while the generic terms do not show the existence of any Cymric race north of the Forth, "we find traces of an older and more recent form of the Gaelic—the one keeping labials and dentals, the other gutturals; the one hardening consonants into tenues—the other softening them by aspiration; the one having Abers and Invers—the other having Invers alone; the one a low Gaelic dialect—the other a high Gaelic dialect; the one I conceive the language of the Picts—the other of the Scots."

Having settled the relation between the Pictish language and the rest of the Gwyddyl family, Mr. Skene proceeds to trace the extremely obscure history of the septa who were opposed to them—the *Gwyr y Gogled*,

GENERIC TERMS.	SCOTLAND.														
	IRELAND.	WALES.	Angli.		Britones.				Picti.				Scoti.		
			Berwick, Roxburgh, Haddington.	Mid Lothian, Linlithgow.	Selkirk, Peebles.	Dumfries.	Ayr, Renfrew, Lanark.	Stirling, Dumbarton.	Perth.	Fife, Kinross.	Forfar.	Kincardine, Aber- deen, Banff.		Elgin and Nairn, Inverness, Ross, and Sutherland.	Kirkcaldy, Wigton.
Aber.....		W	3	3		4			12	4	7	18	6		
Ard.....	65							16	34	6	14	60	51	5	10
Arn.....								4	15	5					
Ar.....		W													
Auch.....	15							25	24	5	27	162	153	15	107
Auchin.....				4		23		88	34	30		22	1	25	
Auchter.....										6	10	6	12	4	
Auld.....													33	9	
Bal.....								36	63	90	88	127	67	59	50
Balna.....												10			
Ballie.....	104														
Ballin.....															
Belloch.....	80	W						0							
Bellie.....															14
Ban.....										16					
Bar.....						27		66	6		11			90	19
Barn.....															
Blair.....								16	51	29	5	11	8		
Bo.....													10		
Carn.....	28							11		13	8	14	15	4	
Car.....		W	8	5		12		36	19	7	15	10	18	5	15
Col.....										7			17		
Corrie.....										9				8	
Cambus.....										12					
Olon.....	93					8		13						7	
Craig.....	16	W		19		21		42	21	43	25	12	46	8	31
Cors.....		W				14								9	
Cul.....	39							47		25	11		22	7	
Cumber.....						6			4						
Cult.....										10					
Dal.....	10	W				20		82	8	52					11
Drum.....	64					30		50	51	33	25	16	10	57	25
Dun.....	15		3	6		14		16	17	21	11	17		20	14
Fetter.....													4		
For.....										13	9	11			
Fin.....										14	5	4		3	
Glen.....	35	W	5		17	42		44		56		23	22	14	61
Gar.....								34					17		23
Garth.....		W						10	23	13					10
Inch.....	90								18	30	25	10	17	11	
Iron.....															15
Inver.....	0							5	32	10	16	37	69		14
Kin.....	50		3					6	43	54	52	83	57		7
Knock.....	29					5		64		6			82	50	37
Larg.....		W												15	
Lin.....		W									5				
Lan.....	8	W									9				6
Lath.....															
Loch.....	100			7		14		14	16	30	18		15	19	10
Locher.....						5									
Led.....									6	6					
Mon.....	14							7		11	13	13	31		
Mul.....	15														
Pen.....		W	0	3		5		7							11
Penny.....															
Pet.....												30	5		
Pit.....										75	52	88	10	10	
Pitten.....										7	9				
Pol.....						13		7	6	0				17	0
Port.....	22														
Ra.....	63									17	0				
Strath.....										19	13		27	35	13
Stron.....															17
Stuck.....									8						5
Tar.....												14			
Tra.....															
Tom.....									11						
Tor.....				11		11					9		21	22	10
Tullie.....													38		
Tulli.....									7	25		11	42	7	
Tulloch.....	17								5				10		

the men of the north, the occupants of the great Cymric kingdom stretching from the head of Loch Lomond, occupying the counties of Dumbarton, Renfrew, Lanark, Ayr, Wigton, Dumfries, Roxburgh, Cumberland, Westmoreland, and joining Wales on the south. With great ingenuity and learning the incidents of the poems are localized, the heroes of the poems identified.* The incidents are found to have occurred in that region previous to the twelfth century, and actual proof is obtained as to their antiquity, from the circumstance that events mentioned in them are found to correspond with other documents which have descended to us, so that the law of verification from without, if not that of undesigned coincidence so ably used by Paley, applies to the matter in question. Of these documents the most important are the *Bonhed Gwyr y Gogledd*, giving the pedigrees of some of the Reguli or princes of the district, the genealogies annexed to Nennius in 977, and the lives of some of the Cambro-British saints, such as Saint Cadocus. The result is that portions of the poems will stand the test, and may be assumed to be the literature of the Cymric inhabitants of the district in question before that kingdom was subdued by the Saxon King in 941.

"As soon as this view of their birthplace and home is recognised, localities are identified, warriors recognised, and allusions heretofore obscure become intelligible. During the last half-century of the Roman dominion in Britain, the most important military events took place at the northern frontier of the province, where it was chiefly assailed by those whom they called the barbarian races, and their troops were massed at the Roman walls to protect the province. After their departure, it was still the scene of a struggle between the contending races for supremacy. It was here that the provincial Britons had mainly to contend under the Galedig against the invading Picts and Scots, succeeded by the resistance of the native Cymric population of the north to the encroachment of the Angles of Bernicia.

"Throughout this clash and jar of contending races, a body of popular poetry appears to have grown up, and the events of this never-ending war, and the dim recollections of social changes and revolutions, seem to have been reflected in national lays attributed to bards supposed to have lived at the time in which the deeds of their warriors were celebrated, and the legends of the country preserved in language which, if not poetical, was figurative and obscure.

"It was not till the seventh century that

these popular lays, floating about among the people, were brought into shape, and assumed a consistent form. The sudden rise of the Cymric population to power under Cadwallawn, and the burst of national enthusiasm and excited hope, found vent in poetry. The Cymry were stimulated to combined effort by the voice of the bards, and poems were composed, and the more ancient lays either adapted to their purpose, or embedded as fragments in their own compositions. It is in the seventh century that I place these poems in their earliest consistent shape, and I do not attempt to take them further back."

It would be foreign to the intentions of such a review as this, which seeks merely to popularize an obscure and unattractive subject, to enter into the details of the controversy which has been raised on the value of the ancient books of Wales. That controversy must be read in the works of Mr. Nash and Mr. Stephen, and in the learned pages of our author. It is sufficient to indicate his result, which is, that four eras in the history of the Cymry seem to connect themselves with these poems:—

1. The era of Cadwallawn and of Cadwalladr, in which the poems were first brought into shape. The sudden rise of the Welsh into power under the first of these kings expressed itself in poetry, and when this collapsed, the necessity of keeping alive the national spirit under the misfortunes of his successor, continued to animate the Muse.

2. The time of Howel dda in 948, when the poems found for the first time a home in South Wales, and the incidents which had hitherto been supposed to have occurred in Strathelyde and the north came to be attached to Gwynnedd, so that North Wales got credited with the exploits of a still more northern country.

3. The epoch of Rhys ap Tewdwr, when the introduction of the Arthur-myth from Brittany led to the composition of *Bruts* and *Mabinogion*,—to the fabrication both of prose compositions and of spurious poetry, confessedly imitating the earlier work.

4. The time of King Henry II., the actual date of the *Black Book of Caermarthen*, in which there are indications that in some of the poems the writer had transcribed from some older record, and had not always understood what he wrote.

Having followed our author in his conclusions as to the dates of these interesting documents, it remains for us to say something of their poetic character. It cannot be doubted that the first impression which they give is one of disappointment. Their literary merit is immensely inferior to the authentic portions of Ossian, and not equal

* Mr. Skene is the first to have discovered among the Peniarth mss. the document printed in the Appendix, vol. ii. No. 1, in which the name of the men of Gogledd is applied to the families in which the heroes mentioned in these poems are to be found.

to the Irish poems lately published by Dr. Todd. But it must be borne in mind that the translators in the present instance have confined themselves to a very rigorous method, which seeks to give the sense, such as it is, in the baldest and most unattractive form. This was necessary, from what had gone before. Previous translations had been utterly worthless. Catching at the meaning of a few of the words, the interpreter drew on his imagination, and a paraphrase in florid English was often the result. As might be expected, every version was different, and there was not even an approximation to certainty in the rendering. The first step towards accuracy was to give literally the meaning of every Welsh word in its equivalent English, leaving it to after study to determine the sense. Not only in many cases is the text possibly corrupt, but among races such as the Keltic it was often regarded as bardic merit to be obscure. Though there was no esoteric heathen cultus insinuated by such hidden allusions, there was a manifestation of intellectual pride in far-fetched ideas, which, while they taxed the ingenuity of the hearer to discover, gave great glory to the poet who invented them. Furthermore, it must be borne in mind that we have lost many of the key-notes to the interpretations. Proverbs now forgotten were then familiar to all, and were quoted with more or less appositeness on the strength of that very familiarity. Allusions to customs in every-day life, now obsolete, must also be taken into account. The impossibility of understanding Aristophanes without the light thrown on Athenian life by the scholiasts is analogous to the difficulty in making out the sense of the Cymric poems, which arises from our ignorance of the daily habits of those who composed them.

Besides, we must bear in mind the primary intention of all poems produced by such a state of civilisation as mediæval Wales. It was not merely to give *éclat* to the feast of the chieftain, or to minister to his family pride; it was by recording events, at once to supply the place of history and to keep up the national spirit. The bards were the national annalists. Actual events were embalmed in these metrical compositions. Once embalmed, they were a treasure for ever. The rhythm helped the memory. In those Keltic races the power of remembering verse is a special gift.* Dr. Petrie used to

mention a case in Ireland which came under his special notice. A manuscript pedigree of one of the ancient families carried on the record of that race till the seventeenth century, and was known to Irish scholars. Dr. Petrie heard that there was an old woman, a Miss O'Lochlin, who was able to repeat it. He described how he went to an obscure village in the south, where in a hut he found an aged woman in extreme poverty, but with a certain dignity of manner which betokened gentle blood. After introducing himself to her he obtained her consent to chant the pedigree, and she not only sang correctly what was known of the family from the manuscript, but continued the succession to the present time.

This strictly historical intention of the poems accounts for the absence of the most potent of all earthly inspirations—the relations between the sexes. The beauty of woman is never the theme, nor is interest drawn from successful or unsuccessful love. As an offset, no impurity defiles the work of Taliessin or Llywarch Hen. Yet there is a deep underlying sense of the beauty of things created, and there is a dithyrambic swing about some of the verses that is not to be despised—thus (p. 349):—

What is the noise: is it the earth that quakes?

Or is it the sea that swells?

Whitened, clinging together, against the infantry.

If there is a cry on the hill,

Is it not Urien that terrifies?

If there is a cry in the valley,

Is it not Urien that pierces?

If there is a cry on the mountain,

Is it not Urien that conquers?

If there is a cry on the slope,

Is it not Urien that wounds?

If there is a sigh on the dyke,

Is it not Urien that is active?

A cry of a journey over the plain,

A cry in every meandering vale.

Or this from the Gododin poems (p. 430):—

Mine, the praising of Urien,

Of splendid purity of life.

Very keen his conduct of hosts,

The ruddy-reaping of the steep.

Reddyn formed them,

At the battle in Harddnenwys,

It was Ynyr that broke them to pieces.

A hundred festivals holding

A hundred friends he defended.

I saw mighty men,

Who hastened to the shout of war;

I saw blood on the ground

From the assault of swords.

They tinged with blue the wings of the dawn;

They threw off the spears.

* Giraldus Cambrensis (*Descriptio Kambrie*, p. 200) says, "Genealogiam quoque generis sui quilibet observat et non solum avos atavos et tritavos sed usque ad sextam et septimam et ultra procul generationem memoriter et promptè genus enarrat in hunc modum Resus filius Grifhini," etc., etc.

Three hundred festivals complete of the renowned

Ynyr, on the earth indeed there will be redness.

The following simile is striking (p. 379):—

And now the early leader,
The sun is ascending,
The sovereign, from which emanates universal light.

The Pleasant Things of Taliessin not only give one a remarkable picture of the objects which went to make the daily life of the Cymry happy, but exhibit a certain poetical power; and "Bright are the Ash-tops," in the Red Book of Hergest, indicates no ordinary appreciation of the pleasure to be derived from the contemplation of nature, though it is difficult to follow the subtle association which suggests the different moral aphorisms connected with each flower and plant.

Lastly, we must make allowance for the office of sound and of music. Giraldus says:—

"In cantilenis rhythmicis et dictamine tam subtiles inveniuntur, ut miræ et exquisitæ inventionis lingua propria tam verborum quam sententiarum properant orationes. Unde et poetas quos Bardos vocant, ad hoc deputatos in hac natione multos invenies. . . . Præ cunctis tamen rhetoricis exornationibus annominatione magis utuntur: eaque præcipue specie quæ primas dictionum literas vel syllabas conventientia jungit." *

However, with every abatement as to literary merit, it must be recollected that these rude productions are among the earliest specimens of a vernacular literature possessed by any of the existing nations of Europe. There are found, indeed, in the Acts of the Council of Leptines, A.D. 743, certain parts of the Baptismal Service in Teutonic, the first record of the great German language, which has exercised such influence on the progress of the human mind; and some of the Irish literature is no doubt of remote antiquity; but still the fact remains, that here we have, mixed up with spurious imitations, some genuine productions of a distant age, throwing light on a very peculiar state of society, and embalming many obscure historical facts.

But they also throw much light on the curious question of the religious state of Wales during the dark ages. Of the devotional literature which illustrates this our knowledge is not great; but, such as it is, it is interesting. A service in honour of St.

German (MSS. Bodl. 572) is the oldest extant liturgical text of the churches of South Britain, and alludes to the madness of the cruel and ambitious Guortigern. In Wales proper we have an early office of St. David preserved in Ricemarch's Life, written in A.D. 1090, also two later post-communion collects in honour of St. Teilo. The Achan y Saint contain material for much ecclesiastical history, and the letter of Aldhelm to Geruntius * in 692 gives a vivid picture of the bigotry of the priests of the Demetæ, who lived beyond the Bay of Severn, in the matter of the Tonsure and Paschal Cycle. A few legendary lives of the saints, and some most interesting penitential Canons throwing much light on the morality of priest and people, must also be made mention of. Beyond these, we have few indications of the Cymric religion, and therefore the hymns and poems in the four ancient books are worthy of study in this respect. These divide themselves into— (1.) Poems purely religious; (2.) Secular poems, with a marked religious sentiment in them; and (3.) Poems which contain scraps of Latin, which seem to have been portions of hymns sung in church.

The mediæval religion of Wales was probably similar to that of the cognate Kelts of Ireland, with certain local differences. The devotion to holy wells, so popular in Ireland, had a noted illustration in St. Winifred's, which to this day draws votaries to its healing waters. The reverence for bells and *baculs*, or pastoral staves, is attested by Giraldus (pp. 27, 213), and the miracles cited by him are very similar to those recorded in the Hagiology of that country. The same type of ascetic sanctity which marks the early saint of Erin is found among the Cymry. The development of the enormous monastic system, is indicated in the accounts of some of the institutions, such as Llan Caryn, and Caer-Wogorn.† The same processes of alienation of Church lands, and their conversion into lay inheritances, which were so frequent in Scotland and Ireland, took place in Wales, with this difference, that the law of Gavelkind, which obtained in Wales, split them up into moieties, and the like. The marriage of the clergy continued as a recognised institution till at least A.D. 1200. Four successive bishops of Llandaff were married men, with families. With all this, there was an eminent sense of the supernatural. The religious temper of the people was full of reverence. They had the most awful faith in the

* Migne's *Patrologia*, lxxxix. 90.

† See Rees's *Welsh Saints*, p. 122.

* *Giraldi Descriptio Cambriæ*, p. 87.

Divine interposition in the affairs of life, but withal they were liable to fiercest outbreaks of bloodthirsty passion, soon assuaged, but very madness while they lasted. The history of the Church is the record of vigorous efforts at discipline over a nation so constituted, often indeed taking the shape of a vindication of the respect due to the Church, as where the gravamen of such offence is considered the perjury that has been committed after swearing amity on the sacred relics.

Darker forms of a semi-heathen cultus are not wanting. One of the first acts of the English Reformation was the destruction of the image of Darvel Gatheren. It was brought to London, and with the chips Friar Forest was burnt for denying the King's supremacy, Latimer preaching the condemned sermon. A few months previous to this, Our Lady's Taper at Cardigan, which was said to have burnt nine years, and then to have gone out for ever on account of the perjury of some one who had sworn falsely by it, was, "on experiment, proved submissive to a last conflagration." *

The very best of these effusions, so far as the sense is concerned, are those which express the simple truths of religion. Meigant's "Not to call upon God," † and "Christ Jesus, who art in perfect possession of light," ‡ in the Red Book of Hergest, contain admirable sentiments. The obscure poem of Taliessin, where he passes over into a description of the physical sufferings of our Lord in His Passion, is striking (p. 556):—

Those that placed me on the cross
I knew when young.
That drove me on the tree,
My head hung down.
Stretched were my two feet,
So sad their destiny.
Stretched with extreme pain
The bones of my feet.
Stretched were my two arms,
Their burden will not be.
Stretched were my two shoulders,
So diligently it was done.
Stretched were the nails,
Within my heart.
Stretched was the spiking,
Between my two eyes.
Thick are the holes
Of the crown of thorns in my head.
The lance was struck
And my side was pierced.
It will be struck to you also,
As your right hand (struck me).
To you there will be no forgiveness,
For piercing me with spears.
And the Ruler we knew not
When thou wert hung.

* Fronde's *Hist.* vol. iii. p. 287-294.

† P. 502. ‡ P. 493.

Ruler of heaven, Ruler of every people!
We knew not, O Christ! that it was thou.
If we had known thee,
Christ, we should have refrained from thee.

The doctrine of the Incarnation is distinctly stated—"The glorious God sits on the lap of Mary his counterpart." The common theological formula is "God the son of Mary," an expression which is like one in St. Jerome, but which probably dates long after the Council of Ephesus, which produced a crop of new words and expressions, such as *θεομητορ*. It will be recollected that M. Comte, reasoning from such terms as this, maintains that the period in the world's history when monotheistic ideas were most prevalent, was that of the eleventh and twelfth centuries.* The effect of the Incarnation is clearly stated in one of the anonymous poems from the Black Book of Caermarthen (p. 512):—

God delivered us when he assumed flesh.
Man would have been lost, had He not ransomed him, according to his glorious ordinance.
From the bloody Cross came redemption to the whole world.
Christ the mighty Shepherd, his merits never fail.

Beside that of the blessed Virgin, † we find the intercession of St. Michael ‡ alluded to. The great European devotion to him came in about A.D. 493, after what was termed the Apparition in Monte Gargano. None of the numerous local sacred personages are mentioned. Taliessin's Elegy of the Thousand Sons, § records the number of the saints in scores, but neither Teilo nor David nor any of the historic saints are mentioned by name. Purgatory is not referred to, and Uffern is more than once termed "the cold refuge," also, "moist Uffern."

There are many passages which remind one of the celebrated Llorica of St. Patrick, but none of them come up to the sublimity of that remarkable poem. ||

A point deserving consideration is the existence of certain Latin quotations, which as presented to us in their present form, are

* Vide Comte, *Politique Positive*, pp. 428-432, Paris, 1843.

† P. 508.

‡ See Rees' *Welsh Saints*. This is an indirect argument in favour of the antiquity of the poem. See also Brut y Tywysog, p. 717.

§ P. 545.

|| Given in Todd's *St. Patrick*, p. 426. A spirited translation was made by the unfortunate James Clarence Mangan, *Poems*, p. 413. New York, 1859.

not always amenable to the laws of grammar. Thus at page 285 :—

Pater noster ambulo
Gentis tonans in adjuvando
Sibilem signum
Rogautes fortium.

And further on in the same poem :—

Hic nemo in por progenie.

Elsewhere there are scraps from the Vulgate, na "a bimatu et infra," brought in apparently without connexion with the context. Were these sounding words in the ecclesiastical language introduced to carry awe into the minds of his rude hearers by the bard, or are they in a corrupted form remains of real hymns used in the church service? In the *Elegy of the Thousand Sons* by Taliesin, not only do Latin phrases occur, but words that seem mere doggerel are adopted for the sound, such as Edris, Ertri, Kila, and Amanion Amabuti. Yet in the same poem there is preserved what is evidently part of a Christmas Prosa or Sequence, following the strict rhythmical laws which distinguish that form of religious poem. The actual verses as they are given, are not, so far as we are aware, known to Monke or Neale, and it would be very curious to trace out their paternity.

These records of the ancient belief of the Welsh are not only interesting from the points of view just indicated, but they form the first links of a chain, the end of which we now hold in our hands. The religion of Wales is likely to be an important element in the politics of the next twenty years. It is here that the question of the establishment of the Church of England will be tried under the most disadvantageous circumstances. We have alluded to some of the most notable features of the ancient Cymric Church, its marked Kelticism, and its modification by the nature of those who professed it. An interesting monograph might be written upon its fortunes. First we have an ancient national creed emerging from the obscurity of legend, then comes its gradual Romanization, the schism consequent thereon, and its final absorption into the great Western polity, not without the preservation of many of its local peculiarities. Time passes. The influence of England, now consolidated under Norman and Plantagenet, increases, and the struggle takes place between Nationalism and the see of Canterbury. This also ends in the enforcement of a foreign ecclesiastical domination, along with the continued assertion of local peculiarities. The pages of Giraldus Cambrensis give most graphic pic-

tures of this condition of things. The Welsh Church was under Canterbury before the Welsh State, such as it was, was under England. The prelates became Angloized, and the general corruption of the fifteenth century tainted all ranks and conditions. The Reformation found Wales ready to receive it. The Tudor Kings were popular there. Henry vii. had given the Welsh a charter of liberty and monarchy, in view of his descent from Owen Tudor, and his son, in 1536, by Act of Parliament, made a plenary incorporation of the Welsh with the English. The Reformation was generally accepted. The Prayer-book and Bible were immediately translated, and for a long time "no place has been more exact in keeping to the strict rubric and constitution of the Church of England, both as to substance and form of worship." The old Cymric veneration for sacred persons long survived. At Bangor, ninety years ago, wherever the Bishop came, all the people knelt down to receive his blessing. The clergy, though wretchedly poor, and in many cases obliged to eke out their scanty incomes by farming and other labour, were respected in their ecclesiastical capacity, the sacraments were held in awe, and many of the old pre-Reformation pious uses obtained among the peasantry. Then came the Wesleyan movement. All Wales was stirred to a man. The excitable people found here what they wanted—a religion of emotion, without any very severe claims by the austere side of Christianity. The result is that now religiously Wales has become a little Ireland; the upper classes are Anglican, while the whole heart of the nation is Methodist and Dissenting; and it requires no great political foresight to divine, that the problems in course of settlement in Ireland, when applied eventually to England, will receive their ultimate solution in a very marked degree by the actual aspect of Cymric Christianity, some of the earliest manifestations of which we have thus traced in "The Four Ancient Books of Wales."

ART. VII.—NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

THE institutions and social life of America would appear in some respects unfavourable to the production of any form of literary ac-

* "History of Wales, written originally in Welsh, by Caradoc of Llancarvan, and newly augmented by W. Wynne." Lond. 1677, p. 328.

tivity in which the imagination is principally concerned. There is a hardness and matter-of-fact quality alike about the types of character and the historical environments which the Western Continent presents to the writer's study and choice, while he himself is open to the same influences that tend to produce these general features of national life. There would seem, therefore, to be at once less favourable conditions for the generation of the idealistic faculty, on the one hand, and less material for its exercise, on the other. Notwithstanding this twofold operation of the practical and materialistic complexion of the life of that great nation, its literature is not without examples of conspicuous idealism. A country that can boast of three such contemporary authors as Emerson in Philosophy, Longfellow in Poetry, and Hawthorne in Pure Fiction, cannot be considered a barren or unhopeful soil for the cultivation of the richer fruits of the imagination.

As a literary artist, and in respect of that characteristic so difficult to analyse or define, but to which common consent has assigned the name Genius, it is questionable whether, among the distinguished and remarkable men whom America has produced, there is any one of higher rank than Nathaniel Hawthorne—if, indeed, his equal. He has no glittering brilliance to arrest vulgar notice, no high-pressure enthusiasm or sweeping passion hurrying away with whirlwind-power great and small that come within its range, nor that rude muscular force that compels attention and often commands assent. He is calm, dreamy, subtle; with an imagination most penetrating, a refined—almost a fastidious taste; and in his hands the pen becomes a very magician's wand, "creating," as he himself says, "the semblance of a world out of airy matter, with the impalpable beauty of a soap-bubble."

He is very far from being one of Carlyle's heroes: he is eminently the man of contemplation—not of action. His part in the drama of life—if it can be properly called a part in the drama at all—is not on the busy stage, mingling in the throng by whom the movement is carried on and the plot worked out; but aside, as a spectator, sympathizing with, yet critical of all, and recognising the hidden springs of the action and the influences, reaching from beyond the present and the visible, that sway the actors, with a far keener and more comprehensive sense than any of themselves. It could not be better expressed than in the words of Miles Coverdale, in reference to his own share of the transactions at Blithedale:—"It resembles that of the chorus in a classic play, which seems to be set aloof from the possibility of

personal concernment, and bestows the whole measure of its hope or fear, its exultation or sorrow, on the fortunes of others, between whom and itself this sympathy is the only bond." He is meditative, sympathetic, interpretative; too poised to be decisive; with an ear too justly open to the multitudinous voices within him, to become the clear and pronounced organ and advocate of any one. Hence at once a certain suggestiveness and reticence, a tendency to raise questions rather than to settle them, and a delicacy, almost diffidence of treatment, which by some is felt to be most insinuating, by others timid or tantalizing. There are dark and curious chambers within his consciousness, which perhaps a want of firmness and courage, perhaps a wise humility, restrains him from too rashly investigating, but the shadowy forms of which he often finds a pleasing subdued awe in watching and pointing out from a distance. He sees a mystery in every living thing,—not merely the mystery which profounder science discovers underlying every operation of Nature, and of which that operation is but the phenomenal result and expression, but a latent mystery which manifests itself often with seeming caprice, yet ever normally, finding its cause and sanction less in physical than in moral and spiritual forces and laws operating through the veil of sensible things that overlie them. Endowed with a deep appreciation of the wonderful complexity of life, he sees minutely interlacing tissues lost to grosser sense, and which sometimes, under unusual lights, present shifting and apparently unaccountable hues.

It is thus not difficult to understand that, with all his power, he is hardly what can be termed a popular author. In the present day, indeed, the popular taste has become so vitiated by unhealthy stimulus and coarse sensational excitement, that anything so refined as his flavour must be felt by all who indulge in such debauchery (we can use no milder term) to be cold, lifeless, vapid. He has nothing rough enough in the grain to affect senses so exhausted and debased, and if he had, he is too true an Epicurean to use it. He is dainty in his tastes, and by the dainty reader alone will he be relished. Not only, therefore, in these days of demoralizing fiction and over-wrought incident, will he be generally found to be too reflective and deficient in excitement to be attractive; at any time his fame is not likely to be that of the well-thumbed and dog-eared page. But even now he is, and one day we believe will be still more, generally regarded by competent readers as one of the most refined, tender, powerful, and highly imaginative writers in the English language.

His employment of that language in perfect adaptation to his purpose, is one of the most prominent charms of this author. We have said, he is dainty in his tastes. In nothing is he more dainty than in his use of words. He is a purist in style. It may, perhaps, be possible that scrutinizing eyes may detect here and there an expression that serves to mark his nationality. But his vocabulary is singularly choice and appropriate, and his style is a model of elegance. It is free from exaggeration or straining, and if it is generally unimpassioned, it is still more devoid of stiffness and dry ungeniality. It flows in a placid, gentle rill, always sweet and pellucid; sometimes in its clearness and purity, in its unobtrusive operation and quiet movement, it may rather be said to distil over upon its subject, and there to crystallize with curious refracting power, which reveals the image undimmed, but deflected from the direct line of vision. Optics supplies a parallel to another of its qualities. It often acts like a reversed telescope, throwing objects back into the distance, and imparting to them a fineness and delicacy and fairy-like aspect, so true and life-like that in no particular can they be found to differ from the realities seen when the glass is withdrawn, and yet with a subtle ethereal character and air of unreality. It is a style admirably adapted to his genius and proclivities, and seems with snake-like ease and grace to curve itself round the quaintest forms, and to insinuate itself into the most tortuous convolutions of thought and sentiment. So far as mere language is concerned, there are few writers that can produce effects of awe and terror and weird-like mystery with so simple means. He builds his magic edifice with small and plain materials, but disposed with such cunning art, that others more imposing and gorgeous would be felt to be vulgar and ostentatious in comparison.

There are, however, many minds, deeply thoughtful and full of generous sympathy, who find in his works neither the charm nor the high tone we would ascribe to them. His immense power—and that always exercised in the most temperate and unstrained manner—can hardly, we think, be denied; but he manifests a fondness for dealing with sides of our nature where assuredly the strength and cheerfulness of humanity do not lie, which by some is felt to be morbid. And we would admit at once that he often chooses subjects that are dangerous themes, and unfolds with curious scrutiny the working of emotions, the treatment of which in almost any other hands than his would degenerate into sickly sentimentalism or repulsive ugliness. In truth, he not only shows

a certain preference for handling such subjects, he sometimes almost seems to play with them. He turns them over and over as if loath to dismiss them or to leave a single point unexamined; he never wearies trying on them the effects of various positions and points of view. But we maintain that his apparent toying with such topics is only apparent. It is the mode in which minds like his question and investigate, and the more cautious and thorough the research the more protracted the seeming dalliance. It is, in fact, after a certain fashion, an application to Ethics of the Baconian experimental method of inquiry. He does not reason out his questions: he verifies them; and the experimental survey must be thorough and exhaustive to secure the inclusion of all possible contingencies. Moral and psychological problems, which by the abstract thinker would be analysed and abutely discussed, are by him—we shall not say solved, for positive solution is what he rarely ventures to commit himself to—but, in anatomical phrase, *demonstrated*, by exhibiting the bearings, the workings, and consequences of the data, in concrete and living forms in many and various aspects. Given combinations of moral and spiritual forces are not judged of speculatively. He reduces them to experiment and illustration. He embodies them in the creatures of his imagination, in their character and circumstances, and with the unerring sympathy and instinct of genius he inspires them with life and evolves the results, leaving these to speak for themselves.

That in the prosecution of such experimental Ethics through the instrumentality of the imagination, he evinces somewhat the spirit and tendency of a casuist, must perhaps be granted, in the sense that he generally selects cases which are out of the ordinary run of daily life, which are delicate, fine, and intricate in the complexity and often in the contradictoriness of their elements, and which cannot be decided—which he at least is too judicial, too conscientious to decide—in the rough and ready style, and by the sound, but not always nicely discriminating rules that prevail with salutary result in practical and busy life. The questions he raises are for the most part too complicated and difficult to be dealt with by so coarse though effective an instrument as the so-called strong common sense of the upright man of the world. Such a man would misjudge them, or if his conclusions were right, they would be so on false premisses, and irrespective of considerations that ought to obtain recognition. Hawthorne rests satisfied with no such haphazard and superficial treatment. He manipulates his combina-

tions with the utmost care and precision, to make sure the good there is may not be lost sight of, or to impress on us with haunting iteration the baneful effects on it of that with which it is associated.

An evidence of the general healthiness of his nature may be found in the scenes of sweet innocence and natural simplicity that abound in his works. The freshness of childhood and pictures of genial life and natural beauty have a charm for him, not less than the most intricate and complex tissue of strange and conflicting elements. Every reader must remember "The Old Manse," with its rich orchard, bounded by the sluggish waters of the Concord; its cobwebby library, the fishing excursion with Ellery Channing; the peaceful rest of its "near retirement and accessible seclusion;" its gentle joys "in those genial days of autumn, when Mother Nature, having perfected her harvests and accomplished every needful thing that was given her to do, overflows with a blessed superfluity of love, and has leisure to caress her children." How fresh and touching in its extreme simplicity, mixed with one or two touches of quiet humour, and relieved here and there at the close of a paragraph by a sudden turn of pleasantly quaint moralizing, is "Little Annie's Ramble." What a genuine eye for, and unaffected love of, what is purest, fairest in human nature, it reveals! How charming a half-dozen pages! and all about the commonest objects,—some would say, the veriest trifles of daily life. Little Pearl in *The Scarlet Letter*, in one of her more natural moods, playing by the seashore, while her mother converses with her outraged husband, is hardly less beautiful, if, in its connexion and collateral bearings, not quite so simple a picture of childhood:—

"At first, as already told, she had flirted fancifully with her own image in a pool of water, beckoning the phantom forth, and—as it declined to venture—seeking a passage for herself into its sphere of impalpable earth and unattainable sky. Soon finding, however, that either she or the image was unreal, she turned elsewhere for better pastime. She made little boats out of birch-bark, and freighted them with snail-shells, and sent out more ventures on the mighty deep than any merchant in New England; but the larger part of them foundered near the shore. She seized a live horse-shoe by the tail, and made prize of several five-fingers, and laid out a jelly-fish to melt in the warm sun. Then she took up the white foam, that streaked the line of the advancing tide, and threw it upon the breeze, scampering after it, with winged footsteps, to catch the great snow-flakes ere they fell. Perceiving a flock of beach-birds, that fed and fluttered along the shore, the naughty child picked up her apron full of pebbles, and, creeping from rock to rock after

these small sea-fowl, displayed remarkable dexterity in pelting them. One little grey bird, with a white breast, Pearl was almost sure had been hit, by a pebble, and fluttered away with a broken wing. But then the elf-child sighed, and gave up her sport, because it grieved her to have done harm to a little being that was as wild as the sea-breeze, or as wild as Pearl herself.

"Her final employment was to gather seaweed of various kinds, and make herself a scarf or mantle, and a head-dress, and thus assume the aspect of a little mermaid. She inherited her mother's gift for devising drapery and costume. As the last touch to her mermaid's garb, Pearl took some eel-grass, and imitated, as best she could, on her own bosom, the decoration with which she was so familiar on her mother's, a letter—the letter A—but freshly green instead of scarlet! The child bent her chin upon her breast, and contemplated this device with strange interest, even as if the one only thing for which she had been sent into the world was to make out its hidden import."

The heart that so sings in harmony with childhood's sweetest music can hardly be suspected of choosing and enjoying the delineation of horror or evil for its own sake. Even in his tales of darker shade and lurid light, these qualities are relieved, and their real character attested, by the bright sunshine and winning beauty that form the broader features of the picture. In this lies the contrast and moral superiority of his tales, even of most thrilling awe, to those of his wild, erratic countryman, Edgar Allan Poe; whose productions derive their chief fascination from the depth of unredeemed and unnatural horror they reveal. It may be, that what is strange and unusual in humanity has for Hawthorne rather more than a due share of attractiveness, but he never chooses evil for his study from a love of it; and delicate themes he always treats with the utmost delicacy. Nothing could exceed the purity, tenderness, and, at the same time, harrowing truthfulness, with which the sin of the "Scarlet Letter" and its fruits are portrayed. We regret we can extract no passage for illustration. Quotation here is of no avail. It is a delicacy, not of any one scene; but pervading the entire story, with a sustained tone that could be achieved only by a mind in which the highest delicacy of feeling is native and inherent. Very different results would such materials have yielded in the hands of a George Sand, or of a Victor Hugo. Even in those of not a few of our popular English novelists we should have seen over all "the trail of the serpent." It may be that Hawthorne exhibits too great a predilection for what may be considered curious experiments in the Chemistry of Ethics; but if he deals with poisons, it is to

make their real nature and effects known, even when they mingle with fair and good things,—never to trifle with and disguise them.

To the general soundness as well as fineness of moral feeling and judgment displayed in his works, we must admit, at least, one grave exception. His *Life of Pierce* might perhaps be disposed of as an ephemeral production, which, if it served its more immediate purpose, was never meant to do more; as unworthy, it may be, of his reputation and powers, but never put forth with the intention or hope of its surviving its temporary aims, and therefore to count for nothing in an estimate of his literary capacity and character. Were it merely worthless, this course might be followed. It were hard could one not help his friend to the Presidency by an electioneering pamphlet, without it being subjected to the same criticism as his more earnest and professedly artistic works. Such plea may be sustained for an innocent squib or *jeu d'esprit*. But how slight soever its proportions, how occasional soever its ostensible purpose, his *Life of Pierce* seeks to achieve that purpose by a treatment, neither apparently frivolous nor uncandid, of a question of the deepest import; and it would seem difficult to escape the dilemma, that either the opinions it sets forth are seriously entertained and advocated by the author, or the success of General Pierce was more to him than truth or falsehood in regard to a question as sacred as it is momentous. When General Pierce offered himself as a candidate for the Presidency, the repeal or the maintenance of the Fugitive Slave Act was the question of the day. Pierce was a declared pro-slavery man; and it is with extreme pain that we find Hawthorne advocating his claims as those of a "man who dared to love that great and grand reality—his whole united native country—better than the mistiness of a philanthropic theory." Still we are reluctant to allow ourselves to think that he was, in defiance of nobler convictions, basely prostituting his pen for electioneering purposes. We are rather disposed to believe that he distrusted the wisdom and ability as well as the moderation of the extreme Abolition party,—that he doubted whether violent effort to achieve promptly great social changes might not result in worse disaster. The gradual progress, the natural growth of the body social and politic, was one of the soundest lessons our own great statesman Burke taught. It may be easy for us now, with the result so far accomplished, to read the past in a different light. But we should not forget how little,

at one stage of the great struggle, many even of the most generous and philanthropic among ourselves sympathized with or had faith in the professions or the cause of the North. The heroic is born of intensity rather than of breadth and comprehension, and a man may see things on too many sides, unless he sees them all fully and in their just relations. With limited faculties activity may be paralysed by increased knowledge and breadth of view,—not by the calls to action appearing less, but by the objections to any particular action appearing greater. Some spirits are—

"framed
Too subtly pondering for mastery,"

or, indeed, for any independent action at all. The following reads less like a wise and humble distrust of human foresight and scheming, than a renunciation of enlightened moral agency and of free human aim and effort,—less like a submission to Providence than an acquiescence in Fate:—

"One view, and probably a wise one, looks upon slavery as one of those evils which Divine Providence does not leave to be remedied by human contrivances, but which, in its own good time, by some means impossible to be anticipated, but by the simplest and easiest operation, when all its uses shall have been fulfilled, shall vanish like a dream. There is no instance in all history of the human will and intellect having perfected any great moral reform by methods which it adapted to that end; but the progress of the world at every step leaves some evil or wrong on the path behind it, which the wisest of mankind, of their own set purpose, could never have found the way to rectify."*

While, however, we recognise a source of weakness and timidity in this scrupulous anxiety to discriminate and to balance, a shrinking from responsibility that tends to issue in a system almost of indifferentism, in forgetfulness of the fact that the responsibility of a *laissez-faire* decision is quite as great as that of one of interference, it is well that we should not confound this with deliberate pandering of clear and honest convictions to lower motives.

An inclination to a fatalistic view of the world and human affairs crops out in other parts of his writings, and perhaps it might form an interesting question how far this tendency may be due to his training in a school of mystic idealism, on the one hand, and to his experience of an attempt to realize a specious but unsound communism and social scheme for the amelioration of the

* *Life of Franklin Pierce*, pp. 118, 114.

universe in general, on the other. It were assuredly unjust to assume that the opinions expressed by any of his characters,—even those that by any preference or general approval or other token seem to lie nearest the personality of the author,—represent the author's own sentiments; and full account must be taken of the fact, that in what we now quote, the speaker is represented as undergoing a process of gradual but thorough deterioration alike morally and intellectually. Still, as that speaker is also portrayed as a man of indomitable will and self-reliance, and therefore presents no special appropriateness—at least no clear call or apology—for such views as he is made to utter, the expression of opinion, especially taken in connexion with the deliverance above given by the author in *propria persona*, is not without significance—

“Peace, Hester, peace!” replied the old man, with gloomy sternness,—“it is not granted me to pardon. I have no such power as thou tellest me of. My old faith, long forgotten, comes back to me, and explains all that we do, and all we suffer. By thy first step awry, thou didst plant the germ of evil; but since that moment it has all been a dark necessity. Ye that have wronged me are not sinful, save in a kind of typical illusion; neither am I fiend-like, who have snatched a fiend's office from his hands. It is our fate. Let the black flower blossom as it may! Now go thy ways, and deal as thou wilt with yonder man.”*

So again in that terrible interview by the brook-side in the forest, when Hester Prynne, in obedience to the requirement of her child, again fastens on her breast the stigma of her sin and shame, with the removal of which she had felt as if the burden of her life and its anguish had departed from her spirit, we read:—

“Hopefully, but a moment ago, as Hester had spoken of drowning it in the deep sea, there was a sense of inevitable doom upon her, as she thus received back this deadly symbol from the hand of fate. She had flung it into infinite space! She had drawn an hour's free breath! and here again was the scarlet misery glittering on the old spot! So it ever is, whether thus typified or no, that an evil deed invests itself with the character of doom.”†

A reflection made by the author in his own name at the end of *The Scarlet Letter*, in taking leave of two of the principal characters, affords less doubtful evidence of the transcendental influence of Emerson. As usual, his strongly undogmatic tendency restrains him from any positive assertion; but

the negation of any fundamental and ineradicable distinction between right and wrong, good and evil, is more than nibbled at:—

“Nothing was more remarkable than the change which took place, almost immediately after Mr. Dimmesdale's death, in the appearance and demeanour of the old man known as Roger Chillingworth. All his strength and energy—all his vital and intellectual force—seemed at once to desert him; inasmuch that he positively withered up, shrivelled away, and almost vanished from mortal sight, like an uprooted weed that lies wilting in the sun. This unhappy man had made the very principle of his life to consist in the pursuit and systematic exercise of revenge; and when by its completest triumph and consummation, that evil principle was left with no further material to support it, when, in short, there was no more Devil's work on earth for him to do, it only remained for the unhumanized mortal to betake himself whither his Master would find him tasks enough, and pay him his wages duly. But to all these shadowy beings, so long our near acquaintances,—as well Roger Chillingworth as his companions,—we would fain be merciful. It is a curious subject of observation and inquiry, whether hatred and love be not the same thing at bottom. Each in its utmost development supposes a high degree of intimacy and heart-knowledge; each renders one individual dependent for the food of his affections and spiritual life upon another; each leaves the passionate lover, or the no less passionate hater, forlorn and desolate by the withdrawal of his subject. Philosophically considered, therefore, the two passions seem essentially the same, except that one happens to be seen in a celestial radiance, and the other in a dusky and lurid glow. In the spiritual world, the old physician and the minister—mutual victims as they have been—may unawares have found their earthly stock of hatred and antipathy transmuted into golden love.”*

The view we have taken of his writings, as aiming before all else to be an embodiment of the operation and results of strange, involved, and conflicting combinations of moral and spiritual data, is quite in keeping with the very sparing use he makes of eventful incident. Perhaps no novelist so little depends on plot, or on the interest of outward circumstance. If the crucial merit of such a form of literary composition be, as some are disposed to hold, the continuous movement of a well-told story, few claims can be made in his favour. There is no romantic adventure; no gathering complications disentangled by sudden undreamt-of disclosures; no development of events in strict causal sequence, leading ultimately to startling unsuspected results, not even stir-

* *The Scarlet Letter*, p. 161.

† *Ibid.*, p. 198.

* *The Scarlet Letter*, pp. 248, 249.

ring movement of life. No more striking instance could be found of how little he depends on the interest of suspense, of doubt to be solved, of difficulty to be overcome, than is presented in the chapter of *Transformation* entitled "The Spectre of the Catacomb." The separation of one from the other members of a party visiting the Catacombs of Rome would seem to afford an occasion for a most natural, almost unavoidable scene of high-pitched interest and excitement. The reality of the danger; its magnitude and horror; the confusion of the searchers, themselves ignorant of the labyrinth, and each in imminent risk of being lost in the gloom and enlabyrinthment of the intersecting narrow passages; their proneness to rush hither and thither without plan; their eagerness and anxiety only multiplying the difficulties and the hazard; their hasty movements, now extinguishing their tapers, now carrying them past marks that are important for retracing their own steps; their flashing hopes and crushing disappointments;—all the details of such an event are what many writers of fiction would make a considerable digression to introduce—what hardly one would spurn. Yet Hawthorne, when Miriam is separated from her companions in the dismal corridors of St. Calixtus, after mentioning that the guide assured them that there was no possibility of rendering assistance unless by shouting at the top of their voices, quietly disposes of the crisis in a sentence:—"Accordingly they all began to shriek, halloo and bellow, with the utmost force of their lungs. And, not to prolong the reader's suspense (for we do not particularly seek to interest him in this scene, telling it only on account of the trouble and strange entanglement which followed), they soon heard a responsive call in a female voice." He dwells chiefly on the development of the results on the inner life of such events as are narrated—or implied; for often the event is already past, and only inferred, or its circumstantial details, and not unfrequently its actual nature left vague and undefined. Sometimes even—so little is made of mere outward actualities—a suggestion is offered of several possible cases, and the reader invited to make his choice. The actual facts of outward life, considered merely as facts, are held quite subordinate to the intellectual and moral influences with which they are charged; and these he sets forth with a patient minuteness and lingering scrutiny as if he suspected they might yet present some new aspect, or were afraid to close the record uncompleted.

It must not, however, be understood that we would imply that he is to be described as

an ideal portrait-painter. He does not, like Thackeray, sketch so many representative characters, illustrative at once of the specialities of the age and of the general human types to which they belong, and connect them by a narrative so slight, a train of events so uneventful, that the story seems little else than a thread to string such picture-beads on. He neither gives a detailed and many-sided portraiture, setting forth, as fully as that may be done, the complete individuality; nor, as is more the special power and practice of the great satirist we have named, a representation of one or two broad and distinctive traits, that form, as it were, the key-note to the character,—a dominating phase that gives tone and colour to all the rest, but still a partial and one-sided view, which, as it is left to stand for the whole, is in truth but a caricature. His forte rather is to delineate the most opposing and contradictory sides of a man, in all their contrasting struggling action and reaction. He displays, with the skill, and almost with the coolness, of an anatomist, the most intricate and conflicting passions and tendencies, as these are called forth by some critical event and its consequences. The characters presented to us by most of the novelists who aim chiefly at portraiture are for the most part stereotyped. They are shown in numerous combinations and surroundings, both to impress the leading qualities on the reader's attention, and to exhibit these qualities forcibly and fully in varied manifestation. But they are always the same; the quality may be displayed under altered circumstances, and again with more ramified operation, but is in itself to the end unmodified, and the closing manifestation, so far as it forms an element of the portrait, might as well have been the first. There is no progress, no growth. The task Hawthorne selects for himself is rather the development of the effects on character of some great absorbing interest. Not only does he subordinate the external conditions to the inner movements of life, as we have already pointed out; he represents the play of the mental mechanism less in the typical forms of definite classes, epochs, and localities, than in peculiar and strongly individualized cases unfolding under the influence of special, and often critical circumstances.

An effect of those characteristics of his productions to which we have been referring, is the withdrawal of the whole scene from the atmosphere of actual life. Thus one of the most pervading and conspicuous qualities of his works is their highly ideal character. They are rightly named "Romances." His personages do not generally come before

us with that force and air of actuality that form the charm of our more realistic writers of fiction. They and their doings are shadowy, remote, and beyond the sphere of habitual experience. Yet all is felt to be profoundly true,—not only what might be, but what in its essential nature *is*, within the heart and conscience. The embodying forms may be intangible shades, phantasmagoria, but the inner life they express finds within us the unhesitating responsive recognition of kindred. They are veritable human souls, though dwelling in a far-off world of cloud-land and moonshine.

With all this strongly ideal character consists a power, not unfrequently exercised, of most faithful and minute realistic painting. For example, the delightful picture of the old "Custom House" at Salem, which introduces *The Scarlet Letter*. How vividly reproduced are the old inspector and collector! One cannot read it without being affected by the sleepy, gossiping, superannuated character of the whole place. The very atmosphere seems somniferous. Or, again, in the chapter of *Transformation* entitled "Scenes by the Way," his exquisite description of rural scenes and manners in Tuscany, and of the villages and small ancient walled towns of northern Italy. Still, even his most telling and minutely detailed pictures of real life, with the truthfulness of a photograph, and the life-likeness of a portrait, are seen, as it were, through an ideal atmosphere. He sees everything through the halo of a poetic medium. All is real, but it is an old-world realness, quaint and mellow with age. The present is too hard, rigid, and unplastic for him. True American as he is, he finds himself straitened and out of his element amid the newness, the clearness of outline, the resistance to the modifying and moulding power of the imagination, of everything in the New World. There is no hoary tradition, no twilight history, no fabled antiquity, nothing picturesque or romantic. He has no play for his peculiar power. We trace this in his choice of subjects, as well as in his mode of dealing with them. He has a predilection for the farthest back times of New England life, the days of the Puritans, of trial for witchcraft; for old nooks crumbly and moss-grown, rusty parchments, a mouldering rag with traces of embroidery, of which "the stitch gives evidence of a now forgotten art, not to be recovered even by the process of picking out the threads;" for relics of a bygone age, antiquated habits, old-fashioned styles of character and modes of thought and feeling. He oftener than once openly complains of the stern inflexi-

bility of modern realities and American civilisation:—

"In the old countries with which fiction has long been conversant, a certain conventional privilege seems to be awarded to the romancer; his work is not put exactly side by side with nature; and he is allowed a license with regard to every-day probability, in view of the improved effects which he is bound to produce thereby." Among ourselves, on the contrary, there is as yet no Fairy Land so like the real world that, in a suitable remoteness, one cannot well tell the difference, but with an atmosphere of strange enchantment, beheld through which, the inhabitants have a propriety of their own. This atmosphere is what the American romancer wants. In its absence, the beings of imagination are compelled to show themselves in the same category as actually living mortals,—a necessity that generally renders the paint and pasteboard of their composition but too painfully discernible."

In reference to the locality in which the scene is laid, he says in the preface to *Transformation*:—

"Italy, as the site of his romance, was chiefly valuable to the author as affording him a sort of poetic or fairy precinct, where actualities would not be so terribly insisted upon as they are, and must needs be, in America. No author, without a trial, can conceive of the difficulty of writing a romance about a country where there is no shadow, no antiquity, no mystery, no picturesque and gloomy wrong, nor anything but a commonplace prosperity, in broad and simple daylight, as it happily the case with my dear native land. It will be very long, I trust, before romance-writers may find congenial and easily-handled themes either in the annals of our stalwart republic, or in any characteristic and probable events of our individual lives. Romance and poetry, ivy, lichens, and wall-flowers, need ruin to make them grow."

The absence of hard outline and broad light is especially demanded by another well-marked tendency of our author's mind, more or less displayed in almost all his works. His pages are replete with mystery, hintings of an eerie presence, tokens of a power preternatural yet strangely in affinity with human life, repeated and repeated till a sense of unspeakable awe takes possession of the mind. But this mystery is never revealed; it is a presence without a form, an inarticulate voice, an impalpable agency. We are kept in remembrance that there is more in heaven and earth than is dreamt of in our philosophy. We are brought face to face with the portals into the unseen and inscrutable. We are made aware of recesses in the human heart and brain, where the light of consciousness falls but rarely, and then only casts strange, unknown, and ghastly

shadows; of possible properties in Nature, in wondrous accord and harmony with these dark forms within our own constitution, which so seldom flit across mortal vision,—properties that may lie latent all around us, imperceptible to our ordinary senses, yet exerting, or ready to exert, their influence on us every hour of our lives. Every object, every power presents itself to him as striking its roots deep into a subsoil of mystery. Hidden associations link things the most improbable. The present and visible ever spring from the past and unseen. Too sharp demarcations would obstruct the transition from the sphere of immediate obtrusive action, into that of agencies that have long passed from view, or have never been clearly brought within the range of mortal ken.

The introduction of these occult and preternatural powers produces no jar; they are not felt to be inconsistent with the rest of the narrative; they gain for themselves an acceptance as not only possible, but true, and in harmony with time, place, and circumstance. They bring with them no irresistible suggestion of the false and superstitious; nothing of what Hawthorne himself styles “the stage effect of what is called miraculous interposition.” The same character of essential truthness that we contended for in his most ideal pictures obtains here. This result is partly due to their own nature, partly to the manner in which these agencies are introduced and employed. We do not feel that it is the ordinary supernatural that is presented to us. That, however skilfully managed, would hardly recommend itself to either the judgment or the taste of the present day. Not only is the improbability, not to say impossibility, too great; it is out of harmony with our modes of thought and feeling, even could it be made apparently possible. It is no unnatural creature that obtrudes itself suddenly, inexplicably, into the circle of our lives; no ghostly apparition revisiting the glimpses of the moon; no uncanny dwarf or vulgar necromancer that is brought before us, but beings and influences connected with us by intimate and inseverable bonds, not coming and going, but ever there, whether recognised or not. They seem the shadowy but immortal offspring of our own actions, thoughts, and feelings,—of ourselves; or the inalienable heritage that has come down to us from the characters and lives of our progenitors. The same absence of incident that we have found characterizing the more material agents in the scene prevails with respect to these; they do not come as a *deus ex machina* to achieve striking results, or to overcome dif-

iculties insuperable to mere mortal agency. They are, indeed, rarely committed to definite action. We are made to feel vaguely their power; what they may have done is hinted at as possibilities, but they are never caught in the act; we are never even assured of their positive interference. A haunting presence, they exercise their influence on us morally rather than by any sensible means.

It is perhaps a phase of this power and tendency that guides him to so constant and emphatic a recognition of those secret sympathies between individuals connected by no tie patent to sense, between our nature and even inanimate objects; of the subtle powers upon our minds of time and place; of the awful and overwhelming complexity of our inherited tendencies and relationships; of the transmission, through generations, of the effects of human action and character, now slumbering though vital, again—on occasions the most inopportune or opportune, according as we regard the question from the personal and selfish point of view, or from that of universal and moral government—breaking out into activity, like the course of the electric fluid, apparently ever fitful, defying prediction, yet ever in strict obedience to eternal law and varying circumstance,—here peaceful and ineffective, there subduing with irresistible force whatever it meets. There is in us a “mere sensuous sympathy of dust for dust,” in our relations with the spot where our forefathers have for centuries “been born and died, and have mingled their earthly substance with the soil, until no small portion of it must necessarily be akin to our mortal frames.” The embroidered rag that life-long branded her shame on Hester Prynne’s bosom, when musingly placed on its historian’s breast, while yet he, ignorant alike of her name and life, was idly speculating on its purpose, seemed to him to cause “a sensation not altogether physical, yet almost so, as of burning heat, and as if the letter were not of red cloth, but red-hot iron.” “The sympathy or magnetism among human beings is more subtle and universal than we think; it exists, indeed, among different classes of organized life, and vibrates from one to another. A flower, for instance, as Phœbe herself observed, always began to droop sooner in Clifford’s hand, or Hepzibah’s, than in her own; and by the same law, converting her whole daily life into a flower-fragrance for these two sickly spirits, the blooming girl must inevitably droop and fade much sooner than if worn on a younger and happier breast.” “The very contiguity of his enemy, beneath whatever mask the latter might con-

ceal himself, was enough to disturb the magnetic sphere of a being so sensitive as Arthur Dimmesdale." "Pearl's inevitable tendency to hover about the enigma of the scarlet letter seemed an innate quality of her being. From the earliest epoch of her conscious life, she had entered upon this as her appointed mission." The moral relations arising from hidden actions reveal themselves in a sort of *quasi*-physical way through the subtle, untraceable, interpenetrating affinities of mind and matter. When Hester Prynne's husband demands of her the name of the man who had so deeply wronged them both, and demands in vain, he replies, "Never know him! . . . Thou mayest cover up thy secret from the prying multitude. . . Thou mayest conceal it, too, from the ministers and magistrates, even as thou didst this day, when they sought to wrench the name out of thy heart, and give thee a partner on thy pedestal. But as for me, I come to the inquest with other senses than they possess. . . . There is a sympathy that will make me conscious of him. I shall see him tremble. I shall feel myself shudder, suddenly and unawares." "Phoebe's physical organization, moreover, being at once delicate and healthy, gave her a perception operating with almost the effect of a spiritual medium, that somebody was near at hand." We are taught again that not in the garden of Eden alone, but all the world over, forbidden fruit grows on a tree of the knowledge of good and evil, and that we cannot eat thereof without having our eyes opened to the dark secrets both of our own heart and that of others:—

"Walking to and fro, with those lonely footsteps, in the little world with which she was outwardly connected, it now and then appeared to Hester,—if altogether fancy, it was nevertheless too potent to be resisted,—she felt or fancied, then, that the scarlet letter had endowed her with a new sense. She shuddered to believe, yet could not help believing, that it gave her a sympathetic knowledge of the hidden sin in other hearts. She was terror-stricken by the revelations that were thus made. What were they? Could they be other than the insidious whispers of the bad angel, who would fain have persuaded the struggling woman, as yet only half his victim, that the outward guise of purity was but a lie, and that, if truth were everywhere to be shown, a scarlet letter would blaze forth on many a bosom besides Hester Prynne's? or, must she receive these intimations—so obscure, yet so distinct—as truth? In all her miserable experience, there was nothing else so awful and so loathsome as this sense. It perplexed, as well as shocked her, by the irreverent inopportunities of the occasions that brought it into vivid action. Sometimes the red infamy upon her breast would give a sympathetic throb, as she passed near a venerable minister or magistrate, the

model of piety and justice, to whom that age of antique reverence looked up, as to a mortal man in fellowship with angels. 'What evil thing is at hand?' would Hester say to herself. Lifting her reluctant eyes, there would be nothing human within the scope of view, save the form of this earthly saint! Again, a mystic sisterhood would contumaciously assert itself, as she met the sanctified frown of some matron, who, according to the rumour of all tongues, had kept cold snow within her bosom throughout life. That unsunned snow in the matron's bosom, and the burning shame on Hester Prynne's,—what had the two in common? Or, once more, the electric thrill would give her warning,—'Behold, Hester, here is a companion!'—and, looking up, she would detect the eyes of a young maiden glancing at the scarlet letter, shyly and aside, and quickly averted, with a faint, chill crimson in her cheeks, as if her purity were somewhat sullied by that momentary glance. O Fiend, whose talisman was that fatal symbol, wouldst thou leave nothing, whether in youth or age, for this poor sinner to revere?—such loss of faith is ever one of the saddest results of sin. Be it accepted as a proof that all was not corrupt in this poor victim of her own frailty, and man's hard law, that Hester Prynne yet struggled to believe that no fellow-mortal was guilty like herself."

Several of these instances are no doubt susceptible of being resolved into figures of speech, expressing forcibly a truth that might have been hard to render in more literal terms; and some of them perhaps were intended for no more. But it is difficult to suppose they are all so meant. Many of them seem to point to something far deeper than would be left as a residuum of bare statement, if we abstract as figure all that is capable of such treatment. The conviction that there really is some such profounder meaning wished to be conveyed is greatly increased by a thorough perusal of the works together. Many of the expressions lose much of their force and significance by severance from the context; and there are many slighter indications of a similar kind which are altogether unsusceptible of extract. The cumulative effect, indeed, of such expressions in the course of consecutive reading is very great; and it is to such a reading we must appeal if we should seem to have made more of the point than our quotations justify. Sometimes the pregnant meaning we refer to is not asserted, but suggested as a probability, or in a query, or as a scintillation of fancy:—

"She wondered what sort of herbs they were which the old man was so sedulous to gather. Would not the earth, quickened to an evil purpose by the sympathy of his eye, greet him with poisonous shrubs, of species hitherto unknown, that would start up under his fingers? Or might it suffice him, that every wholesome

growth should be converted into something deleterious and malignant at his touch? Did the sun, which shone so brightly everywhere else, really fall upon him? Or was there, as it rather seemed, a circle of ominous shadow moving along with his deformity, whichever way he turned himself? And whither was he now going? Would he not suddenly sink into the earth, leaving a barren and blasted spot, where, in due course of time, would be seen deadly nightshade, dogwood, henbane, and whatever else of vegetable wickedness the climate could produce, all flourishing with hideous luxuriance? Or would he spread bats' wings and flee away, looking so much the uglier the higher he rose towards heaven?"

Sometimes what is at first insinuated as a fanciful possibility is afterwards slipped in as an affirmed fact. Thus "dark flabby leaves," unknown to men of science, were found "growing on a grave which bore no tombstone nor other memorial of the dead man, save these ugly weeds that have taken upon themselves to keep him in remembrance. They grew out of his heart, and typify, it may be, some hideous secret that was buried with him, and which he had done better to confess during his lifetime." "All the powers of nature call so earnestly for the confession of sin, that these black weeds have sprung up out of a buried heart to make manifest an unspoken crime."

We must not omit to notice another feature, which, though perhaps less conspicuous, yet, like small patches of vivid colour in a picture, contributes not less effectively to produce the general result. This is a peculiar vein of humour, always fanciful, often grotesque, sometimes grim and grisly. Poor Hepzibah Pyncheon's aristocratic hens "laid now and then an egg and hatched a chicken, not for any pleasure of their own, but that the world might not absolutely lose what had once been so admirable a breed of fowls." So excessive was the warmth of her brother the judge's affected and hypocritical aspect of overflowing benevolence one particular forenoon, "that (such at least was the rumour about town) an extra passage of the water-carts was found essential, in order to lay the dust occasioned by so much extra sunshine!" The Puritan ministers, grim prints of whom adorned the walls of "the old manse" study, "looked strangely like bad angels, or at least, like men who had wrestled so continually and so sternly with the devil that somewhat of his sooty fierceness had been imparted to their own visages." How true a Yankee touch is this! When one little fellow warns a poor Italian boy that he had better move on, for that nooky lives in the house under a window of which he is grinding his hurdy-gurdy that

will be likely to care for his music, "You fool, you, why do you tell him?" whispered another shrewd little Yankee, caring nothing for the music, but a good deal for the cheap rate at which it was had. "Let him play as long as he likes! If there is nobody to pay him, that's his own look-out!" The cemetery of the Cappuccini at Rome is a small portion of holy soil from Jerusalem; and, as the whole space has long ago been occupied, there obtains the curious and ghastly practice among the monks of taking the longest buried skeleton out of the oldest grave, when one of the brotherhood dies, to make room for the new corpse, and of building the disinterred bones into architectural devices, or of placing the unbroken frame-work of bone, sometimes still covered with mummied skin and hair, and dressed in cloak and cowl, in niches all around the vaults. "Thus," quaintly comments our author, "each of the good friars, in his turn, enjoys the luxury of a consecrated bed, attended with the slight drawback of being forced to get up long before daybreak, as it were, and make room for another lodger." Very often this faculty of humour expresses itself in a piquant little touch, as a kind of aside, or passing comment, or half responsive turn with which a line of reflection is quietly but emphatically closed—like a single bright floweret at the end of a slender stem. But there is one remarkable instance in which it is extended through a long chapter. It is that in which the defunct Governor Pyncheon is a whole night long left undiscovered, the object of the gibes and appeals, the scorn and taunts of the author's fantasy, which gambols round the senseless clay like a jeering spirit from the abyss. The presentation, face to face, of the transient and trifling occupations and interests of this life, with the mystery and solemnities of death and the unseen realities that lie beyond it, the grave reflections and unearthly mockery, the sustained power, the eerie subject and weird-like effects, are positively terrible.

Some of the qualities we have traced in Hawthorne's works belong rather to the critical than to the constructive faculty. One effect of this is that the author is never felt to identify himself with his characters. They are not subjects into which his own life is transfused; he never loses his own personality. The products of his imagination are always contemplated objectively; he regards them habitually in a scrutinizing, deliberative, questioning attitude. He is ever inquisitive and judicial. It would thus almost appear as if in him the creative faculty, though not inferior either in strength or activity or fineness of temper, were exercised

in subserviency to the critical,—as if he peopled the world of his imagination only that he might become the witness and judge of the characters and lives, powers and tendencies, of his own creations. In one respect his writings are detrimentally affected either by this habit or by a weakness of constructive talent; to which the habit itself may be partly due. His individual characters, indeed, are delineated with wonderful minuteness, accuracy, and power. We seem to read into their very core—so far at least as the personality of any one human being can become the object of comprehension to another. But his works, considered each as a whole, especially those that aim at full development, or at being something more than sketches, are deficient in what may be called architectural structure. There is a want of the converging unity which is the condition of every perfect work of art. This may be the result, as we have said, of a defect in constructive power. His imagination, instead of embracing in one grasp the scene, characters, circumstances, and their developments, as combining to form one system, as all members of one body, elements gravitating round one centre, seizes upon them too much in detail, each as a distinct unit, related to the others only by the ideal bond of moral and spiritual influence which he has created for them. Or it may be, in some measure, due to his habit of yielding too much to what he describes in one of his characters as “that cold tendency between instinct and intellect, which makes one pry with a speculative interest into people’s passions and impulses.” It is also, no doubt, increased by the want of a strong framework or mould of external circumstance and connected events, which, however it may subserve some of his other aims or tendencies, leaves him more dependant for the compact unification of his tales on a power of internal integration, which he either does not possess, or does not use in sufficient force.

We are not aware whether he ever attempted the work of a professed literary critic, but he has favoured us with a piece of self-criticism, which shows what his qualifications in this direction were. Every reader must be struck with the singular felicity of the following extract from the preface to one of the volumes of *Twice-Told Tales*. The insight and discrimination are only equalled by the exactness and adequacy of expression. So far as the review goes, we dare say every one will subscribe to the justness and happiness of every statement, taking exception to one point only—which perhaps it would have been difficult for him to deal with fairly—the under-statement of his own

merits. After remarking that he rather wondered how the tales should have gained what vogue they did, than that it was so little and so gradual, he proceeds—

“They have the pale tint of flowers that blossomed in too retired a shade—the coolness of a meditative habit, which diffuses itself through the feeling and observation of every sketch. Instead of passion, there is sentiment; and even in what purport to be pictures of actual life, we have allegory, not always so warmly dressed in its habiliments of flesh and blood, as to be taken into the reader’s mind without a shiver. Whether from lack of power, or an unconquerable reserve, the author’s touches have often an effect of tameness; the merriest man can hardly contrive to laugh at his broadest humour; the tenderest woman, one would suppose, will hardly shed warm tears at his deepest pathos. The book, if you would see anything in it, requires to be read in the clear, brown, twilight atmosphere in which it was written;—if opened in the sunshine, it is apt to look exceedingly like a volume of blank pages.

“With the foregoing characteristics, proper to the productions of a person in retirement (which happened to be the author’s category at the time), the book is devoid of others that we should quite as naturally look for. The sketches are not, it is hardly necessary to say, profound; but it is rather more remarkable that they so seldom, if ever, show any design on the writer’s part to make them so. They have none of the abstruseness of idea, or obscurity of expression, which marks the written communications of a solitary mind with itself. They never need translation. It is, in fact, the style of a man of society. Every sentence, so far as it embodies thought or sensibility, may be understood and felt by anybody who will give himself the trouble to read it, and will take up the book in a proper mood.

“This statement of apparently opposite peculiarities leads us to a perception of what the sketches truly are. They are not the talk of a secluded man with his own mind and heart (had it been so, they could hardly have failed to be more deeply and permanently valuable), but his attempts, and very imperfectly successful ones, to open an intercourse with the world.”

His real power as a critic, however, is better seen in what he says in *Transformation* on the remains of ancient Art in Italy. The refinement and accuracy of his perception, as shown there, are such as are found only in the true artist and critic combined. His sympathetic recognition of the central, and—though often perhaps scarce consciously to himself—the guiding idea and feeling of the old sculptor or painter, enables him to breathe new life and meaning into the time-stained, earth-eaten, mutilated marble, and to translate for us into articulate speech the thoughts and feelings that moved the brush

of the "old master,"—as real an achievement of genius as their expression in a stone or colour medium, though not as their original conception. Free from technical jargon, he discourses of the yellow, bruised block, or the time-mellowed canvas, till it becomes animated with fresh beauty, again instinct with the significance with which its maker strove to inspire it. Witness his criticisms of the Marble Faun, of the Dying Gladiator, of Guido's Michael and the Dragon, of Fra Angelico's faces and figures of sinless angelic loveliness, of Sodoma's bound and bleeding Christ, and, above all, witness his deep insight into the subtle and elusive meanings, the profound sorrow and expression of loneliness, of the marvellous portrait of Beatrice Cenci, glancing, as it does, at some of the most solemn and awful truths of Christian faith. Some living artists also are helped to utter their best conceptions through his pen as well as through their own chisel. His interpretation of Mr. Story's really admirable statue of Cleopatra is full of fine perception and true feeling.

We have hitherto referred to his works only incidentally, to illustrate the characteristics we have remarked in their author. We proceed now to notice the more important of them, though it must be very shortly, in succession.

His earliest attempts, we believe, at authorship, were a series of slight sketches which appeared in some of the magazines and annuals of the time, and were afterwards collected—so many of them, at least, as their author thought fit—in the volumes entitled *Twice-Told Tales and Mosses from an Old Manse*. These present many of the distinctive features of his more elaborate productions, and are full of promise of their later fruits. Some of these short pieces, especially among the "Mosses," are as pregnant with power and beauty as anything he has given to the world, though, of course, presenting but limited scope for his microscopic analysis and artistic elaboration. "Rappaccini's Daughter," for example, is full of subtle effects and "the lurid intermixture" of antagonistic emotions; of intimations of the hidden and undeveloped affinities of humanity with nature; of the danger of mere intellectualism unconsecrated by affection and moral purpose; of warnings of how forces appointed for pure and beautiful ends may be perverted into deadly poisons. Strange and subtle sympathies are shadowed forth, that are awakened by a breath, a fragrance, the most ethereal means, typifying spiritual agencies too elusive for sense to track. The same generating spirit is transfused into the earthly child as into the plant which, as the

offspring of her father's science, germinates at the hour of her birth, and establishes a mysterious sisterhood between the maiden and the flower. "Young Goodman Brown," again, is an allegorical rendering of a temptation in the wilderness into which an impure imagination can turn our hearts, and shows how all faith may be lost, and the very stays of the soul may be converted into means of hurrying it into the abyss, if the tempter be not resisted while he may. Again, the true inherent nature of falsehood, as a very plague-spot in the soul, is brought out with terrible force in "Roger Malvin's Burial," where disingenuous "concealment imparts to a justifiable act much of the secret effect of guilt." Once more, what would most writers make of the simple fact of a man choosing to hide his countenance behind a fold of black crape? Yet in "The Minister's Black Veil," from so small a root-fibre he rears a wondrous growth. By dint of his cunning power of imagination he makes this simple fact team with significance, and converts it into a source of thrilling awe or fear to all the beholders; and reflects from their numerous hearts and faces on the reader, as on a focus, a perplexity of sentiment, till the creeping sense of mystery becomes intensified a thousand-fold. Sometimes, as in "Wakefield," by a reverse process he analyses backward, and from a single act of odd eccentricity he builds up the inner fabric of the man, as Professor Owen reconstructs an extinct animal from a tooth.

The Scarlet Letter was the first of his larger works, and is perhaps unsurpassed in the concentrated power of one or two of its scenes by anything he afterwards wrote. The interest is centred in two chief and two subordinate characters,—the two natures, originally so fine, marred by their joint sin, the minister and Hester, and the two against whom they sinned, the husband and the child. There is nothing we know of in literature at once so tender and so unflinching, so harrowingly painful, and yet so irresistibly fascinating, as the dissection of the morbid heart of Dimmesdale,—or rather the history; for it is not its condition at any one moment, so much as its progress, step by step, from refined purity and almost saintly devotion, once wounded by momentary indulgence of unholy passion, through depths of beguiling self-knowledge and self-deception, of moral weakness and self-abasement, of passionate penance and miserable evasion, till, enfeebled to the point of collapse both physically and spiritually, his fall is perfected in yielding for an instant, under the stimulating sympathy and love of the stronger nature and more resolute will of his fellow-

sinner, to a dream of unhallowed earthly life and passion, from which he is soon roused by the grim, chill, but to him not unwelcome, hand of death, to cleanse his conscience by confession. The constitution of the man is one of singular fineness and weakness. Every hour of his life he abhors himself in dust and ashes; he struggles, in almost mortal agony, to unburden himself of the concealed sin that rankles and festers in his conscience, till it eats out the whole pith of his being. In helpless cowardice and vanity he faints in the attempt, rendered doubly difficult by the devotedness and worship of his flock, and drifts into wild self-accusations of merely general sinfulness and depravity, which serve only to heighten their conception of his character and of his standard of moral purity. The misery of his life is augmented unspeakably by the fiendish process of refined torture to which he is subjected by the husband, who, living under the same roof with him, in the character of physician, seeks revenge, not in exposure, but in constantly fretting with poisonous touch the ever open wound. One cannot but regret that a nature endowed with so many noble qualities should not live, more visibly to retrieve its fall. Yet we cannot doubt the reality of his late repentance, and that in his dying confession, there was not only achieved the beginning of a higher life for himself, but a redeeming influence exerted for both mother and child.

Hester's character is of a stronger mould. Without being unwomanly, she is of far less effeminate texture than the man she loved so truly, and for whom she suffered so bravely. Under the hard Puritan treatment she somewhat hardens. The blazing brand upon her breast does not melt, but indurates her heart. It is true that for seven long years she had never been false to the symbol, and "it may be that it was the talisman of a stern and severe, but yet a guardian spirit." But an outcast from social intercourse and joy, her thoughts break loose from conventional limitations, and stray in bold and perilous speculation. Pitiless condemnation and scorn drive her to justify what she had better unfeignedly repented. "What we did had a consecration of its own. We felt it so. We said so to each other." Thrown out of her true relations to society, she sees its whole fabric in false perspective, awry. "For years past she had looked from an estranged point of view at human institutions, and whatever priests or legislators had established; criticising all with hardly more reverence than the Indian would feel for the clerical band, the judicial robe, the pillory, the gallows, the fireside, or the church. The

tendency of her fate and fortunes had been to set her free. The scarlet letter was her passport into regions where other women dared not tread. Shame, Despair, Solitude! These had been her teachers—stern and wild ones—and they had made her strong, but taught her much amiss." Divine law broken becomes to her human prejudice. She not only seeks to justify the past; she would vainly aim at a higher and truer life in renewal and perpetuation of the sin; and in her wild daring she carries the poor bewildered soul of the minister with her. For deliberate power and skilful handling it might be difficult to find many passages equal to that in which she fans the dying embers of hope and passion into a short-lived glow before they expire for ever.

Arrived, however, at the very summit of his fame and influence, Dimmesdale is moved by a power and virtue beyond himself to count these and all else as loss that he may win truth; and in conquering himself he is "strangely triumphant" over more than himself. Stronger as Hester has all along shown herself, she "is impelled as if by inevitable fate against her stronger will" by the power of truth and right in his last moments. The child too is subdued: "the spell is broken" that seemed all her life to have inspired her with an elf-like nature that could not be bound by enduring human sympathies. Even Roger Chillingworth, become almost the incarnation of hate and revenge, though unsoftened, is withered up into impotence for evil by this "death of triumphant ignominy." This character, indeed, though at first apt to be thrown into shadow by the more intense interest that attaches to his wife and the minister, is truly the most painful in the narrative. The laborious student, the benevolent recluse of other days, has his whole nature poisoned, his learning and sage experience of human nature turned into a curse, by the sin that had been sinned against him. All human kindness is dried up within him, and he lives only to keep his enemy on the rack,—to prolong the wretched man's wasting life by care and healing art, only that he may the longer enjoy his devilish work. He miserably sinks out of the circle of human activity and life when his patient's death leaves him without a purpose more.

The early manifestations of Pearl's nature and disposition are deeply significant, full of reflex lights thrown on the modifying influences, not only of parental character and constitution, but of the deeds and circumstances and relations—of serious import to their own character, though perhaps foreign to its general tone—of our progenitors;

and that less by their natural and generally recognised operation in habitual life and intercourse, than by a sort of natal affection of blood, and nerve, and spirit;—intimating to us in infinitely varied speech the truth, that what is sown must be reaped—the persistent cogency of moral law, the indestructible cohesion of moral order, either in recognition and observance, or in vindication and retribution. “The child’s nature had something wrong in it, which continually betokened that she had been born amiss—the effluence of her mother’s lawless passion.” She was wayward, fitful, impulsive, never to be reckoned on, full of wild energy, gushing affection, and imperious self-will. “There was fire in her, and throughout her; she seemed the unpremeditated off-shoot of a passionate moment.” She was at once the sting and the solace of her mother’s heart, and that not only by virtue of the natural relationship of child and parent, as the constant memorial of the crime in which she had been begotten, and at the same time the blessing into which God in his mercy converts for us even the fruits of our sins; but far more in the peculiarity of her disposition, as a very “messenger of anguish,” and a purger of her parent’s conscience. Her first baby smile is not in her mother’s face, but at the scarlet letter on her breast; its gold embroidery is the first plaything which her tiny fingers grasp at; it is the chief object of her later childish curiosity. She loves in imp-like prank to associate it in her remarks with the habit the minister has of keeping his hand over his heart. With malicious pertinacity she seeks ever and again to force his acknowledgment of herself and her mother on the most public occasions. It appeared to be the very end of her life to probe and keep ever open the hidden sores of both.

The salient features of the child’s nature, as well as the tendency and power of evil to perpetuate and reproduce itself, are forcibly set forth in her mother’s reflections on her character:—

“Her nature—or else Hester’s fears deceived her—lacked reference and adaptation to the world into which she was born. The child could not be made amenable to rules. In giving her existence, a great law had been broken; and the result was a being whose elements were perhaps beautiful and brilliant, but all in disorder; or with an order peculiar to themselves, amidst which the point of variety and arrangement was difficult or impossible to be discovered. Hester could only account for the child’s character—and even then most vaguely and imperfectly—by recalling what she herself had been, during that momentous period while Pearl was imbibing her soul from

the spiritual world, and her bodily frame from its material of earth. The mother’s impassioned state had been the medium through which were transmitted to the unborn infant the rays of its moral life; and however white and clear originally, they had taken the deep stains of crimson and gold, the fiery lustre, the black shadow, and the untempered light, of the intervening substance. Above all, the warfare of Hester’s spirit, at that epoch, was perpetuated in Pearl. She could recognise her wild, desperate, defiant mood, the flightiness of her temper, and even some of the very cloud-shapes of gloom and despondency that had brooded in her heart. They were now illuminated by the morning radiance of a child’s disposition; but, later in the day of earthly existence, might be prolific of storm and whirlwind.”

The House of the Seven Gables is in some respects the most elaborate and finished, if neither the most pleasing nor the most profound, of his writings. Its material is of the very slightest. The absence of incident, which we have already remarked on, has here reached its utmost; there is literally no action in the whole romance. The only event is the sudden death from apoplexy of a worldly, hardened, outwardly respectable old man, at the very time he is bent on executing the most wicked project of his life. But there is more than mere want of incident to throw the work out of the ordinary category of tales, and almost to class it with other forms of composition: the descriptive nearly swallows up every other characteristic. The dramatic element plays a comparatively insignificant part in any of Hawthorne’s writings; but here its deficiency is carried to excess. The portraiture of poor Clifford’s life and character, on which the author’s efforts have been mainly expended, is produced by pages upon pages of unbroken description. With a wonderfully revealing power, we are told, but Clifford hardly ever, by deed or word, himself shows us, what he is. There is no self-manifesting quality in the characters. They have all to be introduced, taken to pieces and explained, as much as if they were but lay figures or psychological wax-models. But notwithstanding this defect, the conception of Clifford is apprehended by the author so vividly, so sharply, so thoroughly, and analysed and described with such keenness, care, and minuteness, that the effect is most impressive. Line upon line is added with an elaboration that in the end is almost oppressive. Quietly and gently, touch by touch is given, till it would seem artistic finish could no further go. And it is as a marvel of artistic finish and workmanship that the piece is chiefly attractive. For Clifford, after all

the pains bestowed upon him, is far from a loveable person. "An abortive lover of the Beautiful" is but an abortion after all. It is both sad and instructive to see how the mere artist-instinct, unsweetened, unpreserved by admixture of the more humanizing ingredients of heart and soul, corrupts the entire being, and crushes every more generous impulse under the demands for selfish gratification of what thus becomes a ruling passion. May not his terrible troubles have been messengers of mercy in disguise, to save from utter extinction what embers of human feeling were still capable of emitting a transient glow?

The intense all-absorbing devotion of Hepzibah forms, it is true, a pathetic contrast and relief to Clifford's refined unconscious selfishness. But the seclusion in which her pride and misfortunes have shut her up, and her many years' brooding over the one engrossing affection, the one great sorrow of her heart, have so dried up the well-springs of her nature, and narrowed her affinities with human life, that she appeals to our pity, not unmixed with ridicule, rather than to any warmer sentiment of admiration or regard.

Phœbe is, indeed, a cheery, refreshing spot in the dismal picture. We might have introduced her as an example of our author's intense sympathy with the natural and sweet ways and aims of childhood. She is no doubt on the verge of womanhood; but she has so much of the child about her, at least of the child-heart in her, before the woman is awakened by her contact with Holgrave; she is so simple, so natural, so innocent, that we forget her years in her character. But she also exemplifies another quality we have claimed for her historian,—his power to depict scenes of real life. The homely little housewife, so practical in all her thoughts and habits, so skilful in all womanly handiwork, sheds a beam of sunshine through all the gloomy house, through all the gloomier lives, of her kinsfolk, by her gentle grace, her apt and winning ways, and unflagging spirit of genial activity. Every touch is realistic. We feel her sunny smile with gladdening warmth on our hearts. She is one of those bright but homely creatures, that seem sent to teach us the too-often-forgotten lesson, that cheerfulness is not only a personal charm, but a social virtue.

Artistically, Holgrave is the least satisfactory character. He seems to us less definitely and firmly conceived, less clearly brought out, perhaps less consistent, than almost any other playing an equally prominent part in Hawthorne's works.

The pervading impression of the whole

narrative is one of something very like a fate, but really far more solemn and terrible than any fate that ever brooded over Grecian tragedy,—the undying and illimitable consequences of human action and character, and the intimate ties that link the generations of man into one organic whole. The Past hangs like a murky pall of judgment over the Present, teaching us that what we are and what we do may affect those that are to come after us more critically, it may be, than even ourselves.

The lowest rank among his works of fiction we should be disposed to assign to *The Blithedale Romance*. It has much of the same delicacy of handling, and play of the imagination, and unimpassioned study of mental phenomena; but it does not display the same mastery and subtle fascination as the others. It may be that the subject is less fitted for his peculiar powers, or that he has undertaken it in an hour of less happy inspiration. The task he has set himself is not sufficiently composite fully to engage and call forth his strength. The entanglements and cross-purposes of the love-passages between a strong, rude, masculine nature, of noble impulse and herculean will, but narrow, uncultivated, and under the domination of one idea, and two women nearly related, but of widely different metal and temper, and both equally within the range of his attraction, for the exercise of which the circumstances are in the highest degree favourable, is almost too simple and commonplace a problem fully to charm his fancy or stimulate the peculiar bent of his genius. The circumstances of the Blithedale life were no doubt strange, but not strange enough. Besides, it is not strangeness of outward circumstances Hawthorne needs, but of inward life,—the co-existence of uncongenial emotions and of irreconcilable tendencies. Still the study of the mental constitution and development of some of the characters is fine, and the book has an interest of its own, from the fact of its breaking ground untouched in any of his other works. It is his only tale which issues in a tragic catastrophe; for although the murder of Miriam's model in *Transformation* may at first appear to be an event of such a nature, his character and circumstances, save as they bear on Miriam, are too incidentally interwoven into the texture of the romance to concern the reader, more than in a secondary degree, in his fortunes. His appearance is too episodic; and his fate is felt rather as the occasion of other events of interest than of vital interest itself. But Zenobia is the prominent figure in Blithedale, and her end is undeniably tragic. She is, too, the only

instance of Hawthorne's essaying to delineate a character of thoroughly passionate impulse. She has none of the pale tints and pensive aspect of his other creations. He would represent her as Oriental in character, and the unfailing exotic that adorned her hair was a subtle expression of her own nature. This romance, moreover, is the only one in which he has chosen the development of the tender passion as his direct and primary theme. For this, and the modifying influence it exerts, as well as the modified forms it assumes, in minds so variously and characteristically constituted and disposed as Zenobia, Priscilla, Hollingsworth, and Coverdale, form the real interest, although the more ostensible purpose and moral of the book may be to depict the perilous, often ruinous, effects on the individual—whatever they may be to society at large—of "what is called philanthropy, when adopted as a profession." *The House of the Seven Gables*, and *Transformation*, no doubt, deal with the subject; but in each it appears only as an accessory,—like the side scenes in a drama, or the costume to a portrait; and while harmonizing with the general effect, and affording a setting to the central object, does not divert the interest to itself.

The fundamental idea of *Transformation* is the awakening and education of a human soul from a state of simple, unconscious innocence, through crime, to a higher life of moral and spiritual struggle, in which it may be trained, not to ignore, but to combat and subdue evil. In this some will see an attempt, more or less successful, at an imaginative rendering of a great truth, that has, with varying distinctness, been the subject of human contemplation and speculation since the epoch of earliest written records of the race. Others may be disposed to trace in it a pernicious application of the Goethean doctrine that experience is the mighty teacher, the sole condition of human development, even to the point that our perfect and manifold culture demands personal acquaintance, through actual participation, with guilt; that we are but imperfect and partial, so long as our conscience is free from the darker stains with which life may besmirch it, until we have fathomed the depths, as well as scaled the heights of our inmost nature. Such a theory as this is hinted at in *The Blithedale Romance*, where Coverdale, speaking of Hollingsworth's "plan for the reformation of criminals through an appeal to their higher instincts," says, "he ought to have commenced his investigations of the subject by perpetrating some huge sin, in his proper person, and examining the con-

dition of his higher instincts afterwards." The difficulty that would, at the outset, present itself in undertaking such a task, would be to find a human type representing, with any approach to adequacy, the original state of innocence and natural simplicity. The solution of this difficulty is found in the poetic conception of the Faun of Antiquity; and it is perhaps to his studies of classical art, while in Rome, that Hawthorne is indebted for the germinating idea of the work, as he confessedly is to the conditions of life, physical surroundings, and social atmosphere of the "Eternal City" of the present day for its details and background. As the marble Faun of Praxiteles affords the keynote to the whole romance, we give his description of it here: After describing the externals of the statue, he thus proceeds to analyse its inner life:—

"Perhaps it is the very lack of moral severity, of any high and heroic ingredient in the character of the Faun, that makes it so delightful an object to the human eye, and to the frailty of the human heart. The being here represented is endowed with no principle of virtue, and would be incapable of comprehending such; but he would be true and honest by dint of his simplicity. We should expect from him no sacrifice or effort for an abstract cause; there is not an atom of martyr's stuff in all that softened marble; but he has a capacity for strong and warm attachment, and might act devotedly through its impulse, and even die for it at need. It is possible, too, that the Faun might be educated through the medium of his emotions, so that the coarser animal portion of his nature might eventually be thrown into the background, though never utterly expelled.

"The animal nature, indeed, is a most essential part of the Faun's composition; for the characteristics of the brute creation meet and combine with those of humanity in this strange yet true and natural conception of antique poetry and art. Praxiteles has subtly diffused throughout his work that mute mystery which so hopelessly perplexes us whenever we attempt to gain an intellectual or sympathetic knowledge of the lower orders of creation. The riddle is indicated, however, only by two definite signs,—these are the two ears of the Faun, which are leaf-shaped, terminating in little peaks, like those of some species of animals. Though not so seen in the marble, they are probably to be considered as clothed in fine downy fur. In the coarser representations of this class of mythological creatures there is another token of brute kindred—a certain caudal appendage, which, if the Faun of Praxiteles must be supposed to possess it at all, is hidden by the lion's skin that forms his garment. The pointed and furry ears, therefore, are the sole indications of his wild, forest nature.

"Only a sculptor of the finest imagination, the most delicate taste, the sweetest feeling, and the rarest artistic skill—in a word, a

sculptor and a poet too—could have first dreamed of a Faun in this guise, and then have succeeded in imprisoning the sportive and frisky thing in marble. Neither man nor animal, and yet no monster; but a being in whom both races meet on friendly ground! The idea grows coarse as we handle it, and hardens in our grasp. But, if the spectator broods long over the statue, he will be conscious of its spell; all the pleasantness of sylvan life, all the genial and happy characteristics of creatures that dwell in woods and fields, will seem to be mingled and kneaded into one substance, along with the kindred qualities in the human soul. Trees, grass, flowers, woodland streamlets, cattle, deer, and unsophisticated man! The essence of all these was compressed long ago, and still exists within that discoloured marble surface of the Faun of Praxiteles.

"And, after all, the idea may have been no dream, but rather a poet's reminiscence of a period when man's affinity with nature was more strict, and his fellowship with every living thing more intimate and dear."

As a piece of Art-criticism this is very fine. But admirable as it is, it gives a very inadequate idea of the depth and thoroughness of the critical insight and exposition he brings to bear on this wonderful creation of the heathen imagination. The whole life of Donatello is an extended evolution and comment on the ideas he has here formally indicated. For his purpose, there is something marvellously suitable in the conception of the wild freshness, guilelessness, sportive exuberance, of natural life in its physical perfection, obtained in the meeting-point of man and animal; and this is worked out with a felicity and grace in the character of Donatello's yet blameless life, that vie with the production of Praxiteles itself.

We have before spoken of his fine eye for the natural innocence and purity of childhood. He has sketched the same qualities of heart and character, under an ideal aspect, in the person of Hilda, who exhibits a nature more mature and cultivated, and enriched by the fine instincts and sympathies of an artist, but hardly less childlike than "Little Annie." The picture of her virgin life, up in her lonely tower, above the turmoil, and passion, and filth of the city, pursuing the calling of her art with self-renouncing devotion, surrounded by the flock of white doves she feeds from her window, tending the never extinguished lamp before the shrine of the Virgin at the battlemented angle of her perch-home, with a sentiment akin to natural piety, but without the superstition of the professed worshippers of "Our Lady," forms a perfect contrast, not only to the dark, passionate heart of Miriam, who supplies the relieving shadow required for artistic balance to her spotless whiteness, but also

in her growth to fair and noble womanhood, unsullied apparently by base deed or foul thought, to the idea sought to be worked out in the more perilous career of Donatello attaining a higher development through personal fall and repentance. And in this, perhaps, we have an example of Hawthorne's tendency to balance every argument and opinion with its counterpoise, and of his anxiety ever to give both sides a fair hearing. The professed aim of the book is to display the educational operation of sin in awakening the conscience to a higher activity, and the rousing of the intellectual and moral nature, through passion, to a more comprehensive grasp of our position and relations in the universe. The progress of Donatello's development is meant to exhibit this. But Hawthorne would not be held to commit himself too absolutely to such a view, and side by side with the Faun-man, he seeks to show us in Hilda a being of the purest and truest instincts, of profound insight into what most vitally bears on the inner life of man, unfolding the richest blossoms of her nature with as little sense of guilt as could well be the lot of any human soul, save the mysterious shadow and burden its existence in others casts on the purest.

The first part of *Transformation*, it seems to us, is more successful than the latter portion. The growth and slow unfolding of Donatello's nature under the quickening influence of love—for it must not be overlooked that this, as well as guilt, is a teacher to him, and that his crime is not the outcome of unmixed and native evil, but of the passionate madness of a heart untutored to restraint, and moved to its depths by a not wholly ignoble enthusiasm,—his earlier life, we say, up to the period of his crime, is exquisitely fine and full of imaginative truth. The subsequent process has an air of effort, as if more the expression of reflective reasoning than of a vivifying imagination. We must content ourselves without more special reference to the remaining members of the quartet, as it would be impossible in a paragraph or two even to indicate the line of analysis of a character so complex as that of Miriam, on the one hand, and so devoid of salient points as that of Kenyon, on the other. In truth, to do justice to this, in some respects Hawthorne's greatest work, it would be necessary to devote to its consideration an entire article, instead of a page or two of a general review of his works. It is certainly the most mature, and, especially in the earlier half, the most delightful production of his pen. There is something in the free, joyous nature of Donatello that creates an atmosphere of freshness and health

around the reader; it is as if he heard the song of birds and the babbling of brooks; as if the bright sunshine of a southern sky were overhead, but interrupted by a cool and leafy shade; as if conventional fetters were all broken, and life rejuvenized and full of the agile sportive gladness of the most wildly innocent animals. In a word, he feels as if the dream of a Golden Age were a realized fact, and all Nature rejoicing, and

“—its beauty
Its sole duty.”

Alongside of this perhaps too sensuous world, lying in the golden light of imagination, the fair, chaste image of Hilda smiles on him, a sanctifying presence appealing to his more spiritual aspirations on the side of intellect and culture. The combined effect is one of purity and hope, of ethereal joy and full-pulsed life.

This romance is also the author's most ambitious effort. His other works deal with isolated and peculiar cases; their interest may be profound, but it is narrow. In “the marble Faun” he takes a wider range, and in the training of Donatello seems to aim at symbolizing the education at once of the race and of each individual, from a condition of unconscious innocence and unreflecting happiness to the conscious life of a free-will agent, quickened to recognise and war with evil,—from a condition in which man is but the highest and noblest animal, to one of true humanity. Not only is the aim and scope of the book thus loftier and wider than any of the others; it includes a more varied range of interests, and supplements the main current with tributary streams. But from this spring also some of its imperfections. The effect is richer, but more divided. With the larger theme the impression is less intense. It is less uniform in texture, and, whether from the flagging power of the writer, or from the inherent nature of the subject, the crisis is felt to be reached when the plunge into crime is made. It thus labours under the serious defect of attaining its highest point in the middle, after which the interest ebbs without a second flood. “The Scarlet Letter,” for unique purpose, sustained tone, and culminating effect, must perhaps be admitted to be the more perfect work of art.

Besides the central interest of the romance, the book is full of subsidiary elements of attraction. We have already spoken of the criticisms on Art with which it abounds, and also casually referred to the delightful and accurate delineations of Italian scenery and life, and of many of the monuments of world-wide interest in and

around the city of the seven hills, introduced in the course of the narrative. The author seems to have imbibed the very spirit of the scenes around him. His reproductions of Roman life and locality are faithful and living to a degree that can be fully appreciated by those only who have breathed that air, heavy with the memories of centuries, and gazed around on those circling hills of amethyst, and upward into that sky of such tender ethereal pearly grey and palpitating brightness. We know no description in prose or verse that so conveys the sylvan charm of the Borghese grounds, the beauty and magic prospect from the Pincio, the spell of witchery of the Trevi waters by moonlight, the solemn grandeur and hallowed memories of the Coliseum, broken in upon by the inharmonious and impertinent mirth or borrowed sentiment of tourists, as it too often is, in its hours of most sanctified and impressive aspect, when night seems to withdraw it from the bustle and pettiness of the life of to-day into the silence and grandeur of a bygone world.

We would not, in conclusion, venture on an attempt at any estimate of our author's mental constituents, or at assigning to him a definite place in the literature of his country or language; but as, in the foregoing pages, we have dwelt mainly on what seemed to us admirable for some form of power or refinement in his literary character and works, we would now the more freely, and to prevent misconception, in a closing paragraph refer again to what we conceive to be in him a fertile source, of justness, no doubt, but far more of weakness—his indecision and balance, not of faculties, but of convictions. The pondering judicial attitude in which he so habitually holds himself leads him in many cases to offer opposing views of a question, either through the medium of different characters, or through the puzzled and wavering introspection of one, or even sometimes through the author's own reflections and descriptions on divers occasions. He deals in few fabrics that have a decidedly right side and a wrong; and takes care to exhibit the reverse of his wares as well as the obverse. He seems endowed with a sort of intellectual polarity. In his mind questions assume formulæ which, like quadratic equations in algebra, yield a twofold and opposite result, a solution at once positive and negative. He has no “singleness of eye”—not that the rays of mental vision ever mingle and confuse each other; on the contrary, each image is clear and sharp; but neither do they coalesce in stereoscopic solidity; they are distinct, but they are quite different. The sceptic, not in the popular, but in the strict philo-

sophical sense of the word, enters as a large ingredient into his composition. He contemplates the world, apart, with shaded eye. He seems ever collecting evidence and information—arranging, sifting, expounding the pleas of both sides, like an impartial judge delivering his charge; but his mental jury rarely return a verdict. On the one side, it is demanded, "Who can trust the religious sentiment of Raphael, or receive any of his Virgins as heaven-descended likenesses, after seeing, for example, the Fornarina of the Barberini Palace, and feeling how sensual the artist must have been to paint such a brazen trollop of his own accord, and lovingly?" On the other, we are reminded of "Madonnas by Raphael, on whose lips he has impressed a holy and delicate reserve, implying sanctity on earth, and into whose soft eyes he has thrown a light which he never could have imagined, except by raising his own eyes with a pure aspiration heavenward." Seen from Hilda's and Kenyon's point of view, Guido's Archangel Michael "is the most beautiful and divinest figure that mortal painter ever drew," with "an expression of heavenly severity, a degree of pain, trouble, and disgust at being brought in contact with sin, even for the purpose of quelling and punishing it, and yet a celestial tranquillity pervading his whole being." The same figure calls forth from Miriam's wildly excited imagination the following scorching sarcasm:—

"That Archangel now, how fair he looks, with his unruffled wings, with his unhacked sword, and clad in his bright armour, and that exquisitely fitting sky-blue tunic, out in the latest Paradisiacal mode! What a dainty air of the first celestial society! With what half-scornful delicacy he sets his prettily sandalled foot on the head of his prostrate foe! But is it thus that virtue looks the moment after its death-struggle with evil? No, no; I could have told Guido better. A full third of the Archangel's feathers should have been torn from his wings, the rest all ruffled, till they looked like Satan's own! His sword should be streaming with blood, and perhaps broken half-way to the hilt; his armour crushed, his robes rent, his breast gory; a bleeding gash on his brow, cutting right across the stern scowl of battle! He should press his foot hard down upon the old serpent, as if his very soul depended upon it, feeling him squirm mightily, and doubting whether the fight were half over yet, and how the victory might turn! And with all this fierceness, this grinning, this unutterable horror, there should still be something high, tender, and holy, in Michael's eyes, and around his mouth. But the battle never was such child's-play as Guido's dapper Archangel seems to have found it."

And in these widely divergent criticisms,

representing not merely differences of view, but antithetic types of mind, we recognise the feelings of the two classes, under one or other of which the students of Guido and Raphael mostly rank themselves. Notwithstanding his keen and profound sympathy with art and artist life, the author of *Transformation* declares that "a taste for pictorial art is often no more than a polish upon the hard enamel of an artificial character;" and with as little ruth as any Vandal he would obliterate the decaying remains of the revered treasures that have come down to us from the noblest pencils of early date. "Now that the colours are so wretchedly bedimmed—now that blotches of plastered wall dot the frescoes all over, like a mean reality thrusting itself through life's brightest illusions—the next best artist to Cimabue, or Giotto, or Ghirlandaio, or Pinturicchio, will be he that shall reverently cover over their ruined masterpieces with whitewash!" His imagination not only seeks, but craves for the old, the reverend, the time-hallowed, and feels scared by the spick-and-span newness of American life; yet he rails against a permanent and enduring architecture,—an art which, both in public monuments, civil and religious, and in private and domestic homesteads (where the character is nourished that feeds the national spirit), is perhaps as sure an expression as any, of the stability and historic life of a people. "We shall live to see the day, I trust," says Holgrave, "when no man shall build his house for posterity. If each generation were allowed and expected to build its own houses, that single change, comparatively unimportant in itself, would imply almost every reform which society is now suffering for." And elsewhere we have a reflection of the author's own, that "all towns should be made capable of purification by fire or of decay within each half-century." What destruction, in the thought and heart of a nation, of the sense of grandeur, of traditional associations, of the reverence for the past that forms the hope and life-spring of the future, would such teaching, generally accepted and acted on, at once bear witness of, and reactively contribute to effect! We have already quoted a suggestion that vice may be but a lower form of virtue, and may ultimately be sublimed into it. But the counterbalancing statement is not wanting. "There is, I believe," says Hilda, "only one Right and one Wrong; and I do not understand how two things so totally unlike can be mistaken for one another; nor how two mortal foes, as Right and Wrong surely are, can work together in the same deed." Again, "Sin has educated Donatello, and elevated him,"

—and the scope of the whole book is an attempt to embody this view. “Is Sin then,—which we deem such a dreadful blackness in the universe,—is it like Sorrow, merely an element of human education, through which we struggle to a higher and purer state than we could otherwise have attained? Did Adam fall that we might ultimately rise to a far loftier paradise than his?” To which we have the rejoinder,—“This is terrible. Do you not perceive what a mockery your creed makes, not only of all religious sentiment, but of moral law? and how it annuls and obliterates whatever precepts of Heaven are written deepest within us?”

In some measure this oscillation may be but the expression of varying moods of a fanciful and speculative mind, that delights, “as an intellectual and moral exercise,” as he himself says, in imagination to play out the part of beings hypothetically endowed with intellectual and moral attributes, and placed in hypothetical situations. In so far as it is the result of genuine doubt, sincere impartiality and candour, and dispassionate inquiry, it may indicate a character that will never command a great following; but it is surely better than the unhesitating but blind movement of a spirit of narrow partisanship and merely receptive activity, and must recommend itself to all thinking minds as a healthy discipline, and a process that must precede and underlie all well-founded belief.

ART. VIII.—POSITIVISM: ITS NATURE AND INFLUENCE AS A PHILOSOPHY, A POLITY, AND A RELIGION.

1. *Cours de Philosophie Positive*. Par M. AUGUSTE COMTE. Paris: Bachelier. Tome Premier, 1830. Tome Sixième, 1842.
2. *Système de Politique Positive: ou Traité de Sociologie*, Institutant la Religion de l'Humanité. Par AUGUSTE COMTE, Auteur du *Système de Philosophie Positive*. Paris: à la Librairie Scientifique-Industrielle de L. Mathias, et chez l'Auteur. Tome Premier, Juillet 1851. Tome Quatrième, Août, 1854.
3. *The Catechism of Positive Religion*. Translated from the French of Auguste Comte. By RICHARD CONGREVE. London: John Chapman, 1858.
4. *A General View of Positivism*. Translated from the French of Auguste Comte, by J. H. BRIDGES, Physician to the Brad-

ford Infirmary; late Fellow of Oriel College, Oxford. London: Trübner and Co., 1865.

5. *Notice sur l'Œuvre et sur la Vie d'Auguste Comte*. Par le docteur ROBINET, son Médecin, et l'un de ses treize Exécuteurs Testamentaires. Deuxième édition. Paris: Librairie Richelien, 1864.
6. *Auguste Comte and Positivism*. By JOHN STUART MILL. Reprinted from the *Westminster Review*. London: Trübner and Co., 1865.
7. *The History of Philosophy from Thales to Comte*. By G. H. LEWES. Third Edition. Second Vol.—*Modern Philosophy*. London: Longmans and Co., 1867.
8. *The Unity of Comte's Life and Doctrine*. A Reply to Strictures on Comte's later Writings, addressed to J. S. Mill, Esq., M.P. By J. H. BRIDGES, Translator of Comte's *General View of Positivism*. London: Trübner and Co., 1866.
9. *The New Religion in its Attitude towards the Old*. By RICHARD CONGREVE. London: Trübner and Co., 1860.
10. *Vingtième Circulaire*, adressée à chaque Coopérateur du libre Subside, institué par Auguste Comte pour le Sacerdoce de l'Humanité. Par M. P. LAFITTE. Paris: 18 Février 1868.
11. *International Policy*. Essays on the Foreign Relations of England. London: Chapman and Hall, 1866.
12. *Elizabeth of England*. Two Lectures delivered at the Philosophical Institution, Edinburgh, January 1862. By RICHARD CONGREVE. London: Trübner and Co.
13. *La Philosophie en France au XIX^e Siècle*. Par FÉLIX RAVAISSON, Membre de l'Institut. Publication faite sous les auspices du Ministère de l'Instruction Publique. Paris: à l'Imprimerie Impériale, 1868.

THE most systematic attempt which has been made to prove the self-sufficiency of Science, and the impossibility of Theology and Metaphysics, is what is called Positivism, or the Positive Philosophy of Auguste Comte. If then we should find, that so far from proving that the principles revealed in consciousness can be dispensed with, it silently assumes, while professing to discard, some of the most important of these, and that Auguste Comte afterwards in the process of his own intellectual development, virtually brought back elements essential to Religion and Metaphysics, we shall surely have some warrant for alleging the failure of Positivism as a substitute for Philosophy, and its own inconsistency as a system of

human knowledge. The final result of the Doctrine of Relative Knowledge as developed by Comte, must be, if it could be consistently carried out, the annihilation of all possible apprehension of anything true, and the reduction of our knowledge to mere *Schein*. The laws of Nature may be called unchangeable, but we can have no warrant for saying they are; and Nature, instead of being the grand Totality of general laws, becomes a bundle of multitudinous phenomena viewed in a certain order of which we can really *know* nothing. Positivism cannot escape absolute Scepticism by even becoming Materialism, for it can know nothing about the reality of the sphere of experience with which alone it concerns itself. Comte aimed at carrying his principles into all regions of inquiry, and to give a satisfactory Philosophy, not merely of Science, but also of History, Politics, and Religion. And as his system is the farthest reach (as it were) of the scientific spirit, and carries to its extreme the tendencies existing in so many, though in partially developed form, to deny the possibility of Theology and Philosophy (in the old meaning of the latter term), and to treat all inquiries in these fields with contempt as empty and frivolous—if it has failed, and if the substitute it has provided be found to land us in confusion and contradiction, then must we reject the assumptions with which it starts, satisfied that the last and greatest enemy of Philosophy and Theology is incompetent to fulfil its boasts, and that it will be wise for Science to seek reconciliation with Metaphysic, instead of viewing and treating her as an enemy or a rival.

The foundation of Comte's system, in the widest sense of the word, is the classification which he, and Mr. Lewes after him, called the Philosophy of the Sciences. It was certainly a great work to classify the laws of all the Sciences in their order of relative simplicity and complexity, and to thereby give us an interconnected and interdependent Whole of Scientific Knowledge. But this was only the beginning of his work. The classification of the Sciences was followed afterwards by an examination and subsequent generalization of the facts and laws of human life. Comte discovered general laws running through history, and of which human life manifested the continuous development, and these also he systematized into a connected body of doctrine (which he called Sociology). The Philosophy of the Sciences, and the Philosophy of History and Society, were afterwards followed by the creation of a Religion in

which all the laws of the various fields of inquiry, that had been observed and systematized according to their external relations, were systematized according as they were related to man. The Objective order in which things appear was thus succeeded by a Subjective order in which the same classes of phenomena were arranged in subordination to humanity. This Subjective order, which is explained and developed in the *Philosophie Politique* as the Objective was in the *Philosophie Positive*, became the sphere wherein Comte traced out the final Religion—the Religion of Humanity. Humanity was made the central object of the Religion, the only proper object of worship. There is no doubt, of course, that peculiar circumstances in the life of Comte, by quickening his affective nature, and deepening his moral instincts and impulses, led him to attach more importance than he would otherwise have done to the emotional elements that are utilized in the Positive Religion; but we believe they only hastened the development of a natural process. At all events, it is certain that from the first, when he was a mere youth, he was more anxious to assist in establishing a new practical polity to deliver modern Europe from the anarchy in which, in his opinion, she had more or less been for five centuries, than to discover theoretical laws; or rather he sought the latter mainly with a view to the former. There was no real discord between his earlier and later views. By and by we shall seek to exhibit their connexion.

Meanwhile, and before entering on a specific examination of these views, it may be interesting to ask how far Comte's leading principles were peculiar to himself. We do not doubt his originality—he was original in very much—but there can be no question that some of his most important doctrines were suggested to him by others, or were discovered, though not applied, by others. So far as the system of Positive Philosophy in its primary sense is concerned, Comte regarded himself as only continuing and completing the intellectual movement begun by Bacon and Descartes in modern times. His Sociological theories, though not due to, were certainly originated under the influence of Saint-Simon; and some of his greatest thoughts, such as the unity of the human race, seem to have been derived from De Maistre. As fundamental to his Sociology, Comte placed a system of Phrenology similar to that of Gall and Broussais. Even his great law of historical evolution was anticipated by another,—by Turgot in his *Histoire des progrès de l'esprit*

humain, as has been pointed out by M. Ravaisson.*

But although these facts may somewhat affect Comte's reputation for originality, there can be no doubt that he was thoroughly original in his applications of these laws and principles, while it is only fair to add that the author of the *Philosophie Positive* was generally forward to acknowledge intellectual obligations. However one may differ from his conclusions, yet no one who reads his works can doubt the breadth and brilliance of his intellect. Specially unwarranted is the suggestion that the peculiarities of the Religion of Humanity may be accounted for on the theory of the partial insanity or mental weakness of its author. The later work, which expounds it—*La Politique Positive*—is certainly not inferior in grasp or in power of generalization and in some respects is even superior in brilliance to, while it is written in a much simpler and purer style than, the *Philosophie Positive*. To this general appreciation of Comte's intellect, we would only add, that his moral nature was lofty and noble, while his life was pure even to the verge of asceticism. Such assertions may surprise some, who are only aware that to all intents and purposes Comte was an atheist, and that he persistently, and even vehemently, discarded all superhuman sanctions for morality. That he may not have been atheistic, in the common sense of the word, is not here to the purpose. We know that he himself strongly, and even angrily, disclaimed the title. But while, so far as dogmatic assertion went, only declaring that the "region of the supernatural—if such there were—was wholly beyond the reach of human intellect, and condemning the presumption of the atheist who declared that the world was self-originated, or was eternal, yet Comte always practically took

it for granted that there is no supernatural sphere, and that all theological averments regarding it (whether natural or revealed) are a bundle of fictions. His negative theoretical attitude therefore involved a positive practical one, which regarded Theology as a pure work of the imagination. Indeed, Comte has thereby laid himself open to the reproaches of Mr. Mill, who holds him faithless to the negative character of Positivism in taking such a position towards Theism. No advantage therefore can be claimed for his religious opinions over Atheism. But he was unlike the ordinary atheist in another respect. Comte was no mere negativist, and even declared a preference for what he might count erroneous doctrines to a merely critical and destructive attitude. His whole purpose and object was, in opposition to the negative school, Constructive. Adopting the axiom of the Emperor Louis Napoleon—of whom his admiration was great, *because* he was the author of such a sentence—that "To destroy you must replace," he devoted his life to the attempt to construct a harmonious scheme of human knowledge, which should give satisfaction to all the impulses and affections of human nature and manifest Humanity (or the total of what is worthy in human life, past, present, and future), as the centre of his system, and as giving the law of moral order.

It was in 1822 that Comte discovered, "in the fire of an ardent imagination"—to use the words of a devoted admirer—"the fundamental law of human evolution, intellectual and practical. By means of it, political reorganization obtained a positive basis, and modern renovation was assured." It was with this law he commenced his *Cours de Philosophie Positive*.* The true nature of his Philosophy could not, he said, be understood without first of all throwing a *coup d'œil* over the progressive march of the human spirit regarded in its totality. The "great fundamental law" which resulted from this survey he enounced in the following terms:—It (the law) consists in this, "that each of our leading conceptions, each branch of our knowledge (or knowledges, to use a convenient word employed by Sir W. Hamilton) passes successively through three different theoretic states: the theological or fictitious, the metaphysical or abstract, and the scientific or positive. In other words, the human spirit naturally employs in its

* The following is the passage which is quoted by M. Ravaisson:—"Avant de connaître la liaison des effets physiques entre eux il n'y eut rien de plus naturel que de supposer qu'ils étaient produits par des êtres intelligents invisibles, et semblables à nous. Car à quoi auraient-ils ressemblé? Tout ce qui arrivait sans que les hommes y eussent part eut son dieu. . . . Quand les philosophes eurent reconnu l'absurdité de ces fables, sans avoir acquis néanmoins de vraies lumières sur l'histoire naturelle, ils imaginèrent d'expliquer les causes des phénomènes par des expressions abstraites, comme essences et facultés, expressions qui, cependant, n'expliquaient rien, et dont on raisonnait comme si elles eussent été des êtres, des nouvelles divinités substituées aux anciennes. . . . Ce ne fut que bien tard, en observant l'action mécanique que les corps ont les uns sur les autres, qu'on tira de cette mécanique d'autres hypothèses, que les mathématiques purent développer et l'expérience vérifier."

* Originally delivered as lectures, Comte called this work a *Cours de Philosophie*, but when he published a second edition, the *Cours* became a *Système*, like the *Philosophie Politique*.

researches three methods of philosophizing successively; the character of each of which is essentially different from, and even radically opposed to, the other: first, the theological method, then the metaphysical, and finally the positive.* He did not of course intend to allege, as has been supposed by some, that "every class of human conceptions" passed through the three states designated; but only, as he himself expresses it, "our principal conceptions, or each branch of our knowledges;" or more definitely still, that there are three methods of explaining the phenomena of the Universe. When men first set themselves to account for the wonderful appearances by which they were surrounded, they did so by referring their causes to supernatural agents; but afterwards, when they had ceased to call in the superhuman at every turn, they were satisfied by the discovery of Metaphysical Entities, such, for example, as Vital Principles, Plastic Forces, etc. According to the latter mode of explanation, objects do all they do and are what they are through some inherent Virtue resident in them. This state is followed by the Positive, which is the third and last, in which men explain existences and appearances by "the invariable laws of phenomena" (to use Mr. Mill's words), without any inquiry into their causes. That is to say, we can trace in the course of man's intellectual development the use of three successive modes of accounting for the facts of nature, one or other of which has been predominant at every historical epoch. But it does not follow that these three stages have so definitely and distinctly succeeded each other that the period in which each prevailed exclusively can be marked off by chronological lines. So far from this, all three may, and to a certain extent do, co-exist,—one method prevailing in one branch of inquiry while another is adopted in a second, and so on. It is also natural to individual intellect, as it is to that of man collectively, to pass through the three states. In history, we observe nations proceeding from the Fetichistic and Theological to the Metaphysical, and landing in the Positive state; and with individuals, we find that children begin by accounting for things on the same principle as holds sway in the first, or Theologic method, from which, in the course of their intellectual development, they go on to the second, until, in their maturity (in countries sufficiently advanced), they pass into the third, or Positive.*

That there is a certain amount of general truth in this law of evolution will probably be allowed, although it breaks down when too severely tested. As a hypothetical law it may be, and has been in Comte's hands, very serviceable. His applications of it in the volumes of his *Philosophie Positive* dealing with "Social Physics," and in his *Philosophy of History in the Politique*, are full of instruction, and are fertile in suggestive views of the natural processes of human development. At the same time we must dissent from the attempt to make this law or method of intellectual evolution the necessary course of all intellectual development (historically). Comte declares it is "impossible to imagine by what other procedure our understanding could have passed from supernatural to purely natural views, from the theological to the positive régime." Yet we have his own authority for the statement that in one of the most important and most numerous branches of the human family the law does not hold good. In the fourth volume of the *Politique* he draws a distinct line of demarcation between the course of intellectual development of the Eastern and Western hemispheres. "The past," he says, "divides itself into two principal ages; the one, essentially common to all peoples, comprises Fetichism and Theocracy; the other, exclusively belonging to the Western world, develops the spontaneous transition between Theocracy and Sociocracy" * (through Metaphysics). In other parts of the same work he declares his expectation that the East will pass immediately to the Positive platform (be developed into full-blown Comtists all at once) without traversing any intermediate metaphysical stage. Therefore, on Comte's own showing, since his law of evolution is not necessary among at least one section of the world's population it cannot be a law necessary to all. Without any reference to the disputed point of man's intellectual condition in the very earliest ages, it is thus clear that the Positive law of evolution is only partially applicable. Its main value must therefore remain that of a provisional hypothesis; and as such, while serving to bring into clearer light the solidarity and continuity of the human race, and exhibiting to us a progressive purpose running

ployment of all three philosophical methods—the theological in certain branches of investigation, the metaphysical in others, and the Positive in yet others.—*Vide* vol. i. f. 50. Mathematics is wholly Positive, but Sociology is metaphysical or theological, and the intervening sciences are more or less infected with metaphysical and theological elements.

* *Philosophie Politique*, vol. iv. p. 10.

* In the *Philosophie Positive* Comte attributes the existing intellectual anarchy to the simultaneous em-

through the history of man, it may assuredly be of great service.

This "fundamental law" of Positivism is only introductory to the classification of the sciences and of the phenomena of life and society. It has been attempted to deprive Comte of the merit of originality in his scientific classification; but the attempt has been without success. Mr. Morell, in his *History of Modern Philosophy*—and his statement is accepted by Professor Ferrier, and partly also by Dr. Stirling in the annotations to his excellent translation of Schwegler's *Handbook*—says that "no one who compares the philosophic method of Schelling with the *Philosophie Positive* of Auguste Comte can have the slightest hesitation as to the source from which the latter virtually sprang." Now there is no doubt a considerable analogy between the generalizations of Schelling and Comte; but it is hardly possible that Comte could have put these philosophers under contribution, seeing that he had never read their writings. In a note to the preface to the sixth volume of the *Phil. Positive*, he says, "I have never read in any language Kant, Vico, Herder, Hegel, etc., and I know their works only by indirect references and some very insufficient extracts." He felt convinced that his abstinence from the works of these authors had greatly contributed to the purity and harmony of his social philosophy. Now that his philosophy was completed, however, he remarks that he intends to learn the German language; "in order better to appreciate the necessary relations of my new mental unity with the systematic efforts of the chief German schools." This is surely enough to demonstrate that from whatever source Comte obtained his theories, he did not get them from Hegel; and as Schelling had not been translated into French at the time when Comte had conceived and partially explained the scheme of his Positive Philosophy (in 1826), which was previous even to the period at which Cousin introduced Schelling's philosophy in a diffuse popular shape to the French public, Mr. Morell's attribution of the origin of Comte's classification to "the German Plato" must be held to be disproved.

Passing from this point, which it seemed desirable to elucidate, since it has led astray more than one writer on Comte, let us go on to the classification itself.

To reduce facts under laws is a necessity of our nature, since without such reduction we should be overwhelmed and hopelessly confused through the multiplicity of special, individual, and unconnected observations.

Hence the laws of external phenomena respond to the laws of our internal natures—are in effect the same (interpart), for only in the application of the intellect can we discover logical or actual laws. All psychological phenomena, all investigation of internal phenomena, is declared impossible by Comte, since we cannot, he says, divide ourselves into two halves, the one of which will be the observer, and the other the observed. All therefore we can know of our logical or intellectual functions is and can only be through and in their actual applications. The homogeneous body of doctrine which the positive philosophy gives us is thus strictly relative to human intelligence, and the latter finds in external nature its own laws. It will be our constant tendency to reduce the number of external laws by subordinating them to the more general; for "scientific progress chiefly consists in gradually diminishing the number of distinct and independent laws." Yet although always tending to objective unity, Comte thought the goal when all phenomena might be included under one law was yet far off. Meanwhile, the only guide we can have in reducing the laws of one class of phenomena under those of another, is their relative simplicity or complexity. Before discovering the order of connexion and interdependence of laws, we must, however, distinguish between the two kinds of sciences presented to us. These are either abstract or concrete. The abstract or general "have as their object the discovery of the laws regulating the various classes of phenomena, considering all conceivable instances; the others (the concrete) are particular, descriptive (sometimes designated natural sciences, properly so called), and consist in the application of these laws to the real history of the various existing beings" (*Phil. Pos.* vol. i. p. 70). In the one case are the elements that enter into, it may be a class or order of different sciences, but which we must abstract in order to view them apart by themselves. In the multitude of observed phenomena we notice certain general elements common to various classes of bodies. For example, the abstract science of Physiology deals with the general laws of all organic existences; and subordinate to it we have the particular or concrete sciences of zoology and botany, which deal with the mode of existence of each separate living body.

This is enough to indicate the nature of the classification, into the details of which we do not require to go. It is only desirable to bear in mind that the system which

is presented to us as (excluding both Theology and Metaphysics) the only possible Philosophy, and which claims to embrace the totality of all possible knowledges in a regular series (connected and interdependent), has for its matter the laws or elementary facts of phenomena, altogether apart from any knowledge of causes. According to Comte, "L'explication des faits, réduite alors à ses termes réels, n'est plus désormais que la liaison établie entre les divers phénomènes particuliers et quelques faits généraux, dont les progrès de la science tendent de plus en plus à diminuer le nombre." Let it further be remembered what is claimed for Positive Philosophy by its disciples, viz., that "it represents both the objective and the subjective dependence of our means of knowing" the laws of the universe, of man, and of society. It constructs a series which makes all the separate sciences organic parts of one science. Yet this same fixed and assured objective science must be dependent upon human conceptions, since the Positive Philosophy is purely relative in the sense that our knowledge is conditioned and in part constituted by the subjective forms that alone make it real. Even the phenomena that appear most thoroughly independent of man are essentially relative. The most general external facts, and the most special internal phenomena, are alike subordinated to the fundamental relation between the organism and what Comte calls "le milieu," the dualism of which constitutes life. "Ainsi, toutes nos connaissances réelles sont nécessairement relatives, d'une part au milieu en tant que susceptible d'agir sur nous, et d'une autre part à l'organisme en tant que sensible à cette action; en sorte que l'inertie de l'un ou l'insensibilité de l'autre supprimant aussitôt ce commerce continu d'où dépend toute notion effective" (*Phil. Pos.*, vol. vi. p. 725). Accordingly "all our speculations whatsoever, as well as all the other phenomena of life, are at once deeply affected by the external constitution which regulates the mode of action, and by the internal constitution which determines their personal result, without our ever being able to obtain in any particular case an exact appreciation of the influence due to each of these inseparable elements of our impressions and thoughts." This "biological conception" was the Comtean substitute for the Kantian theory of knowledge, according to which the external "*ding an sich*" and the internal forms of thought are equally indispensable.

The hierarchy of the Sciences, which consists of five fundamental sciences, builds up

a stable body of interconnected and interdependent knowledge from the simplest mathematical conceptions to the loftiest social speculations. Comte claimed to have fully completed the elementary system of natural philosophy initiated by Aristotle, and in its general spirit conceived by Bacon and Descartes; but this was only done through the foundation and elaboration of Sociology, which was in his eyes the last and most important science of all, that "without which the system of true modern philosophy could have neither unity nor consistency, and which, though without a place in the routine and retrograde constitution of our scientific academies, has at least in its actual origin as much positivity and more rationality than any of the previous sciences." Of course, if Positive Philosophy were to embrace the explanation of all phenomena, it could not omit the last and most important series of facts and laws. Biology, which is a branch of the fundamental science of Physiology, had explained the laws of the individual. But man does not exist as an independent individual, but as the member of a race; and the condition of man and of human civilisation at any particular period necessarily depends upon the preceding, and what it has been, just as in its turn it has been determined by its predecessor, and determines its successor. Humanity is thus a collective organism, the links in which are the successive generations of men. "Man, properly speaking," said Comte, "i. e., as an individual, is, at the bottom, a mere abstraction; there is nothing real but humanity, above all in the intellectual and moral order." No study of the existing state of civilisation, however acute, will therefore suffice, taken by itself, to give us a satisfactory Philosophy of History, or a satisfactory body of social and political doctrine. It will supply materials for the study, but it cannot furnish a true system of positive politics.

In order to establish such a system it is necessary to divide the work into two branches:—"The first should seek to establish the general progress of the human race, abstracting all causes whatever that might affect the rapidity of its civilisation, and consequently all the differences between people and people, however great they might be. In the second it will be proposed to estimate the influence of these modifying causes, and consequently to form the definite picture (*tableau*) in which each people will occupy the special plan corresponding to its peculiar development." First, that is, establish the general laws, and then proceed to examine the individual national idiosyn-

crasies (*Phil. Pol.*, vol. iv. p. 133, App.). As Biology is the science next to Sociology, the latter has become necessary, because it has been found that the former alone could not explain the phenomena resulting from the collective efforts of humanity in its condition of continuous existence. The law of evolution, previously explained, was the cardinal idea on which Sociology was founded. It was the universal law which would embrace and explain the various phenomena determined by the history of man, and enable us to trace these collective determinations through history. The works in which Comte applies the law from the standpoint of human history, contain a valuable series of (on the whole) marvelously accurate historical generalizations. Their main purpose in the eyes of Comte was to prove fundamental to a new polity, and to regulate the social relations of men by being instrumental in bringing the Western races first of all—to be followed afterwards by the other nations—out of the condition of anarchy in which they have been since the decay of Catholicism as a Spiritual power, a power which in its day Comte shows admirably fulfilled the end of moulding nations and peoples to social order.

Sociology alone could finally establish the Positive Philosophy. Sociology is the summit of the system of all Science, and completes the true system of knowledge, which is henceforth subjected in its entire extent, as in its gradual expansion to one hierarchy, and to a common evolution, possible in no other way. Harmony between speculation and action is also established, supremacy being given over all things to Sociological conceptions. "Finally, the morality whose direct exigencies were implicitly misconceived during the preliminary elaboration, recovers also its eternal rights in consequence of the mental supremacy of the social point of view, re-establishing with an energetic efficiency the continuous reign of the spirit of *ensemble*, to which remains always profoundly bound the true sentiment of duty." The development of human nature, both collective and individual, exhibits the growing ascendancy of humanity over animality, after the double supremacy of intelligence over mere inclination, and of the sympathetic instincts over the personal. Thus morality becomes the universal ruler, and the development of Positive Philosophy leads directly up to it through the portals of Sociology. Of course, however, all our aims and hopes are strictly confined to "real life," as Comte calls our earthly existence; and Positive Philosophy tends more and more to make the happiness of

each member of the human family dependent on the development of the sympathetic and benevolent emotions towards his fellows, and to all sensible beings subordinated to man.

It must now appear that in Comte's own mind the moral system which was the basis of the Religion of Humanity was strictly connected with his first development of positive principles, and even with his earliest conception of the Positive Philosophy. It remains for us to sketch the main features of the Religion of Humanity, and to examine its progress and present position.

It has been seen that from his earliest youth the idea of the necessity for social reconstruction—fostered by the influence of Saint Simon—was paramount in the thoughts of Comte. The prevalent confusion and anarchy of society could be only overcome by the constitution and assured supremacy of a new spiritual power exercising an authority over nations and men similar to that exercised by Roman Catholicism in its palmy days. We find this idea in the earliest of Comte's smaller works: and indeed he must, when a mere boy in his teens, have succeeded in emancipating himself from all the theologies and "effete spiritualisms" he saw around him. It might be interesting to examine the circumstances of his youth, which impelled him so soon to the conclusion that the force of theological motives was finally exhausted, and that it had become necessary to substitute purely human motives, and to build up thereon a new science of morality and politics. Doubtless his native arrogance, we may almost say insolence of disposition, which made him generally rebellious against all authority external to himself, was a main factor in the case. With such a disposition at all events he began his life-work, elaborated a system of scientific knowledge leading up to the new science of Sociology, to which all other sciences were subordinated, and his development of the laws of which conducted him to the conclusion that a still higher synthesis was possible, and that Morality, involving the subordination of selfish impulse to the service of humanity, was the final term to which the process of universal generalization led. From this the step to a new Religion of Humanity was a short one.

Religion, in the Positive sense, has a peculiar meaning. It must be a religion without a God or gods; and therefore it might be supposed without objects of worship. Not so, however. According to Comte, Religion has primary reference to a certain end, and only secondarily to the

The solidarity or necessary connexion in space of human life is one aspect of the unity, whereof its continuity or progress in time is the other. Hence a constant action and reaction of the various parts of Humanity. "The living are always by the necessity of the case—and the more so the more we advance in time—under the government of the dead. Such is the fundamental law of human order." The servants of Humanity among the dead live on in the minds of their successors, a mode of existence purely subjective, as distinguished from the objective existence that implies the presence of the body. Humanity thus comes to be divided into two great sections, and as time proceeds, the influence of the dead continues to be a growing one. The worthy servants of Humanity receive as the reward of their service in this life incorporation with the Great Being, by which their subjective immortality is insured. "We have received large endowments from the liberality of our predecessors; we hand on gratuitously to our successors the whole domain in which man lives and moves; and the addition made in each successive generation becomes smaller and smaller in proportion to the amount received. Our exertions are necessarily disinterested. They meet with an adequate reward in our subjective incorporation, by which we are enabled to perpetuate our services in an altered form." The Great Being which is thus constituted is the object of worship and the final end of action, and *its* action is the collective work of an innumerable multitude of individuals. Of course, Comte could not claim that the idea of doing service to Humanity, or even of regarding human life as a unity, was wholly new and original. He traced the germ of his own theory in the most remote ages, and admitted that even a disciple of "the egoistic doctrine of Christianity" could say with some significance that "we are every one members one of another." But this was at best a confused anticipation of the final dogma of Positivism, which can only be properly and fully attained through the convergence of all branches of human knowledge to its centre in man.

By the discovery of the *Grand Être*, with its nature and relations, the dogmatic side of the Religion of Humanity is completed, and the next point in order is the worship instituted in its honour. The one supplies the wants of the intellect—the other those of the heart and imagination. The object of the worship of Humanity is, to adopt the words of Comte, to adore her, "not as his worshippers adored God, with vain compliments, but in order to serve her better by

bettering ourselves. This is the normal object of Positive worship" (*Catechism*, p. 87). Not the indulgence of mere feeling, which leads to Mysticism; but the cultivation of feeling in order to action—in order the better to fulfil the practical maxim, *Live for others*. In the *Catechism* of the Positive Religion, Comte adjoins his "spiritual daughter," whom he is addressing, to beware of reducing worship to the cultivation of mere feeling, an error to which, he adds, "I am more prone than you, by my greater tendency to system." But Worship does more than cultivate the feelings—it is also the bond of union between the doctrine and the *régime* or system of practical rule which the doctrine renders necessary. This it is by "idealizing both the one and the other." Of course our objects of worship are wholly fictitious in the sense of having only subjective existence, but they differ from the former fictitious creations worshipped by man in this respect that we are fully conscious that they *are* subjective. We adore the representation in our own minds of the Past, the Present, and the Future of Humanity: that is to say, our Ancestors, Contemporaries, and Descendants. As the best concrete types of these, we may worship the Mother, the Wife, and the Daughter, which encourage in us respectively feelings of veneration, affection, and tenderness. In such Worship we reproduce within us, by the aid of the imagination, stimulated by sentiment, the images of absent beings, as types or ideals, that are dear to us though they may be distant or dead; but since we know that these are merely images and representations, our own subjective creations, we still continue to subordinate the inner to the outer life, our mere contemplations to external reality. Still the types of perfection that live in our hearts, and which we adore, become regulators of our action, and under their influence and inspiration we grow purer and better.

The chief instrument of Positive Worship is Prayer—not in the shape of petition for the bestowal of benefits on ourselves,—which of course is deemed the height of selfishness,—but what Robinet calls "a true elevation of man to Humanity, in which we express to Her, or her best representatives, the gratitude and love with which they inspire us." Through prayer we contemplate and venerate what is noblest in human life, and thereby ourselves grow more noble. It becomes, therefore, the means of perfecting our natures; for the Positivist prays in order to give expression to his best affections. This is his main object. "He

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angels, etc., on which we have no patience, and happily there is no need, to enter. The Positive Worship was completed by the institution of a series of nine "Sacraments," the object of which is to consecrate to the service of the *Grand Etre* the various epochs in human life, from birth to the choice of a profession, on through marriage, to death, and after death to incorporation in Humanity. The Worship that does this is, we are told, "a continuous idealization of human life, a permanent culture of sociability. From the cradle to the tomb it develops our Altruism: it offers to us a better and more synthetic conception of the *Grand Etre* who rules: it opens to us the ways of a subjective activity more elevated than that of real life."

But the Doctrine and the Worship do not complete the Religion. There remains yet the *régime*, by which the principle of universal harmony secures predominance over practical life, and which rests on the double basis of the worship and the doctrine. We have already seen that the Universal Order is divided into the Order of the World external to man and the order of man's world. A similar division is applicable to the progress whereof order is the basis. There is a progress which has reference to man's external circumstances, and there is a progress which has reference to his moral and spiritual natures. This division leads to the distinction between Temporal and Spiritual action and government, and therefore between temporal and spiritual authorities, or secular and political government and the Priesthood. Regarding the world from the "statical" point of view, or in the elements of its existence apart from its movement (which is "dynamical"), Comte had early arrived, we have seen, at a conviction of the necessity for a separation of the spiritual and temporal powers as the basis of social order and reorganization. He alleged that "any combined action of man, on however small a scale, requires the existence of a power whose special duty it is to bring back to general views and feelings, agents whose constant tendency is in the opposite direction. Such a power must check the disorganizing, and foster the converging tendencies of these agents." No society is possible without a government, not even the simplest form of it in the family. And as all men stand in need of education and guidance, it follows that in every society should be developed a Priesthood in some form or other. Never was it more needed than in these times of confusion, when, through the influence and action of Protest-

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The chief instrument of Positive Worship is Prayer—not in the shape of petition for the bestowal of benefits on ourselves,—which of course is deemed the height of selfishness,—but what Robinet calls "a true elevation of man to Humanity, in which we express to Her, or her best representatives, the gratitude and love with which they inspire us." Through prayer we contemplate and venerate what is noblest in human life, and thereby ourselves grow more noble. It becomes, therefore, the means of perfecting our natures; for the Positivist prays in order to give expression to his best affections. This is his main object. "He

may also ask, but he asks only for a noble progress, which he insures almost by the very asking." It is evident, then, that prayer is used on account of the reflex effect which the practice has upon our minds and affections. It is enjoined as a daily practice;—nay, as a practice to be followed three times a day—morning, noon, and night. "All prayer," says Comte, "public or private, ought to begin by commemoration as a preparation for effusion, the last occupying half the time the former occupies." In this last sentence we have an example of Comte's besetting sin—his passion for over-regulation,—which made him descend to fix the most minute details of the arrangements of the Positive Worship, public and private. Thereby appears the grotesqueness of his system. If he had simply given the complete dogma of Positivism, or even confined himself to expressing the main ideas of a Positive Worship, he would have escaped nearly all the laughter and contempt which he has excited. It is impossible to suppress such feelings when we contemplate the burlesque Ritualism which characterizes the Positive Worship. There is assuredly nothing absurd in itself in commending the use of art in the forms of poetry, music, and architecture in Positive worship; but when we come to the detailed Symbolism presented to us, and see the Divinity of Positivism—Humanity—represented, in sculpture or painting, as "a woman of the age of thirty, with her son in her arms," the sense of the ridiculous is irrepressible. When, too, we are told that in the temples of Humanity the image is to be fixed behind the sacred desk, and that a series of moveable banners, to be borne in the Positivist sacred processions, are to be used, on the white side of which will be the holy image, and on the green the sacred formula of Positivism—the green side to be turned towards the procession,—we cannot help wondering how so much that is grotesque could consist with so much that was really great in the mind of Comte. Mr. Mill might well say that Comte could have had no sense of ridicule; and however his disciples may try to prove the reverse from his fondness for Molière, etc., they will never succeed in convincing the world that he could have had any idea of the feeling of incongruity which his detailed arrangements must produce among men. So minute were these arrangements that he drew up a calendar, in which every day of the year—which was re-divided according to Positive conceptions—was devoted to the worship of some special servant of humanity. Then there is all the nonsense about guardian

angels, etc., on which we have no patience, and happily there is no need, to enter. The Positive Worship was completed by the institution of a series of nine "Sacraments," the object of which is to consecrate to the service of the *Grand Être* the various epochs in human life, from birth to the choice of a profession, on through marriage, to death, and after death to incorporation in Humanity. The Worship that does this is, we are told, "a continuous idealization of human life, a permanent culture of sociability. From the cradle to the tomb it develops our Altruism: it offers to us a better and more synthetic conception of the *Grand Être* who rules: it opens to us the ways of a subjective activity more elevated than that of real life."

But the Doctrine and the Worship do not complete the Religion. There remains yet the *régime*, by which the principle of universal harmony secures predominance over practical life, and which rests on the double basis of the worship and the doctrine. We have already seen that the Universal Order is divided into the Order of the World external to man and the order of man's world. A similar division is applicable to the progress whereof order is the basis. There is a progress which has reference to man's external circumstances, and there is a progress which has reference to his moral and spiritual natures. This division leads to the distinction between Temporal and Spiritual action and government, and therefore between temporal and spiritual authorities, or secular and political government and the Priesthood. Regarding the world from the "statical" point of view, or in the elements of its existence apart from its movement (which is "dynamical"), Comte had early arrived, we have seen, at a conviction of the necessity for a separation of the spiritual and temporal powers as the basis of social order and reorganization. He alleged that "any combined action of man, on however small a scale, requires the existence of a power whose special duty it is to bring back to general views and feelings, agents whose constant tendency is in the opposite direction. Such a power must check the disorganizing, and foster the converging tendencies of these agents." No society is possible without a government, not even the simplest form of it in the family. And as all men stand in need of education and guidance, it follows that in every society should be developed a Priesthood in some form or other. Never was it more needed than in these times of confusion, when, through the influence and action of Protest-

ants, Deists, and Metaphysicians, Society is hopelessly disorganized. Only through a Positive Priesthood which shall undertake and direct the education of the members of society according to the very comprehensive plan sketched out by Comte, can reorganization be possible. The Spiritual Power, however, acts by persuasion and conviction, not by coercion. But cases may occur where the two former prove insufficient, in which instance the Priesthood is entitled to call to its help the judgment and opinions of others. It is obvious that were Society ever reorganized according to Comte's scheme, the power of the Priesthood might, and indeed in the long-run must, prove fatal to individual liberty. For the Priesthood would have the power, in the case of those deemed irrecoverably bad, of excommunicating them from Humanity, and in her name pronouncing them absolutely unworthy; after which they would be "incapable of sharing in the benefits and duties of human society." We can conceive nothing more oppressive than such a power might become, despite the fact of its being, as Dr. Bridges says, a moral power resting on persuasion. A Positive Society, for instance, would tolerate none who were not Positivists in its midst; and were Society to become Positivist, persecution of those who dissented from its doctrines and disregarded its practical injunctions would be the consequence. The persecution need not take the form of physical coercion; but even without that the degradation necessarily consequent upon and in part resulting from the excommunications of the Priesthood would become intolerable. As usual, Comte goes into excessively minute detail in developing his ideas of the Positive Priesthood. He did not stop with constructing the general idea of a Spiritual authority, but proceeded to fix the orders, ages, and salaries of its various members. The High Priest of Humanity—the Head of the Spiritual Authority—"whose natural residence will be Paris, as the metropolis of the regenerated West," is to receive an annual salary of £2400, and is to be assisted by four national superiors, at salaries of £1200 each, who are to guide respectively the Italian, Spanish, English, and German Churches, and so on.

But we have perhaps already given more than enough of the details of the Religion of Humanity,—at least, quite as much as is consistent with a general survey of Positivism. Mr. Mill is so far impressed by the Religion of Humanity, that he takes some trouble to show how a religion without a God may not only be possible, but may be

of a very elevated character, and of great practical utility. Mr. Lewes rejects the Positive Religion, but accepts "the great ideal existence," the conception of Humanity. We submit that in this he is scarcely logical. If he agrees with Comte in rejecting all causes, including the entire sphere of the Supernatural, and if he also accepts the "great ideal existence" which can alone regulate and guide those feelings that connect us with society, and lead us to subordinate selfish impulses to benevolent, then we do not see how consistently he can stop short of the Religion of Humanity. He is bound to show us how these feelings are to be exercised, cultivated, and developed. This Comte did, and was therefore so far the more consequent thinker of the two.

It may be interesting, before proceeding to estimate the influence of Positivism, to refer to the steps taken by Comte to make a practical commencement with the new Faith, and to inquire what success has hitherto attended or followed his efforts. We have said little hitherto about the influence of the circumstances of Comte's own life upon the formation of his opinions, as we consider that rather more has been done in this way than was quite necessary. We reject as absurd the attempt to trace to the remains of mental aberration, weakness, or insanity, the peculiar and strange religious doctrines and practices developed by him late in life. Unless we are to conclude that whatever may be strange in a man indicates insanity, there is no ground for charging insanity upon Comte.* It is true that his intellect was once for a short time disordered; but it was only for a short time, and the cause can be traced in the intense and long-continued mental exertion which—and it cannot be wondered at, considering the nature and endurance of that exertion—disturbed his brain. At the same time there is no doubt that the great self-concentration of Comte, building itself as a practice on the original tenacity and obstinacy of his nature, and favoured and fostered by his habits of seclusion from all intellectual influences other than his own, caused a one-sidedness which led him to forget and under-estimate the peculiar aspect his views would necessarily assume in the eyes of other men. The latest of his writings sufficiently shows there was no intellectual weakness in Comte,—and the fact of the perfect symmetry and systematic connexion of his views ought to demonstrate that insanity, in the ordinary sense of the

* As well say that the remarkable theories of the later years of Schelling—in which he supplanted by

word, had nothing to do with them. Their peculiarity or grotesqueness, where they are grotesque, was probably due to those silent, solitary habits of thought being unchecked by reference to any objective standard, and tested only by the subjective standard of his own thoughts and feelings. There is another point of connexion between Comte's life and speculations to which we must refer, and on which much that is irrelevant and unjust has been written. There can be little doubt that Madame Clotilde de Vaux was the cause of a development of emotional feeling in Comte, and of a great exaltation of moral sentiment; and that under her influence he was led to attribute more to the sentimental elements of our nature than he might otherwise have done. We need not go into the subject minutely; but Comte being what he was by nature, it was not astonishing, after his separation from his wife, that he should become powerfully influenced by a graceful, accomplished, and amiable woman, whose position in being separated from her husband, through no fault of hers, he viewed as similar to his own. The friendship of the two was, there can be no doubt, not only pure in character, but morally and spiritually beneficial to both. She was not, unfortunately, a woman whose intellectual nature was developed equally with her emotional and moral; and hence her influence over the author of the Positive Philosophy was too purely sentimental to be altogether healthy. But it was certainly due to her that Comte developed so soon as he did what we may call a Positive Religion and a Positive Metaphysics. Before knowing her he had indeed laid the foundations of the Religion of Humanity; but the supremacy allotted by him to Sentiment was, according to his own account, due to Clotilde, who was also, indirectly, the author of many of the foolish fancies about guardian angels, the worship of Woman, etc. etc., that became prominent elements of the Religion of Humanity. Her death increased, instead of causing to decline, her influence over Comte. The too short year in which he enjoyed her society became his ideal of all that was lovely and of good report. Naturally, therefore, Clotilde's image became the object of his fervent adoration, and henceforth Clotilde de Vaux herself became to Positivist worshippers what the Virgin Mary is to Catholics. It is curious to see the strange wanderings of a strong intellectual nature like Comte's,

when wholly under the dominance of Sentiment, and recognising no stable, objective, and really-existing Ideal—an Ideal which was also a Real—that could satisfy his heart as well as his intellect.

Comte's first attempt to found a Positive Society, which should be developed into an association for the regeneration of human life, by the constitution and maintenance of a general Spiritual Power, supreme over all other organizations, and which as a Priesthood should direct the education of mankind, and save the Western World from anarchy, seems to have been made about two years after Madame Clotilde de Vaux's death. In February 1848, he issued a circular announcing the formation of the germ of such a Society, with "Order and Progress" as its motto. Its first object was to promote Positive instruction—on the one side in mathematical, inorganic, and biological studies, and on the other in history, which was the roadway of Social Science. Social studies were the end of this Association, which regarded intelligence as subordinate to Sociability, and the Spirit as the servant of the Heart. The month after the announcement of its formation, with its centre of course in Paris, although it aimed at ultimately embracing within the sphere of its operations the whole of Western Europe, Comte, as its founder, addressed himself by circular to all who desired to become connected with it. In this document he declares himself the founder of a political Society, "destined to fulfil towards the second part of the great Revolution, which is essentially organic, an office equivalent to that which the Society of Jacobins so usefully exercised in the first part, which was of necessity critical"—the only difference between the two Societies being that the latest will be still more purely consultative, without any mingling of temporal intervention, "since it will rest upon a new general doctrine; the partisans of which are yet too few in number to obtain any other influence than that which may emanate from a free, public appreciation of the wisdom of their judgments and discoveries." This doctrine is of course, Positive Philosophy. "Until," said Comte, "it has acquired sufficient importance and extension, its *séances* will continue to be held at my house every Sunday, from seven to ten o'clock;" and in order to insure the harmony of the Society and its composition, "I alone will remain judge of the intellectual and moral aptitude of all who seek admission." Comte here virtually assumes the attitude of Pontiff or High Priest of Humanity, which he afterwards openly claimed to be. Of course

a new, and, strangely enough, what he called a Positive Philosophy, all his earlier philosophical opinions—was a proof of mental derangement,

knowledge (to a certain extent) of the Positive Philosophy was essential to membership; and Comte proclaimed that the Positive philosophers who wish to devote themselves to the Priesthood must renounce all public political positions. This he solemnly declared was the necessary result of the profound conviction which for more than twenty years had familiarized him with the essential separation of the two elementary powers. In this separation lay the fundamental principle of all healthy modern politics. For allies in the great work he had inaugurated, Comte looked not so much to the learned *savans* of the age, but mainly to the *prolétairé* class. It was among women and workmen that he hoped for most converts; and the striking characteristic of the new social regeneration would consist in the intimate alliance formed between true Positive philosophers and the proletaries of Western Europe.

But we must here draw attention to another circular, which was prepared in November 1848, and signed by twelve of Comte's most intimate friends and admirers, calling upon all who valued and sympathized with Comte's great life-work to subscribe to form a fund for his support. The twelve state that the composition of his works had occupied his whole lifetime, but they had excited against him enmities that had deprived him of the means of making a livelihood. We need not here give the details of Comte's "persecution," by which he lost the office of Examiner in the Polytechnic School, and also the position he occupied as a teacher in a private boarding-house. Comtists have perhaps made more than sufficient noise about the matter. Yet, there is no doubt he was harshly treated, and was made to suffer for his opinions in person and in pocket. To repair the evil his friends asked, not from Positivists only, but from all the "enemies of injustice," the sum of 5000 francs, to be subscribed annually, *so long as Comte had no other means of support!* The result of the appeal was that a sum of 3000 francs was subscribed in 1849. This fund, instituted in peculiar circumstances, Comte soon came to look upon as a perpetual annuity due to him by his friends, which ought to be supplemented so as to become a permanent provision for the Positive Priesthood, and for the advancement of Positive principles. In the circular issued by him early in 1850, thanking his friends for their bounty, he declares that he did not hesitate to accept it "on the double title of a legitimate guarantee against the culpable spoliation of which I was officially the victim, and as a pledge of *merited*

security for the continuance of my philosophical works." Holding as he did, that the public were bound to contribute of their abundance for the help of the philosophic few labouring at unremunerative pursuits, he thought it only his right to receive their money while he was devoting himself to the service of humanity. Had he not devoted his entire life to the founding of a healthy philosophy, and of the true religion, and ought he not therefore to receive the support of all who regarded the Positive faith as the only way of escape from continuous anarchy? Comte seems to have even looked forward to a more settled and permanent provision for the Positive Priesthood than was furnished by the voluntary offerings of the faithful; but he said that as it had been in the case of the Catholic Clergy, so would it be with the Priesthood of Humanity—private benevolence would long provide what would ultimately be supplied by public munificence. Perhaps if the scheme of indiscriminate endowment should ever be carried out in this country the Positive religion may attain in England the position its author anticipated! At all events, the new philosophers could not be expected to fulfil properly their social functions unless they were made independent of the ignoble cares that attend making one's livelihood. The fund was originally managed by M. Littré, between whom and Comte however, differences sprang up long before the philosopher's death, and who finally left the ranks of the complete Positivists.

The circular from which we have just quoted was the first of a series that has been issued annually since the establishment of the Positive Society, and became the means of connecting Positivists by a practical bond that was made a sign, and soon afterwards a test of fellowship. In a very short time Comte made the subscription list the test of the true Positivist. In March 1851, we find him dividing his followers into two parties, the one incomplete, and the other complete. The former consist of those who simply accepted his philosophical principles, while the latter, besides doing that, carried them out to their social and religious consequences. The annual circulars now exhibit year by year an increasing arrogance of tone. Abandoning all hope of reparation from his persecutors, and therewith seemingly all design or desire to work for his own support, he "feels himself constrained, at the age of fifty-four," to throw himself entirely upon the subscription, which was at first intended to have been only provisional and temporary. At this time the subscription list showed a

total of above 4000 francs. The provisional fund designed to afford Comte temporary help had become transformed into a Sacerdotal subsidy, contribution to which was binding on every one who professed to be a Positivist, and which in 1853 he proclaimed his intention of making a preliminary condition of such a qualification. It was time to discriminate between the true and the false sheep! He would henceforth test all pretenders by the strict rules laid down in the Positive Catechism; but before so testing them it was necessary they should subscribe. The minimum asked from any individual (a centime per day) was so little that very few could claim exemption on the ground of poverty. The total amount of the subsidy ought to be 7000 francs, as 2000 francs were "morally" due to Madame Comte, as the annuity which her husband should pay to her. Anything beyond this amount would be applied to help aspirants to the new Priesthood, "or to facilitate my publications, or to some other Positive purpose." Because of his social mission he called upon even "sincere theologists," who believed with him that the greatest want of the age was the establishment of a spiritual power, to come to his help. In 1856 M. Comte was able to express his assurance of the establishment of his system in practical life. "Posterity," he then wrote, "will regard the Positive state of Humanity as having commenced spiritually during the year just past, since the Positive Religion, which had been fully established the previous year, from that time applied itself to the political institution of the final transition." As an evidence of this he mentions the consecration of the Positive Sacrament of Marriage "between two noble proletaries," for the first time three months before. The author of the new religion was satisfied with the progress of his work.

The last circular issued by Comte was dated January 1857, and in it he expressed his gratification that, after seven years of painful gradual preparation, the subsidy had at last considerably exceeded the minimum (it amounted to about 8200 fr.). He judged hopefully, was even sanguine, of the future, "reading the signs of the times," from his own peculiar point of view; for the faith of Comte was great. Amongst the subjects of satisfaction to him to which he refers, was the fact of worthy Positivists having begun the practices of daily worship, both secret and domestic, to which he attached great importance. He rejoiced in the publication of various works that testified to the spread of Positivism in foreign countries. In clos-

ing his eighth and last circular, Comte declared that the slowness of the social progress of Positivism was more due to Positivists themselves than to the Western public. From the fact, too, of emerging amidst revolutionary surroundings, the doctrine which aimed at subordinating the head to the heart had not hitherto affected sentiment except through intelligence. Better suited to the South than to the North, more appreciable by women and workmen than by other classes, it has only affected special individuals by "substituting conviction for persuasion." What has happened, however, shows how rapid will be the progress of Positivism once it has become more poetical than philosophical, and has assumed its normal character and its natural destination. "Thanks," said Comte, "to the noble toleration of the Dictator (Louis Napoleon), who was the author of the best sentence of the nineteenth century, the liberty granted to my volumes is extended to my smaller works, and even to my circulars, in which the Western Republic is annually proclaimed under the Imperial stamp."*

On Saturday the 5th September 1857, after a painful illness, "the founder of the Religion of Humanity heaved his last sigh," at half-past six o'clock in the evening, surrounded by a few faithful friends. He was attended during his illness by Dr. Robinet, who became his biographer, and he appears to have borne himself with becoming fortitude and resignation, thoroughly convinced, as would appear, to the very last, of the truth of the Positive Religion, of which he was himself the High Priest. He was buried on the 8th September, in the cemetery of Père-la-Chaise, his body being followed to the grave by his adopted family—who, during the latter years of his life, were assiduous in their devotion to and care for him—and by a portion of his disciples. The body was placed in a temporary resting-place until a suitable tomb could be prepared, and a few farewell words were pronounced by Dr. Robinet over the grave, upon which "the disciples of the universal religion separated, after having placed on his tomb, and that of his eternal companion (Clotilde de Vaux), the funeral homage of their veneration." On the third Sunday after Comte's death a more formal oration and eulogy was delivered by Dr. Robinet,

* The Positive circular has as its heading, "République Occidentale," under which are written the three Positive mottos:—"Ordre et Progrès," "Vivre pour autrui," and "Vivre au grand jour." It is addressed (since Comte's death), "A chaque co-opérateur du libre Subside, institué par A. Comte, pour le sacerdoce de l'Humanité."

who was appointed to the duty by M. Pierre Lafitte, chief of Comte's executors, and M. Magnin, President of the Positive Society. Of course the oration consisted of a glorification of Comte and the work he had accomplished.

The year of Comte's death, the subsidy reached the unprecedented sum of 15,486 francs, or nearly double what it was the previous year. By his will (prepared two years before his death), Comte left the most minute directions and explanations of his wishes. Amongst these was that his adherents should continue the annuity of 2000 francs to his widow, in order that the obligation resulting "from my single really serious fault since my youth," should be fulfilled to the uttermost. This single serious fault was his marriage. He also desired that an annuity of 1500 francs should be paid to his adopted daughter, Sophie Thomas, to whom should be intrusted the charge of "the sacred domicile where was originated and completed the religious evolution of Positivism, whose holy rites will continue to be celebrated there until the erection of a special temple." Thirteen of the most devoted disciples of Comte, under the presidency of M. Lafitte, who had for fourteen years been an intimate personal friend of M. Comte, were named to see the will carried out. As Comte was without private or personal property, the fulfilment of his last wishes depended upon the subscribers to the subsidy. With the exception of a few trifles, bestowed as affectionate souvenirs upon his father, sister, adopted daughter, and several of his more intimate personal followers, he devoted all that was in the house—furniture, books, letters, mss., etc.—to his "sacerdotal successors," to be preserved, "at the expense of the Positive Church;" and minute instructions were left as to the choice of a perpetual successor as President of the Positive Society, and as to the formation of the Western Committee.

The sequel is painful. According to Dr. Robinet, Madame Comte took energetic exception to the terms of her late husband's will, and succeeded in securing the countenance and support of M. Littré. A few days after the funeral she presented herself at the dwelling she had not entered for fifteen years, and after admission "she had the painful hardihood to insult the beings the most dear to Auguste Comte, without being prevented by him who accompanied her," viz., M. Littré. She forbade the house to Positivists; occupied the "sacerdotal chamber," and would not allow the commemoration the disciples wished to observe in honour of their master. Madame Comte

persistently declined all offers of compromise by her husband's executors. They proposed to pay his debts, and to continue payment of her annuity, if she would abandon her claims to Comte's literary property and works, and to the other relics of the founder of Positivism. She declared, however, that she could not, without dishonour, accept an annuity that her husband had regarded as an obligation consequent upon the fault he had been guilty of in marrying her. At the sale of effects which afterwards took place, Comte's disciples obtained the "precious relics" they were so anxious for. As to M. Littré, it is impossible to trust the evidently prejudiced and one-sided account given by M. Robinet of his conduct after Comte's death. It may be natural for the attached and reverential disciples of the founder of Positivism to venerate their master, and to regard all his "precious relics" as sacred, but they should really hold excused from the duty of cherishing similar feelings, those who, unlike them, do not put faith in the religious mission of the High Priest of Humanity. It may also be true that there is a unity in Comte's life and doctrine from first to last, and that only they are worthy of the name of Positivists who adopt all his principles and doctrines, and who believe that Positivism is a religion which "has its seat, its worship, and its priesthood; which had a saint for its founder, and which, if necessary, will have its confessors and martyrs." All this may be admitted, and yet surely one may be allowed to practise what Comte called "the common-sense method" of looking at ordinary facts and phenomena without being thereby under any moral obligation to adopt all the consequences to which Comte was led. The way in which M. Littré is anathematized by Comtists because he has done the one and not the other, is foolish, and only shows their intolerance.

From what has been said, it appears that the continuation of the Positive subsidy (even though relieved from Madame Comte's annuity) was indispensable to the fulfilment of the terms of Comte's will. It was necessary, in the first place however, to find a fitting successor to Comte as the High Priest of the new Religion. This difficulty was got over, or evaded, by the appointment of M. Pierre Lafitte, already perpetual president of Comte's testamentary executors, provisional "spiritual" director of Positivism; and at the same time, M. J. Magnin became, according to Comte's will, "temporal" president. Thereby the Positivist directorate was reconstituted. M. Lafitte's first duty was to rally the supporters of

Positivism after the death of their master. For this purpose he continued the annual circulars, and he was greatly helped, he tells us, in his work "by the devoted assistance and the noble voluntary subordination of Mr. Richard Congreve, one of the Britannic members of the Positivist Council, and the leading representative of the new religion in England." In the exercise of his sacerdotal functions, M. Lafitte extended the domestic consecrations, and instituted two new festivals in celebration, respectively, of the birth and death of "the founder of the universal Religion." Afterwards provision was made for the administration of the sacrament of "social destination," whereby the individual is consecrated to the business of his life. On the morning of the annual celebration of the death of Auguste Comte (6th September 1859), this sacrament was conferred on M. Hadery, a gentleman who had undertaken the work of attempting to solve practically the Comtean problem of agricultural cultivation. He was enabled to do this on a befitting scale through the liberality of "a young English Positivist," who gave 250,000 francs to provide the agricultural establishment of M. Hadery. The object hereby sought to be fulfilled was the carrying out of Comte's design of "regenerated industrial chiefs," who, under the new Positive social *régime*, in which duties take the place of rights, would regard property as only the means of discharging duty. The sacrament of "social destination," by which M. Hadery's enterprise was consecrated to the service of Humanity, was preceded, we are told, by a lengthy exposition of the principles of the new political economy, and of the true organization of modern industry. After having recalled the reciprocal duties of masters and workmen, of the industrial chiefs, the new patricians and the *prolétaires*, or new citizens, to each other and to society, and their common obligations to Humanity, the representative of the Positive priesthood proposed to the new industrial chief the essential conditions of every engagement of the kind:—

"You recognise," he said to him, "that wealth, social in its source and its destiny, should nevertheless receive a personal appropriation so as to be employed with a worthy independence in the service of Humanity."

"You promise to use with a wise economy only what is requisite for your personal maintenance, so as to employ the revenue of your capital in ameliorating the agents of labour, and perfecting its instruments."

"You promise to institute as soon as possible a suitable Sociocratic inheritor of the capital you are to administer in name of Humanity."

Having faithfully and solemnly promised adhesion to these fundamental points of every industrial function, "M. Hadery was consecrated agricultural chief in the fourth class of the Positive Patriariate." The same sacrament administered to M. Hadery was, on 6th September 1860, also administered to an English Positivist at Paris.

In England, Mr. Richard Congreve, "formerly a distinguished member of the Anglican clergy, now one of the most eminent and devoted apostles of the Positive Church," is the recognised head of Positivism, while in America, Mr. Henry Edger has founded a centre of Positive worship, and celebrates every year the commemorative festivals of Comte's birth and death. There are thus three centres of Positive worship established—one in Paris under the direction of M. Lafitte, another in England under Mr. Congreve, and a third in America under Mr. Edger. The first-named, though not permanent Pontiff and successor of Comte, is recognised by complete Positivists as the most competent exponent of his philosophical and religious principles. The issue of the annual circular was accordingly continued by M. Lafitte, and we have before us a series of twelve, the number printed since the death of Comte. The twentieth (and latest) is dated 8th February of the current year. In these circulars are to be observed whatever indications have been remarked by eager disciples of Comte of the progress of his opinions, and the influence these continue to exert in the several centres of Positivism. The list of subscribers to the Positivist subsidy is also given in each. The primary object of this fund, we have seen, was to compensate in some degree, to the founder of Positivism, for the loss of his various situations, but ultimately it became a subsidy to guarantee the maintenance of the Spiritual Power. Immediately after Comte's death his followers destined the fund, first of all, to carry out the objects mentioned in Comte's will. Only those who subscribe to this subsidy are regarded as complete Positivists; and therefore the number of subscribers is in no degree whatever indicative of the number who may have adopted Comte's scientific opinions. Indeed, some of the keenest opponents of the Spiritual Power are to be found among Comte's early scientific followers, as, for example, M. Littré in France, and Mr. Mill and Mr. Lewes in England. Complete Positivists regard, with Comte himself, the necessity for a Spiritual Power through which modern society may be regenerated from anarchy, as the most fundamental of all the practical aspects of Positivism. So important did

Comte regard it, that, as we have seen, he invited the support of all who felt anxious for the re-establishment of an effective spiritual discipline in Europe, even though they were not at one with him as to his philosophical basis. While in one way therefore the number of subscribers is no index of the number of Positivists, in the scientific sense of the term, seeing that those who are *only* its scientific disciples refuse to admit the propriety of the object for which the subsidy is maintained, yet in another, since even men may subscribe who do not accept the scientific and philosophical views of Positivism, there *may be* subscribers who can hardly, in the Comtean sense, be accounted complete Positivists. Now, the number of the subscribers, small at the beginning, has not yet become considerable. We have seen that the largest amount was raised during the year of Comte's death—an amount which has never been nearly equalled since. The following year it was reduced to little more than a third (or only 5486 francs), and after fluctuating for a few years it has latterly again declined, so that the total for 1867 was only 3713 francs, or lower in the twentieth than it was in the third year after its establishment. The number of subscribers, who gave this amount was only forty-six, while the year before Comte's death there were seventy-three, and the year of his death considerably more. There were fifty-two subscribers during 1865, fifty-four during 1863, and so on. Of the subscribers in 1867, twenty-five were French, sixteen Western (*Occidentales*), and five anonymous. If, therefore, we may judge of the number of complete Positivists from the number of subscribers they are very few; and seeing that the number appears to be decreasing instead of increasing, it must require great faith to believe that the "new Religion" can ever become the Religion of Humanity. We are bound, however, to explain, what we have been informed on good authority, that "a considerable number of complete Positivists (say two or three times the number of subscribers) neglect from one reason or another to subscribe; and that there is a still larger number of supporters of every stage of completeness, many of whom will support any special Positive effort, though they are not prepared to accept the existing nucleus at Paris as the germ of the permanent spiritual power of the Future. To some the idea of spiritual organization is instinctively repugnant—others accept the principle fully, but think the time for its realization is not fully come." Even admitting all these explanations, it must yet appear evident that the progress of the new Religion

has been extremely slight, judged by the number of actual converts; indeed, so slight that it may well seem matter for surprise that its disciples exercise the influence they do upon contemporary thought. In England alone, for example, the influence of Positive modes of thought and views (in the political and social spheres mainly) is at present considerable. This is due doubtless to the ability and zeal of such men as Mr. Congreve and Dr. Bridges. The former has succeeded, we believe, in attracting a small group of complete and incomplete adherents, who yield him hearty personal support in the application of his principles to social action. There is a meeting-place in London, at which, every Sunday, Mr. Congreve or some other Positivist discourses to a small gathering; and some time ago, it may be remembered, a writer in the *Pall Mall Gazette* communicated to that paper a description of the proceedings at a similar meeting-place in Paris.

We have seen the establishment, on M. Comte's death, of a provisional spiritual authority, designed to be a council on the questions of the day, and to direct education according to Positive theories; which is, therefore, the nucleus of the spiritual power that is ultimately to emerge to deliver society from its anarchic condition. For the present, the chief of the Positive Council is only empowered to teach and advise; but when the real successor of Comte, who, after him, shall be the Pontiff of Humanity, comes, it will be his duty also to "consecrate and to judge." In the meantime, the President is qualified to accept and attest "before the brethren assembled at the seat of the new Faith," the moral engagements which the principal acts of private life inspire, and by inscribing them in the Positive records thereby to lend to them the only consecration admissible in the "existing situation." The design of this is to maintain the current of Positive traditions until the arrival of the true High Priest of the Positive faith. Meanwhile the sacerdotal subsidy and the typographical fund (for the publication of works disseminating Positive principles) is kept up. It also became the duty of the Council to recover and retain all papers, relics, and memorials held precious by Comte, from his widow. Except the publication, at intervals, of various works elucidating or enforcing Positive doctrines, the circulars have little in the way of practical progress to narrate; and it may be noticed that not the least energetic among those who are recognised as in this way labouring for Positivism is Mr. Congreve. In the work of Mr. Congreve in England—by assemblies

for worship, by lectures, publications, etc.—M. Lafitte, as the head of Positivism, sees “the establishment and foundation,” in that country, “of the spiritual power, the organ of the doctrine that is to terminate peacefully the Western Revolution commenced five centuries ago.” The same year M. Lafitte said this of Mr. Congreve’s work in England (1860), he also estimated the progress of a similar work in America, by Mr. Henry Edger, who, after the celebration of the commemoration of Comte’s death in September 1859, thereby, to use his own words, “inaugurating the fuller worship of Humanity on the American soil,” had, in accordance with his priestly office, also celebrated in 1859 two of the sacraments of the Religion of Humanity. In the circular of 1861, M. Lafitte was able to chronicle that the sacrament of *Destination* had been demanded in the year previous by a British lawyer, and had been conferred on him in Paris, September 1860. Amongst the works of Mr. Congreve mentioned in the circular of 1862, are the “Lectures on Queen Elizabeth,” delivered by him before the Edinburgh Philosophical Institution. By the death of MM. de Constant and Winstanley in 1863, the Positive subsidy declined at once from 6883 francs to 3675, or about one-half; in consequence of which there was a deficit in the pension paid (in accordance with M. Comte’s will) to M. Martin Thomas, the husband of Sophie, Comte’s adopted daughter. In his circular of 1865, M. Lafitte draws attention to Dr. Bridges’ translation into English of the first part of Comte’s *Politique Positive*, under the title “A General View of Positivism,” and states that on 5th September 1864 the *sacrament de la Destination* had been conferred at his own request upon that gentleman, as an *Aspirant* to the Priesthood of Humanity. There is little worthy of notice in the subsequent circulars. They contain generally congratulations upon the hopeful condition and prospects of Positivism (though the progress seems small enough), and amid references to current political events, criticism and estimate the books and pamphlets published, and the lectures delivered in promotion of Positive principles. In the circular of 10th July 1866 reference is made to the volume of essays on *International Policy*.

Referring to the seven essays which the volume contains, M. Lafitte says, “Besides the intrinsic value of these various works, we have here a spectacle honourable alike to the reality and fertility of Positivism, and which accords with its scientific or profoundly relative character. We thus see the possibility that distinguished and active minds

may adopt certain important Positive principles relating to the highest social practice, while reserving, perhaps for ever, their ulterior decision on the other conceptions of Positivism. Such a spectacle is very reassuring, as offering the hope of an early effective action of Positivism on the troubled situation of the West. But besides doing honour to the moral elevation of those who take part in it, such an event shows how in worthy natures the social interest can overcome the spirit of conflict that results from differences more or less profound. This is consoling, when we compare with it the cultivated indifference, and even the ignoble attacks of which M. Comte was the object, by pretended theorists, in consequence of differences often purely secondary. But with natures truly social the consideration of a great end counteracts the aberrations to which incomplete theorists succumb.” In the circular of 1867 M. Lafitte announces the death of Martin Thomas, and after stating that a Commemorative Service had been held, he adds that he had announced, that seven years afterwards—viz., in 1874—he would confer on Martin Thomas the sacrament of *Incorporation*. By this, which is the last of the Positive sacraments, all who are accounted true servants of Humanity are incorporated with the *Grand Être*, seven years after death. Meantime M. Thomas’s image would be placed in the building consecrated to the religious meetings of Positivists. In the same circular he mentions with approval the petition in favour of the indulgent treatment of the Fenian prisoners, which was presented by Mr. Bright to the British House of Commons, and the signatures attached to which are recognised as those of either complete or incomplete Positivists. In the last circular issued, M. Lafitte makes loud complaint of the insufficiency of the amount subscribed for the subsidy; since for the year 1867 there was a deficit of 775 fr. 40 c., and he therefore makes a special appeal to Positivists for help this year. He recapitulates the objects of their efforts, which are to establish—*first*, a system of universal Positive education; *second*, a system of universal worship; and *lastly*, a political directorate, “armed with a doctrine at once systematic and real, which can alone guide the actual practice of political and social life.” This threefold aim Comte’s disciples have endeavoured to fulfil during the past ten years, and they have instituted the solution of all of them. Positive education is being carried on in France and England; the festival of Humanity celebrated annually in France, England, and America, “gathers together every year Positivists

around that great ideal conception, at once mental and moral;" while various publications since 1857 have showed by degrees the possibility and utility of "our philosophical intervention in the midst of the fundamental questions that agitate the West." After urgently appealing for pecuniary help to carry out the great work, M. Lafitte proclaims "the time is ripe; there is full opportunity. Let us then redouble our personal efforts, and increase the intensity of our co-operation, in order to hold ourselves to the height of the mighty work which, preparing for the future, can so profoundly modify the present to the immense profit of existing societies."

Our exposition of the practical aspects and attitudes of Positivism may to some appear too detailed; but its modes of action are not generally known; and the intellectual ability of some of its leading apostles, taken in connexion with the attempted Positive organization,—organized for the purpose of affecting and modifying, with a view ultimately to direct our social, political, and religious development,—makes it desirable, we think, that they should be known. The influence of Positive principles upon the political and social conceptions of many eminent writers in the present day is distinct and decided. We observe more and more the traces in our journalism of the effect of the ennobling, yet, at the same time, depressing and enfeebling, views of the Positive school. As counteractive to a mere shallow negativism, which would destroy without caring at all about providing any reconstruction in place of that which is taken away, the power of Positive conceptions will be felt beneficially. As antagonistic to mere abstract dogmas, such as "the rights of man," and to a merely material political economy, it will prove serviceable by giving prominence to the moral elements that should enter into and overrule our social relations, counteracting the mischievous effect of a vulgar Communism, by exhibiting the lofty purpose subserved by the concentration of property held under the idea of subordinating it in obedience to the impulse of Duty to the service of Humanity. But while there are these and other noble elements and aims in Positivism, its essential limitations, its exclusion of everything that is not Relative, and its purely finite character, must prevent it from ever developing the noblest characteristics of human life. Nevertheless the intensity with which it applies its ethical law cannot fail of beneficent effects. This and other characteristics of Positivism, to many of which we have already referred, will probably tend to increase its influence

with a class of minds naturally disinterested and unselfish, who are animated by strong philanthropic impulses; but who, from whatever cause, have bound themselves within a rigid circle of "things seen and temporal." It is not indeed probable that very many, either in this country or elsewhere, will ever adopt all the details of the Positive Religion with its burlesque Ritualism, and its caricature of the Christian sacraments. In Britain, at least, neither women nor proletarians—except in isolated and exceptional cases—are likely to practise the worship set forth in *The Catechism of Positive Religion*. The practically ludicrous aspect of the Comtean forms and ceremonies will hardly allow the worship to live in the light of common day, however logically interconnected it may be with other elements of Positive doctrine. For our own part, we hold this connexion in the main to be evident, and that the Positive religion is the only religion faithful to Positive principles. As such, it will, not altogether unjustly, appear to many the *reductio ad absurdum* of these principles. Positive Politics differ in their practical aspect from the Positive Religion in this, that there is not so much scope in the former as in the latter for an absurd travesty of existing institutions which will excite the feeling of the ludicrous. But the results in the political sphere are sometimes sufficiently ridiculous. We have some of these exhibited in the *International Policy*, which we have seen recognised by the highest Positive authority.

The *International Policy* "based upon duties," explained in this volume, is an extension to national and international relations of the Positive motto, *Live for Others*. Nations, like individuals, are to be Altruistic. Great Empires, like men, are to love better other Empires than themselves; and instead of strenuously upholding their "rights" in the conflict for national rank and place, must subordinate all reference to these rights to the duties they owe to other countries. When such views are held, either implicitly or explicitly, it is not to be wondered at that the memories of Cressy and Agincourt are declared "the darkest page in the history of both countries,"—England and France; or that the naval history of England should be deemed a record that ought only to produce shame and confusion of face. Our naval history is "the history of our Commerce and of our Middle Classes," and a distinct connexion is discovered "between Protestantism and commercial immorality." All which opinions are consistent enough with the view of those who regard as "secondary and subordinate,"

"all questions concerning the interest, power, or prestige of every particular nation."

That Cosmopolitanism, or the Cosmopolitan way of looking at things, is natural to Positivism, we do not think requires to be proved. But if it be accepted thoroughly, it must lead very far—much farther than the International Essayists have gone. Ultimately, it will involve the dissolution of all existing states, and their re-constitution, according to the most acceptable Utilitarian theories founded on Positive principles. Comte was quite logical, therefore, in looking forward to the break-up of large states, and the reduction of the fragments to very small individual and independent communities. He believed that in former times the problem of the Constitution of the West had been tolerably solved under Feudal and Catholic influences and ideas—through the decomposition of the West into slightly-extended groups, submitted to various temporal governments, united by the same faith and cherishing the same spirit. Because, however, of the military character of practical activity at that time—not having reached the final or purely industrial state—and because of the theological nature of faith—this solution was not and could not be permanent. Yet this Constitution of Christendom endured to the fourteenth century, since which time Europe has been in a state of transition. During this period there has been a tendency to form large nationalities; although, through the simultaneous development of the industry, science, and art of Western Europe, the elements of Positivism have been preparing for the final reconstitution of Western Europe, of the great Western Republic. In the French Revolution the new elements that were rising into power came into collision with the elements of the old state of things—there was conflict between the remnant of the Feudal ideas, and the growing conception of a rational and peaceful régime, common, first of all to the West, and finally to the whole world. After this great crisis, however, there was retrogression to military anarchy; and no way was visible out of the anarchy till Comte flashed the light of Positive principles in upon the thick darkness of the nations. The literary and metaphysical class, into whose hands naturally falls the power in times of transition, obtained the ascendancy, and general deterioration followed. The consequence was the combination of revolutionary anarchy with military retrogression. The theory of distinct nationalities, based upon race, natural limits, and the right of universal suffrage, to which modern metaphysicians have resorted, is denounced as anarchic by

Positivism, which seeks to solve the problem how to restore the Unity of the West, while constituting a higher unity than ever before existed. But Positivists have come to the practical conclusion that in the meanwhile it is premature to discuss the due division of the West. For the present they must respect the political *status quo*, while constantly and energetically working towards the unity of civilisation, which is only possible through the thorough adhesion of public opinion, which can be but slowly convinced. We have indicated briefly here a few of Comte's political ideas. Others of not less interest and importance, such as his views on the relations of Capital and Labour, his antagonism to such metaphysical conceptions (as he called them) as "the rights of man," and "popular sovereignty," the refusal to adopt Equality as an end, though adopting "Liberty and Fraternity" with zeal, his opinion as to the perpetual, binding nature of marriage, and as to the place of woman in the social sphere (which are healthy counteractives to the doctrines of the Woman's Rights' apostles of the present day), are all of great interest and value, and may be studied with advantage. How he applied his political principles in detail to the existing "situation," what he expected as the political future of the human family, and many other questions and problems, must here be left even unmentioned. But Positivism claims that she offers solutions of all the problems that now occupy the attention of mankind, and that these solutions are the only coherent and homogeneous ones attainable.

Although a complete view of Positivism includes, as we have seen, the application of Positive principles to both society and the individual, and the development of the Religion of Humanity regulative of the individual from the point of view of morality, we must start in a philosophical investigation into Positive principles from the point from which Comte himself began. This was essentially mathematical. In its earliest shape, the Positive Philosophy is nothing but the Philosophy of Mathematics. For since the ultimate object of Philosophy—laying aside all search for Causes, and regarding God, Freedom, and Immortality as meaningless, or as pure chimeras—is merely to observe the order in which the various relations are that constitute the generalization of the individual sciences, everything is viewed from the mathematical (or merely quantitative) point of view. Varieties of simplicity and complexity are only shades or varieties of quantity. The properties which belong to the greatest number of objects are the most general, and therefore the most simple; but

a decrease of generality is found, as, descending the scale, we discover greater complexity among the relations of phenomena. This law Comte thought he had been the first to demonstrate; but in reality, as stated by M. Ravaisson, it is only the logical law of the inverse relation of the extension of ideas to their comprehension; for it simply consists in this, that the fewer elements a property contains, the greater the number of species to which the property extends itself. Aristotle himself applied this law to nature; but he did not find in it the explanation of phenomena, for which purpose it was necessary for him to superadd special causes that are the manifestations of the First Cause. According to Comte, the differences of the Sciences are determined by the different arrangements of the elements composing them, and by different arrangements of these arrangements. Mathematics is the base of all Science; and phenomena are in reality only the transformation of primordial mathematical elements. The order in which the sciences are ranged, as an order of increasing complexity, is such that Mathematics explain Physics; for whatever has Physical properties has also mathematical. Physics explain chemistry; for objects possessing chemical properties have also physical; and Chemistry explains biology, or the science of life; for vital objects show also chemical properties. But in all such cases, though the more complex contains the more simple, the reverse is not also true; because the more simple does *not* contain the more complex. Therefore, since mathematical elements—figure, extension, etc.—enter into and compose all other sciences, Mathematics is the first and most general; whereas Sociology, the elements peculiar to which only belong to itself, is the last and most complex, and contains in itself the elements of all the other Sciences. Of course all the Sciences have passed, or will yet pass, from the Theological to the Positive stage; although Mathematics has been so long a Positive Science that there is no record of its ever having been anything else. Chemistry and Physiology are still infested with metaphysical elements—vital properties, etc.—but the time must come when they too shall be simply Positive, even as Mathematics.

Although it is a principle essential to Positivism that all our knowledge is purely relative—that is, that we know anything at all only in relation to something else, and in relation also to our own powers of knowing—since, then, we can know nothing but relations, or the order of connexion of facts and the arrangement of these relations and orders,—yet there is some obscurity at this point.

We doubt if Comte ever really analysed the idea of the relative, or of a relation. But according to the definition he sometimes gives, in which he professedly identifies his own theory with the Kantian, he is really left destitute of a basis; not only for a knowledge of causes, but of a foundation for any real objective knowledge whatever, or for affirming the existence of any objective laws. Even the most general of the laws of science—of Mathematics—must depend upon our intellectual constitution, so that we are landed in Scepticism at the outset. The “invariable order” of which Positivists speak cannot be declared to have a purely objective existence; for the law of which this term is the expression depends upon ourselves. The same holds good with regard even to observed facts, of none of which can we ever have a real objective knowledge. So that we are again thrown back upon the road which leads to absolute scepticism; and Comte has no right to reintroduce any ideas about constant or invariable order, or anything whatever implying certainty, since all that is objective depends on the subjective; and since, besides, we can never observe any certainty in nature or experience—all we observe being mere individual events. In France, the tendency of the Positive school has mainly been to Materialism; although both M. Comte and M. Littré declared Positivism perfectly indifferent to both; but the distinct endeavour to reduce the phenomena of life to Physics, and Physics to Geometry, and therefore all life to Mathematics, was surely Materialistic.

But in England Positivism has taken a different course. In France it was the law of intellectual evolution that seems to have been most generally accepted and viewed with most favour, but with us perhaps the Positive classification of the sciences has been most valued, and has been adopted by many eminent thinkers, while others have gone so far in the Positive direction that we can hardly fail to regard them as, at least, intellectual Positivists. Mr. Lewes and Mr. Mill have therefore as companion English Positivists, such men as Mr. Alexander Bain, Mr. Samuel Bailey, and Mr. Herbert Spencer. In Mr. Buckle, too, we had a historian who sought to make history Positive. We here apply the term Positive in its general sense, as that which tends to break down all distinction between the physical and the moral sciences, between Physiology and Psychology. The distinction between soul and body, and the notions originating from either or both, is confounded by Positivism; and although Buckle was professedly a Theist, yet as his Theism excluded the idea

of any actual Divine government, and maintained the unvarying regularity of social laws, he must certainly be viewed as a Positivist. He might not be a Comtist (as M. Louis Étienne observes), but he was in general terms a Positivist, intellectually speaking. Bentham and the Benthamite school too have all more or less walked in the Positive pathways, which Auguste Comte endeavoured to complete and make permanent. But Mr. J. S. Mill furnishes the best example of the logical consequences of Positivism carried consistently out. Mr. Mill declares war upon all Mysticism, meaning by the term, not only the ordinary mysticism of the Vedas and the Neo-Platonists, but of Hegel too, for he defines it as that which attributes objective existence to the pure ideas of the intellect, and recognises only what comes within the range of experience, that is, what is immediately tangible and observable. The conjunction of the school of Comte and Mill with that of Hume has been often indicated. Of course Mr. Mill holds strongly the relativity of knowledge, and, as was natural to so clear a head as his, he has drawn out the results of it more clearly than Comte ever did. Mr. Mill's psychology is simply that of Hume, or the examination of the laws of association and connexion of our ideas and sentiments, which results in annihilating everything but ideas and impressions, withdrawing the reality of both thinking subject and external object. Mr. Mill established a Positive Logic as well as a Positive Psychology. It is the principle of this logic that knowledge is not deduced from knowledge, so that without reference to experience we are able to evolve one from another; our knowledges being merely interconnected, and not interdependent, we can add to them only by experience, or by the inference of the like from the like, which is the extension of experience, and which is called Induction. Mr. Mill therefore brings us back to the old theories of Hobbes and Hume. Definition is only the description of the concurrence of properties, and all that Reasoning does is to recall how near one thing has been found to another, or it reproduces in another form what has been the result of observation and induction. There is no real connexion observed between objects, since induction is only an instinctive operation by which we pass from one fact to another. As our knowledge is only derived from experience, and all that experience presents is the arrangement of facts and phenomena in a certain order, of course there can be no necessity; and, therefore, no necessary moral or intellectual truths. Mr. Mill does not ap-

pear to shrink from this ultimate consequence. Mathematical, geometrical, and all other kinds of demonstrations, are *found* to be true from experience here; but they might be false elsewhere. There may be a universe where two and two do *not* make four; why therefore may it not be the case in other worlds that lying is a virtue and veracity a vice? Mr. Mill, we daresay, would not say this; but his principles say it for him. Nor, upon these, can there be any reason why the Comtean classification, though true in this world, may not yet be false in another. In other worlds, or in parts of our own unknown to us, there may be another Physics, another Geometry, and another Logic. If we have no guarantee of the reality of anything except as it is in our own experience, and therefore may in different space find different arrangements, why may not difference in time have a similar effect? So that even in this world there is no reason why the sciences may not be different to-morrow from what they are to-day. Who knows, indeed, if there be even now any science anywhere, if there are any two things alike, if there be anything at all; if, that is, to return to Schelling's starting-point for Metaphysics, "there be not nothing?" Mr. Mill brings us back, therefore, to the point from which Philosophy starts, with, as the result of his denial of the possibility of metaphysical principles, the annihilation of all certainty or assurance of anything whatsoever—a state of absolute Scepticism, not merely as to God, Freedom, and Immortality, but also as to whether there be anything at all anywhere or anyhow. Thus the result of Positivism, which was Materialism in France, is absolute Scepticism in England. Nor is any other result possible to a Philosophy—if its principles are carried out to their logical consequences—which denies all knowledge of causes, which disowns all sources of knowledge but external experience, and which tells us, not only that all our knowledge is relative, but that we cannot know whether anything of which we have experience, be as it is represented to us—since it is modified, and in part constituted, by our own nature.

Such barren results, however, could not satisfy Comte, whose final object was not to pull down but to build up, and who was negative and destructive only provisionally, in order to pave the way for a more stable structure than previously existed. It is probable enough that Comte himself never clearly saw the distinct sceptical consequences of his principles as they have since been exhibited by Mr. Mill, because with all his scientific ability Comte was destitute of the veriest

germ of metaphysical faculty. He felt, however, no doubt instinctively, the wants of his system, which he often denounced as barren if a halt were called at its intellectual phase and no attempt were made to develop its social consequences; and he therefore, as we have seen, traced out a Positive Metaphysic and a Positive Religion to take the place of those he supposed he had for ever overturned.

It may well seem impossible for any sane man to go on believing, whatever he may assert, that all that can be known, or that all which exists, is only a collection of relations. Why, the very word Relative is without meaning unless we conceive something to which it is related, or at best conceive that it is related to something. We cannot go on for ever tracing back an endless series of relatives that are only that and nothing more—have nothing, that is, to which they are related. Emptied of the idea of Causality, as Dr. Stirling pithily puts it, the universe and all in it is only a bundle of "outsides," and we cannot continue believing only in "outsides." However much we may try, we cannot empty things of all significance, and so we find that Comte himself brought back the very idea he professed to exclude, when he talked of the *invariable* order of the succession of phenomena, the constant and unchangeable laws regulating all existence. This invariability, this unchangeableness, is only another name for the difficulty explained by Causality; and which it had been alleged had been spirited away by saying that a Causal connexion was nothing more than a certain specific way in which phenomena are arranged. Keep to that, and we can say nothing whatever about what the order must be, and when we assert that it *always* has been, and therefore always must be so and so, we merely express in a different manner the difficulty sought to be avoided without reference to the idea of Cause which leads us inevitably to the First Cause, and enables us also to judge of Final Causes. In reality, the assumption of the invariable and immutable is the result of the impulse that necessitates our demand for an order, and an order having a purpose in all things. We seek, and refuse to be satisfied till we find an Ultimate or Absolute which gives the reason and explanation of all relatives. This law is operative in all spheres of our investigations. In all departments we seek an order summed in unity; therefore in moral relations we demand the law of Good, the highest moral unity—in Knowledge Truth, the highest intellectual unity—and in taste the Unity of Beauty. Everywhere then our search—a search we cannot avoid—is for Unity.

Now it is remarkable that from the first

the impulse towards Unity, towards regarding all outward things as together constituting a Whole (the *Ensemble*), was powerful in the mind, and directed all the intellectual operations, of Comte. In thus adopting what is in reality a purely metaphysical principle, and which can only be accounted for on metaphysical grounds, Comte was doubtless faithless to his own more distinctive principles. Mr. Mill is therefore so far right when, criticising Comte from the Positive stand-point, he denounces his incessant search for system and unity. Mr. Mill professes to find an explanation of this characteristic in the nature of the French character, which is certainly highly complimentary to the French. But it has its roots in our common human nature, and is peculiar to no individual nation exclusively.

It may of course be said, and said with truth, that the Unity sought for by Comte was not an external and objective Unity, but was of a merely subjective and provisional character. Therefore he was not even impelled to go so far as Mr. Herbert Spencer goes in finding the Absolute, as, for the Reason, the necessary counterpart to and explanation of the Relative. Much less did he ever seek, and find in the unity of our inner consciousness, in thought itself, the type and the pledge, as well as the explanation, of all Unity. With Comte the search for unity was instinctive, and if none such is to be found externally, it would be necessary, he said, to create a hypothetical unity by our imaginations. Comte carried out the impulse by making humanity the centre of all, and subordinating all to the inner unity of Sentiment. Both Mr. Lewes and M. Littré accuse him of having in his later years abandoned the Objective Method by which, through observation, he completed the *Cours de Philosophie Positive*, for the Subjective Method which made man and human ideas the measure of all things, and even attributed objective authority to mere subjective thoughts and fancies. To this Dr. Bridges has effectively replied, that Comte from the first contemplated the use of *both* methods, and that their combination and reconciliation was the final goal of all philosophy. "The study of Man and the study of the external World," says Comte himself, "form the two-fold and eternal subject of all our philosophical conceptions. Each of these two orders of speculations may be applied to the other, and may form its point of departure. Hence spring two totally distinct, and, indeed, opposite methods of philosophizing; the method which proceeds from the consideration of Man to that of the World, and that which begins with the world and ends with Man.

When arrived at full maturity, Philosophy must inevitably tend towards a general conciliation of these two antagonistic methods. But their contrast is the germ of the fundamental difference between the two great modes of speculation, theological and positive, which the mind of man has been forced successively to follow.

We confess, however, that we cannot see how, logically and really, Comte's Objective method can be regarded as an instrument for obtaining conceptions from the external point of view, any more than his Subjective method. On Comtean principles it is really impossible to draw any distinct line between them. For we have always understood that the Objective method must, through its purely relative character, and because it can only apprehend the relative, and can know nothing except what is constituted knowledge by the concurrence of the external and the internal, and their reciprocal mutual determinations, be itself Subjective. Even if we could attain external truth, we can never know we have done so, because we can never separate between the substance and form, the dualism which constitutes life, and the relations of which alone yield us any product. To attain this knowledge, we must have a criterion, and that can only be found in thought, and on the assumption of the truth of the necessary laws of thought. We can only therefore reconcile the Objective and Subjective, and learn their full truth and reality, by means of a Philosophical procedure which Positivism despises, but of which it tends more and more in its ultimate form to show us the indispensable necessity. But not only do we find that Comte confused his Objective method by introducing Subjective elements; we also find that his Subjective Method was partly Objective. According to the Objective Method, we have such certain knowledge of the inorganic sciences that we are able to foresee their working and effects. The phenomena and laws we cannot modify we may yet turn to use by forecasting their effects. "The final perfection of speculative effort is," says Dr. Bridges, "after having decomposed the properties of an object, and studied their laws separately, to recompose them, and predict, not empirically, but scientifically, the resultant action." But whence comes that conviction of the certainty and immutability of law which makes us confident that our prediction must be fulfilled? If our knowledge of phenomena is only that of a specific order or arrangement of facts—if we can only know, what external experience teaches us, that such and such elements have been so and so placed and arranged in the past;

how are we enabled to conclude (which must be done for our prediction) that what has been will be, that the future order will be the same as the past? If observation and the accumulation of observed facts be all we can know, as Mr. Mill has pretty well demonstrated must be the case on Positive principles, then from whence comes the necessity on which we count so surely? We must fall back upon Thought and the Laws of Thought for a satisfactory answer. Confidence in the invariable and immutable order of nature's laws, is grounded, of course, on the belief that there is a connexion between certain classes of phenomena which cannot but be as it is; for which, that is, there is a reason or cause; so that we are at once in the very heart of the causal nexus, and discern that there is a reason for the order we foresee. It is in this respect, as Leibnitz has shown, that human intelligence differs from animal. The latter expects similar events to occur in similar circumstances, simply because it has been so before. There is no reason for it in its eyes. But men see "*les liaisons des vérités*," and are not merely influenced by the similarity of experienced feeling. This reason for the connexion of certain perceptions can never come to us from sensation, the effect of which only is to cause us to expect another time the *liaison* formerly observed, although perhaps the reasons for the connexion may be no longer the same. It is characteristic of reason to dispense often with experience, and to impart to us a conviction of the absolute necessity of a certain thing or law, in place of the feeling of more or less probability that experience alone can give. Mr. Mill himself is obliged to re-introduce this idea of necessity after he had driven it forth as an intruder. Not otherwise can he explain how, from the past, we with assurance conclude to the future. For what is the "unconditional antecedent" to an event which cannot but follow, and which may therefore be counted upon with certainty, but the old idea of Cause?

Positivism is not entitled ever to go beyond the multitude of separate and individual facts. Yet we have seen how Comte ultimately attained a theory of progressive order and universal harmony. Instead of viewing the mere details of phenomena, he felt impelled to regard the totality of things in space and time, and to seek the reason of the interconnexion and interdependence of all things, organic and inorganic, and of the developments of human life which constitute progress. "In the science of organized beings," he said, "it is from the Totality that, by induction, we obtain the true knowledge of

the parts." As Comte advanced, he also more and more came to separate physical and chemical phenomena from vital, and to regard them as distinct. In his subordination of all things to Unity—to Human Nature as it appears from a study of History—Comte may even be said to have reduced all things under the dominance of an Idea or a Thought. Only in the Superior can we find the explanation of the Inferior—in man the explanation of nature. Yet since he sought in the moral as in the material order arrangements subjected to laws, he held he was still faithful to Positivism. As Biology consists in the knowledge of the mutual action and reaction of organisms and of physical surroundings, philosophical history is the knowledge of the mutual action and reaction of organisms and of social surroundings." Therefore everything was, he believed, still regarded in its relations, not in its causes. Instead of explaining human life and history, either theologically or metaphysically, the founder of Positivism still only explains phenomena by phenomena. It is notable, however, that in coming back, even in appearance, to the original point of view, and making man the measure of all things, especially in more and more giving therein to his affections and imagination, he returned, as it were, to the faith of the childhood of humanity. Indeed, he regarded Positivism as a return to Fetichism, only the Fetichism is no longer viewed as absolute, but as merely relative. Yet, although qualified in this way, it is impossible to believe that Comte himself, and his disciples—for it is impossible to human nature—hold themselves in the state of equivoise which such a belief implies. When, as the result of all his efforts and exertions, the author of the Positive philosophy came to the conclusion that Love is the secret of man and of the world; that intellect is, and ought to be, only the servant of the heart; and that as intelligence is above material existence, so are our moral and our emotional faculties above intelligence; it is impossible, we say,

to think that Comte held this in the kind of mere provisional manner spoken of, which would have been equivalent to almost not holding it at all. Although, therefore, Comte saved his consistency by professing to limit the uses and applications of the Subjective Method in the way we have seen, he yet in reality, for his own satisfaction, for the satisfaction of his heart and mind, was led back to the old stand-point which in metaphysics and theology he opposed and despised—of explaining everything by reference to man.

He was thereby brought very near to the point of view of Christianity, while, by professing to deal only with relations without any knowledge of Causes, he remained faithful to Positivism, and reconciled the latter in a certain vague manner with Religion. The practical issues were certainly in harmony with Christianity, as might have been expected from the apostle of *Altruism*, the devout and faithful student of the *Imitation of Jesus Christ*. To live for others was Comte's motto, and to adore Will and Love in all nature was the end of the worship of the Religion of Humanity. The Religion was still nominally without a God; and from the relative view of Positivism there could be no belief in immortality. To the last, amid all the devotional longings of his heart, Comte maintained his view of the relative nature of all our knowledge, and refused to see the Absolute, to which both his thoughts and affections seemed more and more to tend. Considering the direction in which he was going, it seems hardly too much to hope that, had he lived longer, he might at length have come to acknowledge that only in the development of the Infinite in human life—in the reconciliation of the Finite and Infinite in Humanity as a historical fact—can full satisfaction be found for the problems, of which he presented partial and provisional solutions; and that the Relative is inexplicable by itself, and in reality is nothing, unless there be an Absolute as the back-ground and reason of its reality.

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THE
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ART. I.—*Memoir of the Right Honourable Hugh Elliot.* By the COUNTESS OF MINTO. Edinburgh, 1868.

THE position of a diplomatist is, in some respects, less favourable to the gratification of personal ambition than that of an officer of rank in the army or the navy. The most important part of the diplomatist's work is unseen, and is unknown to the great body of his countrymen. He may convey to his Government the most ample details of his proceedings, but, in most cases, it would be inexpedient and in many injurious to the national interests to make these public. If, for example, he has succeeded in conducting, with consummate ability, to a satisfactory conclusion, discussions which threatened to produce a rupture between his own Government and that to which he is accredited, he has rendered an important service to the State; but it can rarely be desirable to make public in detail all that passed in the course of such a negotiation. It is generally more conducive to the maintenance of a good understanding between the parties, that these details should be kept out of sight, if not forgotten; but without a knowledge of these, of all the difficulties he has had to contend with, and of the manner in which he surmounted them, the diplomatist's merits cannot be duly appreciated. He must therefore be content, in most cases, even on occasions of the greatest success, to forego the popular appreciation which attends success in the other branches of the public service. Such, at least, was the position of our ambassadors and envoys in the last century.

For diplomatists, however, who have been men of mark in their generation, there may come a time, but not till they and their contem-

poraries have passed away, when some friendly hand, shaking the dust of many years from the papers they have left, gives a truthful picture of a man who, it may be, was known and admired at almost every court in Europe, revives the memory of his talents, accomplishments, and public services, and contributes authentic materials for the history of the times in which he lived.

This is what, in the memoir of her grandfather, Lady Minto has done with much ability and judgment, and with a candour, vivacity, and grace, that make doubly attractive the story of a life which, even in rougher hands, could not have failed to be full of interest. The available mass of papers appears to have been such as would have furnished materials for several volumes; but although the labour of selection must have been great, and often perplexing, we do not doubt that it was wise to compress the memoir into a single volume. It is to be regretted that equal self-denial has not always been experienced by those who have undertaken similar tasks. It is better for both subject and author that the readers of a Memoir or a "Correspondence" should wish the book to be longer than that they should complain of its being too long.

"With the laudable desire," says Lady Minto, "to begin at the beginning, I should gladly trace the manner in which my grandfather's earliest years were spent, but unfortunately I have no means of doing so; the oldest letter in my possession is of the date of 1762, when he was ten years old, and was living with his family at Twickenham; and in none of the subsequent letters have I found any internal evidence as to the locality which they looked upon as home. In none is there any allusion to favourite haunts, to gardens or games, to dependants or pets; nothing to show affection for home as a place. Strong family affection

has been ever a characteristic of the race, and to be together was at all times an object of tenderest longing, but where the meeting should take place seems to have been a matter of indifference.

"I therefore suppose that during the youth of the family their parents led an unsettled life, probably dividing their time between Parliamentary duties in London and visits to relations in Edinburgh, occasionally living at Lochgelly and occasionally at Minto. It is possible, too, that the home life may not have been of the kind to make itself remembered with unmixed pleasure. Sir Gilbert was a grave, highly cultivated man, immersed in politics, and, like all fathers of his time, he seems to have inspired his family with as much awe as admiration.

"Lady Elliot, clever, high-spirited, and imaginative, was not, like one who filled her place in after years,

'Blessed with a temper, whose unclouded ray,
Can make to-morrow cheerful as to-day.'

Her preference for those of her children who most resembled herself was openly avowed, and in Isabella and Hugh, she cultivated rather than repressed the uncontrolled sensibility, the romantic impulsiveness of character, and 'high imaginings,' which, in the case of the sister, probably increased constitutional tendencies to the extent of rendering them morbid, and which in that of the brother diminished the successfulness of his career and the happiness of his life. Her eldest son Gilbert and her youngest daughter Eleanor, were not supposed by her to be of the porcelain clay of which the rest were made, and her allusions, soon after Hugh left her, to Gilbert's coldness of manner, as compared with Hugh's more demonstrative nature, is not less striking, when we find that she lived to give her entire confidence to her eldest son, and to be on terms approaching to estrangement with the younger.

"To a want therefore of home sunshine, it is possible that we may in part ascribe the fact that the letters written from home deal chiefly with news, with politics, or with advice, while those addressed there by the absent sons, are confined to matters affecting their studies and pursuits.

"From their earliest years the boys were training for the world.

"*'Life,'* says Byron, 'has no Present, but childhood is the time of life which should form an exception to the rule, a time when stores of mental as of bodily health may be laid up in days of careless enjoyment.

"At twelve years old Hugh was with his elder brother in Paris, learning French and *l'usage du monde* under the auspices of David Hume."

In 1762, Mr. Liston, afterwards Sir Robert Liston, a well-known and much respected diplomatist, became the tutor of the boys Gilbert and Hugh, with a salary of £25 a year, bed, board, and washing. Towards the end of 1764 they were sent with their tutor to Paris, where they spent

two years at the military school directed by the Abbé Choquart. "While there they made the acquaintance of Mirabeau, a boy of their own age, for whom the school of l'Abbé Choquart had been specially selected as being more like a prison than a school. No complaints of harsh treatment have, however, been recorded in the letters of the Elliots."

On their return from Paris in 1766, the boys were sent to Edinburgh, to be under the superintendence of Professor George Stuart, who, in the spring of the following year, writes, "In everything where Hugh's age admits (he was barely fifteen) he is really wonderful." And again: "I never had occasion to see two brothers so contrasted, and indeed I should find it a more difficult task to manage Hugh, were it not for the example of his brother. He is lively, agreeable, and popular. No wonder if his vivacity is now and then above his reason. As it is he needs a very sharp eye." A further account of Hugh Elliot at this time will be found in Dr. Somerville's *Life and Times*:—

"At this period of their lives," Lady Minto informs us, "Hugh got into scrapes by 'mixing too much salt with his repartees;' while Gilbert ran some danger of finding that sweets have their 'sour' too. It was surmised at home that he neglected his law-books for the society of a young lady of his acquaintance; but his defence seems to have been complete when he wrote to his mother that, 'after all, it had only made him take up Thomson's Seasons once or twice instead of his Roman History;' and he proceeds, perhaps in self-justification—"this town is proving idler every day. It is already much thinned. There are at present in Edinburgh above a thousand people perfectly idle. The journeymen tailors have for some time given up their work, insisting on higher wages. The masons and carpenters have all followed their example."

In 1768 the brothers went to Oxford, and, soon after his arrival, Hugh wrote a letter to his father, giving an account of the life there. They had been dining with Dr. Markham, who questioned them about their studies, and gave them his advice with regard to them.

"In short," says Hugh, "I think he endeavoured to recommend everything that is taught here, and dis-recommend everything which is not taught here."

"We are told we must take great care never to speak upon politics, or prefer any other University to this. . . . Pray, papa, if anybody asks you how we like Oxford, don't tell them that we find fault with anything, for I never saw people so bigoted to any place in my life, and they are jealous of the least thing that can be construed against it."

Two years later both brothers were again at Paris, and Hugh writes,—“As soon as we were equipped we waited upon Mr. (Horace) Walpole, who seems to be as dry and cold a kind of gentleman as I ever saw.” They found Madame de Boufflers—Walpole’s *Idole du Temple*—at her studies in her bedroom. She said, “if she had time she would set about translating Mr. Smith’s *Moral Sentiments*. ‘Il a des idées si justes de la sympathie.’” Hugh slyly adds, “This book is now in great vogue here—this doctrine of sympathy bids fair for cutting out David Hume’s *Immaterialism*, especially with the ladies, ever since they heard of his marriage.”

“Madame du Deffand has told us to come to her *petits soupers* whenever we please.” This lady is well known as the correspondent of Voltaire and of Horace Walpole. Her society, we are told, was composed of all that was eminent in France, either by intellect or position. In a letter to Walpole she describes the young Elliots as very amiable, perfect in their knowledge of French, gay, gentle, well-bred, good-looking, and agreeable to every one. They were also well received by Madame Geoffrin, whose saloons were frequented by such men as Montesquieu, the *Encyclopédistes*, l’Abbé Delille, La Harpe, &c., and by Mademoiselle l’Espinasse, an authoress of some note. She was the friend of M. d’Alembert, who, in concert with Diderot and secretly assisted by Voltaire, started the *Encyclopédie*, designed to undermine religion and monarchy in France. This was then considered the most distinguished intellectual society to which a youth could obtain access in Europe, and it was sought accordingly. It was brilliant and immoral. Few of the women were considered, and probably many of them did not desire to be considered, immaculate, but they were clever and accomplished, and there has, perhaps, been no epoch in France or elsewhere, in which the destructive force of mere intellect, uncoupled with rank or wealth, and divorced from religion and morals, has been manifested in such power as at that time in Paris. The men who were the guiding lights of the society we are speaking of—the Philosophers, as they were called—Voltaire, D’Alembert, Diderot, and others of that sect, deliberately sapped the foundations of the social and political fabric of France, already damaged by vice and corruption, and prepared the ground, if they did not lay the train, for the mine which, in its explosion some years later, broke up the whole framework of society, and blew monarchy, aristocracy, morality, and religion to the winds. The political prin-

ciples which they inculcated and diffused may be inferred from the declaration attributed to Diderot, that “Mankind will never be happy and free till the last of kings has been strangled with the bowels of the last of priests,”—and France acted as if she had accepted the spirit at least of this dictum. We all know what followed. Flying from anarchy, France sought the protection of military despotism, and having drunk too deeply of military glory, reeled and fell. After a time, another outbreak of republicanism drove her to the same shelter, and under the vigorous discipline of the second empire, she now seems to be gradually recovering her sober senses.

It is worthy of remark that amongst the admirers of this Republican philosophy of Liberty and Equality, none professed greater admiration than Frederick of Prussia and Catherine of Russia, perhaps the most despotic and arbitrary sovereigns in Europe. They kept up a familiar, but, on their part, deferential correspondence with Voltaire, D’Alembert, Diderot, and other notabilities of that school, and invited them to Berlin and St. Petersburg. Voltaire, as every one knows, resigned his appointments at Paris and settled at Berlin, as the king’s friend, chamberlain, and guest. But they quarrelled, and Voltaire had the mortification to discover that his Royal friend had become tired of him, and had privately avowed his intention, as he expressed it, “when he had squeezed the lemon to throw away the rind.”

Catherine made the purchase of Voltaire’s library an occasion for conferring upon him a pecuniary benefit. She invited D’Alembert to St. Petersburg to conduct the education of her son—afterwards the Emperor Paul—and there to complete the *Encyclopédie*, which had been denounced in France; and when he, warned no doubt by Voltaire’s experience at Berlin, declined her very liberal and flattering proposals, she wrote to him a letter (November 19, 1762), in which she endeavoured to prove that it was his duty to accede to her request, adding—“In this whole letter I have argued only from what I have found in your writings: you would not contradict yourself.” She also purchased Diderot’s library, which she left with him, at the same time appointing him keeper of it with a liberal salary; and having induced him to visit St. Petersburg, she received him with the most flattering attentions. “Diderot” says a writer who had special means of obtaining accurate information, “unfolded his principles on the liberty and rights of nations with his usual enthusiasm and eloquence. The Empress seemed

to be delighted with them; but she was not at all the more disposed to put them in practice. 'M. Diderot,' said she, 'is a hundred years old in many respects; but in others he is no more than ten.' Perhaps her Majesty's private opinion was not more in favour of the wisdom of Voltaire, though she never spoke of it but with the deference due to the foremost dispenser of fame." Both the King and the Empress bestowed flatteries and largesses on the leading literary men of the day, in order that their own praises might be sounded throughout Europe; and they effected their object. They no doubt regarded the Republican Philosophy which they professed to admire in the same light as they did abstract propositions in science, which it was interesting to discuss or to hear discussed, but which had no immediate or practical bearing upon their duties as Sovereigns. They lived to take a different view of the effect of such teaching.

But the young Elliots do not appear to have been influenced by the views of the French society in which they occasionally mingled, and in the autumn of 1770 they both left Paris, the elder, Gilbert, to resume his studies at Christ Church, thereafter to engage in public life, and to become Viceroy of Corsica, Envoy Extraordinary to Vienna, President of the Board of Control, Governor-General of India, and first Earl of Minto.

The younger, Hugh, proceeded to Metz to study military science. While yet a child, he had received from General Scott of Scotstarvet a commission in the British army, in accordance with a practice then too common to be regarded as blameable. From that time he had been led to look to the army as his profession, his studies had been directed with a view to prepare him for it, and it was his own ardent desire and ambition to seek distinction in pursuing a military career. But quite unexpectedly, when he had completed his education, Lord Barrington refused to ratify the appointment. This refusal, whatever may have been the motive that dictated it, was then looked upon as a cutting insult, which was to be resented by the family and their friends; and it is perhaps not too much to say that Hugh Elliot never entirely overcame the mortification. His ardour for military distinction had become a passion. The short and brilliant essay in arms which he soon afterwards had an opportunity of making, served to inflame that passion; it continued to burn and burst forth long after he had apparently settled to his diplomatic work, and probably it never was altogether extinguished. He seems to have felt that his true vocation was military, and, although

he acquired distinction as a diplomatist, he was probably right.

In the hope that he might obtain employment in the Austrian army with the rank of captain, which had been conferred upon him with that view, he set out in 1772 for Vienna, and although he failed in his object, he gained the friendship of Lord Stormont, who, afterwards writing to a friend (not of the Elliot family), says with reference to Hugh, "The sweetness of his disposition, the manner in which the *elements are blended* in him, the variety of his accomplishments and pursuits, make him a young man so much after my heart, that I often lament in secret that I am not the father of such a son, though God knows I never was less disposed than at present to try my chance." Madame de Thun, too, who was one of the most agreeable, cultivated, and sensible women in Viennese society, said of him, years afterwards, "Such as he was at eighteen, so would I wish my son to be."

Thirsting for military employment, Elliot pushed on to Warsaw, where he was favourably received by the King, Stanislas Augustus, whose person and manner he describes as "strikingly engaging and manly." Stanislas was not a man of elevated birth; his grandfather had been steward of a small estate belonging to the Sapeiha family. He had himself accompanied the British ambassador, Sir Charles Hanbury Williams, to St. Petersburg, as an unofficial secretary, had become one of the favoured lovers of the Empress Catherine, had by her been placed, with the connivance of Prussia, and almost by force of arms, upon the throne of Poland, and was now (1772) about to become the victim of her ambition.

The partition of Poland was on the eve of being perpetrated, the forces of the three Powers were closing round their prey, and the feuds and contentions of the Poles, fomented and fostered by foreign agency, made any attempt at resistance hopeless. "I never was so moved with any scene," writes Elliot to his father, "as with the first aspect of this Court. Remorse or despair get the better of the forced cheerfulness with which they endeavour to veil the approach of ruin, slavery, and oppression."

From Warsaw, Elliot set forth to join the Russian army, then employed in Moldavia against the Turks, and finding that operations were suspended, and negotiations in progress, he took the opportunity to visit Constantinople and Shumlah, where the head-quarters of the Turkish army lay. This displeased his father, who accused him of seeking amusement

rather than employment, and ordered him home. But by this time hostilities had been resumed, and Hugh Elliot, rightly considering it inconsistent with his honour to leave the army at such a moment, excused himself on that ground. In the actions that speedily occurred, the young Englishman so distinguished himself as to attract the attention not only of Generals Soltikof and Potemkin, but of Marshal Romanzow. The Marshal wrote to the British ambassador at St. Petersburg in the highest terms of Mr. Elliot's gallantry and conduct, which, he said, he had also considered it his duty to report to the Empress. M. Pouschkin, Russian ambassador in London, was desired to report to the English Government the very strong expressions of approbation with which Marshal Romanzow had mentioned the young Englishman in his despatches to his own Government, and Sir Gilbert was mollified by the high encomiums bestowed upon his son.

From Moldavia Mr. Elliot returned to Warsaw, where he received intelligence of his nomination as minister to the Court of Munich. His military life had terminated, and his diplomatic life was to begin, at the age of twenty-two.

In June 1774, he arrived at Munich, accompanied by Mr. Liston, who had been his tutor, and was now his secretary, but did not yet hold any official appointment. The young minister had little or no public business to transact with the Court of Bavaria, but Munich was a post of observation from which the intrigues and manœuvres of the greater powers could conveniently be observed and reported. Whatever his duties were, they seem to have been performed to the entire satisfaction of his Government. The Court of Bavaria appears to have been as loose and frivolous as it has been since that time. For an amusing account of it we must refer to the *Memoir*, and recommend to such as may be wearied with the lax frivolities of that mimic and miniature Versailles, to turn to the very sensible and clever letters of Madame de Thun to Elliot, which are those of a thoughtful, kind, and judicious friend.

Lady Minto has adopted the arrangement of giving alternate chapters of home and foreign intelligence, and we hardly know which is the more attractive. The letters of Lady Elliot, of the sisters, and indeed of nearly all the female correspondents, are charming, so also is much of the narrative. Let us take at random the following reference to Minto. Every one who has, or can look back to, an hereditary home, round which family reminiscences, traditions, and

affections cluster, will appreciate the current of feeling that runs through it:—

"Parliament was dissolved in October, and, before the new one had assembled, the family left Minto, none of them ever to return, except Gilbert, whose home it was to be, and Isabella, who went there once only, and for a very short period, on a visit to her brother. It does not appear that any of them, except, perhaps, Sir Gilbert himself, entertained any affection for the place, and the ladies certainly considered that going down there 'was a great breach in society.' The love of Minto, which we now guard like some hereditary spell, came in with a stranger, for Gilbert's wife was the first who is said to have 'loved Minto passionately.'

"But the Minto of those days was not the Minto of these. The sheet of water which now reflects laburnums and rhododendrons in sight of the windows, was then a narrow burn running under banks shaggy with thorns; where the flower-garden is now, stood a dismal little church in a corner dark with yews, and dreary with unkept graves; the manse, surrounded by a few untidy cottages, overlooked the little glen, and was near enough to the house for the minister to see the family as they sat at dinner in the round room on the ground-floor, known as the 'big room' by uncles and aunts, and as the 'school-room' by the children of to-day. The rocks may have been finer than when no woods hung like drapery on their sides, but from the old castle one must have looked down on muirs and heaths where now lie the woods of the Lamblairs, or the green slopes and cornfields which smile in pleasant Teviotdale.

"The green hills are possibly the only feature in the place which remain unchanged, though the village which clusters at their feet is new.

"In those days roads were few, and drains were not, and the dwellers in a land where high farming triumphs will sometimes lament the days when fences were odious and turnips undiscovered. Yet, on the whole, though sunny days may then have shown bright stretches of whin or of heather which have disappeared now, we must admit that we live on a drier soil, and in a more 'innerlie' country, and have a greater variety of cheerful pleasures than fell to the lot of our forefathers; so peace be to their ashes! even though they did not care for Minto."

In 1776 Sir Gilbert Elliot died. His eldest son Gilbert succeeded as fourth baronet, and thenceforward took an active part in public affairs. In the same year Hugh was transferred from Munich to Berlin, then, as now, one of the most important diplomatic posts in Europe. Frederick the Great was still in full vigour. He had secured his conquest of Silesia, under the guarantee of all the powers that were parties to the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle. He had instigated, promoted, and assisted in

the partition of Poland, and had obtained his share of that unfortunate country, and the plunder of its inhabitants. He was the greatest military genius of his time, and one of the most astute and unscrupulous statesmen. To his fame as a king and a warrior he desired to add that of a philosopher, a poet, and a wit. He was vain, arbitrary, and overbearing, capricious in his humour, and when out of humour ready to say something offensive to every one who came in his way. That he did great things, and in so far was a great man, is unquestionable; that in small things he was often coarse, mean, and insolent, is equally undeniable. He was feared by many, loved by few, and trusted by none.

The state of Europe was unsettled. France, with a feeble court, a corrupt government, shattered finances, a discontented people, and a vast amount of unemployed intellect assailing the existing institutions, was in that uneasy state which precedes and forebodes revolution. The financial and other reforms undertaken by the Emperor Joseph II. had alienated the affections of Hungary, driven the Netherlands to revolt, and produced uneasiness and discontent in the hereditary dominions of Austria. Gustavus III. had effected a revolution in Sweden, and had usurped despotic power, to which his subjects were not prepared to submit, and which his army was not disposed to sustain. The King of Denmark and Norway was in a state of imbecility, and quarrels and intrigues in the palace distracted that spirited nation, and paralysed its power, at that time not inconsiderable. Poland had been destroyed. The smaller States of Germany, overrun by contending armies, had little weight in the political scale. Italy was but a battle-field for foreign hosts. Spain had still a navy, and colonies which supplied her with gold and silver, and she might be useful as an ally; but her military power was now of small account. England was engaged in the American war, in which she suffered humiliating military disasters that damaged her reputation in Europe, though they were in some measure counterbalanced by naval victories. Russia, whose alliance with Prussia had been studiously cultivated by Frederick, and cemented by their concert in the partition of Poland, was intent upon her aggrandizement in the East,—where she was adding to her conquests from year to year at the expense of the Turks,—occupied nearer home with the affairs of Poland, harassed in the Baltic by the hostility of Sweden, and had not yet appeared in Central and Western Europe as a great military power.

Prussia, therefore, although geographically weak, was strong in the valour and reputation of her army and the genius of her King, whose Court became the centre of many intrigues and ambitious schemes. The Envoy at the Court of Frederick did not sleep on a bed of roses; and to have been selected for the post was a proof of the estimation in which Mr. Elliot was held by his Sovereign and the Cabinet.

After mentioning his arrival at Berlin, the *Memoir* proceeds—

“The Court to which my grandfather was now accredited was as unlike as possible that which he had just left. In place of the gay and dissipated Munich, he found a capital of regular and handsome architecture indeed, but in ‘the streets of which reigned an air of dejection at noon-day, scarcely any passengers being seen except soldiers.’ The only court held there was that of the Queen, the neglected wife of Frederick the Great; to her all presentations were made, and her receptions, at rare and stated intervals, were the only royal entertainments at which Berliners were called upon to assist; but so parsimonious were the habits of the Court, that the occasional glimmer of an old lamp in the staircase of the palace was sufficient to make a passer-by exclaim—‘Her Majesty doubtless holds high festival to-day!’ and so scanty were the provisions at the royal table, that those who had the honour of partaking of them previously fortified themselves with a repast at home. Thiébault tells us, that on one occasion a great lady especially recommended by Her Majesty to the care of the assistants, received for her entire portion one preserved cherry!

“The fête-day of the Queen was the grand gala of the year, for then Frederick honoured her with his presence, and taking off his military boots for that day only, appeared for the space of half-an-hour in silk stockings, which, ungartered and ill-fitting, fell in folds around his legs.

“No less unlike to the splendours of Nymphenburg was the residence of the Prussian King at Potsdam, ‘rather a military station than a city.’ Guards and hussars constituted half its inhabitants;’ while the little palace of Sans Souci, a quarter of a mile off, consisted only of one range of apartments on the ground floor. ‘A sandy barren soil and groves of gloomy fir gave an air of melancholy to the surrounding scenery,’ says an English traveller whose words I have before quoted; and after expatiating on the evidence of military despotism apparent throughout the land, he adds—‘The Prussian monarchy reminds me of a vast prison, in the centre of which appears the great keeper occupied in the care of his captives.’”

An old friend, who knew Berlin, hearing of his appointment, writes to tell him that “on y traite les ministres à la Vénitienne; la cour et la ville ont peu de communication avec eux, les personnes auxquelles ils

se lient, et les maisons qu'ils fréquentent deviennent mêmes suspectes."

Lady Minto has found "no letters from Mr. Elliot describing his first impressions of Berlin; but in the letters addressed to him there are passages which throw some light both on the reception he met with, and on his own views of the place and people.

"Thus Mr. Brydone, writing on the 2d May 1777, says,—'It gave me great pleasure to know you have met with so agreeable and so gracious a reception: I was sure, indeed, this would be the case, as you are exactly the character the king likes.' And Madame de Thun writes:—'J'ai été bien agréablement surprise de voir par votre lettre que mes alarmes sur les désagrémens que je croyais que vous trouveriez dans la société de Berlin sont inutiles, et que vous êtes si content de votre séjour; l'éloge que vous en faites, quelque pompeux qu'il soit, ne me tente cependant pas, et je vous avoue que je ne me fais pas l'idée d'une société sur laquelle la subordination s'étend, ni des agrémens d'une ville qui doit son existence au fer et au feu, encore moins d'une capitale qui est un camp; où on ne peut faire campagne gaiement.

"Vraiment si je ne savais pas combien on est charmé de passer son temps avec vous, je croirais qu'il doit y avoir à Berlin d'autres agrémens, moins hérissés de baïonnettes, de tambours, et de manœuvres, puisque Harvey, que je ne crois pas militaire aussi passionné que vous, y reste si longtemps.'

"My grandfather's military tastes had led him to form an enthusiastic admiration for the great soldier of his age, and no doubt the military manœuvres which formed the staple amusement of Berliners were peculiarly interesting to him, but as Madame de Thun shrewdly surmised, Berlin had other attractions too."

The other attractions here alluded to were those of the beautiful Mademoiselle de Kranth, "sans contredit la plus belle personne de ce pays," of whom we shall see more presently; but we must first refer to another matter.

The envoy had been but a few months in Berlin when circumstances occurred which affected unfavourably his position at that Court. Two agents from the revolted colonies in America arrived there; and the British Government, informed of their movements, and having reason to believe that Frederick had been secretly intriguing with the Americans, instructed the envoy to watch the proceedings of these "rebel agents." Their presence at Berlin, which was known to Mr. Elliot, and which in any case could not have been concealed from him, was formally announced to the British envoy by the Prussian minister, with an assurance that "the King of Prussia had too high a sense of the regal dignity to give his sanction to the rebellious colonies by receiving

their emissaries, who were therefore obliged to maintain the strictest incognito." Mr. Elliot, however, had what he considered sufficient reasons for not being satisfied that he could, in this case, rely with confidence on Frederick's "high sense of the regal dignity;" he therefore endeavoured to obtain more precise information. Offers, which he accepted, were made to obtain for him, secretly, the papers of the American agents, but, the risk being found too great, those offers came to nothing. Mr. Elliot, impatient at being thwarted, and anxious to procure evidence of the secret objects of the American emissaries to Berlin, happened to say, at his dinner-table, that he would gladly give a sum of money to any one who should bring him their papers. This was overheard by a German servant, who thereupon, without further authorization, broke into the apartments of the Americans at an hotel in which they had put up, forced open the bureau, and carried off bodily the papers it contained.

The master of the house, who had previously been tampered with unsuccessfully, instantly accused Mr. Elliot's servant of the theft, and the police were pursuing their inquiries when Mr. Elliot came forward, declared himself to be solely responsible for what had occurred, acknowledged the guilt of his servant, and admitted his own indiscretion in having expressed himself as he did. The papers were promptly restored to their owners, and Mr. Elliot submitted himself entirely to the judgment of the King of Prussia, acquitting his own Court of any share in so unjustifiable a transaction. This was, no doubt, a very judicious as well as a very proper course if the papers contained, as was believed at the time, matter that in some measure compromised the King. He could not desire that any such matter should be made public; he knew that Elliot was not a man who would shrink, if pressed too far, from defending himself or exposing the King. Frederick, however, gave a gracious answer, to the effect that he should wish the subject to be dropped, and it was dropped, at Berlin. But Mr. Elliot thought it his duty to recommend that he should be recalled, because the credit of his Court might possibly suffer from the conduct of its representative.

Mr. Liston had been sent over at once with letters explaining the circumstances. Lord Suffolk censured Mr. Elliot, attributing what had occurred to unwarrantable excess of zeal and want of discretion, advised him to "abstain from vivacities of language, and to control and discourage so criminal an activity on the part of his dependants." He

was at the same time informed that "the generous conduct of the King of Prussia" on the occasion made it unnecessary to recall him.

While Frederick informed Mr. Elliot that he wished the matter to be dropped, and was desirous that it should not be further discussed at Berlin, he held totally different language elsewhere. Mr. Eden, in a private letter, says—"When you were told that the outrage was forgiven, we had absolute proof that you were only told so, and that it was likely to be seriously resented."

Lady Minto appends to her account of this extraordinary affair a note in the following terms:—

"My attention having been called to the discrepancy between the account given in the text of this transaction and that to be found in the 6th vol. of Mr. Carlyle's *History of Frederick the Great*, I have only to say, that I have translated all but verbatim Mr. Elliot's letter on the subject to the Prince of Prussia, and have accurately copied the most important passages relating to it from Lord Suffolk's despatches and Mr. Eden's letters; and that no papers, public or private, containing any different version from that given in the text, have been preserved in the mss. of my grandfather."

On the whole, we are disposed to regard the account given in the Memoir as probably more accurate than that which Mr. Carlyle, relying on the materials he used, has given in his *Life of Frederick*. He seems to believe that this outrage was instigated or connived at by the British Government; but that view, which would in some degree exonerate Mr. Elliot, cannot be reconciled with the letters of Lord Suffolk of 1st August and of Mr. Eden of October 1777, which were strictly confidential, and have now for the first time been made public.

"From that time," we are told, "he (Mr. Elliot) never recovered the ground which he seems originally to have occupied in the king's good graces, nor does he appear to have adopted Mr. Eden's conciliatory advice, nor to have sought to regain the Royal favour by attentions and deference.

"The king condescended to '*bouder*' the young envoy—the latter affected to disregard the king—the king, growing gradually more and more hostile to England, amused himself by twitting her representative with the failures of her policy, and the unsuccessfulness of her arms; and the minister retaliated by replies, of which the sarcasm was equally delicate and sharp."

The "replies" here referred to are so characteristic of the man that they cannot be altogether omitted, and one or two of them may as well be given here as in the chronological order of their occurrence.

The recall of M. Maltzahn from London, and the appointment to that post of an "ill-conditioned fellow, merely to spite the English cabinet," gave occasion to the following repartee:—"What do they say of — in London?" asked Frederick tauntingly. "Digne représentant de Votre Majesté," replied Mr. Elliot, bowing to the ground.

"For some time the relations between England and Prussia had not been cordial, and Frederick showed his bad humour by not addressing a word to Mr. Elliot at several successive levées. Mr. Elliot was indignant, and burning to be revenged. When at length, on the arrival of intelligence that Hyder Ali had made a successful and destructive inroad into the British territories in the Carnatic, Frederick broke his long silence, asking—'M. Elliot, qui est ce Hyder Ali qui sait si bien arranger vos affaires aux Indes?' Elliot promptly replied—'Sire, c'est un vieux despote qui a beaucoup pillé ses voisins, mais qui, Dieu merci, commence à radoter.' Mr. Elliot related this anecdote to my informant with much exultation, adding—'Sir, it was a revenge that Satan might have envied.' And Satan's envy might have reached its acmé when the news of Hyder Ali's reverses produced an ebullition of spite from the King which gave Mr. Elliot an opening for a second and no less ready rejoinder. Commenting on the expressions of gratitude to Providence which accompanied the official narrative of Sir Eyre Coote's victory, the King remarked—'Je ne savais pas que la Providence fût de vos alliés.' 'Le seul, Sire, que nous ne payons pas,' was the reply."

Mr. Elliot spent the year 1778 in Berlin. "The spring found him attending the death-bed of his old friend, the Lord Marischal." He was the eldest son of Lord Keith, Hereditary Earl Marischal of Scotland, whose title, which dated from the days of Malcolm Canmore, was attainted, and his estates forfeited in consequence of the prominent part he took in the Jacobite "rising" of 1715. His son, however, continued to be called Lord Marischal. "Born in 1685," he had served under Marlborough, had left his native country after the failure of the Pretender's attempt in 1715, and, with some other Jacobite gentlemen, entered the service of Spain. When his younger brother, Marischal Keith, attached himself to the King of Prussia in whose service he ultimately fell, Lord Marischal also settled at Berlin. He was much respected, was employed by Frederick on important missions, and seems to have been generally loved and admired. Mr. Elliot, in a letter to his brother, passes a high encomium upon him—

"Experience gained in the school of adversity, great penetration, sound judgment, retentive memory, made him equally instructive

and entertaining. He will long be cited in this country as a model of wisdom, benevolence, and virtue. I sincerely loved and honoured him. I have just learnt that an accident destroyed lately a considerable part of his correspondence, which would have thrown great light upon the principal characters of those times, when, to use his own expression, 'we were fighting for a king and not for an empire.'

Lady Minto mentions that a few days before his death, Lord Marischal summoned Mr. Elliot to his bedside,—“You may perhaps,” he said, “have some commission to give me for Lord Chatham. I shall see him in a day or two.” He knew that Lord Chatham had died a fortnight before. “If it were worth while,” writes Mr. Elliot, “to form any wish concerning so indifferent a circumstance as the manner in which one would choose to take leave of a scene that flies from us, ‘Que je meurs comme ce juste,’ would be mine.”

The successive military failures in our attempts to regain the American colonies had produced a general feeling of depression, and even of uneasiness, at home, and of satisfaction or exultation abroad. Our ally of Prussia, when it became evident that both France and Spain would take a part against us, seemed to speculate on the possibility of our downfall. “Hugh Elliot, young, spirited, and full of military ardour, had many a mortification to devour in silence while acting as England’s representative at a Court of whose sentiments he thus writes to Lord Suffolk,” on the 5th of June 1778:—“As to this Court, it is composed of individuals thoroughly ill-inclined to Great Britain, but too sensible of their own situation not to know that the day is perhaps not far distant when the existence of their power may depend upon its assistance.” But in the midst of alarm at home and evil expectations on the Continent, he ever maintained a serene front and confident demeanour.

Thiébauld says:—

“Souvent dans la société on parlait de cette guerre à M. Elliot, et ceux qui cherchaient à lui plaire en paraissaient quelquefois effrayés, surtout après que les Français se furent déclarés pour les Américains. Jamais il ne répondait qu’en montrant une parfaite sécurité.

“‘Tout ce qui peut nous arriver de pire,’ disait-il à la fin, ‘c’est qu’au lieu d’être le premier peuple du monde, nous serons le second.’”

In July the war of the Bavarian succession broke out. Frederick, who had already commenced that rivalry with Austria for supremacy in Germany, which we have lately seen decided in favour of his successors,

appealed to arms rather than permit Austria to make good her claims to the Electorate of Bavaria, which would have given her a decided preponderance. The King of Prussia set out to join his army, carrying with him all the princes of the blood and *élite* of the male society of Berlin. “How far Mr. Elliot profited by this may be guessed by the more frequent mention in his correspondence of the fair Mademoiselle Krauth.” Letters from travellers returned home inquire tenderly for “la belle des belles,” or more irreverently refer to Hugh’s taste for “cabbage.” “Beware of Miss Cabbage,” writes one, “for she is artful, and knows very well you love her.” “If you feed on sprouts,” says Sir J. Harris, then at St. Petersburg, “you will find them hard of digestion.” But it was already too late to argue or laugh him out of his love for Krauth. In the last two years he had lost his father, his mother, his brother Alick, his friend and “patron” Lord Suffolk, “whose kindness had never flagged,” and some of his most intimate friends, and he felt the necessity of forming new ties. “M. Elliot,” says Thiébauld, “était devenu éperdument amoureux de Mademoiselle Krauth,” and in July 1779 he returned to England, on leave, to prepare his family for the declaration of his marriage, which had taken place privately before his departure. It was an unfortunate alliance. The lady was well-born, was reputed an heiress, and possessed acknowledged beauty; but she proved to be deficient in good sense and right feeling, and he was ultimately obliged, by her flagrant misconduct, to divorce her after the birth of her second child, which, however, did not survive. For two or three years he appears to have lived a tranquil, and, on the whole, a happy domestic life with his young and beautiful wife at Berlin, but his position at the Court was not agreeable:—

“No one can tell,” wrote Mr. Elliot, “the misery of appearing in public here in moments of disgrace and defeat. In my public despatches I dwell less upon the general ill-humour of the King, and his particular dissatisfaction with England, than I might be warranted to do, were it not an ungrateful task to expose the weakness of humanity in prey to the infirmities of age and an irritable constitution. It is sufficient to say that sudden starts of passion hurry him (the King) beyond the bounds of reason. In one of these Maltzahn was recalled; and since the Chancellor’s disgrace none of his Majesty’s ministers count upon the stability of their places.”

Frederick’s temper had become abominable, and his caprice absurd:—

“Priests and academicians were made to

feel the force of the royal will. On the 30th May 1780 the first were ordered to perform a mass, and the second to assist at it, for the repose of the soul of M. de Voltaire!—a solemn satire, at which the spectators, struck with a sense of its absurdity, ‘observed neither decorum nor decency.’”

In 1782 a change of Government at home, consequent on a change of policy with reference to America, was followed by the recall of Mr. Elliot from Berlin, on the alleged ground that he was not personally agreeable to the King. The rumour of his recall reached Berlin before it reached Mr. Elliot, and appears to have called forth strong expressions of regret from the Princes, and from almost every one about the Court. Even the King expressed himself in terms laudatory of Mr. Elliot. The truth appears to be that the new ministers had great difficulty in finding places for their followers, and that Mr. Fox, then at the Foreign Office, was unable to resist the importunities of his colleagues, who wanted the post at Berlin for one of their own friends. However this may be, Elliot was recalled. But Mr. Fox assured Sir Gilbert that his brother should be appointed to another diplomatic post. In July of that year the Rockingham ministry was broken up by the death of its chief, and in September Lord Grantham notified to Mr. Elliot his appointment to Copenhagen. On the 29th he writes to his sister informing her that he had accepted the appointment, which he thinks exceedingly handsome on the part of those who made it, adding, “I was very humiliatingly treated by the demigod of the blackguards.”

Mr. Eden, writing to Elliot on the 8th August 1778, says, “The pretence taken for putting your talents under an extinguisher does not palliate the injury. Lord Derby wanted an employment for Mr. Stanley, who was first meant to be named but was not sufficiently skilled in languages; Lord Cholmondeley was next named, and went out with the ministry that named him; Lord Hyde is now talked of.” Mr. Eden’s letter concludes with some amusing gossip. “The King’s situation,” he says, “is undoubtedly much enfranchised. It was not ill said by H. Walpole that the crown devolved to the King of England on the death of Lord Rockingham. Hare says that his friend Fox is promoted from the service of the King of England to that of the King of Egypt (Pharaoh). Their remark on the defection of the Duke of Richmond was that his Grace would not go out with any man.”

“The early part of the winter of 1782,” says Lady Minto, “found Mr. Elliot at his new

mission at Copenhagen; his wife had urged upon him so strongly the danger to her own health and that of her child, which might arise from a winter journey, that he had consented to leave her till spring under the charge and roof of her mother. A generous nature would have felt grateful for the trust implied in a compliance with her wishes on such a point, but hers was light and arid as her native sands, susceptible of the slightest impression, and of the deepest retaining no trace.

“Madame de Verelst wrote to him constantly after his departure, and always with ample details of her daughter’s looks, health, etc. That her letters were scarcely of the kind likely to satisfy a sentimental disposition may be gathered from the style of a note which contains hardly anything but the following passage:—“Ma fille se porte bien, s’occupe de sa musique, et bien plus longtemps de sa toilette; je ne crois pas qu’elle vous aime comme par le passé—non; mais je me flatte qu’elle a de l’amitié pour vous; elle sentira qu’une femme n’est estimée qu’autant qu’elle est bien avec son mari.”

“Mrs. Eden’s hair must have stood on end if she had read the above specimen of German sentiment. Under these circumstances the winter passed. The very beginning of spring was signalized by the unfortunate events which made my grandfather’s private history the nine days’ wonder of half the capitals of Europe.”

The time arrived when his wife should have joined him, but she positively refused to leave Berlin. The letter which intimated her determination was couched in terms which convinced him that it had been dictated, and having had from various sources intelligence of her misconduct, and reason for some uneasiness about his child, on whom her mother’s fortune was settled, he set out at once from Copenhagen, travelled with unprecedented rapidity, and entering Berlin under a feigned name, got possession of his child and his wife’s criminal correspondence, and with these returned to Copenhagen, having first written to the Baron Kniphausen, his wife’s cousin and seducer, an insulting letter, in which he intimated his intention to return speedily to Berlin for the purpose of exacting satisfaction from the Baron. He had hazarded his appointment by leaving Copenhagen without permission, but he now demanded leave of absence to return to Berlin for the arrangement of his affairs. Meantime Kniphausen spoke big, practised pistol-shooting, and endeavoured to get a second, but for some time without success. The Baron himself was dismissed from the service of Prince Henry, and being threatened with arrest passed into Mecklenburg. There Mr. Elliot, who had searched for him at his usual residence, came up with him at three o’clock in the morning, at a small road-side inn,

and entering his room demanded instant satisfaction. This being refused, he broke his cane over the shoulders of the handsome Baron, who made no resistance, and who, even then, was in no haste to resent the insult. At length, after repeated excuses and delays on the part of the Baron, a meeting was arranged, when after firing three shots, the last of which slightly wounded Mr. Elliot, the Baron made a humble apology in writing, and therein acknowledged the falsehood of some of his previous statements. He was ostracized by the society of Berlin, and Mr. Elliot received from the Princes, Princesses, and many others, hearty congratulations on the chivalry of his conduct throughout the whole course of that distressing affair. He made arrangements for his divorce, and ultimately returned to Denmark on the best footing with his mother-in-law, Prince Henry, and all his Berlin connexions. The King of Prussia on hearing of what had occurred, exclaimed, "Was I not right when I said he would make an excellent soldier?"

"Thus again Hugh Elliot stood alone in life; his household gods lay shattered around him; the mother who would have mourned over him was gone; and though his family sorrowed for his sorrows, it was with a feeling not unmixed with congratulation at the severance of so deplorable a connexion. 'Thank God,' says Isabella, after his return from Berlin, 'you have got safely away from all those strange people.'"

At Copenhagen he was received with cordiality by those families amongst the higher ranks whose society he must have most desired to cultivate, but—

"Dispirited and suffering in body as well as in mind, he held aloof, as far as was compatible with his position, from the world around him, and occupied himself with 'his child, his books, and his thoughts.' He relates with pride the growth of his little girl's vocabulary, and the increasing intelligence of her remarks; and the 'dear pretty little Bella' becomes a prominent personage in the letters he writes and receives.

"To his family he describes himself as resuming old studies for her sake—learning that he might instruct."

But though depressed, his energy and zeal for the public service were not abated, and the high spirit, which could not endure what he considered a slight or an impertinence, flashed forth from time to time as of yore. As an instance of this we may refer to what occurred when Paul Jones, the noted pirate, having been employed in the naval service of Russia, came to Copen-

hagen, and was there received "with singular marks of distinction." He was presented to the Royal Family by the French minister, Baron la Houze, who also took him to call for the British envoy, and left their cards. The visit not being returned the French minister asked Mr. Elliot at Court, in presence of a numerous circle, if he was aware of the visit. Mr. Elliot said that he was, and requested the Baron to observe that they had not been admitted. "Why?" demanded the Baron; to which Mr. Elliot replied, "You will never be admitted to my house in such company."

In the autumn of 1783 Mirabeau fled to England, where he renewed his acquaintance with Sir Gilbert Elliot, and we cannot refrain from extracting the amusing account of their old school-fellow, which Sir Gilbert wrote to his brother Hugh:—

"I was lately agreeably surprised by a note dated *Hatton Street, Holborn*, from our old persecuted school-fellow Mirabeau, who has fled to England for safety, and has nothing but his pen to trust to for support. I found him as ardent a friend as I left him, and as little altered as possible by twenty years of life, of which six have been consumed in prison, and the rest in personal and domestic troubles. He is very much ripened in his abilities, which are really considerable, and has acquired a great store of knowledge. . . . Mirabeau is as overbearing in his conversation as awkward in his graces, as ugly and misshapen in face and person, as dirty in his dress, and withal as perfectly *sufficient*, as we remember him twenty years ago at school. I loved him, however, then, and so did you, though, as he confesses, you sometimes quarrelled with him, being always somewhat less patient in admitting extreme pretensions than me. His courage, fortitude, spirit, talents, application, and, above all, his wrongs and sufferings, should rather increase than weaken our affection for him, and I am really happy in welcoming and perhaps serving him here. I brought him with me the other day to Bath, where he made such hasty love to Harriet, whom he had little doubt of subduing in a week, and where he so totally silenced my John Bull wife, who understands a Frenchman no better than Molly housemaid, where he so scared my little boy with caressing him, so completely disposed of me from breakfast to supper, and so astonished all our friends, that I could hardly keep the peace in his favour; and if he had not been called unexpectedly to town this morning, I am sure my wife's endurance, for I cannot call it civility, would not have held out another day. He says he shall sell his estate when his father dies, settle for good in England to be naturalized, it being impossible to live in France with any sort of security. In the meantime he is writing books and pamphlets for bread."

A characteristic letter from Mirabeau to

his old friend Hugh Elliot will be found in the appendix to the Memoir; but we must return to Copenhagen, where things were in a strange condition.

The King, Christian VII., had fallen into a state of hopeless imbecility. The Queen, Caroline Matilda, sister of George III. of England, and known in Denmark as Queen Matilda, had conducted the Government, which was then a despotism, though mild, till 1772, when she was banished, and her favourite Struensee, who had been her physician, and had become Prime Minister, was beheaded. Thereupon the Queen-Dowager, stepmother of the King, assumed the control of affairs, and conducted them in the interest of the King of Prussia, who had won her by parsimonious presents and profuse flattery.

The Prince-Royal, afterwards Frederick VI., son of the King and the banished Matilda, was still a boy of fourteen, but possessed of remarkable self-possession, prudence, and courage for one so young, when Count Bernstorff, nephew of the former minister of that name, who had for some time maintained a secret correspondence with the Prince, unfolded to Mr. Elliot his views and plans. The existing Government had alienated the affections of the people, and the most influential men in the country were prepared to unite with the Prince to overturn it. But this could not be accomplished until after His Royal Highness had attained his legal majority, which would not be until he was sixteen. The secret was well kept, and when the time arrived, on the 14th April 1784, the Prince-Royal took his seat at the Council, and read a memorial explaining his views, which involved a total change in the Government. A second memorial prayed the King to enact that, in future, orders by himself in the Cabinet should not be valid unless countersigned by the Prince-Royal. No serious objections were made; the King signed the documents presented to him, and the desired change was effected. The party of the Queen-Dowager was, however, so much incensed, that fears were entertained for the personal safety of the Prince, and these were intimated to the British minister. Mr. Elliot had, of course, no instructions for his guidance in so unexpected a contingency; but on his own responsibility he took the manly and decided course that might have been expected from his character. He let the Prince know that should the opposite party resort to violence he should ask leave to appear openly in His Royal Highness's defence; and as a number of English ships had opportunely arrived, he had little doubt of procuring assistance from

their crews and other persons attached to him in Copenhagen. It was unnecessary, however, to have recourse to such measures. "Thanks be to God," he says, "the personal resolution, constancy, and prudence of the Prince-Royal have alone overcome every obstacle."

The Government at home expressed great satisfaction with Mr. Elliot's conduct throughout the whole of these delicate transactions. The King highly approved of the line taken by his representative. Lord Carmarthen, then at the Foreign Office, regarded the singular degree of confidence reposed in him by Count Bernstorff, from his first arrival in the country, as "a proof of the high opinion which that eminent person had conceived of Mr. Elliot's ability, judgment, and secrecy," and from many of his influential friends he received cordial congratulations. The result, which without the concurrence of the British minister could hardly have been attained, was not merely that the nephew of George III. had secured his proper position in the State,—the people of Denmark and Norway had been relieved from a rule which they disliked and despised; and the friendly relations with Denmark, to which both the Duke of Portland and Mr. Pitt attached great importance, and which had been imperilled by the policy of the Queen-Dowager, were re-established on a satisfactory footing. In 1784-5, looking to the progress of events in France, and to the condition of the north of Europe, this was a matter of no small moment.

A great part of 1785 was spent by Elliot in England, when he had several interviews with Mr. Pitt, with whose great ability he was much struck. In the following year he returned to Copenhagen, well informed as to the foreign policy of that minister, which was specially directed to the maintenance of the balance of power.

In the north, that balance had long been endangered by the ambition and the overbearing policy of Russia, to which Sweden and Denmark would doubtless have succumbed, had they not received support from other Powers, and especially from France. But in 1784-5 the condition of things in France was such as to disable the Government from taking so prominent and influential a part in the affairs of the north of Europe as it had been wont to take. It was struggling with formidable difficulties at home. To maintain the balance of power in the Baltic, which really meant to preserve the integrity and independence of Denmark, and more especially of Sweden, it was necessary that some substitute should be provided for the support which those kingdoms

had received from France, but which could no longer be relied on.

The relations of Sweden and Russia, notwithstanding occasional treaties of amity, and even of defensive alliance, had been essentially hostile in spirit since the time of Charles XII. In Russia the national feeling of animosity against the Swedes was intense, and still inveterate; the great and growing power of Russia pressed upon Sweden with a weight that was intolerable, and the insatiable craving for territorial aggrandizement that afflicted, as with a disease, the rulers of the most extensive and most sparsely peopled empire that has its capital in Europe, was a source of constant uneasiness to their weaker neighbours. Sweden especially had reason to dread the Tzars, and no less the Tzarinas, who, by successive tragical revolutions, were raised to the throne of the Muscovite Empire. Each and all of them, by open force, or by secret intrigue and corruption, had sought to break down or to undermine the power of the successors of him whom fortune deserted on the field of Poltowa. Of the Sovereigns and rightful heirs to the throne of Russia, many have been "put out of the way," so many that M. de Talleyrand hearing it alleged that the Emperor Alexander was one of these, quietly observed, "*C'est la mort naturelle de ces gens-là*;" but who ever succeeded the policy was still the same. Territorial aggrandizement still continued and continues to be, *per fas et nefas*, the policy of Russia.

The monarchy of Sweden, like that of Poland, had long been elective, and the means which had been so effectual in ruining the latter of these kingdoms were perseveringly applied to the former. Of the influential men in Sweden a large proportion were in the pay of Russia. Those who were discontented with their own Government found employment and favour at St. Petersburg, and in the early part of the reign of Gustavus III. Stackelberg and Osterman, the Russian ambassadors, who disbursed large sums for the purposes of corruption, even affected to control the deliberations of the Senate and the proceedings of the Court. Gustavus, impatient of this domineering influence, and irritated by the authority which the Senate assumed a right to exercise over his domestic affairs in subservience to that influence, determined in 1776 to make at least an attempt to free himself from this double yoke. He so far succeeded, that he broke up the Senate, dispersed the Diet, and assumed despotic power, with the concurrence and even applause of the lower orders, with whom he was exceedingly popular. This *coup-d'état* produc-

ed a burst of indignation at St. Petersburg as violent as if the King of Sweden had been a revolted vassal.

Attributing to hostile designs the collection of a Russian army on the Dneiper, while Catherine, accompanied by the Emperor Joseph II., was making her famous progress through her southern provinces, Turkey, in August 1787, declared war against Russia. Gustavus, thinking the opportunity favourable, paid more than one visit to Copenhagen with a view to induce the Prince-Royal, whose paternal aunt he had married, to enter with him into an alliance against Russia. But he failed in that object. Denmark had concluded, in July 1746,* a convention with Russia, by which they reciprocally engaged to afford each other a stipulated amount of aid by sea or land in the event of either being attacked, or threatened with attack, and Denmark, though she concealed the existence of this convention, remained faithful to her engagements.

Failing at Copenhagen, Gustavus renewed the old alliance of Sweden with the Ottoman Porte, which undertook to furnish a subsidy, payable annually, during the war, and at once advanced a considerable sum.

As soon as he was thus provided with the means, the King commenced his preparations. The activity in the arsenals of Stockholm, and the movements of troops, attracted the attention of the Russian ambassador, who demanded, but failed to obtain, a satisfactory explanation. Russia was thus fully informed of what was passing at Stockholm, and Catherine therefore returned to St. Petersburg sooner than she had intended, but nevertheless she denuded her northern provinces of troops to reinforce the army of Potemkin in the south. In 1788 the Swedish fleet put to sea, and the King, crossing the Gulf of Bothnia with a considerable force, put himself at the head of his army in Swedish Finland. The panic at St. Petersburg was great. The junior members of the imperial family were, as a matter of precaution, sent off to Moscow. Catherine herself stood firm, and made such dispositions as she could for the defence of her capital. But her reliance was not on these. She confidently predicted, and doubtless had good

* The treaty of 1773, referred to in the Memoir, merely regulated the terms of the exchange of Sleswick and Holstein for Oldenburg and Delmenhorst, and there is no reason to suppose that any secret articles were attached to it. But to the convention of 1746 there were appended secret articles, which have never, it is believed, been made public, but which it is supposed related especially to Sweden.

reason to anticipate, the defection of many of the Swedish officers. Those predictions were fulfilled. When the Swedish army came before Fredericksham, which it was ordered to attack, the officers refused to advance, and the men, under their influence, when appealed to, grounded their arms. The King was no longer safe in his own camp, and hearing at the same time that the Danes, under Prince Charles of Hesse, accompanied by the Prince-Royal, had invaded Sweden from the side of Norway, and were marching upon Gottenburg, he recrossed the Gulf of Bothnia by sea, running the risk of being captured. Finding that disaffection had spread among the upper ranks at Stockholm, he sought support from the peasants, who were much attached to him, and especially amongst the sturdy miners of Delecarlia, who on former occasions had risen in defence of their Sovereign.

Meanwhile the Swedish fleet had fought a desperate action. Russia had prepared a fleet, destined for the Mediterranean, to operate against the Turks in the Archipelago. It was ready to sail, and was therefore in readiness to encounter the Swedes, who had entered the Gulf of Finland, and approached Cronstadt. The Russian fleet was commanded by Admiral Greig, a Scotchman, and many of the ships composing it were commanded by British officers who had been thrown out of employment at home after the termination of the American war. But when the fleet was about to sail an unexpected difficulty occurred. Paul Jones had been employed by the Empress, and was to hold a high command under Admiral Greig. The British officers, with one accord, and without a single exception, went to the Russian Admiralty, refused to serve under a renegade and a pirate, and tendered their resignation. The idea of such a proceeding had never presented itself to the mind of any Russian of whatever rank, and the authorities were greatly embarrassed, but at length, finding that argument was unavailing, and seeing that the emergency was urgent, they gave way, and Paul Jones, who had made himself obnoxious on other grounds, was dismissed. The British officers suffered severely in the action, which was indecisive; but Admiral Greig, having speedily refitted at Cronstadt, resumed operations before the Swedes were prepared, and, having surprised their fleet in Sveaborg, shut them up there. The condition of the King of Sweden had thus become desperate.

It was in this unpromising state of things that Mr. Elliot set out for Stockholm to communicate personally with the King, in order, if possible, to devise means for his

preservation, and for thus giving effect to the views of his own Government. He knew that arrangements were being concerted with Prussia to maintain the balance of power in the north, and therefore to support Sweden, and that 16,000 Prussian troops were ready to enter Holstein if the Danish and Norwegian force invaded Sweden:—

"On my arrival in Sweden," writes Mr. Elliot, "after a search of eleven days I traced the King wandering from place to place, endeavouring to animate his unarmed peasants to hopeless resistance. His very couriers were ignorant of his abode. At length, exhausted with fatigue and illness, I reached the King at Carlstadt, upon the 29th of September. Here I found his carriage ready to convey him to a place of greater security; without generals, without troops, and with few attendants, he was devoid of every means of defence. The King's own words were, that 'I found him in the same situation with James the Second, when he was obliged to fly his kingdom, and abandon his crown. He was on the point of falling a victim to the ambition of Russia, the treachery of Denmark, and the factious treason of his nobility. In the sincerity of distress the King also added, 'to the mistakes of his own conduct.'"

On being assured of support from Great Britain and Prussia, Gustavus consented to adopt "all those measures which I thought most suitable to his situation." By Mr. Elliot's advice he now resolved to throw himself into Gottenburg and there make a stand. On the way thither intelligence from Berlin confirmed the assurances previously given by Mr. Elliot, and confirmed his confidence in the envoy. While the King hastened to Gottenburg, where he arrived on the 3d October, Mr. Elliot despatched a courier to the Danish camp with letters which pointed out to the Princes the danger they would incur by persevering in the course they were pursuing. This communication appears to have had some effect, for the King writes on the 4th to Baron d'Arnfeldt, "*Il faut que le courier d'Elliot ait fait impression, puisque l'on croit que les ennemis se soient arrêtés à Udevalla.*" On the 6th, Mr. Elliot joined the King in Gottenburg. While he pursued his negotiations he employed his military knowledge in strengthening the defences, "and," he says, "the voluntary offer of assistance from the gallant spirit of the English seamen, then in that harbour, ready to man the batteries under my command, would, I trust, have helped to render the Danish attack of a very doubtful issue, had those very preparations not had the more desirable effect of inducing the Prince of Hesse to treat for an armistice of eight days, in which interval the Prussian declaration arrived, and I was

confessed to have been no less the saviour of Holstein than of Gottenburg, Sweden, and its sovereign. . . . To so circumscribed a period had the distresses of the King reduced the possibility of retrieving his affairs, that had I reached Carlstadt twenty-four hours later than I did, or been less fortunate in concluding the first armistice before the expiration of forty-eight hours, Gottenburg must have fallen; and I have the authority of the King, seconded by the whole voice of the country, to say, in that case, there would have been no safety for the sovereign in his own dominions, and nothing less than a successful war, carried on by foreign powers, could have rescued Sweden from a dismemberment by Russia and Denmark."

Such a success could not be achieved without causing mortification to the parties whose plans had been frustrated, and perhaps exciting envy in the breasts of others. Mr. Elliot was accordingly assailed, and to this circumstance Lady Minto no doubt justly attributes the tone of self-assertion that is to be observed in these despatches, and which is altogether foreign to his usual style. But the King of Sweden and the Municipality of Gottenburg were profuse in their acknowledgments; the Prince of Hesse was hardly less so; the Prince-Royal of Denmark, in the presence of his officers, called him "*Pami commun du Nord*." The Russian and Danish ministers, however, intrigued against him in England, complaining that he had outstepped his instructions; but the Duke of Leeds conveyed to him His Majesty's high approval of his proceedings, informing him that he might show the despatch to Count Bernstorff, the Danish Prime Minister; and Mr. Ewart writes from Berlin:—

"Count Herzberg (Prime Minister of Prussia) begs me to repeat to you the strongest assurances of his esteem and admiration, adding that the extraordinary ability you had displayed not only justly entitled you to the appellation of an excellent minister, but to that of a distinguished statesman, since you had acted much more in the latter capacity than in the former by having directed the whole of the operations entirely yourself.

"His Prussian Majesty, in a long conversation I had with him the other evening, paid the most flattering compliments to you, and to the whole of your conduct on this critical occasion. I don't wonder that Count Bernstorff likes you much better as a man than as a minister."

Few diplomatists have ever had an opportunity of rendering so important a service, and no one who has been fortunate enough to have that opportunity, has made better use

of it for the advancement of the public interests.

We learn from the Memoir that, "in 1790, Mr. Elliot came home on leave, and was sent by Mr. Pitt on a secret mission to Paris. Beyond the mere fact that he was so sent, the correspondence tells nothing of this mission." There is, however, we are told, one allusion, years afterwards, in the letter of a brother diplomatist, who, writing about another delicate negotiation, says, "If you could have been sent to conduct it as successfully as you did your mission to Mirabeau," etc. etc.

Lady Minto does not seem to have been aware that Earl Stanhope, in his Life of Mr. Pitt, refers to Mr. Elliot's negotiations in Paris at this time (vol. ii. p. 56), and subjoins a letter addressed to him by Mr. Pitt early in October 1790, in which that minister explains his views, and conveys minute instructions for Mr. Elliot's guidance. At page 59, *et seq.*, there will also be found extracts from what is described as a very long letter from Mr. Elliot to Mr. Pitt, reporting the course of his proceedings, and intimating his intention to set out immediately for England, for the purpose of personally communicating to Mr. Pitt what had passed between him and the Diplomatic Committee of the National Assembly, with which he had been in confidential negotiation.

There is reason to believe that the result of these negotiations had a very important influence on the discussions then pending between the British and Spanish Governments with reference to an outrage committed by the Spaniards on British subjects at Nootka Sound, and for which we had demanded redress. Had the Court of Spain been assured of the support of France, which it had been led to expect, it can hardly be doubted that it would have persevered in refusing the reparation which we had demanded, and in that case war would have been inevitable. It is evident from Mr. Pitt's letter that early in October he anticipated war, and Lord Stanhope states that the British minister (at Madrid) "became convinced that, rather than yield, the Court of Spain was resolutely bent on war. Ere long, however, the formidable fleet, far superior to the Spanish, which we had with so much expedition made ready for sea, produced a powerful effect. Nor did the Spaniards fail to notice the doubtful prospects of the promised French alliance. Rather suddenly, at last, on the 28th October, the two ministers signed a convention," etc. etc.

These dates are worthy of attention

Early in October, when our naval preparations were known to be nearly completed, war was believed to be imminent. On the 26th of that month, Mr. Elliot reported the satisfactory conclusion of his negotiation with the French Committee, and on the 28th of the same month the Spanish Court suddenly yielded. It is difficult to believe that these two events were not closely connected. The natural inference appears to be that the Spanish Government suddenly yielded when it became aware of the resolution of the French Diplomatic Committee not to unite with Spain in a war against England. That resolution, having virtually been adopted a considerable time before it was formally communicated to Mr. Elliot, must have been known at Madrid some days before the convention was signed, and it was the only event that could account for the sudden change in the views of the Spanish Court at the precise time when that change occurred.

Lord Stanhope could not have known that Mr. Elliot and Mirabeau had been school-fellows, and retained the mutual feelings of kindness which had then been generated—that in fact they were old and familiar friends,—or he would not have attributed to Mr. Elliot's "very popular opinions" the familiarity of their intercourse in 1790. We are not aware that Mr. Elliot ever entertained such opinions, and certainly in the correspondence now published there is nothing that leads us to suppose that he did. Neither are we at all satisfied that he had gone to Paris solely of his own accord, though he probably desired it to be believed that he had. Lady Minto tells us, on the authority, as we suppose, of the correspondence, that he was sent by Mr. Pitt; and the first sentence of Mr. Pitt's letter is couched in such terms as would hardly have been addressed to a mere volunteer. He says, "I am extremely glad to find, by your letter, that you have succeeded so well in opening a confidential intercourse with the leaders of what appears to be the ruling party in France." This seems to imply a previous understanding that he was to endeavour to open such an intercourse. But after all, it is of little consequence whether he was sent because of his known intimacy with Mirabeau, or whether, having gone of his own accord, his intercourse with that remarkable man led to his being employed to negotiate with him and his party. There can, we think, in either case, be no reasonable doubt that Mr. Elliot rendered an important service to his country. Had he failed at Paris, the war with Spain would not have been averted, and we should, in

that case, have had war with France also. That we then escaped those evils, and obtained from Spain the reparation we demanded, was, we believe, mainly due to the diplomatic success achieved by Mr. Elliot at Paris.

We should gladly have followed Mr. Elliot's career to its close, and should especially have desired to give some account of his services at Naples before and after he accompanied the royal family in their flight to Sicily; but we have already exhausted our space, and must refer to the Memoir such of our readers as may be interested in the story of a Court with which the name of Nelson at that very time was so closely connected.

We cannot, however, take leave of these Memoirs without explaining that in following, perhaps too closely, the course of Mr. Hugh Elliot himself, we have left untouched what to many will be the most attractive part of the book—we mean that series of charming letters which, for the most part in a very lively and playful way, throw so much light on the state of public feeling and the views and proceedings of men high in the councils of the nation, during an eventful period of our history.

ART. II.—ALFRED DE MUSSET.

WE English are too apt to say that there is no true poetry in France. To a certain extent this is the case. The French language does not lend itself to those harmonious and imaginative utterances which we call poetry. It is better suited to rhetorical declamation and expository prose; the abstract terms and nasal sounds which render it unfit for verse not jarring on our sense of propriety when used in oratory or narration. Yet sometimes there arises a true poet, a real singer, in France, uniting the force and fire of Northern passion with French subtlety and logical precision. One of these was Alfred de Musset, a man whom Frenchmen of this century hold most dear, whose words they have by heart, and whose sentiments are echoed in the breasts of thousands. It is worth while to look closely at this poet, for English writers may learn much both from his excellences and defects. His language exactly embodies the thoughts and feelings which he wishes to express. It is never redundant or defective, never inverted like Tennyson's, or obscure like Browning's, or melodiously meaningless like much of Swin-

burne's. The good and bad things of the mind are shown through its thin veil with equal clearness, and there is no conscious effort to restrain the truth. Delicate shades of meaning and subtle emotions are reflected with such fulness in his verse that we seem to come into direct contact with the living spirit of the writer. At the same time, De Musset knows when to stop,—when to rein in the steed of fancy, and to check the flow of metaphor. He is never extravagant or spasmodic in expression. While reasoning on the deep problems of humanity, he avoids becoming oracular; and while abandoning himself to anguish, he maintains a perfect equability of utterance, evincing true artistic mastery. In these respects he is essentially a French poet,—logical, precise, obedient to law. Again, he has the power of expressing what by its nature is vague in feeling. Thoughts to which music alone seems capable of giving utterance are not distorted or exaggerated in his words. These eulogies are chiefly applicable to his lyrical poetry. In his prose works and dramatic sketches we find a far greater intemperance of language, spasmodic exaggeration, improbability, and extravagance of every kind, than can be paralleled by any equally artistic productions of the English Muse.

What French poets generally want, in comparison with ours, is a keen sense for nature, and a power of portraying natural objects. They cannot show a song like those of Shakespeare, a sonnet like some of Wordsworth's, or an ode like Shelley's to the Sky Lark. Both melody and freshness fail them in these compositions. Yet De Musset approaches us in this respect. He can put on canvas a fresh morning in the woods of Fontainebleau, or a rainy night in one of the close streets of Paris, or an Italian landscape full of sunlight. But the French artist achieves his end by a different process from that of the English. He does not lose himself in his subject, or catalogue its details with minute fidelity. He looks inward, copying the image stamped on the soul's retina, selecting the most prominent points, and representing them with reference to his own state of feeling. His picture is a piece of man, and all the man within us thrills while gazing on it. The touches are as few and delicate as possible. Emotion, and not description, predominates. Shelley's "Lines written in Dejection at Naples" fairly represent De Musset's mode of treating nature. He does not, as in the "Ode to the West Wind," seize some passionate idea, and carry it through all its phases, building up a fugue of gorgeous images and swift-winged thoughts, eddying

about the central subject, departing from it and returning, pouring in fresh lights, and leading the mind through labyrinths of suggestion and association. There is no such redundancy of imagination in De Musset. Again, in verisimilitude he falls far below the English poets. His stories are improbable. His characters are not like life. There is a want of coherency, and a flimsiness about his conceptions of human action, which betray national levity and defective dramatic power. The French language, as we have before remarked, is adverse to poetry; and the French people have ways of looking at things which seem to us essentially prosaic, even vulgar, from their want of earnestness and depth. They are too fond of comparing natural beauty to the silks and satins of feminine attire. Again, they talk too frequently of "Seraphin" and "Cherubin," lowering the solemnities of Christian legend to mere prettiness. We are constantly reminded by these religious allusions of the gummied lilies and gilding of a fashionable shrine, or of the pictures of St. Francis and the Sacré Cœur stuck into prayer-books. There is also something flimsy in their language of the passions. "Le cœur pris d'un caprice de femme," occurring in a very solemn and otherwise even sacred poem, has a Parisian hollowness and glitter which is disappointing. Their appreciation of the classical mythology again bears the same mark of pettiness. It is a pinchbeck Greek which speaks of "Les Nymphes Laseives," "Les Sylvains Moqueurs," "Vénus Astarté," "Prométhée, frère aîné de Satan," as different from true Greek as the French pictures in the Louvre are different from the Venus Victrix. The metal in all these cases when struck yields a thin and tinkling sound. De Musset shares these national defects. Of his other faults it would not be difficult to make a long list, prominent in which must stand vanity, flippancy, and a sentimental sort of sensuality. Against these we have to set reverence, tenderness, love, and the aspirations of a spirit seeking in vain for satisfaction. Such is the poet we would introduce to English readers—full of contradictions, and demanding as much of pity as he inspires of admiration.

In introducing his poems we propose to treat them rather with reference to their subjects and to the personal character of the man than as works of art. His style must be studied before it can be fully appreciated. Its beauty depends upon a limpid purity of language and exquisiteness of expression which cannot well be analysed. But great interest, independent of its form, attaches to

his poetry, as the articulate cry of a man who suffered much during a period of transition, and who truly felt whatever he expressed in words. Like Rousseau, like George Sand, like other French writers of the highest eminence, De Musset is greatest—is indeed only truly great—when he records his own emotions. The main topics, which, viewed in this light, his works suggest, are the scepticism and the aimless want of interest in life experienced by Frenchmen during the first half of this century, the Nemesis of Faith and the Nemesis of Love which brought De Musset to despair, moral corruption resulting from social anarchy and intellectual hopelessness; in all, a sorry picture, rendered tolerable by the strength and sweetness of the poet who had fallen on such disjointed days. What he says about society, the world, and God will rouse an echo in many hearts. Those who are unable to accept the old theological explanations of the world, but who are yet indisposed by education, prejudice, or want of power to receive a new system of the universe, whose hearts still yearn after the peace and æsthetical beauty of the Catholic religion, while their heads repudiate its creeds as lifeless, cannot but feel that De Musset has faithfully represented their disquietude of soul, the struggle of religious aspiration and repugnant scepticism, by which they are unnerved and rent asunder. It is curious to notice that while De Musset was singing songs of suicide, deploring the old age of the world, and weeping over crucifixes dashed in pieces by Voltaire, Auguste Comte was building up his system to explain the past, the present, and the future of mankind, and to expand a prospect of illimitable hope. The poet and the man of science lived on separately year by year. The one truly showed to us the want of the age, its beggary and emptiness. Did the other exhibit the satisfaction for which it craved? At any rate, their coincidence reminds us of the uninterrupted cycles of the world—an old age ending in despair, a new one taking up the morning song of expectation.

Louis Charles Alfred de Musset, best known as a poet by the last of his baptismal names, was the son of M. Mussét Pathay, a member of an old aristocratic family which had dropped its title during the Revolution. Alfred was born at Paris on the 11th of November 1810, and died there on the 1st of May 1857. He received his education at the Collège Henri Quatre, where he was the fellow-student of the Duc de Chartres, for whom he seems to have retained through life a sentiment of loyal friendship. In the

course of his studies he distinguished himself by his general ability, and especially by his aptitude for metaphysics. Like Shelley, he was one of those subjective thinkers in whom the border-ground between philosophy and poetry can hardly be discerned. Thought and feeling are with them one faculty, the speculations of their intellect receiving colour from their sentiments, and their emotions leading them in turn to abstract meditations. The result of Alfred's early metaphysical studies may be traced throughout his poems. Their tone of decided and painful scepticism is that of one who has been convinced of the futility of metaphysics, whose faith has given way to restless speculation, but who has no power to cast aside his doubts and be content with life or some fixed system. Having impartially reviewed all the theosophies of the world, he cannot find the stamp of Divinity more clearly impressed on one than on the others. The difference between this orthodoxy and that orthodoxy, between one philosophy and another, seems to him a difference of race and age, and nothing more. All he knows is that he is unable to accept any one of them as ultimate, and satisfactory to his own reason. When his friends ask him if he is a Catholic, he answers: "To be sure; and I am also very fond of the gods Lath and Nesu. Tartak and Pimpocan appear to me incontrovertible. What do you say of Parabavastu?" and so on through a list of deities. The process of comparative analysis has yielded him a kind of theory of the history of Thought. He sees how men have passed from faith to faith, from one absorbing system to another, with intermediate periods of decay, stagnation, and despair; and he believes that it has been his lot to fall upon one of these barren ages, upon a pause amid the music of the world, an interstellar space of frost and darkness. What is past is past. He sees it all clearly, and without illusions. What is to come is still uncertain. He cannot forecast it. He is only conscious of a want, yearning impotently backward to dead creeds, and stretching blind hands forward into vacancy.

In the *Confessions d'un Enfant du Siècle*, De Musset sketches with great power the sleep which descended upon France after the dissolution of the Empire, when children born between two battles, with the sound of trumpets in their mother's ears and the fury of conquest in their father's hearts, a febrile anxious brotherhood, were growing up to find the world at peace and no scope left for them in life. Politically speaking, De Musset had fallen on a stagnant period of relapse. The Revolution swept away old

boundaries of opinion and old modes of life: the Empire came with fresh enthusiasms, new creeds, and boundless prospects of activity: that disappeared like a dream, and France was told to settle down into the jog-trot of the past. Willingly perhaps would she have tried at least to do so; but the road was lost—blasted and broken up by gunpowder, drenched with blood and strewn with skeletons, encumbered by the blackened ruins of hearths and homes. Men like De Musset in such an age could not advance, could not retreat. They sat down in the middle of the path and wondered at the wrecks around them—wrecks of thrones, and creeds, and altars, and societies. "Who shall dare relate," exclaims De Musset, "what then was passing in the schools and colleges of France? Grown men were doubting everything, and young men were denying everything. The poets sang of despair; boys left their schools with brows serene, fresh cheeks, and blasphemy upon their lips. Their heads were full of Byron and Goethe, but their hearts, too light to wrestle and endure, withered like broken flowers. So sank the principle of death, coldly, without convulsion, from their brains into their vitals. We were not passionate for evil, but indifferent to good; instead of despair, insensibility possessed our souls. Children of fifteen sitting carelessly beneath the flowering shrubs, whiled away their time with converse fit to shake the rigid alleys of Versailles with horror. Christ's sacrament, the host, that deathless symbol of celestial love, was used for letter-wafers; children spat upon the bread of God."

In truth, France answered to the description given of the moon: the volcanoes of the Revolution had reduced it to cinders, and the breath of infidelity had frozen it to ice. There was no more air to breathe; the stillness was of death and inanition. De Musset, with strong passions and vehemence of soul, born to act, if action had been possible, but now compelled to stagnate in this wilderness, fell a hopeless prey to ennui. Ennui fixed upon his life and sucked it like a vampire. The word ennui we have appropriated in a very restricted and inadequate sense. We use it to mean a kind of yawning and uncomfortable lack of interest in life. This meaning is included in the French acceptance of the term. But their ennui is something deeper and more tragic. A sorrow which has taken the light out of life, doubts that weigh like nightmares, jealousy driving its victim to despair and murder,—all these may be the sources of the torment, which in itself unnerves the body, relaxes the will, obscures the intellect, and saps the

moral nature of a man. De Musset's ennui is described in these lines:—

"Partout où, sous ces vastes cieux,
J'ai lassé mon cœur et mes yeux,
Saignant d'une éternelle plaie;
Partout où le boiteux Ennui,
Traînant ma fatigue après lui
M'a promené sur une claie;

Partout où, sans cesse altéré
De la soif d'un monde ignoré,
J'ai suivi l'ombre de mes songes;
Partout où, sans avoir vécu,
J'ai revu ce que j'avais vu,
La face humaine et ses mensonges;

Partout où, le long des chemins,
J'ai posé, mon front dans mes mains,
Et sangloté comme une femme;
Partout où j'ai, comme un mouton,
Qui laisse sa laine au buisson,
Senti se dénuer mon âme."

He here enumerates the restlessness, the unhealed wound of passion; the poet's effort to grasp, Ixion-like, at phantoms; the enduring sense of unreality in life; the misanthropy engendered by profligate courses and contact with the selfishness and treachery of sin; the causeless tears; the painfulness of an unoccupied existence, wasted by waysides and homeless—all of which are ingredients in ennui. Such lines could not have been written except in an age of stagnation and unbelief. Ennui has been reckoned among the causes of decay; we may also look at it inversely as a product of decay. The Greek and Roman languages have no word for ennui, because the thing itself, except in a restricted sense, was almost unknown to their active and healthy social life. *Tedium vite*, or *fastidium*, the disgust of life, has been described by two Latin poets—by Lucretius, in his celebrated lines at the end of the third book; and by Ennius, in words scarcely less memorable. But the ancients did not often feel this *tedium*, because the duties of the family, the army, and the State kept them occupied; while pleasures of the sense, heightened by physical exercises, were not esteemed dishonourable. Under the Empire politics became less active; debauchery grew tasteless and extravagant; scepticism, religious, social, and philosophical, prevailed; the disgust of life proclaimed a decaying existence. Then Christianity, taking the *tedium vite* in the world for granted, turned it to account, and revealed a new spring of action in a life beyond this world. We do not hear much of ennui again in its most aggravated form until the beginning of this century. In the cloisters, truly, it must have largely prevailed; and the author of the *Imitatio Christi* constantly reminds us that "a life without

a purpose is relaxed and vague and mawkish ;" but vigils, penance, fastings, prayers, and psalmody, were specifics then against all devils, blue as well as fiery. If a man had a chapel to kneel in, a priest to shrive him, and a heaven to win, he dared not talk of ennui. Goethe's "Faust," Byron, and De Musset, show it under three different aspects. A political age had passed away; the strong solvents of the Renaissance had worked deeply upon all beliefs, and Christianity began to fail in supplying a motive for action beyond the aims and objects of this world. Life itself had seemed sufficient to the Greeks and Romans, till it failed beneath them. Christianity had shown that an object placed beyond this life could react with energy upon the world we live in. But De Musset disbelieved in Christian creeds. "Je suis venu trop tard dans un monde trop vieux." "I find nothing in life but anguish, tyrannous passions, treason, and regrets. The old lure held out by Christianity has no charm for me; I should like to follow it blindly, but my eyes are wide open and I see through its flimsiness." Ennui with him was now complete—not merely a *tedium vite*, but also a despair of anything beyond. De Musset passed his whole life like one of the doomed wretches for whom Persius wished—

"Virtutem videant, intabescantque relictâ."

The promises of faith hung out before him, but he could not touch them; the pleasures of life had tasted sweet when he first seized on them, but long ago had turned to ashes in his mouth. His ennui was absolute.

This digression may perhaps be pardoned, because the melancholy which we have attempted to characterize lay at the root of all De Musset's words and actions, and because it is just in this respect that his poetry so faithfully reflects the spirit of the years in which he lived. He never chose a profession or took part in politics, but tried, by stimulating passions, to create a kind of interest in life, declining gradually in power and fertility of intellect, until his sudden death by heart-disease at the age of forty-seven. Before he was eighteen he began to write poetry, and formed the acquaintance of Sainte Beuve, Victor Hugo, De Vigny, and others—the great writers who, one by one, are dying out, like stars before the day, in France. De Musset, in later life, looked back to the friends of his youth* with tender sadness. At this early period De Musset felt the influence of Delavigne and André Chenier.

As his genius developed itself and grew in strength, he seems to have been attracted to the satires of Reignier, a rugged and pithy Juvenal of the age of Henri Quatre*, whom he always held in admiration, and from whom he caught what we should call a Popian piquancy of style. Voltaire and the sceptics of the eighteenth century furnished him with a purely negative view of life. Later on he took to the study of Shakespeare and Byron. It was the fashion among the romanticists of France to admire Shakespeare, but De Musset, at any rate, did not succeed in catching his dramatic power. The comedies which he produced are French—sprightly, neat, vivid, and amusing; but his tragic sketches lack the Shakespearean coherency of action and verisimilitude of character, without maintaining the dignified monotony of the old French style. In Byron he found a more congenial spirit. Both poets wrote from and of themselves, seeing the whole world through the spectacles of their own discontent. Many traces of the study of Byron may be found scattered up and down De Musset's poetry. His "Namouna" is almost professedly an imitation of "Don Juan." But it is in nervous strength of language and logical power of thought that they most resemble one another. Superficial students may fancy that De Musset was but a French echo of our Byron. This, however, is not the case. They grew up under similar influences, and expressed a similar condition of restlessness. But their differences are manifold—as numerous as the differences between their nations. Later in life, De Musset studied Boccaccio, and wrote two charming tales, "Simone" and "Silvia," in his style, adapting it to modern uses, like Keats in "The Pot of Basil," but with more simplicity.

In 1833, De Musset had already become celebrated by the publication of *Les Contes d'Espagne et d'Italie*, *Namouna*, and *La Coupe et les Lèvres*. He had just produced "Rolla,"—"le plus passionné des poèmes," as a recent French critic styles it,—when he met George Sand. He was then the spoiled child of literature and fashion,—a handsome dandy, with light curling hair. As a member of the old nobility, he frequented the best houses in Paris, while he won the admiration of artistic coteries by the boldness of his love affairs, no less than by the beauty of his poems. At the age of twenty-three, he had run through all kinds of dissipation, and acquired an experience of life which most men never gain before they die. The friendship

* See the lines written to M. Charles Nodier—*Nouvelles Poésies*, p. 242.

* See the lines about Reignier in De Musset's "Sur la Paresse"—*Nouvelles Poésies*, p. 194.

which he formed for Mme. Dudevant was the great event of his life. They met with a desire to know each other, founded on reciprocal admiration, and became inseparable companions for a period of some months, productive of most serious results to the young poet. We need not enter into the details of their relation to each other. It is enough to remind the reader that George Sand founded her novel of *Elle et Lui* upon this passage of her life, that Alfred de Musset introduced it into his autobiographical *Confessions d'un Enfant du Siècle*, and that Paul de Musset, his brother, wrote an answer to George Sand, entitled *Lui et Elle*. The poet's friends accused her of having ruined his life by her agitating influence, and of having forced him into dissipation by her infidelity. This accusation, however, is groundless. Besides other poems, Alfred had written "Rolla" before he met with Mme. Dudevant; and his own confessions are forcibly corroborative of this picture which she draws of him. It need scarcely be remarked to English readers how revolting was the bad taste which could induce a woman to dissect the character of her old lover, and to dress up the history of their *liaison* under the disguise of most transparent art. After a careful comparison of the three fictions we have mentioned, we believe that *Elle et Lui* and *Les Confessions*, taken together, may be fairly referred to as giving a correct picture of the poet's mind. But it is the concern of nobody to find out which book most faithfully records facts in themselves of little interest. Both artists were to blame, Alfred de Musset being, by his own confession, jealous, violent, morose, and difficult to please; while there were other causes which prevented their connexion from becoming permanent. De Musset never forgot that he was "Gentilhomme Français;" and though he lived at ease like a Bohemian among artists, he reminded them at times of his social superiority. This weakness—a kind of childish vanity fostered by the double life he led, and by the prejudices of his relatives—seems to have pursued him through his whole career. In the winter of 1843-4, Mme. Dudevant and he travelled together in Italy. De Musset fell ill at Venice of a brain-fever, and was nursed through it by his companion, whom he left in some respects an altered man, with the wound in his heart which afterwards he could not heal. After his return from Italy, as a memorial of the feelings which had there possessed him, De Musset wrote four poems, called *Les Nuits*. In these he holds communion with his Muse through the hours of a night in May, soft, tender, and melancholy; a night in December, long and

terrible and solitary; a night in August, passionately calm; a night in October, full of anguish, hatred, consolation, and forgiveness. These impassioned outpourings of the soul had the character of music. They resemble sonatas of Beethoven, expressed in words of singular elegance and dignity. Like them they seem to carry us into the stillness of the night, through which we hear the voices of the poet and the Muse audibly communing with no uncertain speech. The man himself is revealed to us with his essential griefs and aspirations and regrets; his conscious martyrdom, his vain desire to love, his recollections of an innocent industrious past, his indignation and despair. In *La nuit de Décembre* the poet tells of a form which, throughout his life, in all his wanderings, has from time to time appeared at his side. We give the verses in which he questions the Vision as to its nature, and also the Vision's reply:—

"Mais tout à coup j'ai vu dans la nuit sombre
Une forme glisser sans bruit.
Sur mon rideau j'ai vu passer une ombre;
Elle vient s'asseoir sur mon lit.
Qui donc es-tu, morne et pâle visage,
Sombre portrait vêtu de noir?
Que me veux-tu, triste oiseau de passage?
Est-ce un vain rêve? est-ce ma propre image
Que j'aperçois dans ce miroir?

Qui donc es-tu, spectre de ma jeunesse,
Pêlerin que rien n'a lassé?
Dis-moi pourquoi je te trouve sans cesse
Assis dans l'ombre où j'ai passé.
Qui donc es-tu, visiteur solitaire,
Hôte assidu de mes douleurs?
Qu'as-tu donc fait pour me suivre sur terre?
Qui donc es-tu, qui donc es-tu, mon frère,
Qui n'apparaîs qu'au jour des pleurs?"

LA VISION.

— Ami, notre père est le tien.
Je ne suis ni l'ange gardien,
Ni le mauvais destin des hommes.
Ceux que j'aime, je ne sais pas
De quel côté s'en vont leurs pas
Sur ce pen de fange où nous sommes.

Je ne suis ni dieu ni démon,
Et tu m'as nommé par mon nom
Quand tu m'as appelé ton frère;
Où tu vas, j'y serai toujours,
Jusques au dernier de tes jours,
Où j'irai m'asseoir sur ta pierre.
Le ciel m'a confié ton cœur.
Quand tu seras dans la douleur,
Viens à moi sans inquiétude.
Je te suivrai sur le chemin;
Mais je ne puis toucher ta main,
Ami, je suis la Solitude."

With these four pieces may be joined the "Letter to Lamartine," which dwells on the same theme of passion wasted, of "invisible love" betrayed by a false woman.

The following lines, transcribed from this "Letter," will give a just notion of De Musset's power to transfuse the picture of a common city street with his own passionate anguish. The words do not bear to be translated:—

"Tel, lorsque abandonné d'une infidèle amante,
Pour la première fois j'ai connu la douleur,
Transpercé tout à coup d'une flèche sanglante,
Seul, je me suis assis dans la nuit de mon cœur.
Ce n'était pas au bord d'un lac au flot limpide,

Ni sur l'herbe fleurie au penchant des coteaux;
Mes yeux noyés de pleurs ne voyaient que le vide,
Mes sanglots étouffés n'éveillaient point d'échos.

C'était dans une rue obscure et tortueuse
De cet immense égout qu'on appelle Paris;
Autour de moi criait cette foule railleuse
Qui des infortunés n'entend jamais les cris.
Sur le pavé noirci les blafardes lanternes
Versaient un jour douteux plus triste que la nuit,

Et, suivant au hasard ces feux vagues et ternes,
L'homme passait dans l'ombre, allant où va le bruit.

Partout retentissait comme une joie étrange;
C'était en février, au temps du carnaval.
Les masques avinés, se croisant dans la fange,
S'accostaient d'une injure ou d'un refrain banal.

Dieu juste! pleurer seul par une nuit pareille!
O mon unique amour! que vous avais-je fait?
Vous m'aviez pu quitter, vous qui juriez la veille

Que vous étiez ma vie et que Dieu le savait?
Ah toi! le savais-tu, froide et cruelle amie?
Qu'à travers cette honte et cette obscurité,
J'étais là, regardant de ta lampe chérie,
Comme une étoile au ciel, la tremblante clarté?
Non, tu n'en savais rien, je n'ai pas vu ton ombre;

Ta main n'est pas venue entr'ouvrir ton rideau.
Tu n'as pas regardé si le ciel était sombre;
Tu ne m'a pas cherché dans cet affreux tombeau.

Lamartine! c'est là, dans cette rue obscure,
Assis sur une borne, au fond d'un carrefour,
Les deux mains sur mon cœur, et serrant ma blessure,

Et sentant y saigner un invincible amour;
C'est là, dans cette nuit d'horreur et de détresse

Au milieu des transports d'un peuple furieux
Qui semblait en passant crier à ma jeunesse:
'Toi qui pleures ce soir, n'a tu pas ri comme eux?'

C'est là, devant ce mur, où j'ai frappé ma tête,
Où j'ai posé deux fois le fer sur mon sein nu;
C'est là, le croiras-tu, chaste et noble poète,
Que de tes chants divins je me suis souvenu."

This letter, in which De Musset implored the sympathies of the elder poet, provoked from Lamartine a tardy and severe response. In 1849 he spoke of De Musset—at that time thirty-nine years old—as:—

"Enfant aux blonds cheveux, jeune homme au cœur de cire,
Dont la lèvre a le pli des larmes ou du rire
Selon que la beauté qui règne sur tes yeux
Eut un regard hier sévère ou gracieux;
Poétique jouet de molle poésie,
Qui prends pour passion ta vague fantaisie."

There was truth in this rebuke; and if we choose to look only at the weak side of De Musset's genius, we must admit that Lamartine's verses have correctly analysed the greater poet's character. It is, however, an incomplete verdict, and this Lamartine confessed when, after De Musset's death, he pronounced a brilliant panegyric on his genius.

If we wish to gain a conception of De Musset's history during this portion of his life, we must seek for it in *Les Confessions d'un Enfant du Siècle*—a tale founded upon the events of his own life. Of his faults he was acutely conscious, reading his spirit like a book, and setting down what he there found with frightful and magnificent lucidity. He complained that two angels possessed him, one good, the other bad. Often when he lifted up his voice to bless, the evil spirit made him curse; and when he sought for blasphemies, the angel brought him songs of love, and prayers, and hymns of triumph. He hated solitude, for it was filled with hideous phantoms and remorse; but yet he carried it about with him, for ever lonely and for ever disappointed, seeking heaven and grovelling on earth, no friend of God, and yet disdainful of mankind. Death made him tremble; yet his fancy dwelt upon its horrors, drawing lively images from the grave, and pondering upon the secrets of destruction. His soul thirsted for love; yet he sought it in dry places: he saw it fly before him, and pursued it with the greater energy from his incapability of seizing it. Desire with him became a passion, and he loathed its satisfaction, passing on from aim to aim without repose. To know that anything was unattainable sufficed to make him yearn for it. He wore his vice and unbelief like badges, yet boasted he had kept the depths of his soul undefiled, and cried to God from the darkest gloom of self-reproach. His works reveal passionate love for God and man, mixed up with want of faith in either. The heart which he had tried to stifle and succeeded in corrupting, was always crying like a child for comfort, and receiving none. He indulged in excesses of all kinds to drown tormenting thoughts, and to reduce the irritation of his blood. Everything oppressed his disordered nerves. His sleep was uneasy, his days agitated, his work une-

qual. Conception made him tremble, and production cost him physical disturbances of the most painful kind. Headaches, palpitations of the heart, and spectral apparitions plagued his rest. He was one of those, to use the words of George Sand, "whom God ordains to wander in the storm and to create in anguish. His suffering and his doubt, and what he called his chastisement, were the conditions of his glory." Of all this Alfred de Musset was conscious, too conscious. Every line of his best poetry seems wrenched from him by pangs and agonies. Every aspiration is a regret. He never enjoys or hopes to enjoy, but only seems to know what joy means by some recollection of the past. What physicians call *dysæsthesia* and *hyperæsthesia* tormented him. He was the most morbid poet of a morbid age.

Many traits in the weak outline we have sketched remind us of Byron and Shelley. They suggest *Alastor* and *Manfred*. But De Musset was really different from either. We do not think that, as a poet, he was intellectually so great as either Byron or Shelley. But his personal sufferings were more acute. His scepticism was more simple. While Byron professed carelessness, and Shelley, in revolt against Christianity, invented a system of his own, De Musset plainly longed for faith and had none, loved God after his own fashion, and did not believe in Him. While Shelley dreamed of mystical affection, and Byron glowingly described his passions, De Musset told of a heart corrupted by sensuality, and unable to attain to love. He is less complex than the English poets; but his art approaches nearer to reality. We feel the man more in reading him, and are less led astray to wonder at his affectations, or to admire his imaginative powers. De Musset had a stronger sympathy for actual life than Shelley. We see this in his tales and in the verses written to his friends. He was a man of the world, not a poet living among phantoms. He surpassed both Byron and Shelley in gaiety and ease, and the power of telling a simple story. Nothing can be more lively than his comedies, more pungent than his satires, more graceful than his verses of society, or fresher than his picture of *Mimi Pinson*, the *grisette* of Paris.

De Musset never grew to be man. He remained a child. He never opened a new vein of poetry, but continued to regret the past and to rehandle his own subjects, so that Heinrich Heine said, "*Alfred de Musset à trente ans était un jeune homme d'un bien beau passé.*" The poet felt this of himself, and told his brother: "I am the

poet of youth; I ought to pass away in my youth like spring. I should not like to live beyond the years of Raphael, and Mozart, and the divine Malibran." This, however, he was destined to endure. He overlived his genius, and died long after he had ceased to produce what might add to his fame. His juvenility had something Greek in it. Had he been born in a proper age in the world's history he might have been an Athenian. As it was, he resembled a man trying to lead a Greek life in modern times, and striking against the stumbling-blocks of education and society. Had he really been an ancient Greek, the unaffected sensuousness of his nature would not have produced the debasement which ensues on violations of popular morality. His soul would not have been tortured by the unsolved doubts of religious scepticism. His nerves would have been calmed by exercise and soothed by the continual sight of beauty. His poetry would be like that of Theognis or Meleager, some of whose couplets seem to strike the key-note of his sentiments.

The comparison which De Musset institutes between himself and Raphael, Mozart, and Malibran, is not a little remarkable. It leads us to inquire whether the precocious development and early death of many men of genius are not necessary conditions of their existence as artists. We are apt to say what wonders Shelley, Keats, or Raphael, or Mozart, would have produced had they not been cut off in their prime! Yet De Musset furnishes us with the example of a poet who attained maturity without excelling the productions of his youth, and who survived his powers. It is also noticeable that the character of De Musset's genius was similar to that of those great men whom we have mentioned. He used his life up quickly, burned his soul out in the efforts of creation, and could not create without some previous pang of vehement and exhausting emotion. When the pains of his scepticism ended in the stagnation of indifference, and his senses had been blunted by excitement, then De Musset ceased to be a poet. There would seem to be two classes of artists—those in whom feeling predominates, whose works are wrenched from them by suffering; and those who never lose the control of reason, who calmly plan, manipulate, and labour at their fixed conceptions. Poetry with the one class is an ichor which they will not stanch, but which consumes their life away. They would rather die than cease to sing, and cannot sing without a struggle. It is their own soul which they pour forth in their poems. "Filling up," as Ennius says, "for men to drink, verses of flame

drawn from their very marrow." The other class of artists work deliberately, thinking of their subject, mindful of their art, requiring only the stimulus of reflection, and needing no preparatory storms. They are masters of their feelings, while the others are like seers saying what the god compels. Far greater in the scale of natural endowments, far more worthy of the admiration of mankind, are the Shakespeare, Dante, Goethe, Leonardo, Michael Angelo, Händel, Milton, who belong to the deliberative class. But we often love the others more. Mozart's airs breathing the passions which destroyed him, Beethoven's sonatas, each one of which reveals some contest of his soul, Shelley's *Alastor*, conscious of the doom in store for him, De Musset's *Rolla* on the brink of suicide—all these speak to us with a moving power which the grander utterances of the universal artists often lack. Therefore, setting aside the prejudice of race, we can understand the enthusiastic preference which a recent French historian of English literature expresses for De Musset over Tennyson. He compares the deliberative poet, revolving bygone epics in the Isle of Wight, dwelling upon the past, and touching its most varied strings with a commanding artist's hand, yet never thrilling our deepest emotions—he compares him with the Frenchman in his mire and in his misery, suffering but creating, failing but producing, snatching live thoughts with anguish from a tortured brain, and holding them before our eyes yet palpitating with the pangs of birth, but Pallas-like in their magnificence. There is no doubt which poet is the happier, better, wiser man. It is clear which poet is the more respectable and likely to improve the race.

De Musset, like a true Frenchman, was fond of the stage. He wrote for it, and frequented the society of the principal actors of the day. For Maria Felicia Malibran he entertained the highest admiration. He recognised in hers a genius similar to his own; she was one in whom the woman predominated over the artist, and she killed herself by the continual excitement of her passions on the stage. These lines addressed to her seem to have a hidden reference to himself:—

"Ne savais-tu donc pas, comédienne imprudente
Que ces cris insensés qui te sortaient du cœur
De ta joue amaigrie augmentaient la pâleur?
Ne savais-tu donc pas que, sur ta tempe ardente,
Ta main de jour en jour se posait plus tremblante
Et que c'est tenter Dieu que d'aimer la douleur?"

Ne sentais-tu donc pas que ta belle jeunesse
De tes yeux fatigués s'éconlait en ruisseaux
Et de ton noble cœur s'exhalait en sanglots?
Quand de ceux qui t'aimaient tu voyais la tristesse,

Ne sentais-tu donc pas qu'une fatale ivresse
Berçait ta vie errante à ses derniers rameaux?

Oui, oui, tu le savais, qu'au sortir du théâtre,
Un soir dans ton linceul il faudrait te concher.
Lorsqu'on te rapportait plus froide que l'albâtre,
Lorsque le médecin, de ta veine bleuâtre,
Regardait goutte à goutte un sang noir s'épancher,

Tu savais quelle main venait de te toucher.

Oui, oui, tu le savais, et que, dans cette vie,
Rien n'est bon que d'aimer, n'est vrai que de souffrir.

Chaque soir dans tes chants tu te sentais pâlir.
Tu connaissais le monde, et la foule, et l'envie,
Et, dans ce corps brisé concentrant ton génie,
Tu regardais aussai la Malibran mourir.

Meurs donc! ta mort est douce, et ta tâche est remplie.

Ce que l'homme ici-bas appelle le génie,
C'est le besoin d'aimer; hors de là tout est vain.
Et, puisque tôt ou tard l'amour humain s'oublie,
Il est d'une grande âme et d'un heureux destin
D'expirer comme toi pour un amour divin!"

His conception of the poet's character, again, answers to the picture we have drawn of him. The following lines express, it seems to us, with exquisite delicacy and precision, that type of intellect to which the Shelleys and De Mussets of the world belong:—

"Celui qui ne sait pas, quand la brise étouffée
Soupire au fond des bois sont tendre et long
chagrin,

Sortir seul au hasard, chantant quelque refrain,
Plus fou qu'Ophélie de romarin coiffée,
Plus étourdi qu'un page amoureux d'une fée,
Sur son chapeau cassé jouant du tambourin;

Celui qui ne voit pas, dans l'aurore empourpée,
Flotter, les bras ouverts, une ombre idolâtrée;
Celui qui ne sent pas, quand tout est endormi,
Quelque chose qui l'aime errer autour de lui;
Celui qui n'entend pas une voix éplorée
Murmurer dans la source, et l'appeler ami;

Celui qui n'a pas l'âme à tout jamais aimante,
Qui n'a pas pour tout bien, pour unique bonheur,
De venir lentement poser son front rêveur
Sur un front jeune et frais, à la tresse odorante,
Et de sentir ainsi d'une tête charmante
La vie et la beauté descendre dans son cœur;

Celui qui ne sait pas, durant les nuits brûlantes
Qui font pâlir d'amour l'étoile de Vénus,
Se lever en sursaut, sans raison, les pieds nus,
Marcher, prier, pleurer des larmes ruisselantes,
Et devant l'Infini joindre des mains tremblantes,
Le cœur plein de pitié pour des maux inconnus;

Que celui-là rature et barbouille à son aise;
Il peut, tant qu'il voudra, rimer à tour de bras,
Ravauder l'oripeau qu'on appelle antithèse,
Et s'en aller ainsi jusqu'au Père-Lachaise,

Trainant à ses talons tous les sots d'ici-bas ;
Grand homme, si l'on veut ; mais poète, non
pas."

From the last few lines it will be seen that De Musset hated pretenders and hypocrites of all kinds no less than Heine, and had as keen an eye for them. His contempt for self-sufficient mediocrity, for good society—"called good," as Goethe says, "whenever there is not in it the material for the smallest of poems"—for "immortal journalists" and members of the French Academy, those "druggists of good taste distilling the sublime from classical recipes" for "canting hypocrites who put their virtues on with their white gloves when they go out to dine," is refreshing. He knows a sham and does not snarl but only laughs at it, so lightly, carelessly, and confidentially that the thing breaks like a bubble. *Du pont et Durand* is an ironical dialogue which, with the greatest possible appearance of good faith and *naïveté*, exposes ignorance, vanity, and baseness in all their ugliness to universal ridicule by means of simple description. De Musset, though lenient to the passions of mankind, was intolerant of meanness, deceit, hypocrisy, and treason. For these he kept a whip and flourished it at times with Juvenalian scorn.

By far the finest of De Musset's poems, taken as a whole, is "Rolla." If asked to select the poems of Shelley which express his own peculiar genius, displaying his range of subjects and his style to the best advantage, we should answer, "Alastor," "Adonais," and "Epipsychidion." In like manner "Rolla" seems to us to exhibit De Musset's genius in all its force. He dwells upon the scepticism which disturbed his soul, the Nemesis of passion, and the extravagance of youth which had for him so great a charm. He presents us with a series of the most vivid pictures, delicately sketched, and glowing with that lustre which is the glory of his style. "Rolla" must be read to be appreciated. Poor and weak are the attempts of a reviewer to explain his admiration for a poem, or, by means of illustrations and analyses, to lay bare the beauties which have charmed him in a complete work of art. His function resembles that of the traveller or geographical discoverer. He visits distant lands, brings back a report of their wealth and excellence and splendour, condemns what seems worthy of censure in their customs, and by description raises a desire in other men to view the scenes which he has traversed. But he cannot take them by the power of eloquence to gorgeous land-

scapes and famed cities of the past. They must go there for themselves. To help them as a guide is the utmost of his power.

The most striking thing in "Rolla" is the mixture of an almost pathetic religious scepticism with a sentimental immorality that is very shocking to English taste and feeling. The union of the two is characteristic of De Musset. He does not disguise the fact that the decay of old religious faith has sapped the foundations of character and exposed men to the assaults of vulgar sensuality. Yet, running through the whole of this strange poem we trace a tone of intense desire for purity that has been lost, for faith that has been cast aside. What the Germans have called "*Sehnsucht*"—a feeling vague, yet powerful, of yearning and regret combined—tinges the whole of "Rolla." This *Sehnsucht* is a feverish desire of the spirit. It finds its best expression in the music of the church, in the longings of the monastic hymn-writers after their heavenly country, in the passionate exclamation of St. Augustine, "Grant us, Lord, thy peace, the peace of repose, the sabbath peace, the peace of thy sabbath that hath no evening." But though this passion of the soul properly belongs to the yearnings of belief, there is also a *Sehnsucht* of scepticism, and that is what De Musset expresses with a wonderful fidelity. In minds like his a kind of Pantheism had succeeded to the atheism of the last century. He was not contented with the gross and coarse solutions of the deepest problems offered by Voltaire and Diderot and D'Alembert. He had in his youth imbibed their doctrine and felt its force. But his poet's nature regretted the tender and sublime beliefs of orthodoxy. Unable to accept them, he exclaims, "Neither as a child, nor when a schoolboy, nor after I became a man, had I frequented churches. My religion, if I had one, had no rite or symbol, and my God was formless, unrevealed." This is language such as our poet Arthur Clough might have used. But De Musset could not stop here. He had not the firm conscience, the inflexible honesty "as of some transcendental man of business," which characterize the Englishman. He sold his soul to vain longings after the idols of the worship he had quitted. He plunged himself in sensuality that brought remorse. He complained against fate for having so misplaced him in darkness, and was not content to wait in patience for the dawn. Even in a July night, between the dying of one day in the west and the birth of another in the east, there is a pause of gloom. In such a pause, says De Musset,

are we. We remember the past day; the pageant of its sunset blazes in our memory. But it is gone, never to be again, and for us remains the darkness and the cry, "Watchman, what of the night?" The English poet equally feels all this; but he holds fast by his own conscience, knowing that the voice which spake from the cloud of Sinai is still speaking, and that man's own soul is an oracle. Therefore he is stoical, and possesses himself in righteousness. The French poet wails because he has lost sight. He goes astray in the gloom after every will-o'-the-wisp. He makes the most of his pain and suffering for want of light, and tries to attach himself to what Goethe has called "the eternal feelings" by impressing upon his soul the barren stigmata of an unhappy scepticism.

After this preamble we may approach a little closer to the poem. It begins with a series of impassioned apostrophes, in which De Musset sets forth the nature and causes of this desolation of his soul. It is possible that those who are not in a position to sympathize with such scepticism, may fancy that these apostrophes are blasphemous. Their language is open and candid. But the tone is so sincere, so profoundly touched with the pathos of intense regret, that we must acknowledge that these passages only affect us with a sense of their solemnity:—

"Do you regret," he begins, "the days of ancient Greece, when each wave held a nymph, when Aphrodité, daughter of the bitter sea, wrung her locks dry and fertilized the earth? Do you regret the days, when after Rome had been swept down beneath the northern avalanche, the world's great age began anew, and awoke like Lazarus from the sleep of death? Do you regret?"

"Christ, I am not of those who come with trembling feet to pray at Thy mute shrines. I am not of those who strike their breasts beside Thy Calvary, and kiss Thy bleeding feet. I stand with head erect beneath Thy sacred aisles, where the faithful round the pillars kneel and murmur to the wind of psalms like reeds beneath the northern blast. I have come too late into a world too old. From an age without hope springs an age without fear. On our cross of ebony Thy heavenly form hath fallen into dust.

"Yet still permit the least believing son of this unfaithful age to kiss that dust, and to weep upon the frozen earth, which took life from Thy death, and which will die without Thee. O now, my God! who will restore its life? With Thy purest blood Thou gavest it fresh youth. Jesus, what Thou didst, who shall do again? We, old men born but yesterday, who shall renew our youth?"

"The earth is as old and ruinous; she shakes her head as hopelessly as when John trod the sea-beach, and the dying mother heard his

words, and trembled with childbirth, feeling in her womb the stirrings of another world. The days are come again of Claudius and Tiberius. All now, as then, is dead with time, and Saturn has no children left to eat; but human hope grows weary of maternity, her breast bruised with giving suck, she sleeps in her sterility."

So the cry of anguish bursts from the poet's lips, and gives the key-note to his inspiration. "We old men, born but yesterday, who shall renew our youth?" The tree that dies down in the winter hopes for spring, and feels through all its branches life asleep and ready to break forth. But the tree that has been withered by the slow decay of years, and by a poison at its root, feels nothing, and will never stir, winter and summer; dews by night and sun by day pass over it unheeded. So are we: the ages have passed; their cycles are completed: nought remains. Love itself is dead, and everywhere we see the ghost of love:—

"Nothing is fair; to good and bad we are alike indifferent. Where is the poison which has brought us to this death in life, where is the blasting breath which has passed over us?"

"Voltaire, do you sleep satisfied, and does the ghastly smile still hover on your fleshless bones? Your century, they said, was young and immature for what you taught; *ours* ought to please you, and your men are born."

So begins a second apostrophe, which smacks somewhat too strongly of French rhetoric, addressed to the "Deicides" of the last century. It is the spirit of Voltaire that has made France barren of faith. This is the worm which has gnawed upon the tree of life:—

"The want of hope and faith has travailed and brought forth the want of love and fear. Hypocrisy is dead; we care no more for priests: but virtue, too, is dead; we have lost sight of God. From this wilderness, this horrible dead world, whither shall we escape?"

"Live, man, live, and be careless of destiny. Nay, but I cannot. In spite of my own will the Infinite torments me. I cannot think of it without a mixture of horror and hope. To Horace and Lucretius I reply, Do what we will, I suffer; it is now too late; the world has worn itself to old age. A boundless hope hath passed across the earth, and we *must* lift our eyes to heaven. What then remains for me? My reason in revolt tries vainly to believe, my heart to doubt. To whom shall I appeal? What friendly voice will heal this heart which doubt has wounded?"

Thus, feebly and barely, we have attempted to condense the prologue to the story of "Rolla," by introducing some parallel passages from the poem called "Espoir en Dieu" to set forth the feeling of De Musset

with regard to matters of belief. Perhaps some apology may be expected from us by our readers, for the paraphrase of much that is repellent to their better instincts. But without some sketch of the sort it would have been impossible to present to them the French poet as he really is, or to justify that analysis of his *Sehnsucht* with which we started.

Jacques Rolla is a character impossible in English society. His father gives him a nobleman's education, and leaves him with a slender fortune at the age of twenty. Rolla laughs at the notion of working for his bread, divides his fortune into three parts, and tells his friends that at the end of three years, having spent each portion of his heritage in a twelvemonth's fit of pleasure, he will shoot himself. He keeps his word. We need not follow him in his course. At the close of the three years, when the means of life are exhausted, and the sin of his soul is complete, Rolla meets, in a place where we should least expect it, that which he had denied and scorned and blasphemed against—the spirit of Love. On this catastrophe De Musset has exhausted all the resources of his genius. In spite of its essentially hideous and morbid nature, it leaves an ineffaceable impression of pathos on the mind. The picture is wonderfully vivid, and the feeling, though perverted, is intense. But Rolla cannot go on living. He dies, as he had fore-determined, by his own hand, having for a moment loved, and therefore for a moment lived. Is it possible, from this farrago of French sicknesses—gilded and made gorgeous, it is true, by genius, yet still loathsome—to extract any sensible moral of any sort? The moral De Musset wished to draw was this:—irreligion produces an incapacity of belief in God or man; profligacy destroys the faculty of loving. The Nemesis of faith, the Nemesis of love, the punishment of an adulterous and godless generation,—these are the themes which “Rolla” is meant to illustrate. It is the one lesson that De Musset had to teach.

French critics blame us for the monotonous prudery of our art. And this censure is a panegyric. If it is impossible to teach morality without such a display of the worst things in human nature as “Rolla” contains, then poetry had better cease. We are sincerely of opinion that De Musset wished to present an appalling and not a fascinating spectacle in “Rolla.” He desired to warn men by his own example, just as he wished that some ruined gambler in life had warned him at its outset. But he could not resist the attractions of his subject. He could not escape the disease of his own

mind. His sympathy with Rolla is stronger than his hatred for the profligacy of the debauchee. And the sentiment with which he greets him at the close of his disgraceful career is a strange piece of misapplied melodramatic charity. Fortunately for us English Philistines, the final impression produced by a poem like “Rolla,” in spite of its prodigious power, is almost a ludicrous one.

But De Musset has written poems in a style different from that of “Rolla.” If there we see the yearnings of anguish, the following lines reveal the sublimity of resignation:—

“Créature d'un jour qui t'agites une heure,
De quoi viens tu te plaindre, et qui te fait
gémir?

Ton âme t'inquiète, et tu crois qu'elle pleure :
Ton âme est immortelle et tes pleurs vont tarir.

Tu te sens le cœur pris d'un caprice de femme,
Et tu dis qu'il se brise à force de souffrir,
Tu demandes à Dieu de soulager ton âme :
Ton âme est immortelle, et ton cœur va guérir.

Le regret d'un instant te trouble et te dévore ;
Tu dis que le passé te voile l'avenir.
Ne te plains pas d'hier ; laisse venir l'aurore :
Ton âme est immortelle, et le temps va s'enfuir.

Ton corps est abattu du mal de ta pensée ;
Tu sens ton front peser et tes genoux fléchir.
Tombe, agenouille-toi, créature insensée :
Ton âme est immortelle, et la mort va venir.

Tes os dans le cercueil vont tomber en poussière,

Ta mémoire, ton nom, ta gloire, vont périr,
Mais non pas ton amour, si ton amour t'est
chère :

Ton âme est immortelle, et va s'en souvenir.”

The simplicity of such lines as the following is very touching. The poet expresses nothing but a personal emotion. There is not a single word of poetical diction so called; the poetry we feel flows simply from the truth of sentiment. It reminds us of Heine's.

“J'ai perdu ma force et ma vie,
Et mes amis et ma gaité ;
J'ai perdu jusqu'à la fierté
Qui faisait croire à mon génie.

Quand j'ai connu la Vérité,
J'ai cru que c'était une amie,
Quand je l'ai comprise et sentie,
J'en étais déjà dégoûté.

Et pourtant elle est éternelle,
Et ceux qui se sont passés d'elle
Ici-bas ont tout ignoré.

Dieu parle, il faut qu'on lui réponde.
Le seul bien qui me reste au monde
Est d'avoir quelquefois pleuré.”

We cannot call this poem exactly healthy. It has a tearfulness about it which suggests

self-indulgence. The philosophy expressed in such lines as the following:—

"L'homme est un apprenti, la douleur est son maître ;"

"Rien ne nous rend si grands qu'une grande douleur ;"

"Les plus désespérés sont les chants les plus beaux ;"

Et j'en sais d'immortels qui sont de purs sanglots : "

resembles that of Shelley, but it is exaggerated and sentimentalized by the French poet. We are reminded of a period in European literature when martyrdom was courted as a mark of genius, and poets wrote to one another of their "crosses" much as Dr. Johnson and Burke might have discussed their "parts." Extravagances of all sorts were suffered so long as they professed to be the aspirations of a spirit toward sublimity. Passion extenuated all irregularities of life or art.

Perhaps the farewell song which we shall next transcribe surpasses anything De Musset wrote in melody and elegance, and calm and self-respect:—

"Adieu ! je crois qu'en cette vie
Je ne te reverrai jamais.

Dieu passe, il t'appelle et m'oublie ;
En te perdant je sens que je t'aimais.

Pas de pleurs, pas de plainte vaine.
Je sais respecter l'avenir.

Vienne la voile qui t'emmena,
En souriant je la verrai partir.

Tu t'en vas pleine d'espérance,
Avec orgueil tu reviendras ;

Mais ceux qui vont souffrir de ton absence
Tu ne les reconnaitras pas.

Adieu ! tu vas faire un beau rêve,
Et t'enivrer d'un plaisir dangereux ;
Sur ton chemin l'étoile qui se lève
Longtemps encore éblouira tes yeux.

Un jour tu sentiras peut-être
Le prix d'un cœur qui vous comprend,
Le bien qu'on trouve à le connaître,
Et ce qu'on souffre en le perdant."

With this extract we must close our slight review of De Musset's poetry. Had we dwelt upon his exquisite gaiety we might have called attention to the song of "Mimi Pinson,"* and to the comedy "A quoi rêvent les jeunes filles."† Had we wished to criticize his dramatic power, we should have reviewed some farces, and shown how delicately he had sketched his characters and made them speak in dialogues of pointed brilliancy. "La Coupe et les Lèvres" might have

served to illustrate his tragic style, and his incompetence to follow "Faust" and "Manfred" in the dramatic analysis of a single character. All his earlier dramatic tales in verse are lamentable instances of what the French call the "décousu" in writing. He works them out by means of characters and incidents wholly improbable, and their really splendid scenes are rendered ludicrous by grotesque juxtapositions or defiled by impurity. "Le Saule" is a poem of this type, fantastic beyond the limits of good taste, and ridiculous in its catastrophe. The French, when they strain pathos to a certain point, forgetting nature, and stretching forward to an ideal of their own conception, often end in the bathos of mere ranting melodrama. This happens to De Musset at times. His imagination is more extravagant than his language; and the reverse of this being the case with English poets, we are startled from our theories of artistic propriety by finding hyperbolic sentiments expressed in words precise and simple.

Some of De Musset's peculiar levity is well exemplified in the dedication to "La Coupe et les Lèvres," where, when a friend asks him if he loves wisdom, he replies, "Oh yes! and I love good tobacco too, and claret, especially when it is old," and so on, through a list of things great and small. "Les Marrons du Feu" is a comedy in which he plays with the crime and misery of human nature for the sake of making them ridiculous. "Mardoche" and "Namouna" are both written in this style of mocking merriment. But hidden beneath all of them lies a true feeling for the woes of life. He seems, like Democritus, to laugh in order to keep himself from crying. In "Suzon" a more sinister aspect of his genius is developed. This is a truly hideous poem—a nightmare of the vilest vice—a product surely of the poet's dysæsthesia, when labouring under the double incubus of Voltairean atheism and romantic sentimentality. Whether De Musset penned these lines with a smile upon his lips, or fury in his heart, or coldly as a piece of painting, it is hard to say. Nothing but his youth could excuse so monstrous a work of art. This and "Don Paez" and "Portia" belong to the same period—the period of his boyhood,—when he sought excitement heedlessly, and reflected in his poems all the perturbations of a life of pleasure. What his theories at that time were like we see from these lines in "Les Vœux Stériles":—

"O médiocrité, celui qui pour tout bien
T'apporte à ce tripot dégoûtant de la vie,
Est bien poltron en jeu, s'il ne dit : Tout ou rien,

* *Nouvelles Poésies*, 223. † *Premières Poésies*.

De Musset played for all—played out the sum-total, and rose from the green-table with nothing at a very early age. "Was there no ruined gambler," he exclaims, "to meet me at the threshold of life and warn me back?" At twenty-one this is his language; and let it not be forgotten that he lived to reach the age of forty-seven. "*Les Vœux Stériles*" and "*Les Secrètes Pensées de Raphaël, Gentilhomme Français*" are both autobiographic poems.

"*Simone*" and "*Silvia*" show the ease with which he told a story—not the least gift for which an artist may be thankful. Mr. Palgrave, in an article on De Musset, published in the *Oxford Essays* for 1855, gives high praise—overstrained praise we think—to De Musset as a writer of little stories. This kind of writing is easier and more common in France than in England, though we excel the French novelists in all the highest qualities of narrative art.

"*L'Espoir en Dieu*" is an argumentative poem on theology, less remarkable than passages in "*Rolla*," and somewhat in the style of Pope. The prayer, however, with which it concludes, is one of the simplest and most delicate expressions of reverent aspiration mingled with regret and doubt that has been embodied in the language of poetry. "*A la Malibran*," "*Après une Lecture*," "*Le Treize Juillet*," and the "*Réponse à M. Charles Nodier*," are instances of the poet's noble sympathy with what is great in the artistic character—the weakness and pangs of which he shared in so remarkable degree—and of his fervent friendships. In the "*Souvenir*" and "*Souvenir des Alpes*" and "*A mon Frère revenant d'Italie*" the pathos of the past is borne like music to our souls. Satire is wielded with a firm hand in "*La Paresse*," while many of the addresses to friends and ladies are excellent verses of society. The lines upon the birth of the Comte de Paris, and the answer to Becker's song "*Sie sollen ihn nicht haben, den freien Deutschen Rhein*," exhibit a strong sense of nationality. But De Musset was not a patriotic poet; he belonged to the order of Anacreon rather than to that of Tyrtæus. Moreover, his political sympathies had nothing in them to awake inspiring song.

This slight enumeration shows that De Musset's genius traversed a wide field. It reached its height about the year 1836, and languished for the one-and-twenty years which elapsed between that date and his death.

He had the rare gift, for a French poet, of feeling nature and of expressing it, a concrete force of imagination hitherto almost

unknown in the literature of his nation. He had the rare gift, for an English poet, of expressing a subtle feeling vividly and with simplicity, and the sincerity of absolute unaffectedness. He performed the task, which all true poets ought to undertake, of representing his own age. But he had not either intellectual power or moral dignity enough to lead it and inaugurate a new period.

He was essentially selfish, thinking his own life the end and object of existence, cherishing its pains and pleasures for the sake of strengthening its intensity, and for the want of any fixed guide following the skyrocket of delirious passion. In this way he lost the universal and objective view of men and of the world which more normal and temperate poets retain throughout their delineations. His art truly reflected his life. It is a constant oscillation between aspirations and realities, between the mud in which he blindly wallowed and the pure air of his dreams. He never thought of working out a saner theory of life in any form of social activity, but tried to realize the wild ideals he had formed, and felt aggrieved when fact and practice would not answer to his fancies.

No poet sets more nakedly side by side the clay and spirit of our double nature, filth and refinement, blasphemy and veneration. No one displays wisdom and folly, pain and pleasure, purity and foulness, in more extreme antagonism. No one wishes more and wills so little. No one is less philosophical and more anarchical than Alfred de Musset.

ART. III.—*Reports to the Secretary of State for Indian Council on Railways in India by the Government Director of the Indian Railway Companies.* V.Y.

INDIA, that word of repellent property, the very utterance of which seems sufficient to clear the House of Commons of all but a special sprinkling of its members,—India, it would appear, is rapidly reaching a stage of progress likely to invite the personal inspection of many of its English owners. For, a system of railway communications, already far advanced towards completion, promises at an early date to afford an easy means of enabling any one among us to visit the country, and be divested of his prejudices regarding it.

And this gift of railways to India is the greater, seeing that they are not merely, as on their first introduction to England, an improvement on an existing state of com-

munication, represented by travelling at ten miles an hour on turnpike-roads. In the East the locomotive is now invading tracts of country where roads, in any fair sense of the word, have hitherto been unknown; where the progress of the traveller was restricted to the walking pace of himself, his horse, or his draught-oxen; and where, indeed, during the annual rainy season, ten miles would have been reckoned a fair day's journey.

In point of fact, up to a comparatively recent period, a comprehensive tour of travel through India was possible only under two widely different conditions,—that of the religious mendicant, who, burdened with no baggage beyond his staff and his rosary, trudged his way afoot, subsisting on the alms everywhere offered him in the name of God; or that of the Government official whose position afforded means and facilities of overcoming the many obstacles, which to other men must have been almost insuperable.

In Eastern India the Ganges offers a fair means of water-carriage far along its valley. In Western India a much less perfect waterway is found in the Indus. Add to these, an excellent road leading from Calcutta upwards to the Punjab, with certain branches of a more or less perfect kind, and a very few hundred miles of fair highways in the neighbourhood of Madras and Bombay, and we exhaust the list of communications which, even a score of years ago, comprised the routes perennially available throughout the Great Peninsula. Certain other roads there were; tracks very tolerable during fair weather, but which, during the annual monsoons, and for some time afterwards, became impassable to all traffic, save, in the best cases, to such exceptional items as a lightly-laden mail-gig, or a pack-pony capable of struggling through the quagmire-like consistency which these roads then assumed; but in most instances altogether impracticable even for these. Indeed, those men whom duty or dire necessity occasionally compelled to travel during the rains, found not unfrequently that their best chance of progress lay in leaving the line of road, and struggling across the miry land alongside.

Such was the state of India about the years 1852–1853, when locomotives first passed along the short lines, which as experiments had been constructed at Calcutta and Bombay. Yes! strange as it may seem to us, who have come to accept without question the cosmopolitan character of the benefits of railways, it is to be noted that the proposal to introduce them to India was

by some regarded as a measure the practicability of which required to be established by actual experiment on the spot.

The success of these short lines at once dispelled all doubts on this point, and at the same time assisted in settling a question that had long undergone discussion, the question as to the agency to be intrusted with this new system of communications. And this question certainly deserved much consideration.

In England undertakings of this kind are readily provided for by private enterprise. But in India this sort of enterprise was then unknown. Bound by custom, and indeed by religion, to hereditary occupations, the natives of the country were little likely and little able to enter on so novel a field of work. Nor was it probable that they would embark their money in the new venture. For native capitalists can usually command a very high rate of interest for any outlay they choose to make. In fact, the largest dividends likely to be realized by the most successful railway fall far short of the return which banking, usury, and other kindred and time-honoured expedients of the Eastern investor, can at any time insure.

On the other hand, in those days the class of English traders in India confined their operations almost entirely to that one of the three great sea-ports in which their business lay. Of the interior of the country they knew, and probably cared to know, little else than that it was inhabited by a people who produced cotton and who consumed Manchester piece goods. Like sensible merchants, moreover, they preferred adhering to their legitimate business to embarking in outside speculations; while such of them as happened to have become capitalists were usually too intent on carrying their money to England to be tempted to lay it out on an Indian investment.

If private enterprise were to be the agency employed, it was clear that this must be sought for in England. And yet even there it seemed difficult to find. For, rightly or wrongly, India was not at that time regarded as a favourable field for the investment of English money.

City men, who launched fearlessly into schemes in the most ephemeral of the Republics of South America, shook their heads incredulously if asked to embark in anything connected with the East. Something more tangible than even the best grounded hope of success could alone tempt the English capitalist. In short, he required a guarantee from some substantial source that his capital should be preserved safely,

and should afford him a return regularly. Evidently such a guarantee could be given in this case only by the then rulers of the country—the East India Company.

But to the Company a guarantee presented many objections. Apart from its tendency to promote lavish expenditure, by removing the incentive to economy which is afforded by personal responsibility, the system seemed to saddle the guarantors with certain onerous obligations in case of failure, at the same time that they were deprived of any prospect of profit in the event of success. The bargain appeared to them a one-sided one, in which the risk must be theirs, the gain that of the other party to it. Was it not possible, they asked themselves, to adopt some other course of procedure, by which they might confer on India the benefits of a railway system at the actual cost of the works, and thereby save the large profits looked for by strangers?

Circumstances, certainly, seemed to favour the practicability of such a scheme. For, under the paternal system of government then existing in India, the State undertook duties which in England are committed to individuals or associations. Such roads, canals, wharves, or harbours as the country possessed,—in short, all the means of communication or accommodation then provided for the community,—had been carried out at the cost of the Government, or its predecessors, Hindu and Mussulman, under the immediate agency of public servants. The occasional exceptions to this rule were constructions undertaken by individuals from motives of charity or in fulfilment of religious vows, and these almost invariably assumed the shape of wayside wells and rest-houses for travellers, or reservoirs for supplying water to poorer brethren. A large corps of engineer officers required by the State for purposes of war, was in time of peace organized into a department charged with the construction and maintenance of public works. Here was an agency at hand well acquainted with the peculiarities of the works and the workmen of the country. Might it not be increased and modified to an extent capable of enabling it to construct such railways as might be required?

Such was the view then favoured by the East India Company, and by them impressed on the consideration of Lord Dalhousie, the Governor-General of that day. His Lordship, however, from his extensive experience of State enterprises in India, as well as in England, foresaw the evils of such a project. While acknowledging the

efficiency of the Public Works Department of India, he proceeded to point out to the authorities in England that its strength was inadequate to meet even existing wants, and that it would prove an easier task to obtain from England a body of civil engineers possessing the special skill that was requisite, than to train the large staff of recruits which alone could render the Department able to undertake extensive railway works. He further pointed out that these works, if thus undertaken, must at all times be liable to serious interruptions, owing to the withdrawal of the officers on the occasion of their services being required in military operations—a common contingency to the Corps of Engineers in India. Averse altogether to the State entering upon what he regarded as a purely commercial venture, he foresaw that this venture, if committed to influential English capitalists, must lead to the extensive introduction into India of English money and English men—a result which he urged would greatly tend to develop the dormant resources of the country, and effectually strengthen the British rule; besides infusing into the community a spirit of self-reliance—a want sadly felt in India, where the habit of the people is to lean on the State for the supply of every need.

The opinions thus forcibly urged by Lord Dalhousie in the end prevailed. In the course of the year 1853, an arrangement, which had already been adopted towards the promoters of the short experimental lines, was developed into agreements with certain associated companies, who engaged to construct, and afterwards manage, the sections of a comprehensive system of railways of which they obtained separate concessions. These undertakings—we will embrace all lines guaranteed up to the present time, that is, guaranteed under the original understanding—for the Oude and Rohilcund line guaranteed in 1867 may be regarded as belonging to a new era of Indian railways—these undertakings, representing about 5000 miles of railroad, were as follows:—

1. The East Indian Railway, connecting Calcutta with Delhi, and forming the eastern portion of the through route between Calcutta and Bombay—1501½ miles. (No. on map, 1.)

2. The Great India Peninsula Railway, whose bifurcations diverging from Bombay form the western portion of the communication between Calcutta and Bombay, and between Madras and Bombay—1266½ miles. (No. on map, 5.)

3. The Madras Railway, completing the last-mentioned communication, and also connecting its terminus, Madras, with a

port on the Malabar coast of Western India—825 miles. (No. on map, 4.)

4. The Punjab Railway, Indus, Flotilla, and Scinde Railway may be regarded as one line, which, leaving Delhi, the northern terminus of the East Indian Railway, passes through Lahore, the capital of the Punjab, and thence sweeping westward by Mooltan and southward by steamers along the Indus, thus places Calcutta in unbroken correspondence with Kurrachee, a sea-port near the mouth of that river—Punjab Railway 566 miles; Scinde Railway 109 miles. (No. on map, 7, 8, 9.)

5. The Bombay, Baroda, and Central India Railway, leading from Bombay to the fertile province of Guzerat, and capable of extension to Delhi, in passing through the native states of Rajpootana—312½ miles. (No. on map, 6.)

6. The Eastern Bengal Railway, a line leading from Calcutta in a north-easterly direction—159 miles. (No. on map, 2.)

7. The Calcutta and South-Eastern Railway, a short line of 29 miles, proceeding from Calcutta to a point on the neighbouring coast. (No. on map, 3.)

8. The Great Southern of India Railway, which connects the Madras Railway with Negapatam, a sea-port on the eastern coast of the continent—168 miles. (No. on map, 10.)

The chief conditions of the contracts of concession entered into by the East India Company—which we shall hereafter include under the term “the Government”—and the several Railway Companies, were as follows:—

I. That the Government should make over to the companies, free of charge, and for a term of ninety-nine years, the land required for the railways.

II. That upon all money properly spent on the works and rolling stock of the railways, interest at the rate of five per cent. per annum should be paid, or rather advanced, by the Government, for a period of ninety-nine years.

All sums received by the companies as the proceeds of traffic should be paid into the Government treasury. After meeting the expense of working the railways, the remainder of the proceeds, if any, should, in the first instance, be devoted to repaying the Government the five per cent. guaranteed interest of the current year. Should a surplus be then available, half of it to be employed to refund to the Government arrears of interest accumulated while the railways were under construction, or during periods when they yielded a less return than five per cent.; the remaining half of

the surplus to be given to the shareholders over and above the guaranteed interest.

When all interest thus advanced by the Government had been repaid, the entire net earnings of the traffic would be available for a dividend to the shareholders. And, should this dividend exceed ten per cent. of the outlay, it would be competent for the Government to cheapen the cost of travelling by calling for a reduction of the companies' tariffs, such as would still permit of a return of ten per cent.

III. That after the lapse of ninety-nine years, the lands, works, and all property of the companies, should be surrendered to the Government.

IV. That at any time after one of these railways had been open for traffic for three months, it was in the power of the company concerned in it to require the Government to purchase the works at their actual cost.

V. That at the respective dates of twenty-five years and fifty years after entering into the contract, the Government could exercise the right of purchasing the entire property of any company, at a price to be determined by the market value of its stock during a preceding period of three years.

VI. That the mails of the Government should be carried on these railways free of charge, and their troops and stores at rates lower than the ordinary tariff.

VII. That the Government should determine the route of each railway; should approve of the works proposed for it; should control the expenditure required for it; and should regulate the tariff and manner of working it.

VIII. In the case of any company failing to fulfil its engagements, provision was made for the undertaking being carried out by the Government.

It is to be noted that the guarantee was not absolute. The Government engaged to advance to the companies interest at the rate of five per cent. per annum on their outlay. After a line was completed, so long as the receipts from its traffic were not less than the expenses of working that traffic, the shareholders would receive a return of at least five per cent. But if the expenses exceeded the receipts, then the excess would have to be provided out of the guaranteed interest; thereby proportionately diminishing the dividend below five per cent. The latter contingency, however, was improbable—indeed, almost unknown in railway experience.

Condition No. 3, requiring the surrender of the lines to the Government at the end of ninety-nine years, could be avoided at any time before the expiration of that term

by the companies requiring the Government to purchase their property as provided by condition No. 4.

Condition No. 4 further secured to the shareholders the recovery of their outlay in the event of their undertaking proving unsuccessful.

Condition No. 5, viz., the right of the Government to purchase the lines, would evidently be insisted on only in the event of their proving very successful; in which case the shares of the companies would have acquired a higher market price than their original value; so that the seller would part with his property at a premium.

Meanwhile, in India, the hasty examinations of the country which had sufficed to determine the general direction and limits of each line were being replaced by accurate surveys, a task of no common danger and difficulty to the engineers employed on this duty. Turned adrift at times in an almost trackless, unmapped waste, ignorant of the language spoken by its scanty semi-savage people, the engineer had to cut his way through dense jungles, or scramble along the ledges of ugly precipices—likely resorts of the tiger—and after a harassing day's work under a fierce sun, aggravated occasionally by the obstruction of the inhabitants or the no less irritating apathy or blunders of the awkward assistants whom he had himself to train to their task, he might at nightfall find it no easy matter to discover in this wilderness the solitary tent where lay his only hopes of food and shelter. New to the country, its customs and its climate, and looked upon as an adventurer in this land of officialism, his perennial labours entailed an amount of risk, annoyance, and fatigue little known in the tours of their districts undertaken by Government servants during the healthy cold weather of India, when commodious suites of canvas apartments, ample supplies of well-trained servants, and the eager assistance and adulation offered by the people to any representative of the BURRA SARKAR—the Great Government—render such a progress pleasant enough.

No Ordnance surveys were here available to indicate the steps likely to lead to favourable results. Nor could much information or assistance be obtained in the important work of determining the means of crossing the large rivers with which the country abounds. At times, indeed, investigations of this kind awoke the religious opposition of the dwellers on their banks, who for ages had been taught to regard their stream as a sacred thing, incapable of being spanned by human hands. Why

then, they asked themselves, should they assist the impious efforts of an infidel Englishman to accomplish that which their sacred writings assured them to be unattainable? And in truth this sort of superstition seemed in certain cases almost justifiable, when the rivers which formed their subject came to be considered. For it happens not unfrequently in India that what in the heats of summer is a tiny stream, meandering through a wide valley of sand, becomes during the periodical rains a mighty moving flood, many furlongs wide, many fathoms deep, and rolling onwards with irresistible force. And as these floods vary with the circumstances of each year—with the melting of snows at their mountain sources, and the amount of the rainfall along their course—it follows that the designer of a bridge must here contrive to obtain traces of the greatest freshets known to have occurred; and this information is not easily to be got among a people in no instance able to appreciate exactitude, and, in the instance of natural phenomena of this kind, apt to regard the operation of recording them as useless, if not profane. Indian rivers, too, often present another obstacle to the engineer, in compelling him to make provision for future changes in their course; the soft friable alluvium through which many of them flow, offering a feeble resistance to floods, and thereby inducing frequent formations of new channels, widely different from those of even a previous year.

But difficult as these detailed surveys proved to be, they had in one way, or another to be pushed on apace. English directors and English shareholders, eager to see their works set-agoing, could not comprehend that the task of their engineers differed from that of a like nature in Europe, where special appliances and facilities for this purpose abound; while the Government, on their part, were naturally anxious that India should have the use of her railways as quickly as possible; and they at the same time saw that the sooner the lines were earning money, the earlier would be the arrival of that day when their revenues would suffice to restore the advances made to them in the shape of guaranteed interest.

In the case of these railways, fortunately, no delays such as are common to English ones had to be met in the shape of Parliamentary warfare. The only retarding influences to which they were subject in their early days were the many and elaborate references and discussions which each proposal connected with them had to undergo at the hands of the long series of authorities

whose opinions had successively to be ascertained. And as this process in the first instance took the shape of those voluminous vehicles of Anglo-Indian business termed Minutes, and as these Minutes had afterwards to undergo revision in the old grey mansion that used to stand in Leadenhall Street, and had eventually to afford a ground of agreement or contention between the gentlemen who sat there and the directors who represented the various companies concerned, it resulted, on occasions, that matters were somewhat slow in reaching a settlement. On the whole, however, it cannot be said that much injury arose out of deliberative detentions of this kind. Indeed, in more than one case, the interval thus interposed between conception and construction afforded an opportunity of perceiving and adopting advantageous improvements on original intentions. The general result of these possibly too protracted preliminary discussions, it is only fair to admit, has been satisfactory. A comprehensive, well-according system of communication has been provided, at a moderate price, for our Eastern Empire, which can compare favourably with the disjointed, inharmonious sections which, at much cost, have been linked together to form the railway routes through the United Kingdom.

As a necessary preliminary to the process of construction the land required for the railways had to be provided by the Government. This was a simple matter enough where a line happened to pass through waste lands belonging to the State. In these the engineer was suffered to stake out his works without regard to deviations of feet, or indeed of furlongs, from his original surveys. But the case was different where ground under cultivation, or otherwise occupied, was concerned. There, the steps necessary for placing the site of their line at the disposal of the railway officers entailed a more complicated procedure. In the event of tenants of the soil consenting to transfer such portions of their holdings as were required by the companies, immediate entrance could be afforded to the workmen, on the understanding that the occupier should be compensated by the Government for his concession, and that his rights of way and water should be duly provided for by the railway companies.

And here it must be observed, that in those parts of India where irrigation is employed in aid of cultivation, the right of water is a question that requires somewhat more attention than it needs in England. On our railways, indeed, all requisite pro-

visions for water are fully met by furnishing bridges and culverts for the passage of clearly-defined streams which happen to be crossed. But in a country dependent on irrigation this measure is insufficient. There, arrangements must in addition be made for the free flow of the irrigating waters over the fields intersected by the line; and this at times involves no small trouble to effect, for the variations of level in these fields are very slight, but also very irregular. So that, to insure the complete submersion of every part of them, openings have to be made at frequent intervals in any railway embankment constructed across them. And, after all, it often happens that the wants of water-way can only be ascertained by seeing the effects which the works, after completion, actually produce on the adjoining country. Even at this advanced stage it may be found necessary to insert fresh conduits or culverts to meet any deficiency on this score.

It was only natural that these irrigation accommodations should form occasional grounds of discussion between the engineers of the companies and the officers of the Government, who, under the designation of collectors, are in effect deputy-governors of large districts of land. In the interests of their employers, the engineers wished to cut down to the smallest number possible channels which increased the cost of construction very considerably, besides creating delays in the completion of works, whose progress, as a rule, was more dependent on the masonry than on the embankments or cuttings; while the collector very properly consulted the interests of his Government in insisting on an effective preservation of the means which raised the crops on which the revenue of his district depended; and at the same time felt it his duty to protect the rights of the ryots committed to his care.

In cases where the occupier of the land objected to give it up, the collector had recourse to a procedure provided by an Act passed by the Government of India to meet such contingencies. According to its provisions, the Government were entitled, after serving due notice on the tenant and arranging to settle all his claims to compensation by arbitration, to enter into possession of the soil. Possibly these preliminary steps may have seemed simple enough to those who framed this Act, and were no doubt easily applied in the early days of the railways and in outlying places where few people were found to call in question the legality of any act of so important a man as the collector of a district. In after times,

however, and indeed from the outset in the neighbourhood of large towns and English attorneys, the application of these preliminaries was rendered a dilatory operation; so that many months, and in some instances several years, elapsed before the companies could there break ground.

At the cities which form the terminal stations of the great lines, the land thus required was frequently of very considerable value—a value, in fact, which came to be estimated according to so low a unit as a square foot of surface; while, in more than one locality, the site demanded by a railway company had, so to speak, to be created—that is, to be reclaimed from the bed of the sea.

Singularly enough, the obligation thus undertaken by the Government to provide not only a site but a surface of soil, led incidentally to the encouragement of one of the most unfortunate schemes that ever engulfed the money of shareholders. At Bombay, a few years ago, the local government, in their anxiety to furnish the Bombay Baroda and Central India Railway Company with ground for a station, as well as with suitable means of access to it, granted to some enterprising individuals the concession of reclaiming a large piece of an inlet of the sea, which is there called Back Bay; the concessionaries agreeing on their part to give out of their reclamation the space necessary for the accommodation of the railway. After some hundreds of yards had been reclaimed, and some millions sterling had been expended, it was found necessary to suspend the operations of the Company, to the ruin of many shareholders, and the delay of the Railway Company's station works.

In occasional instances a railway passes through the territories of a native prince more or less independent of the English Government. In these much trouble was encountered in getting possession of the necessary land; not so much on account of the disinclination of the ruler to accommodate the railway, as on account of his aversion to part with his sovereign right of jurisdiction over any portion of his dominions.

He could not in reason be expected to contemplate with any satisfaction the creation of a narrow belt of alien territory, effectually severing his States and yielding no allegiance to him; while, on the other hand, it was evidently unsuitable that a railway, although provided with the use of the land it occupied, should nevertheless be subject in its future operations to such duties and such justice as the native lord of the soil might choose to impose.

In giving up such portions of his property, moreover, the owner was liable to be deprived of a large source of income in the shape of transit dues levied on all merchandise passing through his country. And tolls of this kind, exacted not only at his frontiers, but also at intermediate towns, fords, ferries, and passes, constitute much of the revenue of many a rajah whose possessions happen to lie across some frequented line of traffic. To provide a means of continuing to levy such taxes on the future through traffic of a railway, was in some instances out of the question. Consequently the British Government were there compelled to compensate the sufferers.

In dealing with these questions, the procrastinating, evasive native agents, who in reality rule such territories under the name of Minister or Dewān, raised doubts and demands, which, when solved, were usually succeeded by a series of fresh claims and objections. And the disposal of these ever-recurring impediments occupied much time, owing to the complicated channels through which alone affairs relating to the native States of India can be dealt with. At each native court of any importance an English officer, called a Political Agent or Resident, is appointed to carry out that odd mixture of concussion and subserviency which constitutes the policy of the Indian Government towards its feudatories. Trained up from early youth to fulfil such duties, an officer in this position of isolation from his countrymen is apt to attach undue importance to any matter affecting the little kingdom which constitutes his world. His duties, which consist principally in exchanging visits of ceremony with the members of the miniature court to which he is accredited, and in forwarding periodic despatches to the office of the Foreign Department at Calcutta, detailing the rumours that happen to have been catalogued by his assistants since the date of the last communication of the kind; these very duties tend to make him attach more weight to doing business punctiliously than to doing business promptly. Nay, the very code of etiquette by which his functions are regulated—a code which prescribes the number of paces he may venture to advance in receiving an honoured guest, no less than the number of days he must suffer to elapse before replying to a letter—insures that business shall not be transacted with undue haste in his office. A railway engineer eager to set his works agoing, or a contractor still more intent on finding employment for men and cattle kept idle at his expense owing to entrance to the land being denied to them,

might possibly wonder that the ostensible source of delay should lie in so recondite a matter as the omission by the scribes of the Darbar of some usually-offered Persian compliment of more or less respectful signification; but to the Political Agent such an incident might appear momentous—a fresh step perhaps in the policy of insubordination which evil-disposed counsellors were pressing on a prince, in any case disposed to look for some other source of interest than the opium-pills and nautch-girls which content so many sovereign wards of our paternal Government in the East. And, after all, the Political Agent might possibly judge aright. For among Oriental nations the very form of salutation is no uncommon vehicle of defiance.

To insure uniformity a standard gauge of five feet six inches, a medium between the broad and narrow gauges of England, was prescribed for adoption on all Indian railways.

It was arranged that in each case a single line of rails should be laid in the first instance, but the width of bridges, tunnels, and other special works, should at once be made sufficient to permit of the addition of a second track when future increase of traffic should render such extra accommodation necessary.

Each railway had a terminus on the sea, or performed part of a system with such a terminus. From these terminal stations had to be forwarded the permanent-way materials, iron-bridge work, and heavy timber required for the various works on the lines.

And some idea of the difficulty of this task may be formed from the fact that up to the end of 1867 more than three and a half millions of tons' weight of railway materials had been shipped from England to India; while the means in early days available to pass these from the coast to the interior consisted chiefly of clumsy carts drawn by bullocks, and conveying at most a quarter of a ton. Moreover, as roads rarely existed, these carts had to make their way across the country as best they could.

These circumstances alone would have rendered necessary the course that was actually adopted—that of constructing the portions of the lines next the sea in the first instance, so as to obtain facilities of transit for the material of inland sections. In the case of water-carriage being available along the direction of a line, it was of course possible to proceed with the construction of its entire length at once.

For the construction of the Indian railways two methods presented themselves to

the choice of the companies: the method adopted in England, of intrusting the works to a contractor; and the plan hitherto adopted in India, of carrying these out under the direct superintendence of their designers,—a plan which, being associated with the Public Work Department of the Indian Administration, is usually known in India as the Departmental system.

Both methods had their advocates, and both were in effect employed; the latter however to a small extent compared with the other. And, notwithstanding the advantages that might have been expected from an organization which seemed likely to save the large profits that otherwise would go to a contractor, the result showed this departmental system to be neither economical nor efficient. It taxed too much the energies of the engineers, and hampered the exercise of their professional skill by laying on them a load of responsibility in accounting for expenditure. In short, it tended to turn an able and highly-paid engineer into an unwilling and indifferent keeper of accounts. And eventually, when experience led to the provision of a proper supply of subordinates to supplement the engineers, it was found that the staff thus organized was cumbrous and costly compared with that which an energetic contractor would have found sufficient for the same extent of works. Here, as elsewhere, it became apparent that the efforts towards energy and economy on the part of agents serving a far-off corporate company are feeble contrasted with those insured under the personal presence of a contractor whose livelihood depends on the attainment of these results.

It was of great importance that the contractors intrusted with the Indian railways should be men of acknowledged means and character; not only with a view to the direct interests of their employers, but also in regard to their relations with the natives of the country. Cruel treatment or inability to pay their workmen might lead to serious consequences in a land where individuals may be mild in temperament, but where a mob gathering under a sense of injustice or of insult to their faith or their women are not slow to redress their grievances after their own rough fashion; thereby forming a commencement of tumult and trouble capable of being quelled by nothing short of an armed force.

And yet, contractors of a high class could not be expected to embark readily in work in a strange country, where altered circumstances rendered useless all their abilities to estimate the amount of a ten-

der; unless, perhaps, on conditions which, while securing a margin of safety for them, imposed an exorbitant price on their labour. Accordingly, as a means of satisfying both parties to the contract, it was in most cases arranged that a schedule should be prepared detailing the price at which each description of work should be performed; whether masonry, earth-work, carpentry, iron bridges, or the many sub-classes of these, and every other operation incidental to the construction of a railway; and that all payments should be regulated by the quantity of each class of works which the engineers of the company might from time to time certify to have been executed by the contractor.

The contractors, on their part, proceeded to carry out their undertakings with that vigour which characterizes this enterprising class of men. Labour, materials, roads of access and means of conveyance, all these things had now to be sought for and provided among a people little ready to serve, or even assist, adventurous Englishmen who could not claim a connexion with the All-Powerful Sarkar. That any individuals apart from the State should take in hand vast projects, such as railways were said to be, seemed to a native of India a matter to be disbelieved, and certainly a matter to be distrusted.

However, good arrangements and liberal wages soon overcame all scruples on this score. Labourers who, under the old native rule, were forced to work for a dole of rice, or who, if paid a pittance of money at irregular intervals, had seen one half of their earnings appropriated by fraudulent paymasters, might on these railway works receive good wages, paid weekly, if necessary daily. And this system of daily payments is no small boon to men who live literally from hand to mouth; whose wages go directly from the hand that earns them to the shopkeeper who supplies the materials of the daily meals; whose earthly possessions are represented by the few yards of cotton cloth that form their turbans and gird their loins, in addition to the rough goat's-hair blanket that constitutes a mantle by day and a covering by night. To prevent the extortion of grain-dealers who prey on this simple, thriftless race of workmen, shops, or rather open-air stalls, were established by the contractors, where provisions could be obtained at rates as reasonable as those of the nearest market-town, while abundant supplies of water were provided, often at a considerable cost. Hospitals and good medical attendance were further furnished for the sick.

In short, so well satisfied were the la-

bourers with their employment, that the fear of dismissal was usually sufficient to keep them orderly and attentive,—a result very different from that predicted by certain Anglo-Indian officials, who dreaded that the natives might be ill-treated by the rough-and-ready subordinates employed on the railways.

Men from far-off villages flocked into the works, bringing with them their wives and little ones, for whom they raised rough huts capable of affording the small amount of shelter required during the eight rainless months of the working season; and labouring along with the women and children—for all sexes and almost all ages here found employment—contrived to live comfortably, and in addition to lay by a small sum of savings to carry to their distant homes when the approach of the annual rains called them away to cultivate their fields.

When possible, the system of piece-work was adopted; that is, the labourer, instead of receiving a fixed rate of hire, was paid according to the work he did. This system by degrees extended itself to petty contracts, which gangs of fellow castemen or families undertook, with profit to themselves and their employers; and eventually a class of enterprising native contractors sprang up, whose operations embraced large bridges, station buildings, and even the entire works of several miles of railroad.

The cost of work varied so much, not only on different railways, but on different sections of the same railway, that it is difficult to arrive at any trustworthy average of its value. It may, however, be interesting to hear the words which an engineer, well acquainted with English as well as Indian railways, wrote regarding the cost of work in Western India in 1855—a time when most of the main lines were being actively constructed:—

“The Hindu would be paid 5½d., and the ‘navvy’ (English) 3s. 6d., a day; but then the former could turn out barely one-third of the work that the latter would do, so that the relative economy of the two classes would be as two to one, or thereabouts, in favour of this country (India). There is another important consideration which also impairs the efficiency of country labour upon railways. The number of men which it is possible to employ upon a work is frequently limited by its form and dimensions and the proper mode of execution, and since one Englishman does the work of three natives, it is evident that greater force can be put upon it at the same time, in the one case than in the other, and the rate of progress be proportionally increased. Here, however, the climate tells in favour of this country, and when the advantages of constant fine weather for eight months of the year are taken into ac-

count, the despatch is very nearly assimilated in both cases. Thus does nature strike a balance between country and country and man and man.

"The following may be received as a fair comparison of the various classes of English and native labour:—

CLASSES OF LABOUR.	Average rate of pay per diem.				Proportion of work done by each.		Relative cost of labour in each country.	
	England.		Bombay.		England.	Bombay.	England.	Bombay.
Masons.....	5	0	1	2	2½	1	2	1
Bricklayers.....	5	0	1	2	4	1	1½	1
Carpenters.....	5	0	1	2	3	1	1½	1
Miners.....	5	0	0	9	3	1	2½	1
Excavators.....	3	6	0	5½	3½	1	2	1
Labourers.....	2	9	0	4½	3	1	2½	1

"It is apparent from this table, that the difference of cost between skilled and unskilled labour is less in England than in Bombay, a result which is fully borne out by the comparative scarcity of the former in this country. We would also remind our readers examining this table, that the comparison is made between simple labour only, and that the economy in favour of Bombay would be most materially reduced if it were instituted between the cost of work actually executed, because, in that view of the question, English labour would have the powerful aid of all its appliances and superiority of system, while India would suffer from its defective and clumsy methods, and from a variety of drawbacks and disadvantages peculiar to native customs."

Since the foregoing remarks were written, the prices of food and labour have, in most districts of India, increased considerably, owing to the amount of gold, or rather of silver, which has of late years been paid to that country for cotton.

It is fortunate for the shareholders of Indian lines, that before that increase took effect a large portion of their works had been completed, and that contracts had been entered into for the completion of a still larger portion.

The great extent of the lines, no less than the natural obstacles encountered, rendered it necessary that many formidable works should be undertaken; above all, in the case of the bridges required for the passage of the large rivers that are frequently met with.

That by which the East Indian Railway is carried across the Sone consists of twenty-eight spans, each composed of iron girders 150 feet long,—its total length, inclusive of massive masonry piers, being a little short of a mile.

While, as examples of a widely different kind of bridge work, may be mentioned the numerous long and lofty viaducts on the Bombay, Baroda, and Central India Railway—gossamer-like structures of iron rest-

ing on slender cast-iron columns, screwed into the beds of the streams they cross.

But perhaps the most remarkable of the works constructed in connexion with these lines, are those by which the Great Indian Peninsula Railway is carried across a chain of hills in the neighbourhood of Bombay, known as the Ghaut range.

This line of precipices, stretching for several hundred miles parallel to the western coast of India, resembles a great retaining-wall—here averaging 2000 feet in height—which separates a narrow belt of land fringing the sea from an elevated plateau, which from their crest extends far eastward into the heart of the continent.

This great barrier seemed to interpose an obstacle, not only to the efforts of man, but to the operations of Nature. For the very clouds which the south-west monsoon brings up in masses from the ocean, are here arrested and compelled to discharge their rains, thereby forming a belt of intense rainfall, extending a few miles on each side of the mountain tops. The country to leeward, that is, to eastward, being thus shielded from the storms which then deluge the coast lands, offers a charming climate at that season; the straggling patches of cloud which contrive to pass across the hills being just sufficient to screen the sun, and refresh the soil with occasional showers. While, in addition, the keen air of this upland affords a bracing contrast to the relaxing atmosphere which then prevails in Bombay, and, indeed, in all the low-lying districts of India.

Before the days of railways this barrier offered a serious obstruction to the interchange of traffic between Bombay and extensive inland districts, of which that port is the natural outlet. At two points only could it be conveniently crossed by carts. At one of these points, seventy miles south-east of Bombay, a road had been constructed in the time of Sir John Mal-

colm, which, although useful, was exceedingly steep and tortuous; a fact painfully proved by the draught-oxen, dead, or dying from exhaustion, which might be seen sprinkled along its course—above all, towards the end of the hot season, when efforts to pass cotton and grain to the coast before the setting in of the rains had to be made with animals for which the then burnt-up country offers not a blade of grass. The other road that has been mentioned was carried across the range at a point seventy miles further north. Of a later and better construction, this still involved a long and severe ascent.

Besides these, the only means of communication between the coast and the tableland were bridle-paths, following the course of the rugged gorges which occur at intervals along the line of Ghauts—paths practicable only for lightly-laden pack-ponies or bullocks.

Circumstances rendered it necessary that this range should be crossed at two points by the bifurcations of the Great Indian Peninsula Railway, which, diverging near Bombay, lead respectively in the direction of Calcutta and Madras. This object has been attained by means of inclined planes, constructed in the immediate neighbourhood of the two cart-roads which have just been described. That to the north is known as the Thull Ghaut Incline, the other as the Bhoré Ghaut Incline.

This latter is, if anything, the more formidable undertaking of the two. Beginning its ascent along a short spur here thrown out from the main range, this incline continues its upward winding way through long tunnels piercing the hardest basalt, across viaducts spanning ravines of great width and depth, often along what is simply a large notch cut in the face of a precipice. Somewhat higher than half way up the hill is a semi-zigzag or reversing station, where the powerful locomotives used for the special service of this incline pass from what has hitherto been the front of a train to the other end, which in turn proceeds foremost up the remainder of the road.

In short, in the words of a sailor, the passage of the incline is made in two tacks; the engine, however, being the only part of a train that "goes about."

The length of this plane is nearly sixteen miles, in course of which it surmounts a height of upwards of 1800 feet, its average inclination being 1 in 48, its maximum 1 in 37. Its construction occupied upwards of seven years, during which as many as 40,000 labourers were occasionally at work on it at one time.

Its completion was almost coincident with the death of the man who made it—James Berkley.

It is a great monument of a great engineer.

Taking into consideration the many adverse circumstances under which the Indian Railways were constructed, it cannot be denied that the works are on the whole satisfactory. Certain imperfections there undoubtedly have been, as brought to our notice from time to time in those brief and sometimes startling statements, which, under the head of telegraphic news from India, convey to us in a condensed, and occasionally, indeed, in a highly intensified form, all the intelligence of Eastern events which most of us ever care to know. But in justice to the men who have made the lines, it is well to bear in mind the extent of the works of which such failures form an inconsiderable fraction. It is also only fair to reflect on the obstacles encountered in their construction. Above all, the obstacles offered by a climate in which for nine months of each year no rain is available to assist in the consolidation of earthworks; where the drying up of the streams and wells renders it often necessary to carry for a distance, on the backs of men or of cattle, every drop of water wanted for the mortar of a bridge or retaining-wall, and where the scarce and valuable fluid is apt to be used in slaking thirst rather than in slaking lime—to the ruin of the masonry concerned. While, during the remaining months a rainfall, represented in some cases by an aggregate vertical measurement of ten feet, puts the loose friable soil which makes up an embankment to a very rough test; at the same time that the rapidly swelling streams effectually put a stop to bridge operations—if, indeed, they do not happen to undo the work of many previous months, by sweeping before them coffer-dams, timber-stagings, and other accessories of this kind of construction.

Interruptions were also encountered in the shape of that scourge of India—cholera; outbreaks of which on various occasions destroyed or drove away in terror labourers who with much difficulty had been gathered together; while a yet more serious interruption was offered by the Indian mutiny of 1857, which entirely stopped the progress of various lines, besides destroying many of the results of past labours. This mutiny burst on India so suddenly that it found engineers and other Englishmen employed by the railway companies in localities completely isolated from their countrymen. Not a few of these men had

to fight for their lives. To the skill and courage of some of them the safety of more than one of the little strongholds which in those trying times were hastily improvised for the English men, women, and children overtaken in outlying districts by the storm of blood, was, in the main, undoubtedly due. The name of at least one among them is inscribed in the roll of men considered worthy to wear the Victoria Cross—For Valour.

Thanks to the information afforded by Mr. Juland Danvers in the Blue-books compiled by him each year in his capacity of Government Director of the Indian railways, we are enabled to gather almost at a glance the position which these enterprises occupy as regards their progress, no less than their prospects of success.

On the 1st of May 1868 it appears that nearly 4000 miles of them were open for traffic; and that upwards of 1000 miles—in addition to 630 miles of a lately sanctioned line, the Oude and Rohilcund Railway—were under construction. In the course of the year 1870 there seems reason to hope that an unbroken line of railway may be available between Calcutta and Bombay, and another between Madras and Bombay. Already the former line is so far advanced at each of its ends that it has been adopted as the route for the mails passing between England and the seat of its Government in the East,—Bombay thus becoming the sea-gate through which the postal communications of Europe and India are henceforth to flow.

Through communication has for some time been established between Calcutta and Delhi, distant upwards of 1,000 miles apart; between Madras and Beypore, a port on the coast of Malabar; and between Bombay and Nagpore, an important city of Central India; while, by means of the links offered by the Scinde Railway, the Indus, Flotilla, and the Punjaub line, an unbroken route is open between Lahore, the capital of the Punjaub, and Kurrachee, the port of the Indus.

The precise cost of the Indian railways cannot yet be accurately stated, seeing that large portions of them are still under construction. From the accounts of several thousand miles of them already furnished, however, there seems reason to conclude that the average outlay per mile will not be more than £17,000.*

In all some £70,000,000 have already been expended. And it is estimated that about £20,000,000 in addition will be required to complete the 5,000 miles we are now looking at, as also the Oude and Rohilcund line of 630 miles, which belongs to the newer order of things. The figures we here give cover the cost of single line of rails, furnished with bridges, tunnels, and other special works adapted for a double line. They also include ample siding accommodation and passing-places at stations, and indeed embrace very considerable lengths of double line in the neighbourhood of large stations. They further comprise the cost of a liberal supply of rolling stock.

Contrary to forebodings uttered by men whose knowledge of the country well entitled them to be heard, the natives of India at once took kindly to railway travelling. Scruples of religion or of caste yielded to the ease and economy which the new means of conveyance offered; due attention being of course paid by the railway companies to such prejudices as were capable of being accommodated without undue inconvenience. Separate carriages, or compartments, for instance, were provided for women, in deference to the dislike which the people of the East entertain to their wives and daughters being looked at by strangers. And, where circumstances permitted the arrangement, efforts were in early days made to afford distinct accommodation for certain castes, and above all for certain outcasts. Here, however, as in Europe, it was soon apparent that the railway is a sad leveller of social distinctions; so that in a short time Brahmans of the purest strain of blood were to be seen penned up in the cattle-truck-like vehicles which form the third-class carriages of India, in close and contented contact with Pariahs, whose very presence under the same roof would in former times have been held to involve pollution.

As a curious instance of compensation for these tendencies towards weakening the influence of caste and other social trammels of the Hindu faith, it is worth while noting a result of an opposite character which the railways threaten to bring about; by which, in fact, certain interests of that creed seem likely to be prompted in a considerable degree. We allude to the facilities afforded for visiting the many shrines which the country contains; certain of which, indeed, are believed to possess virtues, extending

* In the report published in the *Times* of the speech delivered by the Right Hon. W. N. Massey, at Liverpool, on the 29th October last, the late Minister of Indian Finance is said to have stated the

cost of the East India Railway at £30,000 per mile. But this estimate seems much in excess of the accounts of that line which have already been rendered.

to the eternal salvation of such of the faithful as visit them: an end formerly attainable in few instances by far-off residents,—by none, indeed, but sturdy fellows who could walk the weary way which led to their remote situations, or by rich men who could meet the large outlay incurred by palanquins or other means of conveyance adapted for the difficult country that had to be traversed.

Now-a-days devotees of all degrees of wealth or strength have a cheap means of carrying out such pilgrimages, and in effect they do avail themselves of this to a large extent.

On certain sacred days of the Hindu calendar more than one Indian railway provides special trains for purposes of this kind; on which occasions, moreover, there is frequently held a Holy Fair, where large numbers of people dispose of the past year's produce, and lay in the next year's supply of clothing and cooking-pots. Ranged side by side may there be seen the wares of Europe, India, China, and Central Asia.

There, by means of the neighbouring railway, the merchant from the sea-coast is able to deal with the cultivator in the interior, who comes to barter his cotton and grain against the goods manufactured by the foreigners; thus saving to both parties the twofold profit formerly swallowed up by the rapacious middleman. The benefits of such direct transactions were specially apparent in the case of the large sums of money which the high price of cotton caused to be received by India after the outbreak of the late civil war in America. Such sums would in former days have enriched the few agents and bankers who then commanded the entire out-turn of the land. But thanks to a new order of things, attained only by the help of railways, this influx of money went to benefit the general body of the cultivators: a result which shows itself in the increased comfort and prosperity of this class, in the improved condition and description of animals employed in their field operations (and in his draught-oxen, the countryman of India takes much delight), no less than in the superior clothes worn by the men, women, and children in the cotton districts.

Above all, this diffusion of wealth is apparent in that essential requisite of an Eastern household—the array of cooking-pots. A dozen years ago these were of cheap earthenware. At present, in the provinces producing cotton, they are almost always of brass—a difference which, in the mind of the native, is the strongest distinction definable between penury and competence.

To suit the low rates of wages, and, indeed, of prices generally prevailing in India, the tariff of fares on the Indian lines is for the third class of conveyance considerably less than that of England; and the experience of this cheap travelling shows it to be at least as remunerative as the opposite policy pursued by railway managers in this country.

The arrangements and accommodation met with on Indian railways differ little from those found in England. Indeed, the stereotyped models of the mother country have here been followed with a fidelity which might well have been relaxed in certain points in consideration of the climate and customs of the East. In stations intended for a passenger-traffic almost entirely composed of third-class travellers (for out of 13,764,354 persons carried by the Indian railways in the year 1867, no less than 13,074,980 were third-class passengers), the chief thing to be desired is ample shelter. Now, the system of obtaining this shelter in Europe which consists in providing broad platforms under lofty wide-spreading roofs is imperfectly adapted to the native of India. To them a railway journey is an important undertaking, preceded in many cases by a long and toilsome walk, and attended with the prospect of an equally fatiguing march at its close.

Unable, from their easy-going disposition, to penetrate the mysteries of time-tables, or indeed to appreciate any exact measurement of time, they incline to avoid all chance of missing a train by the precautionary proceeding of presenting themselves at the station they are to start from very long before the hour at which it is due.

This feeling, no less than the ordinary habits of their life, prompts many to allow themselves on such occasions enough time to go through the various processes of preparing and eating the one daily meal which constitutes the chief support of the people of Hindustan—an operation which their easily-carried cooking-pots renders simple enough.

Indeed, at many stations on the Indian lines the court-yard in front is, for a considerable time before the passage of each train, crowded with groups of families, creeds, or castes, patiently waiting their time of departure—squatting on the ground in the posture assumed by squirrels while eating nuts, and passing their leisure in cooking, eating, chatting, or smoking the gurgling water-pipe.

For such travellers the costly accommodation offered on the platform of a spacious station is evidently ill suited. Their wants

would be better met by the provision of large inexpensive sheds, semi-detached from the station-buildings, and well supplied with water for man and beast—in short, rest-houses, such as exist in various forms in Eastern countries, and which by the peoples of those lands are looked upon as necessary complements to any highway for travellers. Of late, it is true, some efforts have been made to provide accommodation of this modest but useful kind; but in India, as at home, railway managers appear slow in perceiving that the present policy of attending only to the comfort of a few first-class passengers is erroneous.

The chief revenue of Indian passenger-traffic, as already seen, arises from third-class travellers. Surely, then, their needs deserve more attention and outlay than are now bestowed on them!

The carriages of the Indian railways, too, differ in a very important respects from those seen elsewhere. There the English type, based on the old stage-coach, is still prevalent. As a protection against the sun, an extra covering is placed at an interval of some inches from the ordinary roof. To insure coolness, too, the cushions and supports for the backs of travellers are, in the first-class carriages, made of cane-work; while venetian blinds are provided to exclude the glare of the sun. Certain first-class saloon carriages are also available, fitted in a few cases with arrangements for affording beds to travellers, after the fashion of America. This sort of sleeping accommodation is likely to be largely required during the long journeys, which, on the completion of the through communications, will be entailed by a direct passage between Calcutta and Bombay, or Madras and Bombay; or the yet longer route from Calcutta to Peshawar.

Third-class passengers are here conveyed in covered waggons, devoid of either seats or windows; or, to speak more correctly, the upper part of the sides is omitted. By this means fresh air is admitted freely to the seething mass of human beings, who, by being kept in a standing position, can be packed more closely than is consistent with the comfort of the inner individuals, especially during journeys undertaken in the heats of summer.

In saying that no seats are available, however, it is well to bear in mind that such things are not much used by natives of India, who prefer to rest on the ground, or, in this case, on the floor of a carriage, posed in a fashion already mentioned, and possible only for races with calveless legs.

The frugal habits of the natives, except-

ing perhaps a few of the prodigal sons of Islam, lead them for the most part to sink prejudice or social position in view of the economy of a third-class ticket; and this saving they are eager to supplement by avoiding any extra payments for the luggage they happen to have with them.

And as on the Indian lines every pound of luggage has to be paid for, it follows that strenuous efforts are made by travellers to carry their effects into their carriages—a formidable undertaking, when, as often happens, those comprise the cooking-pots, bedding, and wardrobe of an Eastern household.

The guards and station-porters are of course on the outlook to prevent such practices, and loud and frequent are the altercations arising between them and the owners of bundles thus arbitrarily removed to the luggage-van. For these individuals usually proceed to pour forth an argumentative supplication, couched in the flowery language of the East, somewhat to the following effect:—“Oh, Protector of the Poor! What words are these I hear? Behold this most insignificant of parcels! Look at it! Of a truth it is nothing! It is absolutely less than nothing!” etc. etc.

In truth, the despatch of a train from any large station of an Indian railway is a scene of confusion of a very picturesque kind. The brightly-coloured dresses of the crowd striving to secure places; the various costumes and demeanour of those composing it, the rapid gesticulations of the nervous Hindu, contrasting with the dignified repose of the Moslem gentleman; the loud shouts of lost friends looking for each other; the efforts of the waddling women to drag along their screaming children, and at the same time veil their faces from the eyes of strange men; all these make up for the moment a very Babel of sights and sounds. Here the jealously-guarded inmate of a Zenāna is carried in a palanquin close up to the entrance of a carriage, and shot out on its floor much after the manner of treating a sack of flour; the operation being overlooked by a burly Nubian with a singularly shrill voice, and aided by a shrivelled-up old woman, who busies herself in carefully closing the venetian blinds of the reserved compartment occupied by her mistress, and in arranging on its floor the Persian rugs and cushions required to make the lady comfortable,—not forgetting the cālleoon (the water-pipe) and sweetmeats which assist so largely in whiling away the time of these Lights of the Harem.

A little further along the platform the crowd is being cleaved asunder by white-

robed men girt with broad red shoulder-belts, who, with shouts and sticks, clear a passage for an eminent official personage who is to travel by the train. In his wake follow half-a-dozen other messengers, equipped like those who went before him, and bearing brass breast-plates on which are blazoned in large letters the title of the office which their master holds. Into the carriage which he enters they place an array of red morocco leather covered despatch-boxes, filled with papers, wherewith to beguile the journey,—papers probably relating to all sorts of subjects, from messages in cipher regarding the most important political affairs, to long and trifling correspondences concerning the pay of some unfortunate subaltern. So comprehensive are the questions which claim the attention of even the highest Government officers in India, of even the Viceroy himself.

While, just as the train is about to start, there arrives a party of our countrymen, booted, spurred, and otherwise equipped in Indian sportsman fashion, on their way to the meet of a hog hunt at a neighbouring station on the line. Well provided too, they seem, with provender, judging by the luncheon-baskets their servants carry, and from which the necks of various bottles are seen to protrude. But precautions of this kind are here absolutely necessary; refreshment-rooms being almost unknown, or at best but indifferent sources of supplying even tolerable food to hungry travellers.

Before the train can be got ready for a start the guard has to go through a deal of work. In fact, in the end, he is usually obliged to lay hands on the stragglers wandering up and down the side of the train in search for friends, or on the outlook for a carriage full of fellow caste-men; and thrusting these in succession into the nearest compartment able to receive them, he is thus at length enabled to sound his signal-whistle, and betake himself to the comparative quietude of his brake-van.

The question which above all others connected with Indian railways is likely to interest many of our readers, is that of their success as commercial undertakings; in short, the question as to whether or not they pay.

A perfect answer on this subject cannot, of course, be pronounced at present, seeing that important sections of the system are yet unfinished. From the fragments, however, already in operation, sufficient data have been gathered to enable a tolerably accurate estimate to be formed of the eventual results.

During the year 1867, against a sum of

£3,237,937, received from the Government as guaranteed interest, an amount of about £2,500,000 was repaid by the companies from the net profits of their traffic.

In the case of the East Indian Railway and of the Great Indian Peninsula Railway, the results of the last three years seem to warrant the assumption that there the requisite five per cent. already earned is likely to be continued, and equally likely to be increased. Indeed, on more than one occasion this dividend has been already exceeded; and this surplus, let it be borne in mind, has been obtained from the lengths of line opened for traffic; at the same time that the net earnings these brought in had, in the computation of dividends, to be extended to the capital expended on several hundred miles of railroad as yet under construction, and therefore in an unproductive state.*

This return, moreover, has been reaped from what may be termed local traffic; that is, from traffic along the two end-portions of the great through routes between Eastern and Western India, that hitherto alone have been completed.

The through traffic which may certainly be expected to flow a couple of years hence along these great highways may fairly be considered as a likely source of large additions to present receipts.

Moreover, the net profits of several of these lines seem capable of constituting a larger fraction of the gross receipts than they now do, by a reduction of the present high charges for conducting the traffic. The attention which has been directed to this subject, and the experience that has by this time been gained of the management of Indian railways, has already led in some instances to a considerable economy of working expenses. Much, however, yet remains to be effected in this direction.

A source of large annual cost is the highly paid class of Englishmen whom it has hitherto been found necessary to employ in various capacities on these lines; and this item of account might be much reduced by the substitution of natives of the country, who, as experience has proved, can be trained to do many now highly paid duties at a cheap rate, and with perfect efficiency. Certain employments, it is true, must in all likelihood continue to be filled from Europe—above all that of the engine-driver, which re-

* Since these words were put into type, the revenue account of the Madras Railway for the half-year ending in May last has been published. It shows that on that line also the net profits have at length very nearly reached the rate of five per cent. On one portion of this railway the net profit was equal to eight per cent. on the outlay.

quires a greater amount of natural nerve than is considered a usual endowment in Indian races. At the same time, it is fair to say, that an excellent class of native stockers has been trained, who, on occasions, have shown themselves well qualified to act as substitute drivers in the absence of their principals.

As stationmasters, clerks, and, in short, in almost all but the very highest offices of railway employment, the natives of the country have proved their fitness, as regards steadiness, sobriety, and attention. The chief point in which their employment is open to objection is one which results from the time-honoured system of perquisites, which throughout the East are apt to be regarded as the main source of remuneration in any service,—as a striking example of which we may mention the by no means unfrequent cases, in which the signal-man engaged to attend to the gates at a level crossing, proceeded without hesitation to levy a toll on every man and animal that passed his lodge. These demands, which were, in most instances, paid without question, in the shape of small coin, or more frequently in the form of a handful of grain, a fagot of firewood, or other samples from the loads borne by man or beast, were, of course, soon discovered and put a stop to. They served, however, to show the stronghold which this kind of usage possesses on a people who, in point of fact, have come to designate it as “The Custom” (Dustoree).

This custom unfortunately has been put in practice by native officials of a higher grade than gatekeepers.

Not long ago it was discovered that many among them were deriving large sums of money from native merchants, who desired the cotton they held stored at inland stations to be passed down to the coast before other bales which had a prior claim to transit.

By these means the bribing parties got their produce into a favourable market before the close of the export season; while, owing to the want of rolling stock, and to gaps then existing on the line on which these practices took place, the owners of the bales thus left behind suffered a severe loss.

The cost of working the traffic of Indian railways is also swelled by heavy charges for maintaining the roadway and rolling stock in good order. The alternations of a climate in which sleepers are soaked almost incessantly for several months, and parched with a hot wind for several other months, tell severely on all wood-work.

The injury, too, which tropical rains effect on embankments reduced by long baking by the sun to the state of a brittle cake or of a

fine powder, is often increased owing to the difficulty of obtaining good material for ballast for the line. Fortunately it has been found that the jarring motion communicated to the sleepers by the passage of trains over them is effectual in saving them from the ravages of white ants, from which much damage was looked for. Any sleeper of less perishable material than wood would be a great source of saving on these lines. Iron-pot sleepers have been tried, it is true, and in some instances have been said to be successful. But there does not appear a great inclination on the part of the companies to extend the use of them.

The alternations of climate, of course, cause great tear and wear to rolling stock. Every possible means, however, is taken to meet this evil by obtaining all iron-work requisite for carriages and waggons of the very strongest description, and in using these in constructing the stock in India, where teak, one of the most durable woods in the world, is available.

In Eastern India supplies of fuel are obtained cheaply from the coal-fields of Burdwan and its neighbourhood. But in other parts of the peninsula, the necessity of importing coal from England, Australia, or at times Labuan, causes a heavy expenditure in the locomotive departments.

In the valley of the Nerbudda, traversed by the through line between Calcutta and Bombay, deposits of coal have been discovered, and, indeed, a company is now in existence for working mines sunk at several points along these beds. As yet, however, the out-turn of these mines is insufficient to afford any important supply of fuel; although it is said that, so soon as the opening of this through route shall have placed them in communication with a market, the company will be prepared to furnish large quantities for consumption. Regarding the quality of this coal very conflicting statements and analyses have been published. Such is the importance, however, of good fuel for railways in that part of India that supplies of even a very middling quality would there be a welcome discovery.

The system of Government control under which the Indian railways have been constructed, and are now managed, deserves a few words of description, above all at the present time, when the principle of conducting the railways in our own country is forming a subject of debate.

The double dualism which the Indian system embodies does at first sight certainly seem an undesirable machinery of management.

In England there are two separate sets

of authorities—the directors, who represent the shareholders of each company, and the Council of India, presided over by a Secretary of State.

In India, again, the interests of each company are in charge of a managing agent who, in turn, is in communication with the Government of that Presidency or Province in which his employers' line happens to lie.

In each country the acts and proposals of the representatives of the companies are subject to revision, and even rejection, by the Government authorities.

Moreover, arrangements that have undergone this preliminary process in India are still liable to be thrown out by the subsequent double review through which they have to pass in England.

So complicated a series of checks certainly appears to offer undue opportunities for delays and disagreements among the many authorities.

To increase, too, the risks of conflicts of opinion in India, the exercise of the Government control there was committed to officers of the Corps of Engineers, who, fairly or unfairly, were apt to be looked on by the civil engineers employed by the companies as but imperfectly acquainted with the specialities of that railway construction which they were delegated to superintend. While, further dangers of disagreement lay in the disposition, attributed to Anglo-Indian officials to treat the gentlemen employed by the companies with somewhat less deference than would be shown to servants of the State; and, on the other hand, in the still stronger disposition not unlikely to be entertained by tetchy individuals among these gentlemen to resent with undue ardour such slights, or imaginary slights, as men so circumstanced are apt to lay themselves out to look for.

That collisions of opinion did arise from such likely sources is undoubted; but these, on the whole, have been rare, and, indeed, chiefly occurred during the earlier days of the railways, when over-zealous officers of the Government occasionally exercised their superintendence with a hypercritical attention to details, which was quite in accordance with the powers they possessed, but which was not the less utterly incompatible with the energetic execution of the works.

It also happened at times that the agents and engineers of the companies proceeded to display their impatience of the control imposed on them by attempts to ignore all such shackles—a futile effort, seeing that the power which the contracts between the Government and the companies conferred on the former was in this respect absolute, and admitted, moreover, of being enforced

by a strong measure, namely, that of the Government withholding the supplies necessary to carry on work—a proceeding placed within their reach by a clause in these contracts, which ordered that all moneys subscribed by the shareholders should be paid into the public treasuries, and be only withdrawn on the authority of the Government.

Time, however, eventually proved that, cumbrous as this regulating machinery appeared, it nevertheless could be made to work very satisfactorily. A Committee of the House of Commons appointed in 1858 to inquire into this subject, reported that no material delay in the operations of the Indian railway companies appeared to have been occasioned by Government interference; on the contrary, they considered that the progress of the Indian lines contrasted favourably with those in England. This Committee at the same time stated it to be their belief that while this control was necessary for the interests of the State, it had in addition proved beneficial for the companies' shareholders.

In England the operation of the control is simplified as much as possible by the presence of a representative director of the Government at the meetings of the board of direction of each company. By this arrangement the views of each party can be discussed with a convenience and a promptitude unattainable in written letters. Questions of detail that in the course of a correspondence might involve dilatory references, are thus often able to be set at rest by a few words of personal communication with officers of the company in attendance at these board meetings. Fortunately, too, the interests of the Government are here represented by a gentleman whose experience and character go far to get over the difficulties which, it must be confessed, seem inseparable from his functions.

But, faulty as this entire regulating process may be liable to become, it is only fair to point out certain good results which have followed its application to Indian railways.

In these the sums of money spent under the two great heads of capital and revenue have been recorded with a mathematical precision unknown in the confused concoctions of figures which represent the accounts of most British lines. Payments of dividends, although no profits be available to divide, and all similar expedients practised in the case of railways at home, are impossible under the Indian system, by which all sums earned from traffic are paid without exception into a Government treasury to a separate revenue account; from which such amounts as are required for working ex-

penses are withdrawn by cheques bearing the counter-signature of a Government officer. This officer, on his part, also audits the entire expenditure of the particular lines placed under his care, and has thereby excellent means of judging of the propriety of any expenditure for which his counter-signature may be asked; as also of the claim which it may have to be classed as a charge against revenue or against capital. In fact, the English tendency to an undue favouring of the former head of account is effectually prevented by a provision which causes many doubtful items which among us are unhesitatingly ascribed to capital expenses to be in the first instance debited against revenue; leaving it in the power of the companies to afford such proofs as may warrant a subsequent transfer to the other heading. There need, therefore, be little apprehension that any dividend declared by an Indian railway has not been actually earned.

But, indeed, objectionable or not, it is plain that in the Indian railways this Government control was an unavoidable consequence of the guarantee.

The Government virtually engaged to answer for the success of these lines, and was therefore bound in self-protection to claim a controlling voice in their management.

Conditional as was the guarantee given in this instance, it was quite sufficient to render possible certain objectional consequences. The principle it involved—that of insuring a fair return on as much money as a railway happened to cost—was even capable of leading its promoters to conclude that it was no disadvantage that this expenditure should be large. For the giver of such a guarantee it was evidently important that this outlay should be economized; in order to limit the extent of his obligation, no less than to extinguish it in the end, by rendering the railway self-supporting—an object attainable only by keeping the works within a cost corresponding to the receipts eventually to be expected.

The interests of the two parties were here so clearly opposed that each required a distinct safeguard.

Without such a safeguard there could have been no guarantee. Without a guarantee there could have been no Indian railways.

The results of this guarantee are certainly such as seem to warrant a wider application of it to meet the wants of India. The prudent policy which the Government authorities pursued in the early days of Indian railways—a policy which prompted them to limit as much as possible the extent of a liability which not a few among them looked on

as a likely source of loss—may by the light of actual experience now undergo advantageous modification. This liability, as we have already seen, has virtually ceased on two great lines, comprising between them 2800 out of the 5000 miles of the original system; and of the £700,000 which represented the interest actually paid by the Government during 1867, at least a half must be regarded as repaid by savings effected in the transport of troops, stores, and mail-bags. So long ago as 1864, the annual economy effected under these heads amounted to £200,000.

These gains to Government may easily be realized by any one who happens to have seen European troops, or, indeed, any troops, on the line of march in India. One day's railway journey now disposes of an undertaking which in former days used to be a month's progress of a large canvas town, carried on the backs of numerous elephants and camels, or occupying long strings of bullock-carts; during which month, moreover, the cost of this camp-equipage and of the hordes of camp-followers it involved, was increased by the extra marching money drawn by every officer and man of the force *en route*.

That these attained results are tending to increase the disposition of the Indian authorities to encourage the development of the present railway system, may be gathered from a despatch addressed in the beginning of the present year by H. M. Secretary of State for India to the Viceroy of that country. But even yet there seems an excess of prudence in the precautions prescribed for observance in the attempt to attain this object. Accomplished facts surely warrant the Government in now taking a larger view than they have hitherto done of their duties as the landlord of India. Their property there is certainly in an excellent state, so far as regards light burdens in the shape of mortgage. Indeed, every penny that, up to the present time, has been spent on public works, including upwards of £20,000,000 sterling advanced as interest to railway companies, has been defrayed out of the current revenues. Even yet the total amount expended on its railways (\$75,000,000), represents not more than a year and a half of income.

Unfortunately, this careful system of procedure involves serious delays in the provision of works of urgent importance. To understand this fact, it is only necessary for us to imagine the long period England might yet have had to wait for her railways, her system of drainage, indeed, even for her turnpike and statute-labour roads, if a simi-

lar course had been followed in this country, —if the yearly progress of the railways had been dependent on the surplus obtainable by a Chancellor of the Exchequer; if the roads had been made commensurately with the accumulation of such sums as our country squires contrived to leave unspent from the income of each year.

Without entering indiscriminately on the many works, which a few years ago were clamorously called for by certain classes among us, but which of late seem to have been dropped, simultaneously with the demand for that Indian cotton, which the cessation of the American civil war has now rendered no longer essential to the mills of Lancashire,—without, then, beginning on so broadcast a system of improvements, much good might gradually be done by a liberal outlay on roads and bridges. In truth, any effort of this kind must of necessity be a gradual one; the limited supply of labour available in most parts of India alone imposes an effectual restriction on the progress of public works.

It is only to be regretted that the inclination to liberality which the Government seems beginning to show, had not been exhibited a few years earlier. Had a series of well-conceived projects of public improvement for India been offered as fields of investment during the year 1865, it is probable that any reasonable amount of capital might have been obtained in London on terms favourable to the Government. Money, which then disappeared in the shares of bubble companies, might now be existing in the shape of debentures of a Public Works Loan for India, or possibly as shares in undertakings enjoying the guarantee or subvention of the Indian Government. Even at the present time an admirable opportunity presents itself. For amidst the all but universal distrust which still overclouds the English Money Market, the confidence placed by the public in the guarantee of the Indian Government is shown by the high price the Indian Railway Stocks command. Money sufficient to carry out extensive railroads, high-roads, and irrigation works, might now be raised without difficulty, and on easy terms—possibly at a somewhat lower rate of interest than five per cent.

The year of scarcity upon which there is reason to fear India is now entering, affords a further powerful argument in favour of immediate action; for works of the nature we describe would afford remunerative occupation for multitudes of men and women who seem in danger of dying of starvation if left to their ordinary resources.

But to be effectual, our action must be

immediate; and, indeed, nothing need hinder its instantaneous inception.

Already, in the records of Canon Row, there are the amplest data required to carry out several most important works. Already there are at hand agents able to undertake them.

In place of continuing to wait for a comprehensive report on the subject, which has long been said to be in preparation in India, we would venture to suggest that the home authorities should now issue orders for the execution of certain projects which they themselves have acknowledged to be useful, and sure to be remunerative.

Let them overcome the embarrassment of choice, which hitherto has prevented them undertaking any one scheme, lest by chance it should turn out that a more important one had been overlooked. There are so many of urgent importance, that it matters not in what order they may be taken in hand.

A glance at the map which we here append for reference will show the small proportion which the existing railways bear to the wants of the great continent over which they stretch as arterial channels—useful, it is true, but requiring to be supplemented by a good network of subordinate lines.

Even in the case of the railways already provided, much remains to be done to enable the country they traverse to reap the full benefits they offer. At the present time, for want of proper means of access, more than one railway station is, at certain seasons, all but inaccessible. The advantage of a thousand miles of railway, in short, are there rendered unavailable for want of a few miles of fair roads. For all purposes of traffic such stations are, for the time being, "*en l'air*," to borrow an expression from a soldier.

To meet these needs proper approaches must be provided; in ordinary cases in the shape of good roads; and in certain cases in the form of tramways, or even branch railways.

The duty of furnishing the first of these requirements, at all events, seems fairly to lie on the State, which is here the owner of the land. But, indeed, this duty may be looked upon as a point of importance secondary to the interest the Government plainly possesses in this matter. The benefits they would derive from such roads are twofold: the advantage which their property would enjoy from being opened up to favourable markets, as well as from miles upon miles of it which now lie waste being thus made capable of being reclaimed into rent-paying fields; and the further advantage which would arise from increasing the prosperity of the railways, and thereby relieving the finances of the State

from all obligation on account of guaranteed interest; an obligation already exceeding £3,000,000 sterling per annum, but which, as we have already seen, the remunerative nature of certain lines has reduced to £700,000.

By thus developing the traffic the Government might, out of half the profits in excess of five per cent., soon regain the £11,000,000 at present outstanding on this score against the various lines.

The benefits which India has already derived from her railways, and the further benefits which their completion and extension are sure to afford, hardly admit of exaggeration.

By means of them those famines which at times devastate one of its provinces, while in others the superabundant supplies of grain fail to find a consumer, may be greatly mitigated, if not altogether averted. Had a railway connected Orissa with Lower Bengal, it is almost certain that thousands of human lives, lost in the years of scarcity that have hardly yet passed over that unhappy province, might have been saved.

Supplies of food might thus have been poured into the country, and able-bodied men might at the same time have been conveyed to earn a livelihood in districts where their labour would have been acceptable.

The part the railways have played in opening up new markets to vast districts of production, and thereby bringing back to the cultivator a fair share of the price which the ultimate consumer pays for his produce, has already been noticed. Indeed, the operation of this improved system of trade promises to bring about the reform of an evil which hitherto has preyed upon the agricultural classes in that country—the evil of money-lenders, who, in localities isolated from large markets, are enabled to combine to keep the ryots in a state of thralldom.

Owing to the absence of competition, as well as of capital, the village banker usually contrived to monopolize the right of purchasing the produce of the fields farmed by his little community. By taking advantage of their improvident habits; by furnishing money to them to launch out into extravagant entertainments on the occasion of a birth, a marriage, or a death; by doling out subsistence-allowances at one time, and seed for their soil at another; the banker sooner or later managed to forestall the crops of his entire neighbourhood. To the rustics whom he held in his bonds a year of plenty brought little relief from the consequences of a season of scarcity. Did not those mysterious, craftily-manipulated lines of figures in their creditor's ledger prove that no harvest, however abundant, could possibly re-

pay the advances he had made to them? The debt was beyond the power of a lifetime to discharge. Nay, it was certain that it must descend to sons, and, in fact, be bequeathed to an endless line of heirs. Such hereditary debts are looked on as sacred obligations by a Hindu: their repudiation might affect the eternal welfare of ancestors.

On behalf of the banker, however, it is but fair to say that in the state of the society in which he lived, his operations, although objectionable, were at the same time not without certain advantages. In fact, he was an essential element in the economy of the village community as then circumstanced.

Now-a-days, however, his usurious aid is rendered unnecessary owing to the facilities afforded by railways for the transmission of inland produce to the export markets. Indeed, the agents of the merchants at the coast often traverse the country, competing for the supplies of cotton, grain, or seeds which may be on sale; and at the same time obtaining orders for cotton cloths, bar-iron, sheet-copper, and the various manufactures imported from Europe for the Indian market.*

In this way, too, the cultivator buys his clothes at a much cheaper rate than heretofore.

Transactions of this direct kind, moreover, serve to stir up the trading energies of the inhabitants; and must greatly tend to bring into circulation the large amount of silver coin, which distrust, engendered by past oppression and troublous times, has caused to be hoarded up by all classes for several generations. And this bullion, if thus made available, might do much good in a country, rich, it is true, in resources, but ill-furnished with the capital by which alone these can be turned to a profitable account.

The influence of railways in erasing the prejudices of creed and the privileges of caste is very great. Recognising no distinctions of classes, other than those of different-priced carriages for conveyance—open alike to the holiest Brahman and the veriest

* By purchasing cotton at the place of production, the merchant is enabled to classify each quality of it correctly, which is the first step towards establishing the real work of the Indian variety.

Hitherto inferior descriptions have been largely used to adulterate cotton, that of itself would have commanded an excellent price; and consequently the entire out-turn of India came to be distrusted and depreciated.

The cultivator too has now a chance of reaping the benefit of care in securing his crop, which is offered to him by selling it to a buyer who is willing to give a good price for good samples.

Soodra—the railroad is here indeed a social leveller. During the construction of the lines, many natives of inferior castes proved more eager to enter the service of the contractors, and more accommodating to the wants of these gentlemen, than men of higher grades of the Indian social scale. By energy and diligence they rapidly passed into well-paid positions, and in many cases became substantial sub-contractors. In like manner, too, have many low-caste men established their fortunes in the management of the traffic of the railways.

And such men having acquired independent means, and having also imbibed European ideas from the Englishmen they constantly meet, are naturally impatient of social trammels which subject them to the scorn and exactions of fellow-beings less rich, and probably less intelligent, than themselves; and whose only claim to superiority consists in the name of Brahman which they bear.

The example of these successful self-raised men of course acts as an incitement to others to shake off the irksome shackles of caste; and attempts at freedom of this kind are further assisted by the easy means now existing for escaping from local bonds and associations to another part of the country, where the career of the adventurer may be pushed under more favourable circumstances than at his own home.

To our countrymen whose duties call them to pass many of the best years of their life in India, the railways immensely improve the conditions of existence.

In a case of severe illness it often happens that the only hope of saving the Englishman lying sick at some inland station, consists in giving him a change of air. Often has a doctor said of such a patient, "Ah, poor fellow, he might pull through if we could only get him sent home, but a journey to the coast would kill him." For, a journey of this kind frequently involves many days' jolting in springless carts over roads resembling the dry bed of a mountain-torrent. And, during the rainy season, travelling becomes still more troublesome. Indeed, at that time of the year, more than one military station in India becomes a mere island surrounded by a sea of liquid mud, the fair-weather roads through which soon melt into the same state of mire. Neighbouring rivers which, a month ago, might have been passed by a traveller dryshod, now become raging torrents; at times altogether impassable by the fords or ferries that constitute the only means of crossing them.

this kind resembles a special intervention of Providence. Such interventions, it must be confessed, too rarely manifest themselves in India in the shape of ordinary roads and bridges. For, these works, although probably existing in the form of designs of various dates, and many shapes prepared by the Public Works Department, seem incapable of getting beyond that embryotic stage.

Engineer officers, overflowing with honest zeal, may have prepared project after project to supply works, whose cost might, in a few years, be recouped out of the increased land revenue they would assuredly bring in. But such well-aimed efforts can seldom survive the deliberations and discussions they have to undergo at the hands of the many authorities whose sanction is required for the funds necessary to carry them out. Stifled soon after their entrance into the region peopled by Secretaries and Members of Council, they find a premature grave in the pigeon-hole of some Government office book-case.

In vertical catacombs of this kind, which garnish the walls of public offices in India, there repose in peace the neatly labelled remains of projects innumerable; some of them possibly unsound, but many well worthy to be revived and embodied.

The intermittent manner in which public works are carried on by the Government in India renders it doubtful whether it be desirable for the State to retain in its own hands the construction of certain lines required to complete the present railway system. As a reason for such a course, it has been urged that these lines being chiefly needed for political purposes, do not offer the hopes of commercial success which are likely to induce individuals to take them in hand.

And this reason may, in some cases, possess certain force. At the same time, should these works be carried out by direct Government agency, there is a risk of their progress being interrupted or retarded by the many contingencies which await all efforts of the Public Works Department. Above all, the funds required for each year's operations must be liable to such uncertain conditions of supply as the failure or abundance of opium, or the high or low price that it happens to yield to the Indian revenue; or not impossible to the caprice or whim of some Minister of Finance, whose short exile from the House of Commons is insufficient to render him acquainted with the country whose finances he regulates; and whose efforts are usually engrossed in cutting down all expenditure so as to enable him to show a good surplus in his annual budget.

In the railways the State finds a powerful

political aid. By increasing the comfort and prosperity of the people they conduce to create contentment, which, in every country, is the essential condition of successful Government.

By providing a rapid and easy means of communication between the most important strategical points of the country, they enable large bodies of troops to be quickly concentrated to quell insurrection or repel invasion.

They at the same time allow of the force of European soldiers required to preserve the peace of India, being stationed in localities in its hills, which offer a climate much like that of their homes; where their health and their vigour may remain unimpaired by the heat and epidemics which decimate English garrisons in the plains; and from which elevated quarters they may, at a moment's notice, be conveyed, in a state of the highest physical efficiency, to any spot where their services may be called for.

That arrangements of this kind must eventually be made for our soldiers in India seems certain. The excessive rate of mortality amongst them, and the difficulty of getting recruits in these days of high wages, call for some special provision for their preservation. Already every fighting man procured from England costs the State upwards of a hundred pounds. Moreover, by means of a well-planned system of trunk lines, supplemented by the necessary branches (including, of course, means of access to the foot of the mountains on which these stations would be placed), the effective power of troops might be so largely increased as to permit of the number of Europeans requisite to garrison India being greatly reduced.

Of the lines necessary to complete our strategic communication in India, two, certainly, claim our urgent attention—a line from Lahore to Peshawur which would place our northern stronghold in railway communication with the sea, and a line to connect Mooltan with the Scinde Railway, and thus supersede the present unsatisfactory journey by steamers, which links the Punjab system of railways with Kurrachee, their natural outlet on the ocean. For, the river Indus, on which these steamers at present ply, cannot be looked on as a fairly navigable channel—so uncertain are its shoals, so difficult are the conditions of sailing along it without irksome interruptions.

Secondary to these, but also of great importance, is the extension of the Bombay, Baroda, and Central India Railway from

some point near its present northern terminus at Ahmedabad to Delhi; so as to place the capital of Upper India and the States of Rajpootana in connexion with Bombay, which, so far as distance and convenience are concerned, appears the seaport best suited for the trade of these extensive marts. And, seeing that Bombay has been chosen as the port through which the principal overland traffic from Europe to India is hereafter to pass, it may also be found necessary to shorten the railway route between it and Calcutta by continuing as far as the latter city the branch of the Great Indian Peninsula Railway which at present terminates at Nagpore.

A branch line is required to place Hyderabad, the important and turbulent capital of the Nizam of the Deccan, in connexion with the Great Indian Peninsula Railway; as also another branch from the north-eastern line of the same railway to Indore, the capital of His Highness the Maharajah Holkar, and the great mart of Malwa opium. And to afford an outlet for the great cotton districts of the Southern Mahratta country, a line should be constructed from Carwar, the newly-opened port to the south of Goa, inland towards Hoober.

Other lines there are, possibly of equal importance with those we now happen to name, but which are scarcely so ready for immediate construction, owing to the absence of the necessary information regarding them.

Strengthened by a comprehensive network of railways, our Government might devote to the peaceful progress of India much energy and much money hitherto engrossed by precautions of a military character.

Defective communications have all along been the weak point of our occupation of the country. They formed one of the chief incentives to the great rebellion, which not long ago threatened our very existence in the East; for it is beyond a doubt that the Sepoy mutineers largely based their hopes of success on the possibility of cutting off in detail the English garrisons sprinkled far and wide over the land.

Since that time the incentive to revolt has been gradually disappearing. In the case of the city which then formed the focus of insurrection it has already vanished.

In 1857 Delhi was distant by at least a month's march from Calcutta. To-day an army of men in every way ready to take the field may be moved from one of these places to the other in forty-eight hours,—thanks to Indian railways.

- ART. IV.—1. *A Selection from the Works of Robert Browning.* Lond. 1865.
 2. *Selections from the Poetical Works of Robert Browning.* Lond. 1863.
 3. *The Poetical Works of Robert Browning.* 3 vols. Lond. 1863.
 4. *Dramatis Personæ.* Lond. 1864.
 5. *The Poetical Works of Robert Browning.* 6 vols. Lond. 1868.
 6. *Essays on R. Browning's Poetry.* By JOHN T. NETTLESHIP. Lond. 1868.

ROBERT BROWNING, in his fortunes with the public, has been as the nobler grain; that takes the trials of a winter to bring its fruit to a harvest, not sooner than the sowings of spring. For long years, with whatever heartlessness of misgiving effort, he had to work in the cold shade of neglect, till, at length, those products of his, suddenly emerging to the light, which could not finally fail them, wave now in the eyes of the public as brightly and bravely—nay, some say, more brightly and bravely, than those of any of his contemporaries. It is well! We clap hands and cry *Evæ* with the rest.

Still this neglect, or the peculiarity of the fortunes of Browning, has not left his products uninfluenced; we fancy it traceable as well in the matter as the manner of these. For he who courts an objective expression is often obliged, notwithstanding, to recognise in it his own subject in solution. And it is thus, we think, that the notes of Browning are, for the most part, notes subdued, while their burthen, if never either weak whining or noisy lament, shows very generally as saddened (but ripe and full) human reflection. "They may churn and chide," he says,

"Awhile, my waves which came for their joy
 And found a horrible stone full-tide:
 Yet I see just a thread escape, deploy
 Through the evening-country, silent and safe,
 And it suffers no more till it finds the sea."

And so he would "bury sorrow out of sight," though it is natural too that surprised human nature should not, for very surprise, be always able to resist the question,—*"Nay, but you who do not love her, is she not pure gold, my mistress? is there aught like this tress, and this tress,"*

And this, last fairest tress of all,
 So fair, see, ere I let it fall?"

He would "bury sorrow out of sight," but he must think it strange, nevertheless, "that they who spend their lives in praising," find nothing here to praise. Are they but dreams, then, he wonders, dreams never to be realized, those visions he has had of liv-

ing "linked with love about, and praise, till life should end—when learned Age should greet my face, and Youth, the star not yet distinct above his hair, lie learning at my feet?" No; "You'll love me yet," he cries, "and I can wait your love's protracted growing; some seed is sure to strike, and yield, what you'll not love indeed, but maybe like." One sees thus that, consistently with what we indicate, there is sadness in his very hope: with soul subdued, even to the quality of its fate, the poet dare expect only to be liked, not loved. It is a similar mingled feeling that controls what may be taken, perhaps, as his attitude to fame. "Room after room," he hunts the house through for her, and, "Heart," he says, "fear nothing, for, heart, thou shalt find her;" yet he sorrowfully admits "the day wears, and door succeeds door—she goes out as he enters, and 'tis twilight with such suites to explore, such closets to search." No sooner has he said this, however, than he bursts out again, in the old hope, with the impossibility that she should finally escape him. "Escape! Never, beloved!

While I am I, and you are you,
 So long as the world contains us both,
 Me the loving, and you the loth,
 While the one eludes, must the other pursue."

This, then, is hope, but neither is fear far; for the very next lines follow with the exclamation, "My life is a fault at last, I fear," and the question, "But what if I fail of my purpose here?"—a question, which he answers—after a long, sad pause, conceivably—as all answer who foresee for themselves not the joy of life, but only its toil—

"It is but to keep the nerves at strain,
 To dry one's eyes and laugh at a fall,
 And baffled, get up and begin again,—
 So the chase takes up one's life, that's all."

The last line evidently depicts the worst yet. Hope itself is white there. "So the chase takes up one's life, that's all!" It is not fruit as fruit, then, that is, after all, to be expected,—all fruits mock—fruits there are none—the best possible result is the oblivion of occupation, and because it is oblivion. We are no longer as children on the earth, it seems, an earth in sunshine,—we have come to years of apprehension now, in the spreading shadow. We have bit through the gold into the ash: it is the pursuit alone has value—a value in the oblivion it extends. We must have something to "take up" life.

Not yet, however, has "the lightly-moved and all-conceiving spirit of the poet" arrived at term. There can be no repose now, but on

the altar of religion, borne up in the sanctuary for ever. He surely knows that "God above is great to grant as mighty to make, and creates the love to reward the love: the time will come—at last it will." God makes the world "dark" for him, he says, "because He needs him—just saves his light to spend;" but "His clenched hand will unclose at last," and all His ways prove but as "machinery meant to give his soul its bent, try him, and turn him forth sufficiently impressed." "Others," he exclaims, "mistrust and say, but time escapes, live now or never,—I say, what's time? leave now for dogs and apes, man has for ever!" "Heedless of far gain, greedy of quick returns, bad is our bargain:" he throws on God. It is "to God's breast he speeds;" there laying "his spirit down at last, he will lie where he has always lain."

Thus through the chequer of hope and gloom he looks up in faith; and in such a mood it is conceivable how there should be so little bitterness in Browning. The lesson has sunk too deep; the castigation has gone home in softness and maturity: the rich nature has kissed the rod, and there is no room in it for the petty—no possibility for the sour. It is indeed difficult to catch any note of scorn, or grudge, or discontent in Browning. He has a gentle contempt of his own, at most, for the mean present, "where, after its kind, the mastiff girns, and the puppy pack of poodles yelp;" where "the praise that might yield returns" is withheld, and "the handsome word or two that might help" refused. Sooth to say, it is no pleasure either, simply "to watch the olive and wait the vine, and wonder when the river of oil and wine will flow." It flows, in turtle and claret, for Hobbs and Nobbs and Nokes and Stokes, he knows. These, nevertheless, he will not envy. No; the wronged great souls turn their backs to this world, and the wrong it does. He will only ask magnanimously (magnanimously, if a little ruefully), "What porridge had John Keats?" Nay, so subdued is this great soft soul, so dead is the world in it, that even the sudden turn to fame shall find him, for his part, well-nigh indifferent.

"... Who summoned those cold faces that begun
To press on me and judge me? Though I stooped

Shrinking, as from the soldiery a nun,
They drew me forth, and spite of me ...
enough!

These buy and sell our pictures, take and give,
Count them for garniture and household stuff."

He thinks of the praise that was withheld,
of the handsome word or two of help

refused; and asks himself, why should he smite the rook for such as they, "who stood and mocked—'Shall striking help us?' who drank and sneered—'A stroke is easy!' who wiped their mouths and went their journey, throwing him for thanks,—'But drought was pleasant!'"?

"Thus old memories mar the actual triumph;
Thus the doing savours of disrelish;
Thus achievement lacks a gracious somewhat;
O'er-importuned brows becloud the mandate,
Carelessness or consciousness—the gesture."

Thus "he bears an ancient wrong about him, sees and knows those phalanxed faces;" but will turn from them and choose his portion; for even, "if at whiles," he says,

"My heart sinks as monotonous I paint
These endless cloisters and eternal aisles
With the same series, Virgin, Babe, and Saint,
With the same cold, calm, beautiful regard,
At least no merchant traffics in my heart;
The sanctuary's gloom at least shall ward
Vain tongues from where my pictures stand
apart."

And so, "when a soul has seen by the means of Evil that Good is best,

The uses of labour are surely done;
There remaineth a rest for the people of God:
And I have had troubles enough, for one."

In this way, then, we have a picture—and, if in scattered words that were otherwise meant, a true picture—of the prevailing mood of Browning, the mood due to what we have named the peculiarity of his fortunes. He is built silently on his trust in God, and he does his day's work—work that shall be the unimpassioned representation of so many men and women, unrelated to, and at a distance from, himself. "He stands on his attainment—this of verse, alone allowed him in a life; verse and nothing else he has to give;" but this verse shall be "so many utterances of so many others, not of him." This last avowal, as seen, we have not taken altogether *au pied de la lettre*: we have presumed to see "him" in the "others," the subject in the object; and, so far, we dare to say, without serious error or intolerable injustice.

It is the lot of ships unused, we hear, to "rot and rust and run to dust, and all through worms i' the wood;" and so it might have been with the unused, or neglected, Browning. So it might have been, but for the trust that supported effort! It is hard to rouse, however, by the mere voice of duty, the solitary soul that should have been borne up, filled, kindled by the attention of its fellows and the sympathy of its kind; hence, probably, not the mood only, but the defects

of Browning. For there are defects in Browning which—while his mere peculiarities repel the mass—distress his student. Of this the poet himself is not unaware, and names it perhaps at its nearest when he supposes his friend to call to him,

"Stop playing, poet! may a brother speak?
'Tis you *speak*, that's your error. *Song's* our art:

Whereas you please to *speak* these naked thoughts,

Instead of dressing them in sights and sounds.

Grown men want thought, you think;

Thought's what they mean by verse, and seek in verse:

Boys seek for images and melody,

Men must have reason—so, you aim at men."

Nay, in the same passage, the poet does not restrict his reference to this, his first capital defect,—the preponderance of speech over song, namely; but extends it to his second as well: "Why," he conceives the same supposititious friend to ask,

"Such long prolusion and display,
Such turning and adjustment of the harp,
And taking it upon your breast, at length,
Only to speak dry words across its strings?"

That, we apprehend, is an allusion to the peculiar tediousness, prolusory, interlusory, and conclusory, which is apt at times, and not unfrequently, to overfall Browning,—in the experience, at all events, of the very willingest of his readers. Nor is either defect unintelligible. Song is the voice of success, not failure; while the motion, that a man in default of other incentive must of his own accord incur, is discontinuous and slack. The sweetest, greatest bard that ever lived, if he must sing and sing only to hint of his own, unnoticed and unknown, would, no less frequently than Browning, falter and fall into prose and prosiness. Browning's fortunes, then, will not be denied, probably, to have considerably influenced his writings. But these we must now see something more in detail, and we proceed to the realization of our special purpose in the present essay—a review proper, namely, of the poetical works of Robert Browning.

He whose first approach to Browning is by way of the handsome little volume that tops our list, is not likely, we fear, though offered of the best at times—"Caliban," "Artemis," "Roland," "Rudel," "Youth and Art," "Dis Aliter Visum," etc.—to be met at once by what is called a favourable impression. The very portrait of the author, on which the volume opens, may, at a first view, engaging as it is, disappoint. We have our own notions in advance, it seems, of what the poetical is or should be; and

this brave countenance, honest, thoughtful, kindly, with the pleasant shrewdness in the eyes, is too real, it may be, for the preconceived ideal. Genius, however, is no respecter of persons, but gives its turn to every variety, from the weeping Horace to the sighing Virgil, from the scrofulous Johnson to the rickety Pope, from the "elvishness" of Chaucer to the Prospero-magnificence of Shakespeare. Between individual and individual, whether in hull or in skull, there will be found as broad a difference in any twenty of the orchestra (musicians all) as in any twenty of the pit. The sacred fire tries every temperament; no soldier of the army but has his turn of the torch. It is not in the outward reality of his portrait, then, that we shall seek for the true Browning, but in the inward ideality of his thought, to which, as poet, his words alone give access.

Here these words, as is so common with the best, as is so common with what is simply good, impress not, in the beginning, favourably. Like all original writers, Browning has a flavour of his own, of which, in the first taste, the newness repugns. He indeed whose standards of poetry have been successively acquired, as is most likely, so far at least as recent literature is concerned, from Scott and Byron, from Coleridge and Wordsworth, from Shelley and Keats and Tennyson, may rise from his first burst of reading into the sixty-two pieces that form this collection with a general sense of failure. He has read in a mood of censure, we will say, in which there have been but few breaks of applause. His dissatisfaction has been almost constant, and he cannot allow it to have been redeemed by what glimpses of success he is willing to acknowledge. Compared with the standards in his mind, this poetry, it may be, even surprises. It is so completely different, so wholly disparate, that it is at once felt to be foreign, and *must* be faulty. It is tame, too, he thinks; tame, insipid, colourless. It is something unaffecting, plainly; something uninteresting; something inconsiderable. It is prevailingly symbolical—that he thinks he sees; but he thinks, also, it is unhappy in its kind. Either the externality, he says, is so much an externality, or else the internality is so much an internality—that is, either the symbol itself is so hard and rude, or the meaning is so inextricably deep in it, that, while the concealment is perfect, the revelation is null. A weak, soft, plaintive, pleading thing, it is mostly—a breath conversationally low, he thinks; a small thin stream that runs by, almost uninfluenced by rhythm, almost unchecked by rhyme; broken only at

times against single words like stones in mid-current, or losing itself and disappearing under the angle of an inversion. A descriptive touch, or a tone of tenderness, he cannot deny at intervals; but where, he asks, is the splendour of imagery, the rush of inspiration, the proud wave of exultant and transporting sound? There are no passages, he complains; nothing to strike. Rhyme, rhythm! why, in that low colloquial plaint, measure at all is hardly to be recognised. That is, whereas measure with us English usually consists of shorts and longs alternated to musical or passionate effect, here it seems all longs or all shorts, to no effect but that of prose. One can make music, he thinks, out of the usual calculated recurrence of iambuses, and passion out of breaks with spondees, etc., but one can make neither music nor passion where it is all spondees, or all pyrrhies, or at random either. What measure there is here, then, is to be pronounced mechanical merely; there is but the tact of time in it, the come and go of accent; tune there is none—we have line upon line, instead, that is flatly prose. No music it cannot be called, that mere monotonous croon, that mere monotonous chime; croon or chime of such monotony that in so homogeneous an element even the unequal lengths of the lines look factitious somehow—the result, as it were, of an arbitrary clipping, and an arbitrary laying down.

Then, apart from the measure, there is the manner of the narrative, of the statement, to strike him. We are to understand, it seems, only by nods and becks; direct speech is never vouchsafed us—hints must suffice, and in such painfully rough, cramped, crabbed, foreshortened fashion too! Then the train of thought is hard, peculiar, subjective, so abrupt and sudden in its turns, too, from who knows what to who knows where, that there is often a sense of dislocation present. So, speech incongruous he frequently pronounces it; incongruous with itself, incongruous with its place. It does not come home, he cries, with a sense of success to humanity; it is cold, it is alien; it is cold, alien, and inapplicable. It is disturbed, confused, obscure. It is awkward, *saccadé*, harsh. In fine, there is hardly an invitation to explore what is so indirect, what is so difficult, what is so inconsiderable; and he closes the volume, muttering to himself, perhaps, these words of the poet's own: "All the critics call my thoughts false, and my fancies quaint, and my style infirm, and its figures faint, and more blame yet."

Such expressions we may suppose to represent not untruly, perhaps, the state of mind that follows a first reading of this volume of

Browning's. But, happily, this state of mind is not the last; for "all the while a misgiving will linger, truth's golden o'er us, although we refuse it." Perhaps it is only that his "fugue taxes the finger, but, learning it once, who would lose it?" Perhaps "could we but take his intent, a master were lauded, and sciolists shent." This misgiving will not leave us rest, then; we go back, and we look closer. Dissatisfaction does not even now disappear, it may be; but we find light-points form—light-points after light-points—in what was but nebula before. For example, here is one:—

"EPIGRAPH IN THE CATACOMBS.

"I was born sickly, poor and mean,
A slave: no misery could screen
The holders of the pearl of price
From Caesar's envy; therefore twice
I fought with beasts, and three times saw
My children suffer by his law;
At last my 'own release' was earned:
I was some time in being burned,
But at the close a hand came through
The fire above my head, and drew
My soul to Christ, whom now I see.
Sergius, a brother, writes for me
This testimony on the wall—
For me, I have forgot it all."

This is so simple and so pure, that it is no wonder the reach of it escapes notice at first. It is very perfect, however; there is not a stroke wanting, and every stroke is true. Christianity has made of the sickly despised slave a meek, sweet hero, and he speaks dispassionately from the calm of the other side. "At last," he says, "my own release was earned." Patience, then, seems to have abridged a whole world of suffering and probation, as it were, into a single brief moment! He was some time in being burned! Then it is Sergius writes:—it is not he—he "has forgot it all!" These few words light up an even infinite picture: the picture of the world in the highest mood it ever has known, perhaps ever will know—under the cross! Few words, but so severely simply chaste, that they were fittingly inscribed—black—only in the transparent purity of a Greek marble. No one can doubt, after these lines, that Browning can be a master—is a master.

But light-points here are not limited to this short specimen; there are others, and of a larger radiance—"Artemis," "Caliban," "Roland," etc.—any one of which, unique, transcendent in its quality, would alone suffice to render the little volume of a quite substantial value. These greater poems we shall leave for after consideration, and shall turn now to what justification may be found for the volume even in the lighter

pieces. We shall take first a little group, which, more than any other in the minor productions, is remarkable for what is peculiar to Browning, and—in that sphere—distinctive of him. This group is constituted by such poems as “Cristina,” “Any Wife to any Husband,” “The Worst of It,” “A Woman’s Last Word,” “Dis Aliter Visum,” “Youth and Art,” “A Light Woman,” “By the Fireside,” and “A Lover’s Quarrel.” The first four of these—and from the *Dramatis Personæ* we may fitly add to them “Too Late”—are eminently those soft, low, plaintive, pleading things to which there was already allusion, and which, characteristic of Browning in his minor vein, can hardly be said to be found in any other poet. They are still to a second reading indirect enough; but it were to do them injustice to call them tame. Their measure is the peculiar crooning chime or chiming croon already mentioned, and they otherwise well illustrate the obscurity and other disappointing strangenesses named.

Almost all such characteristics we see in “Cristina,” for example. Here we have a man of poetic depth, and a rare purity of feeling, blaming—to some one else it may be—a woman who had “fixed” him with one of those looks in which two souls feel for the moment as if they were eclipsed into each other. These eclipses, to call them so, are in reality not rare in human experience, and, we should say, mostly mean nothing; but the lonely enthusiast in the poem thinks otherwise: he will have it that mutual love, presumably with all its social consequences, should have followed this particular experience of his own (of his own, for obviously he has no warrant, so far, to extend it to the lady). So he goes on grumbling, “She should never have looked at me, if she meant I should not love her,”—two lines, we may remark in passing, that exemplify the conversational pitch formerly named as a characteristic of these poems. He rejects the objection that the lady meant nothing, or only sought to gladden his lone shore with a pearl from the sea—her sea, that in its generosity and wealth felt the simple need, the simple yearning to do so. He admits that the look might have been without consequence for other men, but insists that in his case the lady knew better:—

“Oh, we’re sunk enough here, God knows!

But not quite so sunk that moments,
Sure though seldom, are denied us,

When the spirit’s true endowments
Stand out plainly from its false ones,

And apprise it if pursuing

Or the right way or the wrong way

To its triumph or undoing.”

There are flashes, he continues, single sudden impulses, in the light of which all honours and ambitions, all the past life’s garnitures disappear, and it (the light) alone is seen to be the life’s work. So, the objector with whom he converses, or figures himself to converse, need not doubt but that Cristina knew perfectly well that the eclipse meant nothing less than the meeting of two souls made for each other since long ages, and whose only business in life, “whose life’s sole work,” was to find each other, or else, failing, have their amount of bliss in the world to come lessened by as much as their union would have brought. Yes, yes; “this she felt as, looking at me, mine and her souls rushed together—Oh, of course, next moment,

The world’s honours in derision,
Trampled out the light for ever:
Never fear but there’s provision
Of the devil’s to quench knowledge,
Lest we walk the earth in rapture!”

But if she had lost him, not he her; he had caught God’s Secret; he would pass life’s remainder, grown perfect in the knowledge that her soul was his. This, evidently, is pure high feeling; but it points, perhaps, to a philosophy of love—not restricted to this poem—that is, on the whole, a little too Rosicrucian for mortals. It may be very prosaic to say so, too, but surely no conventional impropriety can be brought against the lady, unless in so far as, forgetting the tinder he was, she looked at him at all. This little poem illustrates, not badly perhaps, both in matter and manner, Mr. Browning’s peculiar obscurity. In the second stanza there is a good example of that difficulty so common in his writings, that derives from inverted construction—an expedient he cannot resist allowing himself at times, however predetermined he may be to speak always quite naturally straight on in a single conversational jet:—“Her look said no vile cant, sure, about ‘need to strew the bleakness of some lone shore with its pearl-seed that the sea feels:’” a reader cannot be counted on to perceive at once that it is the sea “feels” the “need,” or even that the “pearl-seed” is *its*.

“Any Wife to any Husband” is to be understood as representing what any wife, in dying, might say to her husband; but we must be careful to recognise that the speech here is not that of a woman to a man, but of a *wife* to a *husband*,—that is, of a wife that is a wife to a husband that is a husband. In this light, one can see that the differences of the male and female natures are very delicately put. The woman’s natural little

solicitudes—not mere jealousies—even her natural little vanities, but in the midst of a faith and love so much more simple and entire than those of man, are very skilfully touched. There are turns and peculiarities of expression, however, that render the poem very obscure in passages. In the first stanza, we never feel quite sure that the word “bitterest” ever gets its grammatical consequent; in the second we are put at fault by a tense that seems to refer to the *now*, when it must refer to a *then*; in the third, the “fading” is not clear, though, possibly, it is that of the lady’s beauty, were she permitted to live; and in other stanzas similar sources of obscurity might be pointed to. The “pride” to which she is to trust at last, is also something of a difficulty, as likewise the closing phrase. As regards the latter, is it that the wife, even while expressing the firmest faith in her husband’s fidelity, turns suddenly, almost pettishly, to the wall with “And yet it will not be”? The finest verse is where the lady says, “Might I die last, and show thee!”

“The Worst of It,” pitched in a similar key to that of the last poem, may be almost called a foil to it, for if we had there the advantage on the side of the woman, we have it here on that of the man. The poem is a husband’s lament over his unfaithful wife, whom he follows, however, in a very high tone of feeling, only with love and prayer. The “worst of it” is, that “in Paradise, if we meet, I will pass and turn my face.”

“Too Late” is a tale of unfortunate love in somewhat the same strain. There is genuine passion in it, but passion, surely, extravagant at last, and very questionably expressed.

“A Woman’s Last Word” is an exquisitely tender little poem. The poet tells us in it, not what a woman’s last word literally does say, but what it would say, if it could and did really speak itself.

But of all the poems in this group, the best, probably, is “Dis Aliter Visum,” or “Le Byron de nos Jours;” a pleasant little picture it is of human nature and human life in the midst of those graphic little touches which, at the hands of Browning, always yield so much delight. “Youth and Art” is a similar tale, and of similar excellence; only, that to the failed loves of Kate Brown and Smith the artist, there is given a very captivating turn of humour. “A Light Woman” is very short, but it constitutes a situation exceedingly striking, and, without obscurity, is in Browning’s best manner. “A Lover’s Quarrel” and “By the Fireside,” resembling each other in some respects, are

a little different from the rest of the group, but yet belong to it. The former is a simple natural picture, full of little figures of fancy, like so many smiles, so many gurgling little laughs, not the less engaging for the heart, half of hope, half of apprehension, from which they are feigned to rise. The latter, a love-story in reverie, contains some strikingly picturesque stanzas, among others that are characteristically obscure, or otherwise faulty. Before the dreamer’s eye a vista opens back to Italy, and that dearest scene in the story of his love, when the two hearts met, the two souls mingled. What concerns the lover is very delicate and sweet; but, on the whole, it is the felicitous fixing of Italian scenery in words almost as incisive as engraving that gives its value to the poem; whose strength, for the rest, is, so to speak, not undispersed by that inertia, that lingeringness and loiteringness, that are not unfrequent in Browning. Especially between stanzas viii. and xx., both inclusive, is it that we have this direct description of Italy in November. Wood, rivulet, lake (with Pella on its marge), Alp “that meets heaven in snow,” path over boulder-stones by the straight-up rock, lichens, ferns, chest-nuts, creepers, mosses, etc. etc., are all fairly brought before us. Perhaps we might object to “those rose-flesh mushrooms,” that were “undivulged” last evening, nay, that “bulged a sudden coral nipple in to-day’s first dew, at which a flaky crew of toad-stools peep,” as only equivocal products of the warm and warmed fancy of poetry and love. The lover or the poet who can see nude nymphs in mushrooms, and leering satyrs in toad-stools, ought to be himself Italian, or at least French. The one-arched bridge with the pool under it, “danced over by the midge,” is a picture at a word which one would never weary to gaze at. The accessories, too (the steeping hemp, etc.), are so vividly Italian. There is a fine effect in stanza xx.; where loneliness is realized to us by the words, “The place is silent and aware—it has had its scenes, its joys, and crimes—but that is its own affair.” How were it possible better to represent the stubborn hang-dog look of the consciously-guilty solitude—and the threat in it? The silence of the same spot is equally admirably given in xxxiii. One almost feels as if this poem were the record of an experience of Browning’s own. What if *his* were the autumnal tree from which fell for him that last best leaf of unexpected love? What if it were *he* and *she* that stood upon that bridge with the wood above, and the pool beneath, and the threat of the chapel from the dark gorge at the side? Here is a picture—may it last

for ever—eternal as the scene on the Greek urn of Keats!

As hinted, the poem has its faults. *Stanzas xxi. and xxii.*, for example, are particularly obscure. That "path gray heads abhor" is hard to realize. The backward path pursued with Leonor has been into the past; but how should recollection lead to a drag's sheer edge at which youth stops, but not gray heads? Then, that Age should threaten gray heads, and they contemn, "till they reach the gulf wherein youth drops, one inch from our life's safe hem,"—the single result is confusion and opacity that may not be penetrated. Suppose we conceive the "gray heads" to mean *middle-age*, the poet's own time of life, it is intelligible that such gray heads dislike to turn to the past and the sudden precipice where youth (*their youth*) stopped, and even, perhaps, that they still press on, contemning the threats of age, as if young; but, after hearing that they do not stop where youth stops, we cannot understand how, going further, they reach the gulf in which youth (supposed to be left behind) drops! These (with those that concern the autumnal tree), the only allegorical verses in the poem, are also, perhaps, the only obdurately difficult ones. Towards the end, we have more hints in reference to the poet's peculiar philosophy of love, and transcendental theory of the purpose of marriage.

All the poems in this group would bear to be spoken of in detail, yielding abundant pearls both for discussion and quotation; but the limits of such an article as the present can evidently afford no sufficient space. Nay, the scope of this remark must be extended now to the remaining groups, with a rapid concluding word on which—but adding to them the few miscellaneous pieces of any mark this very full collection omits—we must now content ourselves. Of these the more notable are; perhaps, the following:—"The Last Ride Together," "Porphyria's Lover," "Before and After," "The Lost Leader," "A Serenade at the Villa," "Abt Vogler," "Master Hugues," "Nationality in Drinks," "Home Thoughts," "Instans Tyrannus," "The Englishman in Italy," "In a Gondola," "Waring," "Time's Revenges," "The Statue and the Bust," "Rudel," "Rabbi Ben Ezra," "A Grammarian's Funeral," "A Toccata of Galuppi's," "Apparent Failure," "Up at a Villa," etc. In almost all of these there is the usual proportion of obscure verses, but everywhere also there are descriptive patches or belts that lie revealingly on objects like glares of light from some optical instrument. In "Nationality in Drinks," we have a fine, light, happy play of fancy—a fancy withal

that has a rare, subtle, and peculiar incisiveness in it; and in what concerns England an interesting trait of the man Browning. There is rich love in the poem entitled "In a Gondola," but there is too much also of what the Germans call *Gesuchtes*—laboured importation; shall we say? That is, it is not spontaneous enough, we see a great deal of external effort—no little trouble in express collection from afar. For a love-poem, then, there is a want of concentration in it—it is infected with the general tendency to diverge, and linger, and loiter, and lose time on the merely accessory. It is soft and boneless somehow, too long and loose, and, so to speak, *conceited*. Still it is a piece of very pure workmanship. There is the beat of the true man's heart in the "Lost Leader;" "Rudel" is exquisite; "Instans Tyrannus" is a poem of rare and remarkable excellence; and the usual descriptive power—often with much more—is especially prominent in "The Englishman in Italy," "Waring," "Time's Revenges," "Up at a Villa," "Apparent Failure" (a photograph of the Morgue), etc. The "Home Thoughts from the Sea" constitute a picture so surpassing, and are, at the same time, so short, that we allow ourselves to quote them:—

"Nobly, nobly, Cape St. Vincent to the North-
West died away;
Sunset ran, one glorious blood-red, reeking into
Cadiz Bay;
Bluish 'mid the burning water, full in face Trafalgar lay;
In the dimmest North-East distance, dawned
Gibraltar grand and grey;
'Here and here did England help me: how can
I help England?'—say,
Who so turns as I, this evening, turn to God to
praise and pray,
While Jove's planet rises yonder, silent over
Africa."

Is not that the completest Turner that ever appeared in words? One cannot help fancying a bit of white chalk somewhere—over Cadiz, say (the bluish Trafalgar will still stand for the indigo.)

It must be acknowledged, then, that in feeding the taste grows, that objections lessen, and that the rare purity of much that is in these poems, only too transparent at first, becomes in the end visible. Still we know not that there is the stuff of popularity in them. Their subjects are, in general, remote from vulgar interests, and nestle in little out-of-the-way corners of humanity, which, however fascinating to a few psychological students, offer no room for those flights that so take the broad instincts of the uninvestigating public. To the great majority of readers these pieces, we fear, are

tame, monotonous, languid, prolix and piecemeal, obscure and difficult—obscure and difficult, especially, from that psychological indirectness that would compress paragraphs into a hint and sentences into a sign. Their picturesqueness, so genuine as it often is, degenerates not unfrequently also into the *outré* and the *baroque*. The contemplated single breath of free colloquiality, taken perfectly at times, only results at others in expedients of diction and syntax that betray the mechanical necessity still present, and darken the sense. Then from part to part there is a want of fusion; unevennesses, stony inequalities appear rather, and so it is that the word “piecemeal” has been used. What is wanting mostly is, not ever and anon “clear accents,” tender and true and pure, but that “great language,” that big-mouthed rapture, that triumphant power, which, by a word, by the turn of a phrase, seizes all into a focus of meaning—into a single blaze of splendour and music and emotion. It would appear as if to chip and fit and inlay without a cheer in the present, had, not indeed robbed the deft hand of its cunning, but left it listless, wandering, and slack. The swift assured movement, the promptitude, the alacrity of success—it is that surely that, so far, is mostly wanting in Browning. He has no taste but his own to work for: hence the listless wilfulness that, rugged, cramped, and crabbed by fits, saunters on again at languid length, loose, uncertain as a creeper, sliding from shelf to shelf, now with long weak shoots, and now with short morose turns. Hence, too, the plaintive croon, it may be, that is ever remonstrating with something or somebody.

But we have to remark here, finally, that the faults of these pieces are largely due likewise to a certain aim at novelty—partly unconscious, doubtless, but partly also conscious. With such poems before us, indeed, as we have already seen, this novelty, whether in matter or manner, will hardly be denied, and we have no intention to insist on it at length. We shall permit ourselves a word or two only in reference to its connexion with peculiarities of the mode of statement, of the measure, and of the diction.

The peculiarity in the mode of statement which we mean here, is not that indirectness, already spoken of, that refers to a whole, and in its construction from the first, but a certain indirectness of detail, to which, perhaps, the most exasperating portion of Browning's obscurity is owing. The reader has simply to recall “Cristina,” or any other poem of the group in which it has been included, to realize what is meant by indirectness of construction from the first;

while, whether of the one or the other indirectness, it will be difficult to find a better example than “James Lee” in the *Dramatis Personæ*. As a whole, it is the usual low, slow, crooning plaint of an unhappy wife,—who contrives to tell her woes so obscurely, all the same, that it would be almost bold to claim any clearer intelligence, after a dozen readings, than after the first. Nor in details is the case otherwise. Individual images are acknowledged, as well as a general drift of meaning; but if the whole cannot be clearly or satisfactorily, or indeed tolerably co-articulated, neither can the parts. May we not pretend in the end, for all that, to sufficient light whereby to know that the trouble of the artist is a failure, and has nowhere reached even such partial success as would warrant—especially after a dozen readings!—any continuation of trouble on our part? It is, indeed, difficult to forgive Browning for such things as this. Works of art are works of art,—to be seen, and understood, and loved; but psychological guesses thrown out to the public (as a public) are scarcely excusable. If the question is, whether shall Browning be the deeper to hide, or the public the keener to find, it is easy to understand on whose side the advantage will lie. So it is in the riddle before us, where we are challenged by Browning—“*Devinez, devinez,*” as the French children have it in the evening—to tell James Lee's character from what his wife is permitted to say to us. Now, in a general reference, it is not difficult to perceive that the whole poem is the lament of a wife over her husband's infidelity; but it is not easy to go further. It is impossible, for example, to give any account of the nine positions in or from which the lament is made. At the window, by the fireside, in the doorway, along the beach, on the cliff, under the cliff, among the rocks, beside the drawing-board, on deck: these are the positions; and in the first place, is there any necessity of reason or fact for this series and sequence of them? Are they but accidents of fancy, or are they dictated by considerations that would regard them as typical of the successive necessary stages in this domestic drama—stereotyped in nature so that a reader *must* come to understand them, and the burthen laid in them? In a word, are they arbitrary or necessary? If the former, what right has the poet to put them to humanity as what humanity will, from humanity (and its laws), be able to interpret? If subjective merely, why should they be so placed as to appear to demand an objective interpretation? But, unsatisfactory in their number and series, these positions are no less unsatisfac-

tory in themselves. "At the window;" the lady is at the window of reflection, we shall say, and contrasts the now with the then. Summer is gone—the sunshine of joy, the bird (voice) of gladness. No breeze of happiness blows longer, and the heaven of hope, the consummation in the future over the present, is deranged. But (2.) she turns to him and questions this, till (3.), in the counter-stroke of hope against hope, she will not believe it, and asks all that was, again to be. Later, "by the fireside," the shadow has fallen deeper. For the light of the sky on her pale cheek, we have now that of the fire on her moist eye, as she nurses her foot and dreams. Their fire is of shipwreck wood—there is no flame of love for them now, but in the wrecks of the old. So is reference to sailors, who, in sad mistake, from the sea, gnash the teeth at their fire, their (still apparent) happiness, with revulsion to herself, there, watching her husband, while she feels the planks of their love are just about to give way ("Now, gnash your teeth," she cries ironically to the feigned sailors). Expression here, too, probably from necessities of rhyme and rhythm, is forced to make a tangle of the thought-sequence. She begins stanza iv., for example, by wondering about the old-world pairs who perhaps lived in their cottage before them; and immediately reverts, without a single tie of association, to the metaphor of the sailors. All—under what necessity we know not, but under none, surely, that should exist for an artist—is most confusingly put. Then they are in France, it seems. Why France? What does that add? Is it a temptation of rhyme? Or, if something specific (in some anecdote of an actual James Lee, say) has legitimately enough introduced France, is it stupidity on our part not to know that, when we are not told it, and have no opportunity given us to know it?

"In the doorway" the moan continues. Swallow, sea, fig-tree, vine, all figure, in felicitous metaphor, the coming desolation. But even in their poverty why should there be desolation, were there but love, she thinks. "Along the beach" she reasons with her husband, and gives utterance to some exceedingly natural, true, and touching notes of the every-day grief; that of a wife who sees her husband's love depart before poverty, perhaps to vice in the sun, and is obliged to hear his cruel reflections; that make her very virtues faults. "On the cliff" it is the poet speaks—not the wife; and treats us to one or two of his graphic touches—the turf and the rock (whose conversion into metaphors for the situation was hardly worth the pains). "Under the cliff" con-

tinues the moan, most happily with reference to the wind and the hound (the nun is too factitious), but ends—when the inverted commas end (why these?)—in an opacity absolutely impenetrable. We can see, however, something of the husband's history pictured. Misfortune was, at first, and to him young, but example for his sake. Still he could not turn it into the divine lesson, and act, work, like a man. He knows what defeat is, he who sees all the same only the future triumph, and meantime throws all the consequences of defeat on the poor wife. (Or has this verse a diviner reference?—No! in that case he were He.) Verse 10 is so impenetrable, that, though told to judge if he learn what the wind means in its moaning, we find ourselves utterly unable to judge, and would fain know what we are to say he learned (is it that all must change?), and if by the instinct of youth; for we understand the lesson attributed to years, but in vain search for its relevancy. The next two verses are equally hopeless; though, perhaps, there is something about how such natures as her husband's flatter themselves they see their luck turn at last (or, more likely, become aware of approaching death?), at the same time we cannot help believing those mysterious lines that circumscribe beauty and the subsequent bliss as but suggestions of the rhyme (unless, indeed, death is meant). Finally, as regards this position, the last four verses are surely beyond the power of any interpreter, though we think it probable that the lady surmises experience of change to be her probation, and that it was impossible for her to draw one beauty (her husband's love) into her heart's core—and keep it changeless, but that it is bitter we cannot control change, which is the law, or command death, death at the noble moment?

"Among the rocks" we have two stanzas: the first, another happy (admirable, indeed) descriptive stroke, which the second would fain fit—but hardly successfully—in to an excellent lesson against expecting to love only what is worth love, etc. "By the drawing-board" refers to the Hand of love God sent us. Is she the little girl who sees how coarse her hand is, and who will amend it? "On deck," we may suppose the lady to have left her husband, and here the human wail of the loving wife against the reproaches of the poverty-maddened, unloving husband is—once realized—very beautiful, and incisive to the quick. It is not agreeable, however, to be obliged to tell the poet the hard truth that such wives no longer please—their sisters at least. Women know better now-a-days; they perorate at learned

associations on their Rights, sneer at white slaves, and call Imogens, and Desdemonas, and Amelias, and Enids, and James Lee's wives, fools.

"A tenure of breath at a man's decree,
And rapture to fall where his foot might
be,"—

the great brutal man's foot!—Never! It is not quite certain, indeed, that these strong-minded sisters are not in the right of it, that a word may not be said for James Lee himself, and that that submitting saint, his wife, may not have faults of her own. It is just possible that much of her virtue may be due to hysteria, and that the long fallow-cheeked, large moist-eyed seraph, who only looks and sighs, may be very much inferior to the round apple-cheeked, bright sparrow-eyed cherub, who, all the while nimbly piping her capborder, or whipping her egg for the tea-cake, can unfalteringly give her husband her mind, or her nail either, much to his benefit, worldly and unworldly, both.

In illustration of the obscurity derived from Browning's gratuitous indirectness, we have dwelt purposely long. Such obscurity must not be allowed to pass as a constituent of art, and Browning is unjust to himself in it, for in such a case what critic will venture exposition? That cloud may really be either a camel or a whale: shall we deserve the laugh, when sometime hereafter, as Browning tells his own story, it comes out that all the time it was only a whale was meant? Who is disgraced by a wrong answer at a game of guesses? and should any creation of an artist prove such? Here, "friend, your fugue taxes the finger," indeed; but the tax is wanton, and to express pride in it were anything but a grace. Nor, in this instance, is it to be suggested, "learning it once, who would lose it?" For this of James Lee is about as hard a thing, as hard an easy thing as is to be found anywhere in Browning, and takes time enough; but how much of it will remain with us?—anything but the descriptive touches?—with perhaps a mere incorrect vague echo from the plaint?

As already intimated, we are not restricted to this poem of "James Lee" for examples of indirectness, whether in whole or in detail. Precisely the same features may be pointed out in all these miscellaneous poems, not less in the most successful, perhaps, than in the least. We have only to refer to "Cristina," "By the Fireside," etc., as instances in point. Nay, in what we have pronounced the best of all these minor pieces, the "Dis Aliter Visum," the reader will be at no difficulty for obscurities that depend on indirectness. "The Lost Mistress" is a

short poem of only five verses, yet the same macula pervades it. Of all the speeches ever made by a lover to the mistress that rejects him, this surely is one of the strangest. He gets immediately into a dream on rejection, and asks her out of it if truth sounds bitter, tells her to hark the sparrows, maunders about having noticed to-day that the leaf-buds on the vine are woolly, and she knows the red turns grey. Nor can an echo of tenderness at last be allowed to redeem, in such random subjective irrelevancies, what it is useless to attempt to realize. Then is "My Star" any better? Has anybody come to see that strange luminary that stops like a bird and furls like a flower; or to fathom the red and blue it dartles? This too, then, is but a semi-articulate allegory, that converts simplicity and ease into complexity and pain—meaninglessness.

Another little thing that adorns by an exquisitely descriptive nicety or two the meeting and parting of a pair of lovers, is difficult to some for long, in consequence of the ambiguity of the word "him." The path of gold, which is for the sun, appears at first to be for the lover and his boat. Such exquisite niceties, and so destroyed, we find in "A Serenade at the Villa" also. Here whatever is direct is excellent, whereas whatever is marked by the inverted commas of indirectness is as difficult to intelligence as a fog to the sight. "One Way of Love," "Another Way of Love," "Women and Roses:" these are trifles, yet their obscurity, or even (in the two last) their absolute unintelligibility, is something exceedingly remarkable. With such poems as "Before and After," and "Respectability," we are not very differently situated. The drift of the first of these—the state of the case as it shows before a duel, and after the same—is plain; but then it is so difficult to get the details to coalesce, that it constitutes an excellent example of Browning's obscurity proper, an obscurity that has no business whatever to be where it is, an obscurity that but a very few touches of the pencil would completely remove. As for "Respectability," it must be pronounced absolutely unyielding; we should be inclined to think it a bit of irony at the world of gigs, and *apropos* of Guizot receiving Montalembert at the Institute; but then the lovers who are above convention, who watch the Seine, etc.? *Devinez, devinez!* Using our *mouchoirs de poche*, we respectfully "give it up."^{*}

We come now to the aim at novelty as

* A friend *devines* that the Guizot-Montalembert allusion is to the worthlessness of convention: *qu'y est?* Or are Guizot and Montalembert the lovers?

illustrated by the measure of Browning. Leaving for notice further on the two or three poems that begin the first volume of the *Works*, we stop at "Through the Metidja to Abd-El-Kadr" as at once a very remarkable example of peculiarity in this kind, and such as has certainly been attempted by no man but Robert Browning. This piece consists of forty lines, and not only does every line end in the rhyme *ide*, but in every stanza of eight lines, there occur two lines which repeat this same rhyme in their own midst. Nay, in every stanza of eight lines, the refrain "as I ride, as I ride," occurs thrice! The result is, then, that throughout the whole poem, there reigns the most extraordinary monotony both to eye and ear. This monotony, no doubt, is intended to represent the wearying and dizzying sameness of the desert and its glare; but this effect is not accomplished without, surely, a very decided sacrifice of sense. And how could it be otherwise? What variety of meaning can there be within the constriction of that perpetual ride and gride? Nay, one is tempted to ask, Can any meaning abide in that perpetual tide, in those inversions and mere calentures of speech, into which all is wryed for the single necessity that is everywhere desiered? However clever, then, the persistent rhyme may be, must not the piece itself be pronounced a failure? A certain other little trial of novelty we find in "Meeting at Night," where of six lines the two nearest, the two most distant, and the two intermediate, rhyme respectively together. In this case, perhaps, it may be worth while simply remarking that the rhymes of the first and last (the two most distant) lines, at least, are quite lost. In "Love among the Ruins," we have a very remarkable example of the search for the originality in question. The first stanza of this poem runs thus:—

"Where the quiet-coloured end of evening
 smiles
 Miles and miles
 On the solitary pastures where our sheep
 Half-asleep
 Tinkle homeward through the twilight, stray
 or stop
 As they crop."

This versification shows at once as unusual, and unusual to a purpose. It would be difficult to find anywhere a more successful verse—successful in that physical sound which gives realizing breadth to the airiness of thought. How clearly in the light of the very measure these solitary pastures lie before the eye, miles upon miles, in the quiet-coloured end of evening, with the sheep half-

asleep, that stray or stop as they crop! Surely a more perfect landscape was never more perfectly conveyed by words—words ordered into the very lengths and turns that give focus to the whole! The single phrase, "the quiet-coloured end of evening"—what a breadth of suggestion there is in it, in such a context! But here, we are led to say further, Browning startles us with a key-note that, perfectly true to itself in the first verse—true in the agreement of sound to sense, that is—presently gets lost in the others. In the poem before us we cannot call any verse successful—in the same way successful—except the first, the key-note. We are disposed to extend the same remark to other poems. In the "Toccata of Galuppi," for example, which is a very excellent production, we think the crossing alternation of the Toccata at its perfection in the first verse, the key-note, and not so well marked in the others.

The "Lover's Quarrel" may be mentioned as another instance of express novelty in verse. The stanza in which it is composed, though consisting of seven lines, has only two rhymes. There is no doubt that Browning exults in the resulting difficulty, and may point with pride to a spiritual freedom that not mocks, but uses, its mechanical trammels. In the small poem "De Gustibus," observe in it a felicity dependent on similar elements. The five last lines have but one rhyme, and it gives a mechanical effect in perfect assonance to the spiritual mood. We may instance, as relevant here also, the single rhyme in the seven lines of those magnificent "Home-Thoughts from the Sea." But we cannot follow this aspect of our subject into complete detail. Let us end by referring to the measure in "Too Late," "The Worst of It," and "Dis Aliter Visum." The first of these consists of twelve stanzas, but each stanza is in its construction double, the two last lines of the former half finding no rhymes till the two last lines of the latter half. As regards "The Worst of It,"—here, in a stanza of six lines, the first, third, and last lines rhyme together, as also the second with the fifth. The fourth line is thus left odd, but it finds a rhyme for itself in its own midst. In the "Dis Aliter Visum" there is, in this respect, greater novelty still. In its stanza of five lines, the first has to wait for a rhyme till the last, while the two lines preceding the last rhyme together, leaving the second again seemingly odd and unrhymed. In this line, very curiously, however, the last word is made to rhyme always with the last but two. This last appears to us the most successful as well as the best-marked ex-

ample of the novelty in question. The tink-a-tink at the end of the second line is, perhaps, especially effective. On the whole, however, we do not think that the results of the enterprise are sufficiently encouraging to induce its further prosecution. Occasionally the rhymes are so wide apart, that they are as good as lost. And, generally, we may assume now the mechanical part of versification to have reached such a stage that the poet who seeks originality for himself in that kind, only wastes time on what is futile, and debars a better. How many readers, indeed, are at all aware of the peculiarities signalized?

We cannot leave this matter of novelty in versification without reference to at least one signally successful example in that kind. It is "One Word More." Tennyson delighted us all lately with his exquisite "experiment" in the metre of "Catullus." Of this metre, that of "One Word More" must remind us. It is not the same, however, but quite as charming. Browning tells himself here that he writes these lines "the first time and the last time." He knows well what they are, and their relation to himself. He is a man "who works in fresco," but for the moment he has stolen "a hair-brush, curbed the liberal hand, subservient proudly, cramped his spirit, thronged its all in little, made a strange art of an art familiar, filled his lady's missal-marge with flowerets." All this he has done with rare felicity, and though, habitually, "he blows through bronze," must be admitted to breathe here equally well "through silver." This poem, too, is not more delightful in manner than in matter. Here for once Browning comes forward intentionally in person, and in such devotion before his "Moon of Poets," that the sorriest reader is for the nonce ennobled.

From measure we pass to diction, and in similar connexion with the aim at novelty.

We are accustomed on the English stage to a mode of declamation traditionally stereotyped. Whatever is to be said there must be said in the throat, with biased breath, knit brows, and mouth from ear to ear. Very curiously this English peculiarity has not escaped Hegel. When in Paris he had an opportunity of seeing, on Tuesday the 18th of September 1827, the *Othello* of Kemble; and the experience seems to have had a singular effect on him. He found the exhibition something quite peculiar, wholly national, and altogether different from what in that nature was usual in Germany. He attributes much of it to the English language; but, ever and anon, he complains, the words are so rapidly spoken, or so painfully shrieked!

"Such passion, diction, and declamation," he says, "were inconceivable by any German actor or public; described it cannot be; what specially strikes is the frequently recurrent, deeply prolonged, slowly solemn, or even lion-like growling tones and utterance—and then again the expulsion, like *Schnarren*—of the syllables." *Schnarren* is untranslatable, but it doubtless refers to those hoarse, *saccadé*, gur-gur, throat-accented sounds that are so effective with us when the projecting chin is seen the while to make energetic play against the stretched mouth. It is to be hoped that actors will arise to redeem us from these well-merited reproaches, and restore our stage to the simplicity of nature that prevails in the German and French theatres.

Now what obtains on our stage, obtains also, *mutatis mutandis*, in our poetry. There, too, we find a biased breath of conventional or traditional affectation. Our poets, like our actors, require a certain attitude, a certain convulsion, to induce inspiration—this, too, although England, as both Hegel and Lamartine remark, is emphatically, and *par excellence*, the land of poetry. This peculiarity of ours Browning would seem to know, and not less to shun. In a word, he would attain in his diction to a perfect simplicity of nature. Hence the conversational tone which we now know so well. Of the poets with whom this century began, we have heard it remarked lately, that Wordsworth is the most widely and deeply influential. This is not our belief, however. The poets whom we believe to have been, and to be still, the central fires of inspiration to this generation, are those chapleted youths, Shelley and Keats. The proofs of this are so conspicuous to our minds that we shall not state them; but we hold Browning for one to be of this opinion. We know not that he has ever anywhere named Wordsworth, but we know that alone, of all very recent poets, both Keats and Shelley are more than once mentioned by him, and with all that absolute idolatry which is felt for these young men by every reader who bears within him any appreciable portion whatever of the tuned instrument. It is probable, indeed, that no poets that ever lived have possessed as instinctively as they that power of an intellectual perception, as it were in music, emotion, and image, that constitutes the essential element of poetry. It is impossible to say, indeed, that the influence of Shelley and Keats can be seen *outwardly* in Browning. Nevertheless, to the best of our belief, it is their analytic imagery that gives impulse to his psychological triumphs as well as to his irresistible external description. That he has gone long and willingly to school to Words-

worth we doubt not; still we think that, in diction at all events, he has applied his relative lesson negatively. Wordsworth, as we know, has, so to speak, two simplicities—one of his lyrics, and the other of his blank verse. Neither, probably, has quite pleased Browning. Both have appeared to him, it may be, not truly simple enough, not truly natural enough. He has found the one too bald, perhaps too infantine; and the other too hollow, too artificially exalted, too artificially inflated. The one, in its simplification, may seem to have thinned itself to a lisp, or discharged itself of burthen almost into a blank; and, in the other, the lashing of the tail that should by gradual spires intervolve all into the due consummation of sense ecstasically rapt to the giddy brink of nonsense, may have been too glaringly manifest. In avoidance of the faults of both extremes lies, perhaps, the origin of Browning's peculiar mode of statement, whether in blank verse or rhyme. In his rhymed pieces, for example, there is an attempt at a perfectly natural flow that shall ascend into the rising inflection, rather than fall, as is so common in the lyrics of Wordsworth, into the namby-pamby clench of the falling inflection. (Not but that the namby-pamby influence of this clench is much better illustrated in Scott with His pages, knights, and ladies gay, All in their tournament array, By castles deep and dun.) This is easily realized by a reference to the majority of the smaller poems of Browning, especially in their openings. "Here's the garden she walked across, arm in my arm, such a short while since;" "Would it were I had been false, not you;" "Stop, let me have the truth of that;" "If one could have that little head of hers;" "How well I know what I mean to do;" "So far as our story approaches the end, which do you pity the most of us three?" "That was I you heard last night;" "I said—then, dearest, since 'tis so;" "Fortù, Fortù, my beloved one, sit here by my side:" these lines will probably strike the key-note of what it is desired should be felt. The poem "Mesmerism" will be found also an excellent illustration in point, and equally so "Porphyria's Lover." The latter is a peculiar little poem. On it goes colloquially from beginning to end, stepping with such never-failing promptitude and perfect assurance from rhyme to rhyme (in a certain technical complexity too), but yet apparently unaware of the presence of a single one of them. In illustration of what is characteristic of Browning, the poem is not confined to rhyme and rhythm either. Only Browning's peculiar nature, for example, can reconcile us to the ways of either lover, wheth-

er as regards propriety or as regards probability. In the close, too, which winds up the information of the lovers having sat together all night long, with the line, "And yet God has not said a word," we have one of those surprises, to which we are not unaccustomed in Browning, of an apparent irrelevance, from which every attempt at reconciliation recoils futile.

Browning's blank verse, as we shall see again, is singularly pure, and it is characterized by an analogous rejection as well of affected simplicity as of affected complexity. Still the necessity of verse is the necessity of verse, and even Browning, who will have only a natural gush, without a single air or accent as of an occasion, a single usual affectation that gives the conventional pitch, is obliged at times to capitulate. It is precisely from this source that we have the hardness of Browning. He would always say, and never sing-song, what fits the place; still in the very necessity to say—one single thing that is—he is obliged to resort at times to hard omissions and hard inversions, which almost completely darken out what they are only there to preserve. With this, however, and without any attempt at detailed proof or illustration, we shall here leave the consideration of diction. Compulsory results of rhyme and rhythm, involuntary disturbances that contort the contemplated simple Saxon of Browning, can be found in almost all his poems. To point to one example, the exigency of rhyme is certainly at its strongest in "Through the Metidja to Abd-El-Kadr," and there the reader will find to his hand sentences syntactically strained, and words in a forced or awkward use, which may serve to guide him to the like faults elsewhere.

We have probably now made good, then, our imputation to Browning of a certain aim at novelty in mode of statement, measure, and diction, with which, we think, that strangeness and hardness that shock in his writing and interfere with his popularity are largely connected. We must recollect at the same time that we have seen as yet only smaller pieces. Browning himself acknowledges Moxon's *Selection*, with which hitherto we have been almost wholly occupied, to be but a little gathering from the lightest of his poems, and avows that it "contentedly looks pale beside the wonderful flower-show of his illustrious predecessor." Perhaps as we proceed further other views may open—perhaps even in the selection that is second on our list we may find much that is different. And it is even so: there is more in the second selection than "lightest pieces;" it is to Browning himself "perhaps a fair sam-

ple of the ground's ordinary growths," and it certainly contains, what cannot be said to be wanting in the first selection either, some of his most perfect poems! Of these latter we shall proceed now to a review, but shall take our material from the three volumes of the published works, together with the collection, *Dramatis Personæ*, that followed them. The most convenient edition of the works of Browning is undoubtedly that (in six volumes) which is last on our list; but, though we have gathered from it what additions it possesses, it came too late for general use towards the present essay.

Of the great and important works to which we have now arrived, as of many of the others indeed, Browning is pleased to consider the prevailing character dramatic, and with reason, so far as the *personæ* of a drama are concerned. So far, on the other hand, as the word implies a reference to action, its application here were less warrantable; for in Browning the latter element is quite subordinate, and, beside the former, hardly to be mentioned. Browning's characteristic, in fact, were, perhaps, better named by the phrase psychological analytico-synthetic reproduction than by the word drama or dramatic.

The "Cavalier Tunes" however, on which we will say a word before passing to the so-called plays, may be very allowably named dramatic. They are emphatically what they name themselves—*Tunes, Cavalier Tunes*. The reproduction is perfect. They have a genuine music in them, a genuinely martial stamp and tramp; and they are full of the bold, wild, free, reckless, cavalier sauciness. There is a military brevity, a blunt reality, in the very words, which, too, are felicitously in place. The measure has the true historical ring in it, and is perfectly in character with the wild, brave, cup-quaffing, clan-proud, knave-scorning, fighting man who is supposed to bellow it:—

"Ha! Kentish Sir Byng stood for his King,
Bidding the crop-headed parliament swing:
So Hampden to hell, and Pym to his knell,
England, good cheer! Rupert is near!"

And then the boom of the ever-present chorus:—

"Marching along, fifty score strong,
Great-hearted gentlemen, singing this song."

The "Rouse," however, is probably the best of the tunes. Its chorus, in especial, cannot be surpassed for what in sound and movement gives body to the very soul of manly heartiness, aroused and awake and determined, bluffly determined:—

"King Charles, and who'll do him right now?
King Charles, and who's ripe for fight now?
Give a rouse: here's in Hell's despite now,
King Charles!"

That concluding King Charles comes down with a settling weight—like a very lid, at once of rhythm and resolution.

Among the "Tunes" we may fitly include that poem of similar spirit, "How they brought the good news from Ghent to Aix," as itself a tune. There is a picturesque reality throughout in it that is very genuine. The start through the gate into midnight—the great yellow star that comes out to see—the cattle in the mist black against the sun—the steeds that fail—the steed that succeeds: all here is very perfect; and it goes to the heart.

Of the plays of Browning we naturally take the "Paracelsus" first. Paracelsus, though a Swiss by birth, may be regarded as the earliest representative of that movement which is usually referred to "the Italian philosophers of the transition period." The European mind, at the end of the fifteenth century, had reached, we may say, puberty. Full of strange unhappiness, new wants, yearnings, and the sense of unknown possibilities, stimulated by the education it received, and the names it heard—Madeira, the Azores, the Cape, America, Diaz, Vasco di Gama, Columbus, Regiomontanus, Copernicus, Lully, Gunpowder, the Printing-press, Glass, Watches, Violins, the Free Cities, Cusanus, Ficinus, Agrippa—still in connexion with a supernatural element, too, through the Church, it looked forth from tumultuous dreams and unimaginable presentiments, flushed, upon a world flushed. Nature was divine, a goddess; life was one, the world was one—an organism in which each was all, and all was each. For the supernatural element, it was no longer necessary after all to wait for the *there*; the *here* was supernatural, and to the secrets of the supernatural there was entrance through the *magna opera of philosophia occulta*. So, greedy of the consummation, it rushed to know—to enjoy. Of such wild fermentation the soul of Paracelsus was the seat; clouds and sunshine, lightnings, the splendours of heaven, and the gleams of hell! The most passionate hopes, the most adventurous activities, were, but all too plainly, in the end, then—all intermediate triumphs notwithstanding,—to be quenched in desperate defeat and fiercest madness! This is the poetry of Paracelsus; but in the common histories we have his prose. There he is but a wandering and foul-tongued charlatan, and, in the latter part of his career, drunken.

Prose this, and very squalid prose. It is unjust, however, for, with all his faults, Paracelsus was emphatically both a physician and a philosopher, as a word or two will demonstrate.

The central idea of Paracelsus is, and without prejudice to the doctrine of a God, that the universe and all the contents of the universe constitute but a single life. A common element exists for him everywhere. What is Mars in heaven, is iron on earth, and in man bile. The one world divides, as it were, into three, nevertheless: an elemental, an astral, and a divine—the objects respectively of Philosophy, Astronomy, and Theology. Man, specially, is the focus of all; he is the Microcosm, and explains the Macrocosm; which, in its turn, explains him. For each is known in the other. Both are the works of God, and the works of God are either those of nature or those of Christ. The works of nature are contemplated by Philosophy, of which the instrument is the understanding, or the natural light. The works of Christ fall to be considered in Theology, of which the instrument is faith. (This distinction, in a very prominent manner adopted by Hobbes, is still common.) Philosophy and Nature are to each other as *idea* and *ideata*: the one is an invisible nature, the other a visible philosophy. (This again is an important distinction, not easily to be dispensed with by either Schelling or Hegel.) The final cause of creation is, that all that is, be understood, and all that may be, completed. (And so here, too, we see that what was proposed by Paracelsus more than three hundred years ago is the *ratio essendi* still clung to.) It is man now, that, by his knowledge and action, realizes this final cause. Man himself, therefore, is specially the end of creation. The *Fiat* that terminated God's solitude was the first act of creation, and gave birth to the *materia prima*, the seed of all things. This is the *mysterium magnum*, the *Yliastron* in which all things are as in their *limbus*. God is triune, and trinity is the law of the universe. It is thus that the *Yliastron* itself becomes resolved into *Sal*, *Sulphur*, and *Mercurius*—the archetypal spirits of what these substances are to us. All bodies consist of these. All things are concealed in all things. But by separation there are produced the various elements, and all further individuation.

The stars themselves have an elemental nature, and are but as bodies to invisible astral spirits. Of this region man, too, holds, who, deriving his body from the elements of earth, owes his spirit (principle of life) to the sidereal powers. Imagination, now, seeks nutriment for the spirit in the

thoughts of the sidereal region, as hunger seeks nutriment for the body in the elements. The spirit, as astral, is longer-lived than the body, and may appear after the death of the latter: still it dies. The soul proper, however, the seat of eternal reason, which comes from God, and holds of the divine world, is immortal. The elements decide on our temperament, the stars on our mortal destiny, but we are good or evil from the soul, which is free to choose either. Paracelsus assumes spirits even for the elemental world,—sylphs, gnomes, salamanders, and what not. These spirits, as elemental, are without the soul proper, and can only participate in it through intermarriage with man.

The soul, now, has its nourishment in Christ, and attains to blessedness only in resignation to God. Faith is to the soul what hunger is to the body, and imagination to the spirit. Faith is the result of revelation, of the reading of the Bible, and of prayer. Faith is superior to the natural light: the latter, which is Pagan, may exist without the former; but the former is not without the latter. Philosophy, then, according to Paracelsus, must regard Theology as its corner-stone; and he is perfectly sincere in his faith in Christ, and in his devotion to the Bible, which he seems to have commented at some length. He shares in the Protestant enlightenment of the time, however, and respects Wickliffe and Luther.

Paracelsus completes the three theoretical sciences by the addition of the practical art of Alchemy, which to him, be it remarked, is exemplified in baking and brewing, and concerns mutations or conversions only. The alchemist proper, in short, only purifies things, and what is purest in each is its quintessence, tincture, elixir, or arcanum. So the business of the alchemist is to possess himself of these. The quintessence of man, as sum of the whole, would be mightiest and best; hence the power of the mummy, though derived only from what is dead. It is in reference to these tinctures, etc., perhaps, that the charlatan shows, but, though warning ever against phantasticism, it belonged to the time that Paracelsus should often mistake for experience what was really phantastic.

Medicine, as the science of man, rests on the three sciences of philosophy, astronomy, and theology, and applies the art of alchemy. The true physician is the ideal of the sage, and the artist dearest to God. Medicine unites the two elements which are indispensable to science: *speculation*, which, without *experiment*, yields *phantasticism*, and *experi-*

ment, which, without speculation, yields empiricism. (And did Bacon say anything more, or better?) True experience and clear philosophy are the results of the union. The physician has to determine, from relative knowledge, what diseases are terrestrial, sidereal, or from God; and the theory of the cure depends on that of the cause. The physician, then, entertains not the delusion that it is he who cures, but only nature; his business being only to support, and remove what might oppose nature. Paracelsus really saw the importance of watching nature, urged its necessity, and, actually learned from his watching much that now benefits us. In medicine to this day, the spirit he carried in the terrible pommel of his sword, his Azoth (laudanum), to say nothing of Mercurius, etc., is far and away the most powerful agent the physician knows. In medicine Paracelsus began a new era, as well by opposing Galen, Avicenna, and the humoral pathology, and by restoring the authority of Hippocrates, as by substituting rational simples for the barbarous and unmeaning combinations of the absurd and far-fetched ingredients of the ancients. His numerous followers attest this. In Philosophy, again, he also marked an epoch by opposing Aristotle, and initiating those notions which the Italian philosophers developed.

This, the Paracelsus of philosophical history, is not precisely the Paracelsus of the young Browning. And yet it is almost true that the poet, as he says himself, has taken "only very trifling liberties with his subject, and that his dramatic scenes might be slipped between the leaves of any memoir of Paracelsus by way of commentary." Nevertheless, truth here depends rather on the scantiness of the memoirs than on the historical state of the case; for Browning only uses Paracelsus as a vehicle for his own dreams of genius, but accounting to himself, at the same time, for Paracelsus's failure in life with considerable psychological probability. The poem, written by a youth of twenty-three, is on the whole an eloquent and powerful performance, but it is void of matter to a tenuity that may not be breathed, monotonous and wearisome to irresistible blankness. The writing is everywhere unexceptionable, and the verse animated often, or even picturesque; but both are rhetorical, perhaps, or oratorical, rather than poetical.

The story is an exceedingly simple one. Paracelsus, a youth of genius, would leave his friends—Festus and Michal, the wife of Festus, the former the wise, admonishing, believing friend, the latter a being

pure, or colourless (or null) as the angels that are in heaven—to fulfil the mission to which he knows God calls him; and that is to find the secret of the universe, by travelling into far lands. The first of the five parts of the poem is taken up with saying no more than that, but with a wonderful prolixity of abundance. The second part finds Paracelsus accounting to himself for now nine years' labour. He is astounded and bitter at the insignificance of his gains; and the ravings of Aprile, a moon-struck poet, convince him of his blunder in seeking knowledge only, and not love also. In the third part, then, we find Paracelsus, without longer waiting for the full fruition of his young hopes, attempting to realize the lesson by instructing his fellows (as Professor at Basil) in the store of truths which he has acquired. To the old bitterness, however, he seems only to have added the new bitterness of the results of his experience of men in teaching—an experience which has led him to a certain amount of charlatanism, to a certain admixture of falsehood with the truth he reveals. In the fourth part, detected and humiliated, Paracelsus resolves to pursue the same search for truth, and the same contempt for men, but also to enjoy, though inclined to look on death as the only goal. In the fifth part, the scene falls on the result of the whole—Paracelsus dying miserably in an hospital at Salzburg; and under the rainbow before the tomb we have his ultimate word of wisdom, the lesson of his life. The abundance we have noticed is the single element throughout; an element, as said, in which we gasp for breath, for something that is more than an endless flood of formal words with very scanty filling. Striking and original imagery does not fail certainly, but still the tendency is to extend or exhaust what is auxiliary merely, and so overbear the principal interest. In the leave-taking scene, one of those halcyon moments in which the spirit is deep, excellent passages occur, which we would willingly quote if space allowed. We must content ourselves, regretfully, with an allusion or two. Thus we see the poet's eye on nature in such an expression as this, "That plant shall never wave its tangles lightly and softly, as a queen's languid and imperial arm, which scatters crowns among her lovers." Here, too, there is the same desire, not to speak conventionally, but to see the fact and find the words that name it, "That last look destroys my dream, that look—

As if where'er you gazed, there stood a star!
How far was Würzburg with its church and
spire

And garden walls and all things they contain
From that look's *far alighting*?"

His dissuasion of Paracelsus Festus happily calls, "A solitary brier the bank puts forth to save our swan's nest floating out to sea." There is much that is excellent in the warning of Festus; "See that it is really a mission thou hast, and not merely the deceptive yearning for one." The irony of Paracelsus, then "the sovereign proof that we devote ourselves to God, is seen in living just as though no God there were," comes happily home to much that Festus says. Emulation, followed by fits of blank idleness, with bursts of scorn, and—to the one friend—with overflowing confidences, that pour out all the wondrous plans and dreams and hopes and fears; this well describes the youth of genius. It is not historically correct, we may remark, to represent Paracelsus as despising *Great Works*, the secret and sublime, etc.; and probably no man of the time would have been better pleased than he to possess "a sullen friend to do his bidding," etc.

Near the beginning of Part II. there is rather a fine commentary on the adage, "Time fleets, Youth fades, Life is an empty dream," to which we can only refer. In this part, Aprile, the moon-struck poet, is but a weak conception. Are we to see the process of winning a soul to love in that extravagant interchange of empty speeches? Aprile exclaims to Paracelsus, "Ha, ha! Our king that wouldst be!" And Paracelsus returns, "Ha, ha! Why crouchest not?" Then we have "Ah, fiend," and "Poor slave." Aprile loves so intensely, that he is unable to work, and becomes mad. Nevertheless, he would do such grand things—as sculptor, as painter, oh, such marvels—and as poet run through the whole gamut, in high life, in low life—oh, he would, and he would! How, from anything that has been said or done by either, they should end this part in such ecstasies as—"Para. God, he will die upon my breast! Aprile! Apr. To speak but once, and die! yet by his side: Hush! hush!"—is utterly unintelligible. It is utterly unintelligible, indeed, how to the end Aprile should be represented as having worked such wonders upon Paracelsus, and that to the end Paracelsus should rave about him. In all this we must be pardoned for holding the feebleness of conception and execution to be remarkable.

In the following part, there are sometimes passages, melodramatic, and reminding of what we have already spoken of as *stagey*, as when he cures a prince "all through pure whim." "He had eased the earth

for me," he says, "but that the droll despair which seized the vermin of his household tickled me!" "Here drivelled the physician," he continues, "there quaked the astrologer; here a monk fumbled with a sudary of the Virgin, while another piebald knave"—"I cursed the doctor and upset the brother, brushed past the conjurer, vowed that a cross-grained devil in my sword"—"and ere an hour—"!! Yet, weak as all this is, we are not sure but that the reader is well pleased with it; for, so, he is occupied for a moment with what in those long sands of speech has at least the appearance of an object. To represent Paracelsus as scoffing at a sudary of the Virgin is again scarcely historically correct; for he was noted for his devout Mariolatry. It is probably, too, equally incorrect in the same reference that "Paracelsus should express doubts of God, or of God's goodness." Expressions in that tenor, such as we find on pages 74, 77, and 130, are perhaps not in place in the mouth of Paracelsus, who believed absolutely in God and Christ, and worshipped Mary.

It will not be necessary to follow the poem in detail to the end. The various speeches still continue to be spun out to a length to which no patience is equal. The dying speech of Paracelsus, for example, whatever there be to praise in it, is surely all too long-winded for a man that dies with the closing words of it. As hinted, however, what is said is always, on close inspection, so excellent, that it is only with remorse we do not find ourselves warmer lovers. Indeed, were it our cue to refer to remarkable passages, that were easy throughout. We may mention now, in Part III., the description of his audience by Paracelsus, a description that says something, and with success. Here, too, there is a striking allusion to Luther. As quiet a revelation of earliest morning as can well be found anywhere occurs also at page 92, and is followed, on the succeeding page, by a description, almost equally good, of later morning. In the two remaining parts, there are also many spirited passages, as Paracelsus's account in Part IV. of how his audience fell from him. In short, we come to the end of the poem with a sense of having passed through excellence, though excellence that wearied, for there was all too much of it. Water, we know, is a very good thing, nay, the "best;" but we may well drink our fill of it without draining the pitchers of Aquarius. "Paracelsus" will always be remarkable, nevertheless, for its exuberance of young wealth, especially as the work of a youth of twenty-three. It is an immense advance on the "Pauline" of

two years earlier, from the impotent raving of which one wonders Browning was ever saved into anything articulate at all. Though his Paracelsus, too, comes never up to an artistic representation of the historical Paracelsus,—"good draughtmanship and right handling being far beyond the artist at that time,"—we must concede to Browning, even then, no small amount of psychological power in depicting the temperament of genius in its dreams and in its possible failure to realize them. On the whole, we may conclude here by saying of Browning's "Paracelsus" what Lord Macaulay said of Southey's "Thalaba":—"We doubt greatly if it will be read fifty years hence, but we are quite sure that, if read, it will be admired."

"Strafford" followed "Paracelsus" in two years, and is not a success. Sometimes, especially in the opening, there is certainly the appearance of an animation, an interruption, a cross-fire, and a bustle that gives a striking air of reality to the scene; but it is not to be trusted: the art by which it has been produced will be found external merely, and there is little to the purpose said; it is, on the whole, a kind of make-believe. The piece generally is tame, and without action; and the characters, historically, are not to be depended on.

Four years later than Strafford came "Pippa Passes." This is a dramatic poem, and not a play for the stage. With much that is to be admired, as is only to be expected at the hands of Browning, neither is it a success. The novelty of the plot is not accepted by the reader as the zest it was intended for, and is judged, rather, a clutch at originality somewhat desperate. The manner in which Pippa, the mill-girl, bursts, in her very first words, into such a "Holla! ye pampered jades of Asia," as that "boiling of day over night's brim," gives a false key-note that controls the whole from the beginning. Not that excellent things are not said, but too much is said, and then that is not said that were felt to be pat to the situation. The actions, again, in which the poor girl unconsciously takes part by her songs, are not pleasant ones. One cannot bring one's self to be satisfied with the tale of that "superb, great haughty Ottima," murdering anybody, young or old, for that puling Sebald with his *cherman* lip—no, nor with that of the sculptor and his equivocal bride—nor yet with either of the two dull dim things that follow. As said, we are dissatisfied with the key-note; we find the first words sadly tumid, and forced, and out of place in the mouth of the mill-girl. We may be faintly amused by her surprising

the sunbeam in her basin with the water from her ewer, but we cannot set ourselves at ease with the martagon, or the St. Agnes' nipple, or the flesh bunch on the Turk bird's poll—or, indeed, much more. There is a good deal of yellow passion in the first part, but the yellow is the yellow of paint, and non-natural. Sebald's description of Ottima's house before he knew her, and hers of the lightning that searched for them, guilty, in the wood, are both passages of remarkable power. What interest there is in Pippa Passes seems to end with the first part. The last two parts are, as said, dull and dim, and we cannot get to like the second. Pippa's songs are often very gracious, and do much to redeem the general dreariness; but is it reasonable to expect us to accept that modest, mercenary, vulgar, virginal model of fourteen years of age, Phene, or that stupid statuary Jules, or these stupider, unmeaningly-malicious, students, or that stupidest "Schramm with his pipe"? Then Bluphocks—of hideous names the most hideous, especially for an Englishman—what are we to make of him? In short, we find Pippa Passes to abound in what is forced, and strained, and hectic: how in these mincing, interminable speeches of Jules, for example, we long for a curse, a threat, a good oath or two—anything that had a touch of kind in it!

The "Return of the Druses" is sufficiently interesting. There is love in it—there is imagery—there are sentiments: but one forgets it—Djabal, Khalil, Anael, Raghib, Ayooob, and all the rest of them—so soon! Nor does the "Blot in the 'Scutcheon" remain longer with us. There is stuff, however, in "King Victor and King Charles," and in "Colombe's Birthday." In the former, which is well and manly written, and with an assonance to reality everywhere, the gentle nobleness, the sweet, weak heroism of Charles, are really striking, and go far to form a new, original, and effective character. "Colombe's Birthday," again, is a pleasing love-poem.

We have seen no play as yet, however (leaving "Paracelsus" as first-fruits of the young poet in a category by itself), that comes up to the dramatic pieces of the author of "Philip Van Artevelde." There is in the writings of Henry Taylor a moderation, a natural calm, a touching grace, and (in "Artevelde") in the midst of an unsurpassed historical panorama, to which nothing we have yet seen of Browning's can be at all held to approach. Taylor is eminently poetical, by no means inferior, so far, to Browning in that respect, while surely he is infinitely more satisfactory in dramatic move-

ment, in dramatic abundance, so to speak, in dramatic directness, dramatic *craieemblance*. The evolution of character in the plays of Taylor, too, is superior to that in any of Browning's plays that have yet been considered. Specially as regards "Colombe's Birthday," we may say that, while, as Elizabethan in tone and otherwise, it irresistibly recalls to mind the dramatic vein of Barry Cornwall, it cannot be held to reach that vein. There are in the "dramatic scenes" of that exquisite poet a tenderness and a reality that much excel what is to be found in that kind in the "Colombe" of Browning.

We now approach Browning's specific work, that which will determine his fame and place in the future. And in this reference we have first to consider the remaining contents of the volume before us—"Luria," namely, "A Soul's Tragedy," and "In a Balcony." With these we are at once in a higher region; for all three of them are peers to Browning's greatest works. The abstract foundation of "Luria" is the distinction between the universal and the individual, with the necessary subordination of the latter. This theme, however, is beyond the writer's own consciousness, who, siding with the weaker cause, involuntarily testifies to his own error by the death he is obliged himself to execute on it. In this drama, that is, the lesson intended by Browning, is, unless we err, the value of the individual—the subordination of all interests, social and political, to the production of a single heroic man. "Paracelsus" already expressed this doctrine in the splendid lines at page 87, "Tis in the advance of individual minds that the slow crowd should ground their expectation eventually to follow," etc.; and here in "Luria" we have it still more broadly put, as in the passage at page 425, "A people is but the attempt of many to rise to the completer life of one," etc. The question thus is not of the State, not of policies, not of "battle's loss or gain," but—"where find heroes for our sons to see?" Yet the very person in the play to whom it is given to enforce this lesson, has to be appalled, almost even as he speaks, by the hero's death. The actual lesson, then, is perhaps the very opposite of the one designed—for the piece is a tragedy, and if the heroic individual really rise into a mighty moral triumph, it is here only *beside* the universal; and against the universal, he is actually shivered by the very suspicion of an intended touch to it. The individual, should the universal have at all to come in regard, must seal his very victory by defeat. We have here problems, however, on which we cannot linger.

But, so to speak, more concretely viewed, we may say that the single subject of the piece is Luria: it is his character, his greatness, his magnanimity, that is alone to be realized. All the other persons in the drama are there only to magnify his greater by their less. They are so many arrows that from his coat of proof fall; so many stones from catapults to move him that can move him not; so many tempters and tormentors, that, foiled, crowd round him at the last, to kneel, but, even in the moment, suddenly rise up in horror, over his corpse in their midst—his corpse, which they are there to glorify and drape.

Luria is the Moor of Florence even as Othello is the Moor of Venice, and grandeur is the supporting soul of both. But for Othello, then, there had been no Luria? That is probably so, and Shakespeare and Shakespeare's Othello have their own Valhalla. Still the creation of Browning has a substantiality of its own, and Luria is a mighty figure. For him there is no Desdemona; his is an abstract mistress—that mistress is Florence. He is "nearer Florence than her sons"—Florence is his "visible Head." This Luria, this great passionate soul of the "expansive and explosive" Eastern race, has seen, and been seized with admiration of what he saw, the peculiar power of those "absorbing, concentrating" Northern men, who can give "Thought's character, and permanence (for Northern thought is slow and durable) to the too transitory feeling of the East, which, quick and transient, comes, and lo, is gone!" The heart and centre of this Northern thought, the home and birthplace of these calm men who have so taken his imagination, seems to him Florence, the beautiful Florence. To Florence, then, it is, as to an ideal mistress, that he devotes himself, with a heart brimful of loyalty and love; and it is so we find him when the rising of the curtain presents him to us, the master of war, the irresistible leader, whose Florentines are even now so posted that the Pisans confronting them are in his hands. But it is just then, at the pinnacle of power, that reverse comes. Florence, in the person of her statesman Braccio, distrusts her successful general. And so it is that Luria, in such a moment and in such a place, is surrounded by agencies that compel him, natured as he is, to leave his dead body as the splendid testimony to the grand loyalty of his crushed, indignant soul.

The foil to Luria is Braccio. If Luria represents the cause of the heroic individual, it is for the universal that Braccio stands. To him, "where is the matter of one moth the more singed in the candle at a summer's

end?" "Florence is no simple John or James," he says: "Florence exists because these pass away; she is a contrivance to supply a type of man, which men's deficiencies refuse." His concern is, not where find Lurias, but where find Florences,—for our sons to see. True to this concern, then, and warned by the past, which has ever seen success prove too much, "even for the best and bravest of ourselves," who "still have fallen away before ambition," and invaded the liberties of the State, Braccio quite approves that Florence should henceforth allow only the foreigner to lead her troops, "reach height by height the glory, then descend into the shame." This shame he has prepared for Luria, who has reached that glory. From reluctant testimony, he has made out the *appearance* of a case against him, which, however, is only "for the doting fools at home" (why in play-books are they "always doting fools at home"?); he for his part wills only the catastrophe, deserved or undeserved. Such are the motives of the action, and such the position of the drama when the first scene opens.

A word on the subordinate characters will now go far to complete the picture as we have space to exhibit it. Husain is here, with the familiar influence of a comrade and a countryman of Luria, to fan the idea of revenge upon these ungrateful foreigners, that is at once to hand. Jacopo, the secretary of Braccio, gives some picturesque glimpses of Luria, and supports the action of the piece by his instinctive faith in, and involuntary reluctance to proceed against, the greatness of Luria, as well as by his contribution to the general penitence in the end. Tiburzio is the Pisan general, "a very noble presence—Braccio's visage upon Puccio's body—calm and fixed and good," a character of the antique type, whose noble sense of nobleness it is—"he being the chivalric soul we know"—that is a principal motive in the piece, whether in trial or justification of Luria. Domizia is the only lady, and she, "remembering her whole house's fall," through fall of two previous successful generals that belonged to it, is there, as Braccio secretly both knows and wills, to make Luria the instrument of her revenge, in inducing him, when his disgrace shall come, to lead his army against Florence. Domizia is a female name, and we are told also that she is "a noble Florentine lady:" such clues are certainly required towards specification of her sex; for, so far as her speeches are concerned, she might quite as well have been a man. Domizia's part is the weakest in the drama. It is no compliment to the understanding of Luria that he

could be blind—if he was blind—to that her function, which could scarcely lie hid from anybody else; or indeed at all tolerate her mouthings. Puccio is the blunt, bluff, brave, and honest soldier, who, superseded by Luria, cannot but cark and carp. These carpings constitute the *case* against Luria. Poor Puccio is ill at ease in his rôle of tale-bearer, nevertheless, and generally ends his information with qualifications that neutralize or reverse it. His part in the general atonement at the end is spirited and characteristic. The action of the play, then, we may say again, is the goading of Luria, on the part of these people, into a noble indignation and despair, draped by their own grief and futile penitence.

Braccio's and Luria's are the only characters of importance, then—Luria's being incommensurably the best. Braccio is thoroughly the statesman, the man of intellect, who despises the "fighting-people," regarding war but as a low necessity, and fearing the inferior masters it often imposes on a State. "Brute force shall not rule Florence," that is his resolve. To his educated eye, what a State is, is evident; it is "Florence takes up, turns all one way the soul" of every citizen that is born to her; before her universal, then, every opposing individual must perish. He is not without his own misgivings, for the nobleness of Luria—of whom Jacopo tells him, "That man believes in Florence, as the saint tied to the wheel believes in God"—*will* break in on him; but still on the broad human nature of the Moor he goes, and all unswervingly advances to his policy. "Man seeks his own good at the whole world's cost:" never doubt but that it is so with this Moor, this mercenary, this Luria—an alien, and "our inevitable foe!"

Such as Braccio is, then, the politician, cold, concentrated, unbelieving, but brave, unflinching, self-possessed, and as absolutely a man of honour as the Moor himself, he acts as an excellent foil to Luria—the Numidian lion, terrible in the lightnings of his rage, but grand—scarcely scornful, grieved—in his magnanimity. How we see him, this Numidian lion, when Jacopo would describe the careless greatness of the unsuspecting hero that comes and goes, and speaks and orders, but also rests sometimes!—

"I see him stand and eat, sleep stretched an hour
On the lynx-skins, yonder; hold his bared
black arms
Into the sun from the tent-opening; laugh
When his horse drops the forage from his
teeth,
And neighs to hear him hum his Moorish
songs."

Another glimpse of this great soul we get when he draws with charcoal on his tent-wall—the while the watch makes its report at midnight—a Moorish front, as if completing the unfinished Duomo,—and yet again a glimpse, as in midst of the council he is “busily repairing the half-effacement of his Duomo sketch!” All through the first two acts, the character of Luria is particularly striking. He is elastic, vigorous, hopeful; and the general movement has the ring in it of reality and life. The writer is himself buoyant in fact, for he is still fresh from his start, and the work is buoyant—Luria is buoyant. This buoyancy we see in his very first entrance, as, catching his own name on the lips of Braccio, he exclaims, “And Luria, Luria, what of Luria now?” Then, how like a soldier he cries out, “These Lucchese are not arrived—they never will arrive. And I must fight to-day, arrived or not.” Yet the hour of battle comes to him too fast—he would delay the final blow, because “peace follows it,” “the calm studious heads come out again—the penetrating eyes,” with all the humming bustle of the arts and industries of life,—“but Luria,—where will then be Luria’s place?” “Then I may walk and watch you in your streets,” he says,—

“Leading the life my rough life helps no more,
So different, so new, so beautiful—
For very lone and silent seems my East
In its drear vastness: still it spreads and still
No Braccios, no Tiburzios anywhere!”

Yet, on Domizia’s exclamation, “He should have been one of us,” he cries, “Oh, no!”

Not one of you, and so escape the thrill
Of coming into you, of changing thus,—
Feeling a soul grow on me that restricts
The boundless unrest of the savage heart!
The sea heaves up, hangs loaded o’er the land,
Breaks there and buries its tumultuous strength;
Horror, and silence, and a pause awhile:
Lo, inland glides the gulf-stream miles away,
In rapture of assent, subdued and still,
’Neath those strange banks, those unimagined
skies!”

Such sad tones are but for a moment, nevertheless—all the springy lightness of the warrior is resumed in an instant at the trumpet’s sound—“My Lucchese at last!” The interview of Luria and Tiburzio is a noble scene:—“You?” Luria exclaims; “’tis—yes . . . Tiburzio!

You were the last to keep the ford if the valley

From Puccio, when I threw in succours there!
Why, I was on the heights—through the defile
Ten minutes after—saw with my own eyes,
While I drove down my battle from the
heights!”

Tiburzio has intercepted Braccio’s letter, bidding the Signory to end the trial, and pass Luria’s sentence, and would win Luria to the Pisans by this revelation of the treachery of the Florentines. Luria will neither be tempted nor enraged out of his allegiance, however; he will not break seal and read—

“And act on what I read? What act were fit?

If the firm fixed foundation of my faith
In Florence, which to me stands for mankind,
—If that breaks up, and, disimprisoning
From the abyss . . . Ah, friend, it cannot be!”

Still he would see these people, test them once; but, left alone, his heart melts, and he expresses the resolution to abide by Florence in that grand monologue at pages 383–384. He does try them, to a certain extent, notwithstanding, and very nobly; but, in the end, on sound of Tiburzio’s trumpet—“The answer! Thus:—[tearing the paper]—The battle! That solves every doubt!”

We cannot follow this fine drama throughout, and regret the loss to our statement by the insufficient quotation. We may remark that the latter acts are by very nature heavy, and the writing itself, perhaps somewhat too tedious and long drawn out, but many successful passages occur, and the character of Luria goes on growing to the end, when, with death in his veins, he receives, in the sad grand silent triumph of a great nature, the mingled penitence and homage of all—Puccio, Jacopo, Domizia, Tiburzio, Braccio himself—who had wronged him by the small humanity they put upon him. Braccio’s character grows, too, and, whether in conception or execution, is no unworthy work. Still Luria—it is Luria that is the life of the drama. It is his heart that beats everywhere in it, and his great limbs stretch themselves throughout the whole of it, making it, so, indeed a whole. How one bows deep over the misjudged hero! How one gets to love the man!—exulting in the soldier’s voice, the soldier’s step of him! Ah! “Where’s a heart that’s not with Luria in the multitude?” “From rear to van, no heart but felt the quiet patient hero!”

“Our troops will catch up Luria, close him round,
Partake his fortunes, live or die with him.”

Oh, the noble, kindly graciousness, the cordial brother’s bearing of this Moor, that is surely nothing less than brother to that other elder Moor, the Moor of Venice! That is it; it is a true brother to Othello Browning gives us, nor shall the precedence of the one abate the other! Since Shakespeare, in good truth, there is no more Shake-

spearian character in English literature than Browning's Luria.

So far as the portrayal of character is concerned—dependent on keenest insight into the inner springs of humanity—"A Soul's Tragedy" we are almost inclined to name Browning's dramatic masterpiece. It is, in a certain way, slight, perhaps; but then its success is perfect. For poetry Luria is, of course, even infinitely superior; but we know not where a nicer, truer dissection of the human heart is to be found than is accomplished in the Chiappino of Browning. The author Browning, one might almost say, has a secret scorn for his own self: again and again—in Paracelsus, Sordello, Chiappino—we have portraits under his hand, pictures of the weakness of what we may call the representative character. The man of strong emotion and strong words, that naturally delivers himself by tongue or pen or pencil, is not necessarily a man of strong will or of strong deeds. Such men, notwithstanding the fascination of their leopard's skin and leopard's grace, are not always heroes. Now this is the theme of "A Soul's Tragedy," which quite succeeds in exhibiting to us, and in every characteristic turn, a dastard, an arrant coward of the representative order. The sole purpose of the piece, indeed, is the unmasking and disclosure of the facile, word-big, slight Chiappino; and the subordinate characters, as but accessory to this, call for but little comment special to themselves. What one wonders at a little, perhaps, is how Ogniben should, without apparent opportunity, have contrived to get all his knowledge of the true state of the case. Eulalia, too, and even Luitolfo—though in him steadfast common-sense, that does the pertinent act and withholds the useless, is well put—seem to us, at first, too conscious of being but lay figures, of playing but accessory parts. Eulalia, we think, hardly lives herself into the realities of her place, or Luitolfo either.

The figure of Chiappino is delicious, perfect, cut to the nail. The little piece opens on him and Eulalia waiting the return of Luitolfo (the affianced lover of the latter, and closest friend of the former), who is now with the Provost of the town, begging recall of his sentence of banishment against Chiappino. Chiappino, then, is the man who sees further, knows better, feels more truly, and speaks more boldly than his fellows. An independent republican, he! alone right, alone virtuous, he is, of course, also the most misused of mankind, who, of course, too, are all slaves and cowards. Eulalia speaking her anxiety in consequence of Luitolfo's protracted stay, Chiappino

ceases to ruminate his wrongs, and gives them air. He only laughs to think that her speaking had robbed him—whom nothing in the world was left save a little pride in such destitution—of a blessing he knew only by its loss—silence, silence to ruminate his wrongs! No one loves him—he has no right now even to his own flesh and blood. All tell lies—he too has caught the lying trick from the liars he has lived with. But he would speak truth, God's truth. He would have his tongue, his features, at once show the soul, and God alone approve. "My God, were 't not for Thee!" He thanks God, he ever said, "You sin," when a man did sin, or glared it at him, or pointed him out to God therefor. He won't submit to the new Provost; he will resent for mankind each shrug, and smirk, each beck and bend, each . . . "O all you do and are I hate!" His gratitude just equals their service. He loved Eulalia, too; but Luitolfo's slight, free, loose, and incapacious soul could say all,—he, the great soul, nothing. Luitolfo must load him with benefits—that was the fiercest stroke. Luitolfo never saw them as such, but ought so to have seen them; that would have been straightforward; then he—but now his tongue was tied. Still it must be him Eulalia loves. He cannot believe she loves Luitolfo; it must be but a bond of habit. True; Luitolfo paid his fines, spoke a good word for him, held him up in evil fortune—it had not looked so well to let him drop. He, in the same circumstances, be as they! He, to his friend, his country, and his love, be as Luitolfo and these Faentines! He'll not curse . . . God bears with them—well may he; he simply says . . . God curse this townful of born slaves, bred slaves, branded into the blood and bone, slaves, etc. etc. The piece is short and simple, but we cannot follow it throughout. Chiappino's manly squeeze of the wrist till there is a cry of pain we may mention as another delicate little stroke. Then his call to his friend, "Lock arms—that's right." Again, under suspense while waiting for the crowd to come and take him disguised as Luitolfo, so characteristically he says, "How the people tarry! I can't be silent . . . I must speak or sing—how natural to sing now!" The poor fellow, quaking in expectation, feels that he must speak or sing! From that time on, too, the sort of fevered exaltation, hectic loftiness, that comes upon him, is true to the life. In truth to life everywhere indeed, in perfect seizure of the salient points, and of the words that yield them, this little piece is not excelled by anything else in Browning. The character lives. The machinery acts so per-

fectly too; all is to time and place so prompt! Nay, all is so light and easy, and latently good-humoured, that suddenly at last it all appears a mere play on the part of his friends to expose and correct Chiappino—a mere good-natured mystification to bring the simpleton out—for, after all, is he not a simpleton, this Chiappino? The ready omniscience of Ogniben, the composure of Eulalia, the out-of-place stupidity of Luitolfo—all we took offence at, seems now a merit, and has meaning. In some of Luitolfo's speeches, it seems as if the secret could not contain itself—an involuntary rhodomontade breaks out, as when he cries: "Ah, they come! Fly you; save yourselves, you two! The dead back-weight of the beheading axe! the glowing trip-hook, thumb-screws, and the gadge!" And is it not mere chaff, if we may use the word, when he says, "Nay, Chiappino, we are friends still: I dare say there is some proof of your superior nature in this starting aside, strange as it seemed at first; so my horse," etc.? Nay, surely Eulalia herself chaffs Chiappino, when she talks of his "ready parts and pregnant wit," and cries, "See how your words come from you in a crowd!" When Chiappino, in the greatness of his new office, elects not to marry Eulalia after all, and asks, "What do I lose?" Eulalia's rejoinder, "Nay, I only think what do I lose?" is a glib indifference that also betrays the secret make-believe of the whole business. Why, even Chiappino has an air of playing here, thus to give up in mock-heroics his love for Eulalia—a mere sexual instinct—for the wider intellectual love of all the mighty dead, and illustrious living! Nay, on the part of the crowd itself, there is a slight tone of exaggeration, as of a conscious play: they call Chiappino "our thrice-noble saviour, who rose in solitary majesty and—how does one go on saying?—dealt the godlike blow;" then positively they chaff the disguised Luitolfo openly, as about his uncle and the rest of his cautious stock. And so, with a hearty laugh, all are bowed out at last, as in a merry little play with one's friends at home. Chiappino himself, slinking off "round the north-west gate," has only stolen into the closet to change his dress. Luitolfo and Eulalia both wait to shake hands or go home arm-in-arm with him. On the part of Ogniben, we may add, there is some excellent fooling, and no little wisdom—things political, moral, human, and others well worth study. Will it not be thought wickedness on our part, for example, if we commend the following little *morceau philosophique* to Mr. Mill:—"I help men to carry out their own principles; if they please to say two and

two make five, I assent, so they will but go on and say, four and four make ten"? Browning, in this little piece, which is quite masterly, is certainly at his easiest, his lightest, and, it may be, his deepest.

"In a Balcony" is remarkable, in regard to love, not for what were properly named passion, perhaps, but for a peculiarly intense purity of feeling. We have here in play three natures of unusual sincerity and power; and the almost superhuman exaltation of the result is hardly to be wondered at. So it is that at the very end, when Norbert says, "We are past harm now," and Constance, clasped to Norbert, replies, "On the bosom of God," we do not take offence as at a phrase exaggerated or blasphemous, but are rather, as it were, still further intensified by it. In short, in no poem has the Western idea of love, as contrasted with the sensual one of the East, been more purely, more intensely expressed. The flame of Tennyson himself is coloured—is yellow to this. This poem, indeed, will prove a main pillar of the reputation of Browning: his workmanship and handling are here mature.

We would notice in a single group now such poems as these:—"Karshish," "Cleon," "A Death in the Desert," "Bishop Blougram," "Sludge the Medium," "Fra Lippo Lippi," "Andrea del Sarto," "How it Strikes a Contemporary," "Holy Cross Day," "Caliban," etc. All these are—in a phrase that has been used already—psychological analytico-synthetic reproductions; and it is the skill which realizes such that is characteristic of Browning, and differentiates him from his fellows. Of the pieces named, all are so excellent, and in the same kind excellent, that it is difficult to place them in any order or gradation of merit. "Karshish" and "Cleon" resemble each other both in matter and in manner; they are both exquisitely written, as almost all these pieces are, and—a praise capable of the same extension—lucid throughout. In matter, they both picture the contact of moribund Paganism with nascent Christianity. The figure of Lazarus is very striking in "Karshish;" and in "Cleon" we have a fine Pagan statement of the one Pagan want and misery; in *naïve* blindness, too, to the healing that lay for it in the "Christus, whom one called Paulus, a barbarian Jew, and certain slaves, preached." "A Death in the Desert" has many, so to speak, clear crystalline passages; but it is diffuse to vacuity, and exegetical to anachronism. "Sludge the Medium" sins also beyond all hope of excuse, by length and weariness, and is at the same time unequal—not consistent with itself—not true to the vulgarity and scamp-

dom with which it so admirably begins, and, if possible, more admirably ends. Even "Bishop Blougram," though with less reason, may be charged with some excess of the limits of interest and attention; for the rest, its theme being, on the whole, religious, we may take it up again with reference to that whole subject. We may include here, in this remark, "Christmas Eve and Easter Day," in which, as is well known, there occur, with reference, let us say, to Zion Chapel and St. Peter's, some of the most felicitous and characteristic of Browning's descriptive achievements. "Fra Lippo Lippi" and "Andrea del Sarto" are fairly eminent in the group, and it is difficult to prefer either to the other, though, on the whole, the "Lippi" is perhaps the more characteristic and the fuller of points. Browning's "Caliban" is, in this kind, an absolute feat: it is no small matter to contrive to think under the skull of another man, but to think under that of a monster like Caliban—this after Shakespeare, has been reserved for Browning. The picture—and very much from the effectiveness of the close—is, in its success, even terrible. Setebos has heard the prattling of him, Caliban; Setebos is offended;—there scuds his raven, that hath told him all. A storm has wrapped the world at once:—White blaze—a tree's head snaps—and there, there, there, there, there! His thunder follows! "Lieth flat and loveth Setebos! maketh his teeth meet through his upper lip" in penitence! There, surely, is analytic, reproductive power that is veritably appalling. But, like all here, the poem must be read as a whole,—quotation were but injustice. It is very tempting, nevertheless, to quote Caliban's conceived self-will in regard to the crabs, as also to add to it xxvi. of the "Roland." Both are illustrations quite transcendent of what is called free-will, but is only spurious will, self-will. So to treat the crabs is to do, plainly, exactly as one likes; but this also, as plainly, is not to be free, but bound, in what one does. One is free only when one can allege a *reason*—and that is a motive—for what one does.

Before passing to the little group of poems which we reserve for the last, we must briefly notice a few other pieces of super-eminent merit, which still remain to challenge admiration and remark. "The Glove," for example, is worth a moment's consideration, if for nothing but the involuntary reference to the *Handsuh* of Schiller. Browning has the advantage of coming after Schiller; still the resultant success is beyond the advantage: the Englishman is to the German as poetry to prose. Apart

from the poetry, too, there is what we may call the humanity of the occasion; and in this, likewise, the Englishman is superior. In Browning's poem we have a natural reason for the assemblage, for example. Then for Schiller's brawling lion, tiger, and leopards—externally and mechanically there to "pile the agony high"—among which no man could have appeared and lived, we have in Browning the single lion, infinitely more majestic in himself, and grander in his solitude, with his eye so fixed on his distant Africa, that a possibility is really given of lifting the glove unharmed. With the Englishman, too, there is a good reason why the glove was thrown. Then, in the end, the fate of De Lorge is a very happy addition on the part of Browning. "Saul" is one of Browning's grand efforts; but it is, possibly, too long for its interest; above all, too long for its peculiar measure. The first sight of Saul, in the darkness of his tent, is especially striking. In the tenth strophe, the image of the mountain, from which its year's snow has suddenly fallen, is positively sublime; but greatly more sublime David's return at the end. "The Pied Piper of Hamelin," with its felicity in every way, we can only mention. It suggests the subject, however, of Browning's mastery in all the mechanical expedients of versification. In rhyme, especially, he is without an equal. We have such examples, for instance, as—*fabric, dab brick; perorate, zero rate; examine it, Lamb in it; Vichy, is she; crony owes, Mark Antonios; leaps ache, keepsake; scriptures, equipped yours; robe ease, obese; council, gown sell; try psalter, drysaltery; sunk Ohs, trunkhose; forethought, worth aught; instinct, quince-tinct; hell free, belfry; fur-suit, hirsute; continue, pin you; cap pen, happen; syntax, tin-tacks; inquisitive, visit, I've; ins and outs, thin sand doubts; went trickle, ventricle; duke rust, blue crust; equine, weak wine; garlic, star-like; bals paré, R.A.; Æthiop, wretched hop; havoc, vin de grave, Hoek; indebted ease, Iketides; etc.* That such rhymes should not stick or stop, or jerk or jolt, but *flow*, is, in that kind, a great mechanical triumph. The last examples are alone and *sui generis*.

The "Childe Roland" is one of those themes, on which, in general, we hold poetry, or simply human effort, to be only wasted. Its creative nucleus is the resolution to evolve from nothing, to develop in the air, what shall be the weird and wonderful itself. Things that are to be extorted from nothing but the goaded vacuity of imagination, have, however, never the air of human life, but always that of dreams, and dreams are hardly ever of any worth to hold. There is no

lesson in their mere instability and change, their mere incoherency and non-nature. The fancy that would *kythe* flowers in its own void womb, is but competent to gum-flowers, and guni-flowers are but sorry substitutes. Something of this we see in such a poem as Tennyson's "Lady of Shalott," which is similarly conceived. The single line in Shakespeare, "Childe Roland to the dark tower came," with the inference that he came to fight some giant owner of the tower, and free its imprisoned captives—this alone shall serve as basis to a creation of wonders! And certainly, in its way, Browning's "Childe Roland" is quite as successful as may well be wished—perhaps very much more so than any piece of the sort. When successful, however, the success is due, after all, to introduction of the element of human reality, as in v. and vi, where the dying man hears his friends discourse as if the end were already there. These stanzas are certainly very admirable. It would be difficult to surpass also the power of picturesque description in xiii. and xiv., where we have the thin dry blades and the one blind horse. About the little river, too, xix., xx., and xxi. may be named marvellous for power. Other excellent passages follow, likewise, but the closing scene, with the dying sunset and the hills, is the finest of all. As a *tour de force*, then, "Childe Roland" is a success; but still we say, let us have the fixed light of waking day for the fickle *crépuscule* of doting dream. Our dislike to experiments in verse—at this time of the day—is similarly conditioned.

"Artemis Prologises" is a poem of even absolute merit. Tennyson has been justly celebrated for the classical spirit and finish of such poems as "Ænone" and "Ulysses;" but, compared with this poem of Browning, these of Tennyson are simply romantic. "Artemis Prologises" is as simple, severe, firm a piece of classical purity as ever was inscribed upon an antique marble. There is in it only what can be called the perfection of exactest speech, and with scarce an image or accessory that a Greek would disavow. We object only to the modern and romantic phrase, "mooned fronts." For workmanship, the "Tartuffe" of Molière is, perhaps, the most absolute literary perfection in existence. Browning's poem is not a great work as that is, but its perfection of workmanship is at least not inferior.

In the romantic vein, "Count Gismond" is as happy as "Artemis" is perfect in the classical. It is a piece of genuine humanity, and psychology and romance have equally a place in it. To find out the power of this poem, we have but to read it aloud: then, now the surged chest, now the swollen throat,

and now the proud tears will bring easy decision. What perfect art! How the first stanza strikes at once the true key-note, and the poem must be a success thenceforward! What happy thought, to relieve the narrator, arrived at the horror, by the appearance of Gismond at the gate with his two boys—a shaft of the golden present, to make endurable, nameable, that appalling past! Then Gismond's brief, decided action—every unit of an act in it precisely what the heart owns—with the intent watching of the unmisstrusting woman! The event! "God took that on Him—God had set Himself to Satan—I was bid watch Gismond for my part!" This poem is all it would be.

We stand now by the little group in these poems which has been reserved, according to previous hint, to be final and supreme. This group consists of "The Bishop orders his Tomb at St. Praxed's," "My Last Duchess," "Soliloquy in a Spanish Cloister," and (Browning's *chef-d'œuvre*) "The Flight of the Duchess." It is to be acknowledged at once that, in the choice of these four poems to conclude with, something of a subjective bias must mingle; for, with such productions as "Caliban," "Artemis," "Lippi," etc., to say nothing of the dramas, still in recollection, it would be scarcely reasonable to pretend for them any exclusive superiority. That is really so; and, in a general way, we conceive almost all the pieces which have been mentioned since "Luria" to constitute together but a single pantheon of peers. Still the fact is that we cherish for these four quite a peculiar favour, and that, in especial, we think ourselves right in assigning to "The Flight of the Duchess" a place in the very apex of the crown. It is peculiarly here, then, that amplitude of discussion may seem to be required. Yet, again, of all Browning's poems, at least the three first of the four are precisely those, perhaps, which are the most generally known, and the most heartily relished; and amplitude of remark in their case might appear superfluous, or be resented as impertinent. All things considered, however, it will not be necessary to say more than a word or two. On the "Bishop of St. Praxed's," for example, there is no pretext to dwell—all is so plain in it. That dying Bishop with his poor worldly heart and all undoubting faith—the Christian temple mid the Pagan ruins: these are matters to impress the least initiated. What, indeed, strikes us most, probably, is this simple faith of the Bishop; who will lie in pride within his nine pillars of peach-blossom marble; upon his slab of basalt, with the blue lump of lapis-lazuli poised between his knees, watching old Gandolph!—

Gandolph who (curses!) got the advantage of him in that southern corner for his tomb, but who will only gnash his teeth now over his paltry onion-stone. When tired of Gandolph, too, there is a glimpse for him of the pulpit o' the Epistle side, and he can always follow with his eyes the angels in the dome, "and hear the blessed mutter of the mass, and see God made and eaten all day long!" This through centuries, upon his slab, amid his pillars, with Pans and Nymphs, Moses, the Saviour, and St. Praxed, some tripod, thyrsus, or a vase or so, upon his frieze—this, and thus, till the last trumpet! "So leave me in my church, the church for peace, that I may watch at leisure if he leers—old Gandolph, at me, from his onion-stone!"

What is specially remarkable in "My Last Duchess," perhaps, is the peculiarity of art in it, whereby a single stroke has power to yield a double portrait. Thus it is not only the natural-hearted Duchess, the true rich woman, who had a smile for all, we see, but the poor mummy of a Duke as well who tells the story. This is great skill on the part of Browning,—a happy and very original thought. The direct portrait is not one whit more firmly limned than the reflex one. Perhaps, indeed, one delights more in the fastidious old coxcomb, out of whose veins ceremony and pride have driven the blood, leaving him but a clothed and fumigated and embalmed self, with a false sense of dignity and a false love of art, than in the sweet glad woman, whose ruddy truth he could only freeze into inevitable death.

The "Soliloquy of the Spanish Cloister" is probably a more perfect specimen of the same peculiarity of art than even "My Last Duchess." In it, too, we have a double portrait, one direct, and one reflex, the latter the stronger. Rather, perhaps, we should say here, that both portraits are painted, if with some direct strokes, by a variety of reflexes. The concentrated vindictiveness, the beastly lusts and appetites, the grovelling and blasphemous superstition of the one mean, malicious brother, a weak, impure, unkindled soul, a potter's failure, who, in Brother Lawrence, instinctively feels and hates his own opposite, but with imputation to him of all his own vices, is, after all, but as a mirror in which we can see the simple laboriousness, the cheerful diligence, the decorous cleanliness and propriety, the loyalty and harmlessness, of the other, innocent honest brother. It will be difficult to find anything anywhere more successful than this Soliloquy, in what it seeks to accomplish. The characters are conceived—and not less realized—to the marrow; the scene lives—*simpliciter* lives to

the poet, whose telling words make it, in turn, no less live to the reader. The story is simply this. Brother Lawrence's "priestliness" has turned the stomach of the soliloquizer's "beastliness." Lawrence is a careful, cleanly, patient, painstaking, simple man. He has a goblet for his own drinking, marked with an L. He has a spoon of his own, and he always himself scrupulously cleans and lays by his own platter. The poor unwitting man is kindly courteous withal, in all simplicity bids *Salve tibi* to his brother, and, sitting down beside him, to his shudder, talks to him of the crops, and of the weather, and of the failure this year of cork-trees and gall-nuts, then innocently asks him the Latin name for parsley—till the devil that is in his brother can hold out no longer, and he must fling himself forth, and stamp and tear himself for relief. Returning, he sees Lawrence at work all unconsciously in his garden, and cannot help stopping to watch him, and soliloquize, "Gr-r-r—there go, my heart's abhorrence! Water your damned flower-pots, do!" This the hatred—then the superstition of the wretch, how characteristic it is, as he urges it against Brother Lawrence, that he never, as *he* does, lays his knife and fork cross-wise in honour of Christ, or illustrates the Trinity, and frustrates the Arian, by drinking his watered orange-pulp in three sips, but drains it in one gulp! And so the piece goes on from bad to worse, till this poor rascal finds the nipping of Lawrence's fruits and flowers on the sly not enough, and is willing to sell his soul to Satan (counting on a flaw in the indenture!), could he but see blasted "that rose-acacia we're so proud of," when "*Hy-Zy-Hine* . . . 'St, there's vespers! *Plena gratia*, Ave, Virgo! Gr-r-r, you swine!" The "*Hy-Zy-Hine*" represents the sound of the bell—*Hy*, as it opens its mouth left, *Zy*, as it pours itself out right, and *Hine*, as it drops its own extinguisher on its own sound in the midst. This soliloquy, then, plainly, is a little triumph, and we know not, were we asked to show Browning at his nearest, and best, and shortest—we know not that we could preferably hold up any other specimen.

Still, of all that Browning has written, it is, to our belief, "The Flight of the Duchess" that must receive the palm. This for several reasons. Among these reasons we cannot, on the whole, assign the subject, the matter; and yet, in general, the decision of selection is, and ought to be, so conditioned. Matter must, in all interests, be allowed to be the great and deciding consideration. Neither is this altogether to be denied here. Only, in that reference, there are other

works of Browning which seem to possess a graver and more important matter. Such, we may say, is the case with "Luria" for example. Nevertheless, this too is to be said for "The Flight of the Duchess" that what matter it holds is nowise inferior to Browning's matter generally. That premised, we say at once that we ground our preference of this poem for the first place among the products of Browning on the newness and elaboration of its form, with special consideration of its length. The newness of the vein alluded to is seen at once in the opening thirty lines. The peculiar racy bluntness and the peculiar descriptive speech contained in these lines, were for the first time heard in England when this poem was published some thirty years ago. As a boy, the present reviewer first read these lines in a paper in the *Examiner*, and since then they have never ceased to ring through his head in all the charm of their peculiarity and newness. We wish we had space once again to quote them here, but they have been so often quoted that the reader can scarcely fail to be acquainted with them. "You're my friend;" "I was the man the duke spoke to;" "I helped the duchess to cast off his yoke, too;" "So, here's the tale from beginning to end, my friend!" "Ours is a great wild country;" "If you climb to our castle's top, I don't see where your eye can stop;" "For when you've passed the corn-field country . . . ;" "And so on, more and ever more, Till at last, for a bounding belt, Comes the salt sand hoar of the great sea-shore;" "And the whole is our duke's country." These notes will probably sufficiently recall some recollection of the whole. They will be seen at once to involve what is new and peculiar, and of a rare and original descriptive power and raciness. We assert then for this poem the first place in the works of Browning, we may say again, because of the excellence, not of its material alone, but of its material and execution combined, and in such width of compass. The tone of the piece is indeed externally light; but that must not tempt us to assign it to a subordinate class. We have here a tragedy, but—as might be its course in real life—transacted almost in the every-day language of comedy. We seem in it to be presented with a piece of humanity just as it occurs—the interference of the gipsy being all that can be called extraordinary, and that, probably, being precisely the only agency that would cohere with the general design (the duchess has gipsy blood). A piece of simple humanity! and the player that represents it an honest huntsman, bluff and blunt, and with a genuine ring in him

instead of the grins and ha-ha, curse-ye accents of *dramatis personæ* usually. Indeed, this poem, too, has the same double character that we have seen already, and is not more valuable for what it directly tells, than for the reflex that falls back from it on the single narrator. He, this single narrator, is no subordinate personage: duke, duchess, and duchess-dowager may all be what they may, it is this stout hearty woodsman, with the man's blood, and the man's sense, and the man's voice of him,—there, now with his sixty years, his Jacynth in the mould and his children beside her,—there, with his boar-spear for staff, and his skinful of Cotnar for scrip—it is this hale, sun-tanned, weather-proven, perfect sample of bluff humanity, that is the principal personage, the veritable hero. He loved that little lady, spite of his Jacynth, loved her as a woman, but with a love that placed her within a charmed circle apart from him as his lady, only to be served—with his heart's blood. There are those in this world who express *priggish*—there is no other word—wonder that this serving-man should be a hero and the duke a fool. The irony of this man's "No, my Lord," is to be heard daily, however, in the mouths of other huntsmen, or gardeners, or sailors, or what not. Civilisation is not dependent on university-training—it is not to be read out of books only—it is in the air—and may be richly, fully amassed even in the humblest. *E contra*, vulgarity may be found rampant in high regions, even in the possessors of the breeding-grounds of articulation and expression—the breeding-ground, not less, of self. Wordsworth's pedlar is not alone for heart and brain; there are other such pedlars in common life, perhaps on the weaver's bench or the cobbler's stool. But returning—how it does one good to hear this *man's* blunt brave accents! The reader can hear them for himself even in the little specimen above—can hear for himself there the brave, frank, open, hearty carelessness, as it were, with which this bold rough woodsman at once, and without ceremony—certainly without misgiving—seizes his audience. The pitch of blunt colloquial ease, with the sound of reality in every tone of it, is caught from the first, and fairly preserved to the very last word—that emphatic "Amen," that, as it were, would overbear sorrow with sauciness. (We hear the gulp of the sob in it.) It is precisely such a story as such a narrator would tell, and the poet is wholly one with his own character. Really, what grand heartiness this is, and what a smack of manliness in every syllable! A fine, bold, off-hand out-spokenness it is, that calls things by their rough right names, but never

coarsely. The tide of speech never languishes, never dawdles; it is rich, racy, nervous throughout—almost, we might say, robust and rollicking. What a free grace, too, what a charm of methodic unmethodicness, what a fascinating picturesqueness there is in those double rhymes and free loose lines! There is indeed a very perfection of rhymes here, single, double, or repetitive, a very perfection of verse, a very perfection of art. The labour that realized this poem must have been simply enormous. How bitterly, during all these thirty years, must not little points of it—

“On a lathy horse, all legs and length,
With blood for bone, all speed, no strength;
They should have set him on red Berold,
With the red eye slow consuming in fire,
And the thin stiff ear like an abbey spire,”

have every now and then occurred to him, the author? With what bitterness must he not observe still—after these thirty years—that a poem, which, as the perfection of workmanship, is the perfection also of lucidity, and in every word and line and thought and image of it, is still diseased as uncouth and barbarous, as unintelligible or meaningless! How hard, hard it is that work should not be seen! But, considering that thirty years could separate the boy that then read (as said) in the *Examiner* from the man that now speaks in these pages, perhaps it may occur to us to think, how long-suffering we must be with time, and with our contemporaries in time!

We have no room here to enter on a special analysis of the only poem of note not yet mentioned, for which the materials are to hand: This poem, as will be understood at once, is “Sordello.” We must content ourselves with protesting against its being accepted as a success, and against the fallacious conversion of obscurity and unintelligibility into mystery and depth. To our mind, Browning is as badly used when “Sordello” is praised, as when the “Flight of the Duchess” is blamed. Both in execution and theme, in short, “Sordello,” as it seems to us, is a sad failure—a failure unredeemed, unless perhaps by glimpses now and then of the scaly back and breast of the supple, stout old warrior Salinguerra, or by the description of the horrors at the beginning of Book iv., which, however, is questionable both in taste and art.

Now were the place to discuss those points in philosophy, religion, etc., which bear on the concrete character of Browning, as well as to determine, in general sum, the rank of his products beside those of contemporary or other poets; but for this likewise space

fails. We may permit ourselves to say only, that the career of Browning is still far, we trust, from term, and his greatest work, perhaps, still to produce. Nay, what if this should be the case as well with reference to Tennyson? What, if we may expect these two men, now fairly shoulder to shoulder in the front, to agonize themselves as it were, even like our great English dramatists of old, in mutual emulation for our benefit? Could we but pit them against each other, what supreme result might we not anticipate? Perhaps not only Milton, but even Shakespeare—No! that is impossible; of poets, never will the world see a mightier master of the first class than Shakespeare; never a mightier master of the second class than Milton. These two are fixed stars, and will keep their calm place for ever and for ever, in the silent blue, unchanged. But the same blue has room still—place in it for other, newer stars, which shall not infringe upon the glory of the old. Our Carlyle, for example,—he is not Shakespeare, he is not Milton, nor Burns, nor Hume. But neither his place nor his praise is the less on that account. They are great, and very great; but their greatness shall be no prejudice to the greatness of him great, who has swept through the souls of a generation, with a power possessed in an equal degree by no other Englishman that ever lived. He is not they, they are not he. He—if they are Shakespeare and Milton, and Burns and Hume,—he is Carlyle. Hume has had vast width of literary dominion—Voltaire yet a vaster—but neither Hume nor Voltaire, nor any other, ever strook through his contemporaries with such light and lightening as Carlyle. Carlyle, then, as much as any of them,—perhaps more than any of them,—is to be styled *der Einzige*: he is Carlyle the Only. In the same way may Browning and Tennyson hope that for them, too, there shall be vacant places in the future to which their own fair rivalry may in independence raise them. For Browning, especially, surely even now it is that there are splendid possibilities toward. The uncertain chisel of fitful hope, he, no longer,—bowed and broken in undeserved neglect,—plies slackly: he has received the freedom of the estate, and can do nought unwelcome. He is a master crowned: he has but to speak. May we not expect him now, then, warmed into confidence, strung into strength, to smite, even with one light stroke, from the rook, such statue as, for power and majesty and glow of lineament, had been all-impossible in the past? Nor were, indeed, we may say, such statue unwelcome now—now that the element, indicated as having hith-

erto failed Browning, has been at length accorded him. Lusty with wine and oil, the mood of Tennyson has been for years assured and irresistible. Sound, colour, emotion, image—all have been mighty with him, and fused in a breath. With Browning hitherto, be his triumphs what they may, this, on the whole, has not been so. We cannot deny it: beside that full, flushed, victorious mood of Tennyson, as of one who has fed on nectar and ambrosia, the mood of Browning, in comparison, has looked, not seldom hitherto, dispirited and rebuked, as of one to whom fasting has been more familiar than abundance, blame than praise. We see, then, what is wanted for Browning, at least in larger presence, more apparent power. It is the pinion of assurance and security; the single flight in one full swoop, the one and ever-ascending gust of genius. And, for this, it may be, in these better days, we are warranted to look. Much as we glory, then, in "Luria" and "Chiappino"—in "Artemis," "Caliban," "Roland"—in "Gismond" and the "Balcony"—in "Karshish," "Cleon," "Lippi," "Sarto," "Saul"—in the "Soliloquy"—in "St. Praxed's"—in the "Duchess's Portrait" and the "Duchess's Flight," we would fain still have, at the hands of Browning, one great and comprehensive work, which, adequate to his genius, we might set beside the "Princess" and the "Idylls" and the "In Memoriam." Is it for Browning to be represented only by toys and brilliants, however exquisite? Shall his be but scattered chambers and interrupted chapels? Shall he not raise a palace over many chambers, a minister over many chapels? Hitherto, indeed, Browning has probably despised colour. He mentions "Naddo's staring nosegay's carrion bloom," and has avowedly no rivalry for "flower-shows." Not unaware, however, of what may wake music or stir emotion, and with even a wealth of imagery at will, he has his own other and higher gifts of analysis, thought, and vision. Browning, then, even should he be inferior from the first to Tennyson in all that splendour of imagery and richness of sound, and overpowering tenderness of emotion and absorbing gust of inspiration, which are Tennyson's, and so peculiarly and prodigally Tennyson's, is not yet under any necessity to quail. In colour, music, genius-gust, "the garland and the singing robes," Milton, perhaps, is as superior to Shakespeare as Tennyson is to Browning; yet, in the end, the higher seat is not Milton's. As there, then, with Shakespeare and Milton, so it may be here with Browning and Tennyson. Yet great as is our love for Browning, we cannot allow ourselves to

become unfaithful to an earlier and equal love conceived for Tennyson, and, in a dramatic reference, which is here the determining consideration, we would point to the vast passionate power in that kind which is present in "Maud," and the "Princess," and the "Idylls of the King." Nay, even in a psychological reference, and psychology is the bow of Browning, we would point to the "Stylite," and the "Farmer," and the "Grandmother," and we would ask, Is it not true that these, in their own way, are unexcelled by anything of a like kind in Browning? But, be that as it may, it is still true that if Browning shall ever make good for himself a higher place than Tennyson's, he will be only able to accomplish this by superior excellence in an element dramatic. And so it is that we call to Browning—who has still in that direction steps to take, if he would occupy, the height—for more, and again more, and always more in that kind. Does not the drama, indeed, seem but the natural consummation of psychology? and should not the latter be, at all hazards, perfected and matured into the former? Should not action come, in effect, as life to psychology, striking character into spontaneous evolution, as it were in the fire of trial? Already essentially dramatic, so far as the *personæ* are concerned, Browning, then, has only to add this failing element, to achieve, as at least seems likely, a place in the dramatic poetry of England that shall be nearest Shakespeare's. Another "Tempest," another "Midsummer Night's Dream," in these there is stuff, perhaps, that we can never again expect from mortal. But Browning has already, in characters, at least, given us a younger brother to the great "Moor of Venice." Are further triumphs in the kind impossible to him? Why should we or he despair of another "Winter's Tale," or "Cymbeline," or "Taming of the Shrew," or "Merchant of Venice"? Nay, why should we or he despair of another "Lear"? That is it: let Browning give us—but whispering in his ear, Spare compositors that sweat of brow, and burn "Sordello"—another "Cymbeline," another "Taming of the Shrew," another "Lear."

Mr. Nettleship, referring a moment to the last work on our list, is evidently an accomplished and well-meaning man, who deserves thanks. He finds allegory—even in those mushrooms!—overmuch in Browning, however; and, so, sermonizes overmuch himself, perhaps. He is best on "Sordello," the story of which he is at great pains to detect and connect. This will save labour; it had saved ours, if known in time.

ART. V.—WAS THE MARTYR WISHART PRIVY TO ANY CONSPIRACY AGAINST THE LIFE OR LIBERTY OF THE CARDINAL BEATON ?

AN old accusation against the martyr George Wishart has in recent times been revived,* and the countenance which it has received from so able and dispassionate a writer as Mr. Hill Burton renders it necessary that the grounds on which it is based should be again submitted to examination. Wishart is accused of having been privy, during the last two years of his life, to a conspiracy formed among the leaders of the English party in Scotland against the life of Cardinal Beaton. And though it is not alleged that the Cardinal was aware of his complicity in this conspiracy when he consigned him to the flames, there can be no doubt that, if the fact could be established, it would have the effect of relieving that dignity to a certain extent from the odium which has always attached to him as the author of Wishart's judicial murder, and of throwing a dark shade over the name and memory of the Scottish martyr.

At the outset, it is necessary to bring to the reader's recollection certain matters pertaining to the history of Scotland in the period immediately preceding the death of Wishart, which took place in the spring of 1546. About three years and a half before that date, that is, in the close of the year 1542, was fought the disastrous battle (if it can be called a battle) of Solway Moss, in which a Scottish army, numbering, it is said, no fewer than 10,000 men, having been thrown into a state of disorder and insubordination by the ill-advised elevation of Oliver Sinclair, one of the King's favourites, to the supreme command, over the heads of its natural leaders, was surprised and put to the rout by a small body of English troops, many Scottish noblemen and gentlemen, including the Earls of Cassilis and Glencairn, being taken prisoners, or rather surrendering themselves without resistance into the hands of the English. This disastrous affair was followed shortly after (Dec. 14, 1542) by the death of James v., and the crown of Scotland thus falling to the infant princess Mary, who had been born but a few days before, and whose misfortunes thus began with her birth, as they ended only with her death, the English king, Henry VIII., at once formed the natural project of at length, after centuries of almost unceasing hostility, uniting the two

kingdoms by a marriage between the Scottish queen and his son Edward, who was her senior only by a few years. In furtherance of this design he released on parole the Scottish nobles who had fallen into his hands, on their coming under solemn engagement to co-operate cordially with his agents in bringing about the desired union, and leaving with him hostages as pledges of their fidelity. Along with these nobles returned the Earl of Angus and his brother Sir George Douglas, whom the hostility of James had compelled at an earlier period to take refuge in England, where they had been hospitably received and entertained by Henry. These returned nobles now became the leaders of the English party in Scotland, and as the Earl of Arran, the head of the house of Hamilton and heir-apparent to the crown, who had been appointed Governor (Dec. 22, 1542) during the minority of Mary, for a time fell in with their views and policy, the scheme of Henry seemed likely to be crowned with success. Negotiations were entered into, issuing in a formal agreement, which received the sanction of the Scottish Parliament (August 25, 1543). But the current of popular feeling in Scotland running strong against the English alliance, and the Governor having gradually detached himself from the English party, chiefly through the influence of his abler brother, the Abbot of Paisley, who had returned to Scotland in April 1543, the French party, led by the Cardinal and Queen-Mother, gained the ascendancy, and the projected and almost accomplished alliance with England was broken off. This change in the Scottish policy was followed by the recall of the English ambassador, Sir Ralph Sadler (to whose State papers, which throw a flood of light on the history of this period, we shall have frequent occasion to refer), the invasion of Scotland in the ensuing spring by an English force under the command of the Earl of Hertford, the burning of Edinburgh (May 8, 1544), and the wasting with fire and sword of a great part of the country.

There is no doubt that Cardinal Beaton was the principal obstacle to the success of Henry's policy, and that Henry himself, being well aware of this, was exceedingly anxious to get him out of the way, and not very scrupulous as to the means he employed for this purpose. In the spring of 1542-3, when Sir Ralph Sadler arrived in Scotland, he found the Cardinal in confinement, and was instructed to endeavour, by every means in his power, to prevent his release, or, what would answer Henry's purpose still better, to have him removed into England.—*Sadler*

* By Mr. Fraser Tytler, who was ably answered by the late Mr. David Brown, Edinburgh, in the *Christian Monitor*, vol. iii. (1823), p. 476.

State Papers, i. 104, 106, 110. The able ambassador carried out his instructions with his wonted zeal; he even appears to have dropped a hint now and then that the Cardinal might be disposed of in a still more effectual manner than by imprisonment, whether in England or Scotland. He tells us himself that, on one occasion (March 1542-3), after receiving the assurance of the Governor "that the Cardinal should never come out of prison except it be to his farther mischief," he replied, that "it were pity but he should receive such rewards as his merits did require" (*Sadler State Papers*, i. 77); and about the same time we find him reminding the Earl of Angus and his friends of their engagements to Henry, and in particular of their promise to give him "due and faithful advertisement who were sure to their party for his purpose, and who were lets to the same, with their advice what should be expedient to be done from time to time for the advancement of his enterprise, and for removing all the impediments and obstacles against it."—*Sadler State Papers*, i. 102.* These intrigues bore no immediate fruit. The Cardinal, as we have seen, regained his liberty. The treaty of alliance was not ratified, and Henry resolved to extort by force and terror what he had failed to obtain by less violent means.

On the the 5th of November 1543, Sadler was compelled by the violence of the popular feeling against the English alliance to leave Edinburgh and take refuge in the fortress of Tantallon, near North Berwick, which belonged to the Earl of Angus, the leader of the English faction. But before taking this step he appears to have entered into relations of a very intimate description with a person whose name must hold a prominent place in the present investigation, the Laird of Brunston. This person has usually been ranked among the ardent friends of the Reformation; but we have no doubt Mr. Tytler has formed a much truer estimate of his character, when he describes him as "a dark and busy intriguer," who entered into the service of Henry as a spy on the movements of the Governor and the Cardinal.—*History of Scotland*, vol. v. 299, 344. His diplomatic talents and energetic and unscrupulous character appear at an early period to have attracted notice. When we first meet with him, in the close of 1539, he is on a mission to Rome, bearing letters from the Cardinal to his agent in that city. Being

shipwrecked on the English coast, the letters of which he was the bearer fell into the hands of Henry, who made use of them in vainly attempting to undermine the credit and influence of Beaton at the Scottish Court. At this time Brunston was already a person of some repute; his name being well known to the Scottish king, James v.—*Sadler State Papers*, i. 25. In 1543, when we next meet with him, his reputation as a diplomatic agent is established. He maintains friendly relations with all parties, and is employed by all parties in turn. On the 5th of May, the Governor, Arran, speaks of sending him on a mission to the French king; and on the 20th August he proposes to send him on a similar mission to England.—*Sadler*, i. 186, 280, 281; *Hamilton Papers*, p. 81. Upon another occasion (20th May) we find him the bearer of an important message from the Cardinal to the Governor.—*Sadler*, i. 206. Yet even at that time he appears to have fully resolved to attach himself permanently to the English interest. He had already, along with the Sheriff of Ayr, had several interviews with Sadler, at which "he greatly pretended his service" to Henry.—*Sadler*, i. 166. Later in the same year (20th August) Sadler writes of him to the King, as one "well affected to your Majesty." But it was not till the commencement of November, when Sadler was under the necessity of quitting the capital, that he appears to have fixed on him as a proper person to act the part of a secret agent or spy, to keep him informed, during his compulsory absence from Court, of the movements of parties. During that month, accordingly, we find Brunston in constant correspondence with Sadler at Tantallon. On the 7th November, only two days after leaving Edinburgh, Sadler receives from him a letter, a copy of which he sends in cipher to the English Court. Three days later another letter arrives, in which he says that he "durst not come in person for fear of suspicion." Two days later, on the 12th, these fears are got over, for he does present himself at Tantallon, and has a long conference with Sadler, from which it appears that he is still on terms of confidential intercourse both with the Governor and the Cardinal, and avails himself of his opportunities to obtain information for the English ambassador. The 16th brings another letter, in which Brunston, after excusing himself for being so long in writing (though he had been at Tantallon only four days before), asks him to thank the King for the letter he had received from his Majesty, "the contents whereof," he writes, "I shall not fail to fulfil, so far as God will give me grace;" add-

* Compare with this a Minute of King Henry's preserved among the Hamilton Papers, of date January 8, 1542-3.—*Maitland Club Miscellany*, iv. p. 72.

ing, "if there be any pleasure or service your Lordship would I did, let me know, and it shall be done to the uttermost of my power." Finally, ten days later, we find Sadler sending in cipher to the King "certain advertisements" which he had received from Brunton, "who sheweth himself most desirous to do such service as might be acceptable to your Majesty, and, except there be no truth in Scottishmen, undoubtedly mindeth the same in his heart to the uttermost of his power."—*Sadler State Papers*, i. 332, 337, 338, 342, 343, 345. In the beginning of December, Sadler being recalled to England, the correspondence between him and Brunton ceases. And it is not till the middle of the April following that we recover traces of Brunton's movements, in a letter addressed to King Henry by his lieutenant in the North, the Earl of Hertford. As this letter forms the sole ground of the charge against Wishart, which it is the object of this paper to investigate, we give it in full, along with the King's reply:—

1. THE EARL OF HERTFORD TO KING HENRY VIII.

"Please it your Highness to understand that this day arrived here with me, the Earl of Hertford, a Scottish man called Wysshert, and brought me a letter from the Laird of Brunston, which I send your Highness herewith. And, according to his request, have taken order for the repair of the said Wysshert to your Majesty by post, both for the delivery of such letters as he hath to your Majesty from the said Brunston, and also for the declaration of his credence, which (as I can perceive by him) consisteth in two points; one is, that the Laird of Grange, late Treasurer of Scotland, the Master of Rothes, the Earl of Rothes' eldest son, and John Charteris, would attempt either to apprehend or slay * the Cardinal at some time when he shall pass through the Fyfe land, as he doth sundry times to St. Andrews; and in case they can so apprehend him; will deliver him unto your Majesty: which attemptate he saith they would enterprise, if they knew your Majesty's pleasure therein, and what supportacion and maintenance your Majesty would minister unto them after the execution of the same, in case they should be pursued afterwards by any of their enemies. The other is, that in case your Majesty would grant unto them a convenient entertainment for to keep 1000 or 1500 men in wages for a month or two, they, joining with the power of the Earl Marischal, the said Master of Rothes, the Laird of Colder, and others of the Lord Grey's friends, will take upon them, at such time as your Majesty's army shall be in Scotland, to destroy the abbey and town of Arbroath, being the Cardinal's, and all the other bishops' and abbots' houses and coun-

tries on that side the water thereabouts, and to apprehend all those which they say be the principal impugnators of the amity between England and Scotland; for the which they should have a good opportunity, as they say, when the power of the said bishops and abbots shall resort towards Edinburgh to resist your Majesty's army. And for the execution of these things, the said Wisher saith that the said Earl Marischal, and others afore-named, will capitulate with your Majesty, in writing under their hands and seals, afore they shall desire any supply or aid of money at your Majesty's hands. This is the effect of his credence, with other sundry advertisements of the great contention and division that is at this present within the realm of Scotland, which we doubt not he will deliver unto your Majesty at good length." [Dated, Newcastle, 17th April, 1544.]—*State Papers*, King Henry VIII. vol. v. pp. 377, 378.

2. THE LORDS OF THE COUNCIL TO THE EARL OF HERTFORD.

"After our most hearty commendations unto your good Lordship: These shall be to signify unto you that the bearer Wishert, which came from Brunton, hath been with the King's Majesty, and for his credence declared even the same matters in substance whereof your Lordship hath written hither, and hath received for answer touching the feat against the Cardinal, —that, in case the lords and gentlemen which he named shall enterprise the same earnestly, and do the best they can to the uttermost of their power to bring the same to pass indeed, and thereupon not being able to continue longer in Scotland, shall be enforced to flee into this realm for refuge, his Highness will be contented to accept them, and relieve them as shall appertain. And as to their second desire, to have the entertainment of a certain number of men at his Highness's charge, promising therefore to covenant with his Majesty, in writing under their seals, to burn and destroy the abbots', bishops', and other kirkmen's lands, his Majesty hath answered, that (for as much as his Highness's army shall be, by the grace of God, entered into Scotland, and ready to return again before his Highness can send down to them, and they send again and have answer for a conclusion in the matter) his Highness thinks the time too short to commune any farther in it after this sort. But if they mind effectually to burn and destroy, as they have offered, at his Majesty's army being in Scotland, and for their true and upright dealings with his Majesty therein, will lay in to your Lordship, my Lord-Lieutenant, such hostages as you shall think convenient; his Highness will take order that you, my Lord, shall deliver unto them one thousand pounds sterling for their furniture in that behalf, which his Majesty's pleasure is you shall cause to be paid unto them in case they shall break with you in this matter, and deliver you such hostages as aforesaid.—Thus fare your good Lordship heartily well. From Greenwich, the 26th of April 1544."—*Haynes' State Papers*, i. 32, 33.

Now from these letters, viewed in the

* In the copy of this letter contained in the Hamilton Papers, p. 95, the words "or slay" are omitted by a strange inadvertence. So in G. Chalmers's *Life of Mary*, vol. ii. p. 405.

light of the negotiations and intrigues of the previous year, which have been already briefly noticed, we learn—

1. That Sadler had communicated (more or less fully) to Brunston, Henry's desire to have the Cardinal, who was the principal obstacle to the success of his policy, removed out of the way, either by seizure and transportation to England, or otherwise.

2. That Brunston, who had, as we have seen, attached himself as a secret agent to the English service, readily entered into the project, and was now at length authorized to communicate to his Majesty the names of three gentlemen who would undertake, on certain conditions, to apprehend and deliver the Cardinal into his hands, or even to "slay" him should seizure be found impracticable.

3. That in order to communicate this intelligence to the Earl of Hertford, and afterwards to Henry himself, Brunston despatched as a confidential messenger, a Scotsman named Wishart, whom he entrusted both with letters, and also with an oral message or "credence."

It is this "Scottishman named Wishart," whom certain writers of eminence, especially in recent times, have attempted to identify with George Wishart the martyr. And it is our design in the present paper to examine the grounds on which this identification rests. These grounds are two:—1. The name; and, 2. The alleged intimacy of George Wishart the martyr with Brunston and his associates.

1. As to the name. "Naturally enough," says Mr. Hill Burton, "it is maintained that Wishart the martyr cannot be the same man as the Wishart, a Scotsman, who entered so earnestly into the business of killing the Cardinal. There were other Wisharts in those days, and as they cannot be identified, it were better that the scandal should lie generally among them. It is, however, likely that, if there had been another Wishart so important as to have close communication with Hertford, Sadler, and other statesmen, and to get private audience of Henry VIII., he could be identified."* This passage contains several statements for which there is no sufficient warrant. For, in the first place, it is incorrect to describe the business in which the Scottishman called Wishart was engaged as "the business of killing the Cardinal." The offer which Brunston alleges was made to him by Norman Leslie and his friends, was to "apprehend or slay" Beaton, and "in case they can so apprehend him" to deliver him to Henry. The "slaying" was evidently thought of only as an alternative in the

event of their failing to take him alive. It is true that in the following year (1545) "the killing of the Cardinal" was a subject of correspondence between Henry and his agents on the one side, and the Earl of Castille, Sir George Douglas, and the Laird of Brunston on the other. But there is no trace whatever of "the Scottishman called Wishart" having had any share in these subsequent negotiations. His name never again appears in the correspondence. Then, in the second place, Mr. Burton's view of the "importance" of the "Scottishman called Wishart" is surely very exaggerated. He seems to look upon him as a person of influence, a leader in the plot, whom we ought to be able to identify without much difficulty; and he does so on the ground that he had close communication with Hertford, and was even admitted to a private audience of the King. But Mr. Burton does not need to be informed that many persons were in those days admitted to private communication with Sadler and Hertford, and even with Henry, who were by no means persons of standing and influence. If a secret agent arrived at the camp or at the court, bearing despatches or intrusted with an oral communication of importance, he was naturally closeted at once with the general or the king; not because he was a person of distinction, but because he was a secret agent, whose instructions must be communicated directly to the principals in the government, and could not safely be confided to subordinates.* And this is evidently the character which the "Scottishman called Wishart" bore, and the reason of his being admitted to a confidential interview with Hertford, and also with Henry. His name recurs four times in the two letters given above, and there is nothing in the way in which he is mentioned to indicate that he bore any higher rank than that of a confidential servant or agent. He is "a Scottishman called Wysshert," "the saide Wysshert," and again "the saide Wisher," and in the King's letter "the bearer Wishert, which came from Brunstone."† *He is not a commissioner to treat*; he is simply the bearer of letters and a "credence," which having communicated to the King, he "receives the King's answer" and returns.

Finally, on this point, even though the letters did represent the "Scottishman called Wysshert" as a person of some im-

* For a case in point we may refer to Mr. Burton's *History*, vol. iv. p. 266.

† It was probably not without a purpose that Dr. George Mackenzie in copying Hertford's letter substituted Mr. Wishart for "a Scottishman called Wishart."

portance (which we have seen they do not), it would not by any means follow that the said "Scottishman" was George Wishart the martyr. The Wisharts formed a numerous clan in the Mearns, several members of which had risen to high eminence both in the Church and in the State. James Wishart of Pitarrow was Justice-Clerk during the reign of James v., and John Wishart (whom Bishop Keith and Principal Robertson conjecture to be the "Scottishman" of Hertford's letter) rose to a position of still higher eminence under Mary and James vi. Mr. Laing also, in his edition of Knox's *History* (vol. i. p. 536), mentions several George Wisharts, one of whom was a bailie of Dundee in 1560, and for several years previously. So that we may safely conclude that in the year 1544 there was more than one Wishart "important" enough to be employed as the confidential agent and messenger of the Laird of Brunston.

2. But it is alleged, secondly, that the martyr Wishart is known to have been intimately associated with Brunston, and that this fact, taken in connexion with the name, renders it extremely probable that he is the person mentioned in Hertford's letter. This is the main ground on which the charge against George Wishart rests, and accordingly those who believe or suspect him to have been guilty in the matter insist upon it very strongly. According to Mr. Tytler, Brunston was "Wishart's great friend and protector;" he affirms that on Wishart's return from England, which he places in July 1543, the Laird of Brunston was among his "chief supporters, and that there is reason to believe that the conduct of Brunston and the other partisans of England was influenced by Wishart's counsels. — *History of Scotland*, vol. v. pp. 342, 343. Now, how stand the facts, as known? Wishart suffered martyrdom on the 1st March 1545-6, having been apprehended at Ormiston on the 16th of the preceding January. In the beginning of December 1545, i.e., about six weeks before his apprehension, he had arrived in Lothian, "the gentlemen of the west having written to him that he should meet them at Edinburgh, for they would require disputation of the bishops, and that he should be publicly heard." — *Knox*, i. 131 (Laing's edition). Notwithstanding his outlawry, he insisted on preaching publicly in Leith. Thereafter, says Knox (i. 134,) "the gentlemen of Lothian, who then were earnest professors of Christ Jesus, thought not expedient that he should remain in Leith, because that the Governor and Cardinal were shortly to come to Edinburgh; and therefore they took him with

him, and kept him sometimes in Brunston, sometimes in Langniddry, and sometimes in Ormiston, for those three diligently waited upon him." It thus appears that for a few weeks in December, 1545 and January 1545-6, Wishart, whose life was in constant danger, was waited upon and protected by the Laird of Brunston and two other gentlemen of Lothian who were earnest reformers; and we are farther informed that they were with him when he was apprehended at Ormiston. But this is all we know of Wishart's connexion with Brunston. We have no evidence whatever that Wishart had any intimacy or even intercourse with Brunston except during the six weeks which preceded his apprehension; and even then, it is to be noted, he did not repair to Brunston of his own accord: it was Brunston and his friends who "took him and kept him," and "awaited on him." And yet Mr. Tytler has ventured to speak of Brunston as already in 1543 "Wishart's great friend and protector," and one of his "chief supporters," and guided by his "counsels," though there is not a particle of evidence that Wishart had received any protection from Brunston, or had had any intercourse, correspondence, or connexion of any kind with him previous to December 1545. We find it difficult to repress a feeling of indignation at what, if things are to be called by their right names, can be described by no other term than a falsification of history; and this, we should hope not with the intention, but certainly with the effect, of casting a cloud over the fair fame of a man who was loved and venerated by all who knew him as one of the purest and noblest of mankind.*

Notwithstanding the reckless character of Mr. Tytler's assertions, they have been repeated by later historians. Thus Dr. Cunningham, in his *Church History of Scotland*, i. 251, writes:—"It is just possible that the Wishart mentioned in the Earl of Hertford's letter may not have been the martyr, but his close intimacy at that time with every one of the conspirators leads one to suspect that it was." By "at that time," we suppose Dr.

* Mr. Tytler is strangely inconsistent in his statements regarding Wishart. In his historical remarks on the assassination of Cardinal Beaton, appended to the fifth volume of his *History*, he says (p. 377), "The fact of the existence of a conspiracy for the assassination of Beaton, which was fostered in England, and carried on by Brunston and Wishart, was thus fixed beyond question." Yet at p. 344 of the same volume he had written, "It is possible that the Reformer (i.e. George Wishart) was ignorant of the true character of Brunston, a dark and busy intriguer, who for more than two years had been organizing a conspiracy for the assassination of the Cardinal."

Cunningham means the time when Hertford's letter was written; and if so, we hesitate not to affirm that the statement is entirely without foundation. For there is no proof whatever that, at the time when that letter was written, Wishart was on terms of "close intimacy" with any one of the conspirators.

A statement to the same effect appears in Mr. Burton's *History*, and there it assumes a still more extraordinary form, for he asserts that, "to the observer from without, Wishart the martyr is part of the group occupied in the affair" (i. a. of "killing the Cardinal"); "removing him from that group breaks it up almost more than the removal of any other—of Leslie, Ormiston, or Brunston" (iii. 466). According to Mr. Burton, therefore, the martyr was not only accessory to the projected murder, he was one of the leaders in the plot; a principal leader, whose removal from the group of conspirators would break it up more than that of any other. It is well that Mr. Burton qualifies his assertion by stating that this is the aspect the "group" assumes to an "observer from without;" for of a truth the observer must indeed be very far without to whose eye the "group" can assume any such aspect. Certainly those *within* the group, the conspirators themselves, do not seem to have been aware of the prominent position which the martyr held among them. Very many letters of the period are still extant: there is the Sadler correspondence of 1543, in which we have a full account of the intrigues of Angus, Cassilis, Sir George Douglas, and other leaders of the "group" with the English monarch, and yet, strange to say, in that entire correspondence the name of Wishart is not once mentioned; there are the State Papers of 1545, which contain the letters that passed between

Henry's ministers and Cassilis, Sir George Douglas,* and Brunston, regarding the "affair" of killing the Cardinal, and yet in not one of these papers does the name of Wishart ever appear; there are accounts of various meetings of leaders of the "group" during the years 1543–1545, and of bonds and engagements they entered into, and yet at not one of these meetings was Wishart present, and to not one of these bonds or engagements was he a party. Notwithstanding, somehow, to the eye of Mr. Burton, Wishart forms part of the group, and so prominent a figure in it that if he be removed it is broken up and vanishes into empty air. Strange that it was in very deed the removal of that principal conspirator that gave the "group" a consistency which it never had before, so that, deprived of his presence and counsels, they accomplished easily and at once what under his pretended leadership they had for years plotted in vain. No doubt Wishart was the killer of the Cardinal; but it was the dead, not the living Wishart.

Such is the frivolous evidence on which George Wishart has been convicted by several of our historians of complicity in the plots for the murder of Beaton. We have still to present the evidence upon the other side, which may be distributed under three heads—1. Wishart's devout and saintly character; 2. The manner in which he is known to have been occupied after his return to Scotland; and, 3. The date of his return.

1. With regard to the first of these points—his personal devoutness and saintliness of character,—we are aware that Dr. Cunningham has made certain remarks, which Mr. Burton quotes with applause, as to the piety of the sixteenth century being of a sterner kind than that of the nineteenth, and "modelled more after the examples of the Old Testament than according to the spirit of the New." And he adds: "The truth is, it was accounted right to take vengeance on oppressors; it was peculiarly the Lord's work. To hew Agag in pieces, to smite the prophets of Baal, to scatter the proud in the imagination of their heart, was a work to which the faithful were called, and which they must not shrink from performing." Of course then, if this be so, we must doubtless expect, in reading the history of that unhappy century, ever and again to meet with dark conspiracies formed, and assassinations

* It is not the object of the present paper to apologize for or palliate the conduct of the Earl of Cassilis or Sir George Douglas in the "affair," but after reading the State Papers it appears very doubtful whether these men had any serious intention to assassinate the Cardinal. Their offer to do so seems to have been made solely for the purpose of hoodwinking Henry, who had threatened that "he would no longer feed them with money as he had done, unless he saw some more fruit thereof than he had done hitherto." They wished to make up for the lack of activity in his service, of which he complained, by large offers and promises. This was ultimately the conviction of Sadler and of Henry himself (*State Papers*, Henry VIII., vol. v. 339, 471, 499; *Haynes*, i. 35, 38), whom we accordingly in September 1545 find on the outlook for other agents to accomplish his designs against the Cardinal (*State Papers*, v. 512). No doubt the Queen-Mother was right when she said of Sir G. Douglas that he was "as wily and crafty a man as

any was in all Scotland" (*Sadler*, i. 116). Compare in the Hamilton Papers, p. 73, 74, an offer by the Laird of Buccleugh "to deliver the infant Queen to the English;" on which Mr. G. Chalmers remarks—"If he made the offer here alleged, it must have been a banter, or to sound what Henry would be at."

perpetrated, by preachers of the Reformed Doctrines. And yet, somehow, instances of this description are singularly difficult to meet with; so that, except in the case of Wishart, who, according to these gentlemen, had the courage to act out his stern creed, the practice of the prophets of those times must have fallen far short of their principles. But to treat the subject with the seriousness which it deserves, such remarks as those just quoted do not touch a character like Wishart's. For his was a character of peculiar sanctity and nobleness, inspiring the deepest love and veneration in all who came within the range of his influence. The account given of him by his Cambridge disciple, Emery Tylney, is so well known that we need not quote it in full. Let the last sentence suffice: "If I should declare his love to me and to all men, his charity to the poor, in giving, relieving, caring, helping, providing, yea, infinitely studying how to do good unto all and hurt to none, I would sooner want words than just cause to commend him." And Knox, who also speaks of him from personal knowledge, describes him as "a man of such graces as before him was never heard within this realm, yea, and are rare to be found yet in any man." He constantly speaks of him as "the servant of God;" he also styles him, "the innocent servant of God," "that innocent," "the meek lamb;" and in relating how he was treacherously given over to the Cardinal, he hesitates not to employ the following language: "And so, small inversion being made, Pilate obeyed the petition of Caiaphas and his fellows, and adjudged Christ to be crucified" (i. 144). Archbishop Spottiswoode also testifies of him that he was "a man of great knowledge and pleasant utterance, endued also with many rare virtues, humble, modest, charitable, and patient even to admiration."* And these testimonies to his character are quite in unison with every recorded act of his life, and with his whole behaviour during his trial, condemnation, and death. On one occasion when he was debarred from preaching in the Kirk of Mauchline, and his friends offered to force an entrance, he stayed them, saying, "It is the word of peace that God sends by

me: the blood of no man shall be shed this day for the preaching of it."—Knox, i. 128. When he heard, while in Ayr, that the plague had broken out in Dundee, he resolved at once to return thither, for he said: "They are now in trouble, and they need comfort; perchance this hand of God will make them now to magnify and reverence that word which before, for the fear of men, they set at light price." When an attempt was made shortly afterwards to assassinate him, and the excited multitude burst in and would have put the murderer to death, he took him in his arms and said, "Whosoever troubles him shall trouble me." We need not refer to the meekness and magnanimity he displayed when on his trial and at the stake: in the records of martyrdoms there is nothing more Christlike. And yet this is the man who we are asked, upon the flimsiest evidence, to believe was employed by the Laird of Brunston as his secret agent and message-bearer in plotting the seizure or slaughter of Cardinal Beaton, and the destruction of "the abbey and town of Arbroath, and all the other bishops' and abbots' houses and countries" in that district of Scotland.

2. We have in Knox's History an account of Wishart's life and occupations from the date of his return to Scotland till his death, which account is utterly inconsistent with the idea of his having been during that period an accomplice, along with Brunston, in a conspiracy against the life of the Cardinal. "The beginning of his doctrine," says Knox, "was in Montrosa.* Therefrom he departed to Dundee, where he taught the Epistle to the Romans, to the great admiration of all that heard him." Compelled to quit Dundee, he repaired to Kyle, the central division of Ayrshire, where he "began to offer God's word which was of many gladly received." There he preached commonly in the church of Galston, and also in Mauchline and Ayr. On receiving intelligence of the outbreak of the plague in Dundee, he returned, as has been said, to that town, "to the great joy of the faithful." There, on the morrow after his arrival, he preached, choosing for his pulpit "the head of the East Port of the town," those stricken with the plague, with their attendants, being without the gate, the unaffected within. He continued his ministrations among the people of Dundee till the plague had almost ceased, "not sparing to visit them that lay in the very extremity, and causing minister all things necessary to

* Even Bishop Keith wrote of him:—"He is reckoned to have been the worthiest person of all those who supported the new doctrines in this kingdom."—*Hist.* i. 108. To this statement, Keith's editor for the Spottiswoode Society attaches a long note, the character of which may be judged of by the first sentence: "Bishop Keith would not have recorded this eulogium on Wishart if he had been aware of certain actions of his life, now ascertained on the most undoubted authority."

* The chief town of his native district, from which he had been expelled six years before for reading the Greek Testament with his pupils.

those that might use meat or drink." From Dundee he proceeded, towards the close of 1543, to meet "the gentlemen of the west" at Edinburgh, which led, as we have seen, to his apprehension and martyrdom. Now, reasoning from this historical sketch of Wishart's movements and occupations while in Scotland, we may remark—(1.) that in order to identify the "Scottishman called Wishart" of Hertford's letter with the martyr, it is necessary to suppose that the latter was in Lothian in the spring of 1543-4, in conference with Brunston, a circumstance which, if true, could scarcely have been unknown to Knox, who was that year tutor in the families of Brunston's friends, the Lairds of Langniddry and Ormiston, and if known to him would not have been left unrecorded; but Knox gives us not the slightest hint of Wishart's presence in Lothian previous to the close of 1543. And further, (2.) if the "Scottishman called Wishart" be identical with the martyr, we must be prepared to believe that one of the most earnest and single-minded servants of God who ever lived, interrupted those labours of love, to which he was so devoted, that when not engaged in them he looked on himself as "differing nothing from a dead man, except that he ate and drank." (*Knox*, i. 134), for the purpose of carrying letters to the English Court—letters, too, the contents of which were very little in harmony with "the word of peace" which God had sent him to preach.* Add to which, (3.) that, as Mr. Laing has remarked, "being denounced or put to the horn, and liable to summary arrestment and execution, Wishart could not have undertaken the task, at such a time, of carrying letters and messages between the conspirators."—*Knox*, i. 537.

3. Another point of considerable importance still remains to be investigated, viz., the date of Wishart's return to Scotland. In 1538, he had been compelled to fly from his country on a charge of heresy. The following years he spent in England, Germany, and Switzerland. In 1543 we find him in Cambridge, a member of one of the colleges; and his return to Scotland has usually been placed in the following year. Mr. Tytler, however, asserts with great confidence that he must have returned in July, 1543, adding in a note, "The date of his arrival is important, as it marks the commencement of his preaching, and has been mistaken by

Knox and all our ecclesiastical historians. All are agreed that Wishart arrived with the Commissioners, and they certainly arrived in the interval between the 16th and the 31st of July 1543." Dr. Cunningham simply echoes the affirmation of Tytler, without thinking it necessary to add any explanatory note. Mr. Burton is more cautious; but without condescending upon an exact date, he evidently inclines to the same opinion. On looking into the authorities, we are disposed to think that the matter is not quite so clear as Mr. Tytler and Dr. Cunningham imagine, and that "Knox and all our other ecclesiastical authorities" were probably right after all. Certainly Knox, who was in close attendance on Wishart in December 1545, ought, one would imagine, to have known whether he had returned to Scotland in 1543 or 1544. Having informed himself, as we know he did, of the several places in which Wishart had preached, and of various incidents connected with his preaching, he could scarcely have been ignorant or mistaken as to whether the preaching, of which he gives us so graphic an account, had extended over one or two years. The point, however, is not without difficulty.

So far as we are aware, the only informants to whom we can appeal in determining it, are Emery Tylney and John Knox. It is true that Mr. Tytler and Dr. Cunningham connect certain popular tumults, resulting in the destruction of ecclesiastical buildings, which are said to have occurred in Dundee towards the close of 1543, with the presence of Wishart. But the connexion of Wishart with these outrages, though confidently affirmed by the writers just mentioned as an ascertained fact, is merely an inference of their own—an inference too from disputed, and we believe erroneous, premises. The authorities which record the tumults do not ascribe them to Wishart's presence and preaching, do not even mention Wishart's name in connexion with them. And what makes it quite certain that he had no part in these disturbances, is the fact that on his trial his accusers made no reference to them whatever, which they would not have failed to do had he been at all concerned in them. Especially when we are informed that one of the charges against him was, that he had in his preaching declared it to be "vain to build to the honour of God costly churches, seeing that God remaineth not in churches made by men's hands," we may be quite sure that if his accusers had been able to allege against him actual complicity in the destruction of churches, or other ecclesiastical buildings, they would have done so. That they actually made no such charge against him is

* What Mr. Burton says of Knox with reference to the assassination of Rizzio, may surely be said of Wishart with even greater truth,—that it is very unlikely "that he should have compromised his position as a minister of the Word by either executing or plotting an assassination."—*iv.* 311.

sufficient to prove that no such charge could have been established, and consequently that, if the tumults in question did take place in the close of 1543, Wishart could not have been in Dundee at that time, for had he been there his enemies would to a certainty have connected them with his presence.*

Turning, therefore, to the statements of Emery Tylney and John Knox, let us consider to what conclusion they point in this matter.

Tylney's statement is that "about the year of our Lord 1543 there was in the University of Cambridge one Master George Wishart, commonly called Master George of Bennet's College," that while in Cambridge it was his custom "to give his apparel to the poor, some weekly, some monthly, some quarterly, as he liked, saving his French cap, which he kept *the whole year* of my being with him," and that "he went into Scotland with divers of the nobility who came for a treaty with Henry VIII." This statement is not sufficiently precise to determine conclusively the date of Wishart's return; but so far as it goes it obviously points to the year 1544, if it can be shown that in that year "divers of the nobility came to England for a treaty with Henry."

The statement of Knox is much more precise and definite. It is as follows:—"In the midst of all the calamities that came upon the realm after the defection of the Governor from Christ Jesus, came in Scotland that blessed martyr of God, Master George Wishart, in company of the Commissioners before mentioned, in the year of God 1544."—Vol. i. p. 125.

Now this statement contains no fewer than three notes of time, fixing the date of Wishart's return. For it informs us that he returned—

(1.) "In the midst of the calamities that came upon the realm after the defection of the Governor from Christ Jesus," *i. e.* (as Knox himself explains, p. 109), after the

Governor, having passed secretly from Edinburgh to Stirling, had "subjected himself to the Cardinal, and to his counsel, received absolution, renounced the profession of Christ Jesus, his holy Evangel, and violated his oath that before he had made, for observation of the contract and league with England." The date of this transaction is September 3, 1543.

(2.) "In company of the Commissioners afore mentioned," *i. e.*, as would seem, the ambassadors mentioned p. 102, who were "sent from the Parliament to King Henry in commission," to conclude a peace and arrange the marriage between the infant Queen Mary and Prince Edward, Henry's son.

(3.) "In the year of God 1544," *i. e.*, the year commencing 25th March, 1544, according to the usage of that period.

The third of these notes of time speaks for itself. The first also points to the same year, and cannot be reconciled with the date assigned by Mr. Tytler to Wishart's return. For in July, 1543, "the defection of the Governor from Christ Jesus" had not yet taken place, and consequently the realm could not have begun to suffer, still less have been in the "midst of," the calamities which came on it after that defection. Moreover, in the part of his History immediately preceding the mention of Wishart's arrival, Knox gives a detailed account of the invasion of the English force in May 1544, which led to the burning of Edinburgh, and was otherwise most disastrous to the country; adding, "This was a part of the punishment which God took upon the realm for infidelity of the Governor, and for the violation of his solemn oath—but this was not the end;" and then he goes on to mention the arrival of French troops in June, 1545, and the "loss and detriment to the commonwealth" resulting therefrom (p. 123). And, therefore, when he immediately subjoins (p. 125), "In the midst of the calamities which came on the realm after the defection of the Governor, came into Scotland Master George Wishart," we naturally conclude that he intended to place that event certainly not earlier than May, 1544, when the first English invasion took place.

It thus appears that two out of three of the notes of time furnished by Knox undoubtedly point to the year 1544 as the year of Wishart's arrival in Scotland. But there is a difficulty in reconciling this date with the third note of time which we obtain from the same source, *viz.*, the return of "the Commissioners afore mentioned." The only Commissioners mentioned by Knox in the previous pages of his History, are those who were appointed in March 1543 to negotiate

* The entry in the *Diurnal of Occurrences* is—"In this time (Oct. 1543) thair was an greit heresie in Dundie: thair thair destroyit the kirkis and wald have destroyit Abirbrothok kirk, war not the Lord Ogilbie." The inference of Mr. Tytler and Dr. Cunningham is that Wishart was present in Dundee at the time, and had "excited the populace by his invectives." And this they assert, not only without a vestige of authority, but in the face of the known fact, that at Ayr and Mauchline he prevented his friends, not from destroying the churches, but even from taking forcible possession of them for his own use, and in the face also of Wishart's own declaration on his trial that he had "affirmed ever that churches should not be destroyed, but should be sustained and upholden, that the people might be congregated in them to hear the Word of God preached."—Knox, i. 166.

a treaty of peace between England and Scotland, and a marriage alliance between the two royal families. These Commissioners (at least certain of them) returned to Scotland in July of the same year, having completed the negotiation. And if Wishart returned along with them, of course July 1543 must be the date of his return. And this, accordingly, is the date fixed on by Mr. Tytler, and Dr. Cunningham. But in fixing on this as the true date, these writers ignore altogether the other two notes of time given by Knox, both of which clearly point to the year 1544; although, when three notes of time are given for the same event, which cannot be made quite consistent with one another, one would suppose it the more reasonable and the safer course to follow the two which agree, rather than the one which differs from both the others.

But is it quite certain that the second note of time points to a different year from the first and the third? We are not sure that it is. For in looking into the history we find that in 1544, as well as in 1543, there returned from England certain Commissioners, who also had been appointed to negotiate a treaty with Henry. In this case, indeed, the Commissioners represented not the Governor and Parliament, but two of the chief nobility, the Earls of Lennox and Glencairn,* but as these nobles were at that time the leaders of the English party in Scotland, the transaction was one of considerable importance, and it was followed by great results. The commission is given in Rymer's *Federa*, vol. xv. p. 19, and the treaty in the same volume, pp. 22-26. It was concluded at Carlisle on the 17th May 1544, and bears the signatures of William Earl of Glencairn, Robert Bishop of Caithness (brother to the Earl of Lennox), Thomas Bishop (Lennox's secretary), and Hugh Cunningham (Glencairn's son), the two last acting as Commissioners for the Earls of Lennox and Glencairn. These Commissioners are often referred to in the State Papers of the Spring of 1544 (vol. v. pp. 361, 362, 366, 370, 373, 378, 381, 385, 386, 389), and they are uniformly styled "Commissioners," whereas those of 1543 are as uniformly styled "Ambassadors." Now we think it extremely probable that Knox either confounded the return of the second Commissioners with that of the first, or (what is perhaps more likely) that he regarded the second commission as the continuation of the

first. Both sets of Commissioners were despatched under English influence. Both were assisted by the Earl of Glencairn, whose name is attached to both treaties, and in each case stands first among the Scottish negotiators. Had the first treaty taken effect, the second would not have been thought of. The second commission may therefore not without reason have been regarded by Knox as a continuation of the first; and when he wrote that Wishart arrived in Scotland in company of the Commissioners afore mentioned, he was probably thinking of the Commissioners of 1544, though his language, strictly interpreted, applies only to those of 1543.*

If this explanation be accepted, the various parts of Knox's statement are at once brought into harmony with one another; and the date of Wishart's return to Scotland fixed to May 1544. But if that be so, of course the "Scottishman called Wishart," who came from Scotland in the preceding April as the bearer of Brunston's letters and credence, must have been a different person altogether.

But we have done. We think sufficient evidence has been adduced to show that Mr. Burton has been much too precipitate in pronouncing George Wishart to be a "fallen star," and that, despite what he calls "the ugly revelations of the State Papers," the pure lustre of the martyr's name is still undimmed.

ART. VI.—*Die Amazone: Novelle.* Von FRANZ DINGELSTEDT. Zweite Auflage. Stuttgart, 1869.

THE name of Franz Dingelstedt is not so well known in this country as it deserves to be. He is one of the few living German writers entitled to rank as men of genius, and his genius is of a kind rare in all countries, but particularly in Germany, combining as it does the qualities of a true poet and a brilliant humorist. His career has been in every respect a successful one. Born in 1814, at Haldsdorf in Hesse, he became a professor in the University of Cassel at the early age of twenty-two, and made his first appearance in literature and public life as an ardent champion of popular rights and reform. The result of his earliest publica-

* Ultimately; but at first four Earls were parties to the negotiation, viz., the Earls of Lennox, Angus, Cassilis, and Glencairn.—*State Papers*, v. p. 361.

* The language of Emery Tylney also applies rather to the Commissioners of 1544 than to those of 1543; "divers of the nobility who came to England for a treaty with Henry."

tion, *Songs of a Cosmopolitan Watchman* (Hamburg, 1840), was his removal to Fulda, soon after which he resigned his chair. In the following year he surprised his political admirers by accepting the offices of Councillor of State to the King of Württemberg, and Royal Librarian at Stuttgart. He has since then had various offices and distinctions conferred upon him. As Director of the Court theatre, successively at Weimar, at Munich, and at Vienna, he acquired that thorough knowledge of the theatrical and artistic world, which is displayed so happily in his latest production. His wife, Madame Dingelstedt, is also known on the Continent as one of the most distinguished singers of Germany. In the interval between 1840 and the present year he has published a considerable variety of works, both in poetry and prose, the most recent of which we are now about to introduce to our readers. It belongs to a class of novels of which *Wilhelm Meister* is the most celebrated and important example—the Art novel,—and of which it must be said that they are generally, not excepting that great masterpiece, less interesting as stories than as vehicles for conveying information or reflections on the various subjects that come within the compass of the term Art. *The Amazon* is liable to no such criticism. While throughout imbued with the artistic spirit, and to painters and musicians especially interesting, it is a genuine story of life and passion, of which the interest never flags from the first page to the last. The author's knowledge of the everyday world, in addition to his special experience in the world of art, has enabled him to give a breadth and tone to his pictures of life which greatly increase their interest and value. The events of the story occupy only three days,—the author in this, as in other respects, exhibiting a marked dramatic tendency,—but in that brief period there is compressed enough of variety and excitement to satisfy any reasonable taste. And with all this there is nothing sensational or spasmodic,—neither murder, nor forgery, adultery, nor suicide. We meet absolutely no villains or reprobates, only pleasant and cultivated society, with just enough of human frailty and unheroic qualities to give reality and the piquancy of contrast. We find strong and natural feeling, contending interests and passions, delicate and difficult situations, sparkling dialogue, graphic description, all irradiated by the light of genuine humour and wit.

Our purpose in this article is to give our readers, so far as possible, the means of judging of the work for themselves, and if they do not feel grateful for this introduc-

tion, we shall be disposed to think, with Falstaff, that there is no virtue extant.*

We are introduced at the outset to a motley procession of pilgrims under the escort of an old fellow styled Father Winter, a quondam *violet-de-place*, now a picture dealer, and newspaper art-correspondent, towards the studio of the distinguished painter Roland, whose fame is in all the exhibitions:—"At the head marched Frenchman, not in lively conversation, but in the silent earnestness which characterizes Young France. In the main body moved Old England, red-haired and blue-veiled, with hat upon the back of the head, and eye-glass on the nose. The rear was brought up by Germany, united Germany, quarrelling in all the dialects mentioned in its famous national song, over the works and the merit of the artist for whom the present monster visit was intended. A connoisseur from Florence on the Elbe, maintained that Roland was the first Realist among contemporary painters, whereupon a far-travelled female enthusiast from the Butter Market in Bremen replied: 'Excuse me; he stands at the top of the Idealists, as his dying Roland shows.' Another opinion, from Frankfort-on-the-Maine, placed him, on the ground of his celebrated 'Village School,' among the *genre* painters, and in conclusion, Cologne voted for placing him upon the same level, as animal painter, with Rosa Bonheur and Herring; you had only to compare his no less celebrated 'Veterinary Hospital,' published in lithograph as a prize for the members of the Lippe-Bückeburg Art-Union." The sagacious Father Winter tells them that they are all wrong. Herr Roland is animal painter, *genre* painter, portrait painter, and historical painter, all at the same time. His fundamental principle is, that the artist must, like nature, be capable of everything, though perhaps less good in one thing than in another. There are no departments, no schools; only good and bad pictures. Herr Roland is furthermore an odd genius. He accepts no orders, even from royalty, unless he has complete freedom in the choice of subject, time, of delivery, price, and everything. He once flung down stairs a Russian prince who wished to burst open the doors of his studio. At another time, he showed all his art-treasures to a travelling appren-

* *The Amazon* has not yet been translated in this country, but there is an American translation, by Mr. J. M. Hart (Messrs. Putnam, New-York), which we have generally adopted in the following pages, wherever it seemed to us that nothing better could be substituted. Mr. Hart's version, though not free from defects, is, on the whole, entitled to the praise of being racy and spirited.

tice, in "appearance a white-washer, or something of the sort," and called him his worthy colleague, adding, with a smile, "We are all paid by the foot and yard."

The artist's residence lies far out of town, a strange-looking place, more like a farm run to waste than an art palace; the house is a one-story building with a square vine-covered tower, and a low wing, shaded by tall trees, from which a terrace slopes to the river's edge. In the yard surrounding the house is a miscellaneous collection of birds and beasts, partly relics of the stock of a travelling menagerie which the artist had bought up, and out of which he found the materials for two of his most famous pictures, "The Veterinary Hospital" and the "Circus Maximus." At last the travellers reach the door of the mansion:—"A middle-aged man, with expressive head and dark beard, dressed in a bright green short coat, on his head a red fez with blue tassel, opens the door, and remains dignifiedly bowing upon the threshold. Can it be Roland himself? Certainly, it is he, it must be he. The enthusiast from Bremen has recognized him at the first glance, although she has never seen him. Thus exactly she had pictured him to herself. She precipitates herself upon him:—"You are Herr Roland. Bremen is my native town." Here Father Winter's cooling hand, armed with her own parasol, is laid upon her arm. "Madam," he cries to her, "this is not Herr Roland; this is Herr Raff, called Raffael, the castellan of Rolandseck." Another dignified bow. Hereupon Father Winter and Raff, called Raffael, exchange, first a friendly shake of the hands, then silver snuff-boxes, and finally a pair of significant glances. The left eye of Raff, called Raffael, asks winkingly, "What do you bring to-day?" Father Winter's right eye smirks back, "Respectable people and foreigners; may admit them; fee fair, perhaps even handsome." After which mute dialogue Raff, called Raffael, with an inviting gesture of the hand, and preserving his plastic attitude, calls out, "If you please." And they all follow him, Bremen somewhat slowly and abashed.

"Herr Raff, called Raffael, was known to some of the friends of art in the party. No wonder, for he had been immortalized as member of three academies before he entered Roland's house. Whoever had been in Düsseldorf had seen him, as Ritter Tögenburg, or as an Uhlandic Sunday shepherd, in two masterpieces of that tender school, 'The Last Sigh,' and 'Shepherd with Flock on Sunday.' In Berlin he had stood, or rather lain, as model for an afflicted Job, and in Dresden he had been hung

several times as Judas Iscariot, in a fox-coloured beard. He served art with body and soul—chiefly, however, with the former, which, in his devotion, he could metamorphose in the most Protean fashion. For Old Testament characters, which he was especially happy in representing, he had his beard powdered grey or white; for Moses, it was divided into two tips; for Jeremiah, it was almost clean shorn. Preparatory to his Judas he went about for half a year dyed red in the wool. No face was too difficult for him, no position too fatiguing; and as regarded the foreshortenings and distortions of the body, so justly called for by the severe historical style, Raff accomplished, in such conceptions, downright wonders. He could sit down so that he would afterwards be unable to rise again without help, and the critics pronounced his forced positions possible only on canvas. In this respect, as well as in the capacity of expression of his head, he was assisted by an inborn talent. Raff, called Raffael, was a native of Berlin, where his mother rose and fell with the ballet: his father he had never known."

The one grief of Raffael's life is that his master, deeply as he reverences him, lacks the ornament of a title; he is not even Professor, much less Councillor, only Herr Roland, even as his servant is Herr Raffael—nothing more:—" 'Humph,' he would murmur to himself, 'my old master looked very differently, even though he couldn't paint. Sky-blue with silver embroideries, enough to make one's eyes water; on the breast a milky way of stars; ribbons like a rainbow. Our visitors came in coach-and-four; the princes called him, 'Dear Privy Councillor,' the princesses, 'Dear little Director,' the lackeys, 'Excellency.' We knew what and where we were.' But here—God a' mercy! Such a good-for-nothing swallow-tail as this here, such an every-day fig-leaf anybody can wear, I myself just as well as the master. Where then is the difference; what becomes of dignity, art?"

Under the guidance of this important personage the visitors are shown through the artist's rooms, getting such instruction on the subject of the pictures as the expected fee, "fair, perhaps even handsome," seemed to deserve. At last Herr Raff twitches his fez, and informs the company that there are no more pictures to show at present. But to go without seeing the master—Rome without the Pope—seemed out of the question. At last the Hanseatic lady summons courage:—"She has a letter for the master from Bremen; her native town. Would somebody procure her admittance into the tower?" Father Winter and Herr Raff,

both decline the attempt, but at last good-natured Herr Stark, the senior pupil, undertakes it, the lady declaring that she will not leave the place without standing in his presence. At last she is ushered into the tower, and seeing two gentlemen, salutes the wrong one, who stiffly points to the Simon Pure. What does the enthusiastic daughter of the Weser see? "No trace of a youthfully fair Raffaelic head encircled with soft ringlets, nor a majestic Albrecht Dürer countenance enframed in a manly beard like Raff's. No Turkish dressing-gown, no artist's blouse and slouch hat. No; a face, a form, a dress such as thousands of mortals possess who are not immortal." Then follows the unromantic portraiture of the hero, taken from his passport:—"Age thirty-five; stature, middling; hair, brown," etc. etc. A closer examination, shows that the features are those of no ordinary man, and his voice is at once melodious and commanding. He welcomes the visitors, reads the note, regrets that his studio has nothing more to show, and ends with a polite bow. "The enthusiastic Hanseatic lady had meanwhile collected her wits, and, with a piercing glance at the envious curtain, stuttered out the question—whether the famous Amazon were not to be seen?—"Amazon?" asks the artist in return. Hereupon an uncle or cousin from Bremen produced a copy of the morning paper, in which the visitor was called upon to admire in the master's studio a new creation, surpassing all previous ones, the Amazon, the portrait of a prominent star in the world of art. Roland smiled, and the little serpents round the corners of the mouth began to play merrily. He regretted that the confound—, the complimentary daily press had once more given an item that was news to the person concerned.—"Perhaps a very brief look, a peep?"—"Impossible; the picture is hardly commenced. Moreover, Herr Raff must have mentioned to you (here the tone of command became more audible) that I am engaged; a lesson." Herr Raff caught the hint. Stepping forward he took off his fez with exquisite and easy politeness, and said: "If you please?"

"After several dissatisfied curtseys on both sides the caravan set itself once more in motion. Father Winter brought up the rear; Roland accompanied them to the little staircase; Raffael, with whom the visitors shook hands abashed, went as far as the door. Here Winter and Raffael come to an understanding once again, in brief but significant symbolic language. "Scarcely fair," murmurs Raff, inspecting the contents of his right hand. Father Winter shrugs his shoulders: "The Amazon is to blame. A

pinch at parting?" Raff shakes his head, his beard curls in angry waves. He disappears behind the house-door, which is closed with gentle energy. Father Winter leads his flock in silence over the grass-grown court-yard, the Frenchmen repeatedly admiring the peacock, the Englishmen the dog, the Germans the poultry. Both sexes and all nationalities concur in the opinion that Herr Roland is not very attractive or affable. Bremen sighs. The album which she has brought with her, with the intent of committing highway robbery upon Roland, has to be borne back by her uncle without the master's autograph.

"The latter had, in the meanwhile, returned to his tower and shut the door behind him. A dark, curly head peeped from behind the curtain; a silvery voice inquired: 'Are they gone?' 'For good,' replied Roland: the other gentleman adding, petulantly: 'At last!' Whereupon a young girl—no, a sylphid—glided into the room, and taking the vexed gentleman by the arm, begged coaxingly: 'Only a short half-hour, *cher papa*, and you are free.'"

The sylphid is the only daughter of the petulant gentleman, Hans Heinrich Kraft, merchant and banker, the richest man in the capital, who entered it forty years ago with a knapsack on his back and a double lous-d'or sewed into his vest. His country is indebted to him for numerous great works and institutions, which have not been unprofitable to himself. He is studiously simple in his dress and profession, wishing to be known only as a plain, honest citizen. His soul is in his business, and he has never had any time to love, scarcely even to marry, though he did happen to make a romantic marriage. His wife died early, and all his affections, apart from his business, are now centred in his daughter.

"Armgard is the image of her mother, the counterpart of her father: small and delicate, a Titus head with dark curls, in it two sparkling black eyes, an impertinent *nez retroussé*, and childlike dimples in the cheeks and chin. She wears gloves No. 6½, and will never in her life outgrow her girl-shoes. Report says she has been brought up well, but with terrible strictness, and Armgard takes good care not to contradict it. In the household, of which she is the sole manager, everything is according to her father's wish, 'plain and simple;' his favourite motto rules here also. She must not even call her papa Thou, but You, after the antiquated fashion of the lowlands, of which he is a native. Every morning and evening she kisses his hands. Fräulein Armgard all this while changes her dress three times a day,

and possesses, for her own private use, two riding-horses and three different equipages, a coupé, a calèche, and an Americaine, in which last she drives the strict Papa Krafft with her own fair hands—all such trifles Herr Krafft does not observe. A man who has his head so full, cannot have his eyes everywhere. Furthermore, Armgard has unlimited credit, both at the bank and in the heart of her father. The great calculator knows that in so doing he does not run any danger. Early in life his daughter enjoyed independence, and reached as it were, mental majority. She receives and visits as she pleases. It devolves upon her to do the honours of the house, which is one of the most hospitable in the city, and is especially frequented by foreigners of distinction. The centre of a brilliant circle from her youth, persecuted from her childhood with offers of marriage as the richest heiress in the country, Armgard has remained on that very account 'cool to her very heart,' not to say cold. . . . She frequents balls, concerts, theatres. She sings Italian, but only a little, because she has no taste for music. She reads French and English; German books she considers dangerous; their earnestness, their sentimentality, is infectious. There is only one thing that she has been pursuing for some time with passion—drawing and painting. . . . Passion for the art or for the master? 'That is the question;' a question which is dividing public opinion in the city into two camps. So much at least is certain, that Fräulein Krafft has free entrance into Roland's inaccessible studio, while he, on the other hand, is on the most familiar terms with the house of Krafft. He, to whom it is an abomination to play the part of loungeur at routs, or of lion at solemn banquets; he, who, the more he holds aloof from society, is all the more persecuted by it,—he is never absent on Sundays from those small, charming soirées, at which only a select few are assembled, and which are magically illuminated, not by the dazzling chandeliers of all the drawing-rooms, but by a few shaded lamps in Armgard's boudoir. In the spring Roland and Armgard take country drives together, in the well-known Americaine, to make studies from nature, attended only by an aged English lady, Mrs. Henderson, who, in the course of time, has been promoted from nurse to governess, from governess to companion. What wonder then, that Roland's pupils regard it as already settled that Fräulein Krafft must sooner or later become their mistress?"

Herr Krafft has to be at the Stock Exchange at one o'clock, and won't sit any longer. "Flattery and caressing were of no

avail, except in affording the silent observer, Roland, a nice little *genre* picture—two seasons. The father played the part of winter; he was dressed in black. The daughter looked the very personification of smiling, charming spring. She wore a white jacket, embroidered with lilac; a high lilac silk dress with loose ribbons; yellow-laced and yellow-fringed boots, after the becoming fashion to which the Emperor Caligula is indebted for his name. Violet-breathing Spring embraced with both arms gloomy Winter, in hopes to melt him. But he would not melt, despite the close fire of the two black eyes, which with a roguish glance called upon Roland for help. "Just see how cruel papa is to me to-day," she complained; whereupon Roland replied: "When Herr Krafft has once said No, there is an end of it. Besides, I myself have not much time to spare; I expect the Amazon at twelve o'clock." The Amazon again! Who can she be? Evidently no insignificant person, for at the announcement of her appearance the Spring sky became overcast, while upon the face of Winter a half-smile began to beam. He rejoined: "Have I said No? Not that I know of! To prove that I am no tyrant, I will sit here till near twelve. If we hurry I can still be at the Bourse in time." "We will go together, papa," interrupted Armgard hastily; "I will drive you there. I have ordered Jack here with the ponies at twelve. You know that Jack is punctual, and my ponies are fast."

We are not long of discovering the cause of the stern banker's sudden change of mind. Meantime, his daughter proceeds to work, in the course of which the artist interrupts her and warns her against affecting a style and idealizing. Herr Krafft has no great objection to have his wrinkles softened a little, but the master is inflexible and protests:—"You know two heads which have kept German art busy for many a year: Schiller and Goethe. Schiller has been so much characterized and *styled*, that he has come to have a nose as sharp as a knife, such as no living man ever wore on his face. Goethe's locks have been so rumpled by academic hairdressers, his forehead, temples, cheeks, so badly spoiled, that his fine countenance, full of intelligence and life, threatens to stiffen into a myth. Beware of style, Fräulein Krafft. Do not flatter your father. He does not need it. All flattery, whether spoken, written, printed, painted or chiselled, is an act of violence towards the subject and towards nature, an attempt to make him better than nature has made him."

Roland fortifies his opinion by quoting a similar remark made the other day by Count Wallenberg. At the mention of his name

Armgard colours, and there follows some further conversation in reference to the Count, from which we gather that he is not uninteresting to the young lady, and that her sagacious parent is aware of it. He openly rallies her on the subject, and begins to talk quite confidentially before Roland about her choice of a husband. At last the sitting is over, and while Herr Krafft is examining the portrait, in which he finds the stern lines of his face just a little too deeply reproduced, the sound of the Amazon's approach is heard. "Roland put away Armgard's easel and went to open the door. She washed her hands behind a screen, pressed her flat little hat—adorned with a knot of violets and a lilac veil—down upon her forehead, and urged their departure. Herr Hans Heinrich Krafft, however, who had previously been in such haste, seemed to have forgotten in some inexplicable manner his business hours. He buttoned up his black walking-coat, not, however, without unnecessary force, rubbed carefully his fine black hat to the proper smoothness, and pulled on his dark-coloured gloves, all with perfect composure, and with the scrupulosity of a man who is far from being indifferent to his outward appearance. Consulting his chronometer he said to Armgard, 'Five minutes past twelve. Jack and the ponies are not punctual, or they would have been announced already.' However, we are in no hurry. You can drive me there in half an hour, and we cannot dash away from here without taking leave of Roland and greeting his guests." Armgard smiled, but her smile had a little dash of bitterness.

"The noise of approaching footsteps now became audible from the adjoining studio. Roland hastened forward and opened the door. Hasty steps up the short stairway, a loud farewell from without: 'Addio, diva!' and the Amazon stepped—soared—no, she sprang with one bound into the room.

"Am I again too late?" asked the newcomer, in an incomparable soprano voice that vibrated through the high tower like the full tone of a bell. 'Always in season,' was Roland's answer, accompanied by a hearty shake of the hand.—'Perhaps, for the first time, too early,' she added softly, on perceiving Krafft and Armgard. But this mistrustful 'aside' was lost in the warm embrace in which the master's pupil and model, Armgard and the Amazon, threatened to devour each other.

"Your hand upon your heart, fair reader; is it not true that when we girls rush at each other so violently on an everyday occasion and exchange such ardent kisses, as though we had not seen each other for years, or wished to take a hurried leave before a

little trip to the North Pole—may not, in such cases, a hundred be wagered against one, that inwardly we should like that very moment to stab each other with the first convenient shawl-pin?

"Herr Krafft, for his part, welcomed the Amazon with a youthful gallantry of the old style. He said solemnly: 'How late a sunrise—at twelve o'clock noon!' Whereupon the lady thus addressed, with a ringing laugh, threw aside her bonnet, pointed to her hair, which, be it once for all confessed, was of the most undeniable, brilliant red, and exclaimed; 'Sun, Herr Krafft? You mean to say, comet. You may be thankful that I have left my tail outside.'" Flinging herself into an easy chair, she laughingly describes the *cortège* that accompanied her to the studio:—"As she reclines there, the Amazon, she is a beautiful woman, beautiful as a picture. Should the gracious reader, with an upward turn of the nose, remind us of the red hair, we must respectfully inform him that he knows not what is beautiful; let him go to school to Titian and the Venetians, here and there to Rubens. Fox-red hair or brownish red, with the inevitably accompanying freckles, we have no wish to palm upon him as beautiful. But of the right colour, pure, molten, fluid gold, rather thick and vigorous than long, by nature wavy, spun out at the temples and on the neck in short ringlets that defy every touch of the comb—such hair shines upon a woman's head like a bright crown of beauty—beauty not regular, but all the more fascinating. Our heroine possesses everything that is suited to such hair: a dazzling white complexion, a pair of tempting cheeks, neck, shoulders, arms and hands such as every painter could wish for in his model, and a form whose outlines are far from running into autumnal fulness, yet betray the glowing maturity of summer. The eyes of the Amazon are of a peculiar shade and quality; whether black, grey, green, or blue, no one can say with confidence, because they reflect all these colours, according as the light falls upon them from without or the spirit within is moved. Old General Schall, with an excellent comparison, calls them Nixie-eyes, they are so elemental, so moveable, so full of expression. Her mouth appears, at the first glance, too large; but when we have seen the pearls which it contains, and heard the pearls which it pours forth, we hang entranced upon the pouting, dark-red lips, so long as they are open, and even when they are closed."

The name of this fair dame is Seraphine Lomond, her age twenty-eight, and she is one of the most popular *prima donnas* of the

day. She now enters into conversation with the banker, who seems entirely to have forgotten his engagement on 'Change.' She wants to draw more money; he warns her against reckless expenditure, has long wished to read her an earnest lecture upon that, and—a short significant pause—upon much besides. Finally, he appoints an hour for a private interview with her, and winds up by kissing her hand with great fervour, upon which he and Armgard take themselves away.

"The Amazon, who had risen at their departure, now paced up and down the studio with long tragedy steps. Suddenly she stopped in front of Roland, who had seized his maul-stick, and was ready to go to work. 'What is the matter with the bank princess to-day?' she demanded hastily. He shrugged his shoulders. 'I heartily dislike this little personage, who plays the fine lady, with her artificial composure and affectation, with her mysteries, and long lessons in your studio. I don't know why you don't take her instead of me for the model of your Amazon.' She, with her maul-stick, her riding-habit, and her coach-whip, is ten times more an Amazon than I am. And what fragrance she leaves behind her! A perfume-shop is nothing to it. Violet pomade, violet essence, violet powder; violets without end. I like violets in the open air, in the meadows, in the woods. But here the odour deadens all healthy nerves. I must have fresh air. This is stifling.'

"She impetuously opened a small sash in the great window of the studio and leaned out. Roland stepped up to her and spoke in his quietest tone, laying his hand on her shoulder: 'When you have cooled down we will proceed to work.' 'Work,' she muttered, 'nothing but work. I escape from a three-hour piano rehearsal into a two-hour sitting. This evening a philharmonic concert awaits me, to-morrow morning a conference with my agent, then a conference with papa Krafft, then a conference with the superintendent. Day after to-morrow evening, grand opera. And always and in everything I am left to myself, without protection or support from without. Oh, how sick and weary I am of this wretched life, which blind, stupid people even envy. If they only knew how gladly I would exchange with any negro slave!'

"Roland suffered this outburst of the artist-soul,—which met with a gentle response in the chords of his own; only, however, in harmonious solution of the harsh dissonances,—to expend itself. After somewhat of a pause, he said, apparently to himself rather than to the singer: 'Spring is at

last in earnest. Its quiet, peaceable, artistic activity does one good to look at. In a night, with the same palette that it has used for thousands and thousands of years, it colours my old chestnut trees green. The brown buds, when they burst open, are as though freshly varnished; the young undeveloped leaves, full of wrinkles, are like the faces of new-born children.'—'Have little children wrinkles?' demanded the *prima donna* with open eyes.—'Delicate little wrinkles around the eyes, the mouth, the nose, like old persons.'—'How ugly the crying little bambini must look with them!'—'There is nothing ugly in nature, just as there is no sudden transition. Her movement is ever in a circle, swallowing up the end in the beginning. Winter and spring run imperceptibly into one another, like two different and yet kindred keys. Every creature feels the difference. Look, even Jacob knows, without any almanac, that spring is at hand. He sits up there, the frosty old fellow, in the topmost bough of the ash tree, and suns his sly old head. Ho, Jacob, Jacob!'—A large raven slowly fluttered down to the window, perched upon Roland's shoulder, then, turning his head, looked alternately at him and at the singer, and pecked at the gold medallion which the latter wore on her neck. The black gallow-bird was the last remaining article in the inventory of the old veterinary hospital. His favourite place was on the top of his master's easel, where he would sit for hours, burying his head in the ruffled feathers of his back. In their long intercourse, Roland had succeeded in teaching the old bird a trick which was greatly admired by all the pupils; whenever he cried: 'Jacob, I am too warm,' Jacob would perch upon his head and fan it with his great, black wings.

"Roland, wishing to pacify and divert his model as he would a child, stroked the tame bird and made him go through his difficult performance, first on his own head, then on the singer's. The sharp claws becoming entangled in her blue net, she was forced to take it off, in doing which her hair, which she had only arranged with a few pins, came loose, and fell down over her shoulders in a golden shower, scattering electrical sparks. 'Seraph, how beautiful you are!' exclaimed Roland. 'Marie could not have arranged your hair more beautifully or more happily for our picture.'—'You find beauty everywhere,' she smiled.—'Just as you find harmony everywhere; even in your own pure high-minded soul, when you do not, with perverse cruelty, strike the golden chords too rudely.'—'Forgive me, brother, for having been wild and

reckless once more. It was not intended for you!—'But it pains me for your sake.'—'Don't quarrel now, Roland. I will be good and sit for you—still, quite still.'—'That is right; come, Jacob; to work.—The raven flew up to the top of the easel, while Roland arranged a steel blue helmet in the loose, waving hair.' 'I shall not,' he said, 'plague you with your robe to-day. Face, hair, and helmet will give us both enough to do. If you are going to leave in a fortnight, the head must be well advanced by that time.' She sighed: 'Ah, I wish I were already away.'—'Not I, Seraph; nor you either, in sincerity. It will be hard for you to go, as it will be for us to let you go.'—'Us?'—'All of us. On that account you must at least leave your picture behind, finished, for me, for all; sit as you know how; let your head fall a little, rather more to the right; that is excellent. If you can hold out, only one hour, not two, you shall share with Jacob a plate of cakes and a cup of *café noir*.'—'Instead of the cakes a cigarette, and I agree!' replied the model.—'Domestic Regulations, § 5: "Thou shalt not smoke, except in the billiard room."—'That is a law which we impose upon strangers, only to break it ourselves. We will drink coffee together there in the corner, under the oleanders, smoke our pipe of peace, and you shall tell me your fairy-tale, the long-promised one.'—'What one is that?'—'Your history; past, present, and future. Will you?'—'If you have sat patiently.'—'I shall be like stone.' Profound silence reigned in the tower. Only through the window-sash, which remained open, there came the fresh rustling of the branches and the twittering of the early singing birds by the brook. How easy to paint in such a place, secure against every interruption, in a swelling, impetuous spring-tide mood, alone with a model who abandons herself to the master, not only with dazzling beauty, but with all the practice and skill of her own artistic perceptions. His eye sparkled as it plunged alternately into the deep lake of those nixie-eyes and the golden stream of hair; his hand flew, although at times trembling, in among the colours of his palette and along the canvas. Occasionally a smile, a glance, a familiar inclination of the head, would hurriedly pass between them. The entire ecstasy of a morning creation was compressed into one sacred hour."

This charming repose does not last long, however. The Amazon breaks the silence by inquiring who is to be the Theseus, the hero of the piece, the subject of which has been taken from a recent opera by the celebrated maestro, Bullermann, and represents

the moment in which the victorious queen of the Amazons gives his life to the treacherous hero, and then takes her own. The painter has not yet decided. She asks why he does not take himself. He laughingly says that he is not a Greek. Theseus must be a man of graceful form and attractive air,—a lady-killer, in short. Count Wallenberg, for instance, in golden armour instead of uniform,—he would quite represent the painter's ideal. "But not mine," says Seraphine.—"Why not?"—"Because." This little passage disturbs the mood of inspiration, the lady becomes fidgety, and finally jumps from her chair, where she finds some hair-pins sticking under the cushion. Roland thinks they may have been left by the model who sat there yesterday. "Or by Fräulein Armgard, whom you have been painting to-day, instead of giving her a lesson. I won't sit any longer on this chair—I will not." "Silence again prevailed in the tower, but it was an oppressive, sultry silence. The singer took a rapid turn through the apartment and then said, not to Roland, but as involuntarily speaking to herself, 'I could never love or marry a painter; jealousy of his models would kill me.'—Roland burst into laughter as spontaneous and as loud as though this confession had really delighted him. Then taking her by the hand he replied; 'And your future *fiancé* or your husband?—is he also to be jealous of all first tenors that clasp you for minutes together to their breathless bosoms; of countless melancholy basses, who, as tender fathers, carry you behind the scenes in their arms, or who, as enraged uncles, drag you over the stage by this charming golden hair in order to administer to you, in front of the prompter's box, their curse in the deepest F or FF?'—'Those are the straw men of the theatre. Who thinks of them, when singing with them?'—'And these are the straw women of the studio. One never thinks of them when painting.'—With these words Roland pushed the chair to one side and threw the fatal hair-pins to the floor."

Peace being again restored, and the sitting over, this artistic couple have their coffee together, light their cigars, and the artist proceeds to fulfil an old promise, by telling the story of his own life. Born the son of a shepherd in the German Tyrol, he changed his vulgar name of Meyer for that of Roland, an English gentleman, his first best friend and patron.

How he fared in his first love-suit is capitally told. In his early career of sign-painting, he took as his model for a female Turk, to figure over a tobaccoist and grocer's shop, the black-eyed daughter of the house,

with whom he fell deeply in love. "I soon came to an understanding with Christine, for that was the name of the odalisque. She inspired me to make a formal offer of marriage to her worthy parents, assuring me that her mother had been gained over by her eloquence. So, one fine Sunday morning, arrayed in my first black coat, hat in hand, my heart beating high, I ascended the short staircase that led from the shop into the family apartments. The table was already laid; out of the kitchen there came a most seductive odour, unmistakably from a Saint Martin's goose stuffed with apples. Christine received me winking, simpering, evidently full of confidence, and without the least doubt as to the complete success of my suit. She pointed covertly to a fourth place at the table, as if to say, the goose and I, we are yours, for certain; only go ahead! The mother sat at the window and knitted the stocking of my fate. Papa was making up his week's accounts at a *secrétaire* in one corner of the room, over which a perpetual lamp was glimmering; his frown betokened an ominous deficit. Despite the seductive sign before the shop, rappee and Virginia had been dull, no demand for herrings, oil quiet, soap alone lively, the profits on which are very small. He received me with dignified reserve, listened in silence to my long, carefully prepared speech, without interrupting me, turning all the while upon his writing-stool, and when I had ended, solemnly closed his journal and ledger with a snap. 'Your suit, Herr painter Meyer,' he replied after solemnly clearing his throat, 'can only be gratifying to me, to my wife, and my daughter. However, before proceeding farther, please tell me what o'clock it is.'—Taken aback, I stammered out it was something past twelve. 'You think so, but a merchant is in all matters exact. Have the kindness to consult your watch and give me the exact time.'—'My watch? I have none.'—'Does that mean that you do not possess such an article, so necessary to an orderly man, or that you have left it at home?'—'I have none at all, neither here with me nor at home.'—'Then we regret,' he said, descending from his elevated seat, 'to be under the necessity of refusing you our daughter. A man without a watch is no husband for her. Young gentleman, find a watch first, and then a wife. Not even a watch! Christine, serve up dinner. It is . . . '—here he drew complacently his Nürnberg egg in its tortoise-shell case out of his breeches pocket, and let the seal and golden chain flash a ray of annihilation in my eyes,—'It is twenty minutes past twelve. Now you know what time it is. At your service in all other par-

ticulars.' He bowed, mamma stood up and dropped a curtesy and a stitch, either in terror or compassion. Christine had disappeared, with a parting glance which said to me, 'Not even a watch! If I had known that!'"

His first stroke of good fortune is not less amusingly described:—"I told you with what fiery zeal I set up my easel and yearned after employment. I vowed, above all things, to be true, never to flatter. Hear how I stood the test. My first customer was a baker, Frau Maier by name. She kindly called me 'cousin' and inaugurated the sittings, which were held in her 'best room,' with a breakfast of cakes, of her own manufacture, and morning bitters, likewise of her own manufacture. A little sweetening of the task could do no harm. Frau Maier was a mature beauty of some fifty summers, and weighed a good two and a half cwt. She appeared in a low-necked silk dress with short sleeves, while around her bare neck was entwined, serpent-like, a gold chain supporting a pair of glasses. I modestly ventured to inquire whether she might not wish to put on a ruffle or a cape. She replied with a decided negative, not understanding why she should cover up her neck, which was short enough already. With a sigh I placed her weak spot, that is to say her strong one, in the most discreet light possible, and went to work. The outlines of the head could be disposed of tolerably well. But when I came to the lower parts of the face, which terminated in a majestic chin, several storeys deep, I grew dizzy, and broke out into a cold perspiration. First with my eyes, then with my crayon, I wandered disconsolate over those mountains of flesh, not knowing where the chin terminated and the bosom commenced. The sitting was brought to an abrupt conclusion. The next morning I inspired my courage with two, perhaps even three glasses of bitters, and energetically set out upon my pilgrimage, resolved to bring order into the chaos—above all, to remain faithful to my vow of truthfulness. I worked like a butcher-boy, while every now and then my colleagues, the bakers, with their shirt-sleeves rolled up, their faces white and knowing, would look over my shoulder, laughing in secret. Even the master came, shook his head, and went. The third day—no breakfast. A bad omen. No visits from the bakery either. Only the boy came in once, made a demoniacal face, and ran away, crying: 'The mistress looks as if she had the goitre.' My two and a half cwt. became profoundly perturbed. Frau Maier shed bitter tears. Herr Maier scolded me for a bobby, and wanted to know if I took his better-half for a spoon-geese. My future

was at stake, my art-journey to Rome and Paris. Should my first customer leave me dissatisfied, no need for me to remain, my occupation was ruined. A painful struggle arose in my heart. At last the genius of truth, vanquished, lowered his banner, my vow was broken. I closed my eyes; one vigorous stroke and the double chin disappeared, the mountains died away in gentle, undulating contours, nothing remained but a tempting fulness. Of course the fourth sitting brought with it a rainbow of peace, in the shape of many-coloured liqueurs. After completing the picture—a speaking likeness, so everybody found it—the 'cousin' had to take dinner every Sunday at the baker's. The grateful Frau, lighter by fifty pounds, recommended me to her entire family connexion, among them a town-councillor, to whom I gave a Roman nose instead of a congenital potato one, and the daughter of the resident physician, who had a squint, but whom I prudently painted in profile. Success was mine—what is success, Seraph? Then it was the height of my ambition to coin one German provincialist per week into silver, to lay aside a few thousand florins in twice fifty-two weeks. To her, my baker woman, I am indebted for this fortune. Peace to her adipocere." At the conclusion of his narrative, the artist tells Seraphine, that now having reached, perhaps, the summit of his fame, he asks himself what is the difference between him and his humble brothers and sisters whom he has provided for at home. "What is happiness? I repeat again. Seraph, do you know?"

"The singer, who had followed Roland's narrative in silence, arose and laid her hand upon his shoulder. He remained sitting in his chair, thoughtful and fixedly gazing, as though the story of his life had called up restless, rest-destroying spirits. She spoke with a tone of emotion: 'Yes, I know what happiness is; know it because I have it not, know it in and from you. Happiness is peace. Your powerful spirit floats, in immoveable equipoise, high above the wavering and wandering of our artist-paths, that aspire and relapse alternately. You have reached your goal. Your works, your pupils, have borne your name abroad throughout the world. You are happy because you make others happy.'—'Do not deceive yourself,' he answered soberly, almost sadly; 'I am weaker than you suppose. What I have accomplished as a painter, others estimate and over-estimate; I alone feel wherein I fall short of perfection, how far, how unattainably far the true, the highest aim still lies above me. Feel how it is beating and surging here within'—here he pressed her

hand to his heart—'storms of the wildest kind, the autumnal equinox of my life, which descends, day by day, hour by hour.'—'You, Roland, in the fulness of your vigour, at the climax of your fame?'—'I have reached the fatal boundary-line between youth and age, I look back upon laborious beginnings, look forward to dreary solitude. I am lacking in the conditions of the simplest, most essential human life, which no one can violate with impunity, not even the most favoured: a home, fixed domestic ties. I have grown up as a tree without roots, always pushing upward, turned toward what is without. This absence of what is nearest and most natural cannot be compensated for by work, by any achievement in art. Of what avail to soar aloft, if you shall stand alone on the summit, all alone? And I shall stand alone, entirely alone, if your path once more separates from mine. Have you decided to go, have you really?'

"He grasped Seraphine's two hands and held them in his own, looking into her eyes with deep emotion. She slowly disengaged herself. A faint shiver passed over her, as she replied hesitatingly and with averted countenance: 'I do not know yet. Within a few days I must come to a decision; not, however, without calling in your assistance. There will surely be a quiet hour in which to exchange my confessions of a weak soul for this chronicle of your youthful days.'

She then tells him that she has an offer from an American Barnum to go on a great international opera trip for five years round the world, and that she may fix her own terms. "Roland hears her impatiently, and paces the room in indignation. 'Five years!' he exclaimed; 'you surely do not think of consenting; you cannot!'—'Why not? I am as free as the bird in the air—an outlaw. And think of what I can make, since I am at liberty to insert into the contract the figures which denote my value.'—'I know you well enough to know that gain will not decide you.'—'Perhaps! though if it is a considerable gain——! Then you forget that my weakness for *café noir* and Turkish tobacco attracts me, magnetically as it were, towards the East.'—'Do not jest upon grave life-questions.'—'Seriously, then; there is no remaining here for me. Every year the old migratory spirit comes over me, only it does not impel me towards the North, but towards the South, to our common paradise, now lost. Brother-heart, think of our mule-back rides among the Campanian hills, our excursions on the moonlit gulf!'

"She flew to a piano that stood concealed in the farthest corner of the room. An overpowering dithyramb swept over all the

chords. Gradually the white fingers composed themselves to more measured accords. Above them rose, gently at first, in breathings scarcely audible, then gradually swelling, at last rolling forth in the fullest, most thrilling power, a voice so full of soul and expression, so pure, so heavenly clear, as though it sounded from the clouds, from the choir of cherubim and seraphim, and not from the lips of an earth-born woman. She sang: 'Kennst du das Land wo die Citronen blüh'n?' in a simple manner, but with that artistic geniality and perfection which can inspire the most familiar theme with the glowing life of an improvisation, and which irresistibly sweeps away every listener in the whirlwind of the artist's own mood. The query: 'Kennst du es wohl?' ascended in staccato, like a scarcely suppressed sobbing, from which an outcry of the most intense home-sickness, the startling call, 'Dahin, dahin!' tore itself loose, only to die away, lispingly, in the agonizing sigh: 'Möcht ich mit Dir, O mein Geliebter, zieh'n!' The incomparable picturesqueness of the words and the glowing hue of the tones united in producing an illusion that dimmed every sense,—a *Fata Morgana* of Italy. There it lay, near in vision, touch and hearing, the sacred, the ardently longed-for land of dreams and wonders. Its golden fruits were fragrant, its west wind blew softly through the open window. Outside no longer rustled the bare, bleak lindentops, but the high laurel, the still myrtle; and the waterfalls of Tivoli thundered and foamed, the colonnades, the marble statues of the Villa Albano peered out, mysteriously white, from the dark green. . . . Dahin, dahin!

"Roland lay spell-bound at the feet of the dangerous enchantress, listening with suspended breath, both hands pressed to his face. She drew him still deeper within her magic circle, by adapting Mignon's last prayer directly to him:

'Dahin, dahin,
Geht unser Weg. O Bruder, lass uns ziehn!'

"She then closed with a brief after-play; a few vanishing accords, in which the soul, distended almost to bursting, might vibrate itself to rest. She looked around at Roland—What is this? He does not move; but tears, bright tears, trickle through his fingers. Involuntarily she raises her arms; she will fly to him as though on azure seraph's wings, will embrace, will cheer him. . . . But the spell is suddenly broken. A third person has, unnoticed, joined their circle. Through the door there comes a loud clapping of hands and the repeated acclamation: 'Brava, bravissima! Da capo! Fuora!'

"The moment, a decisive one perhaps, was gone. Seraphine's wings drooped. Roland rubbed his forehead, and, with the smile of an awakened somnambulist, rose to greet the intruder—or was it a preserver?"

The gay intruder is the often mentioned Count Augustus von Wallenberg, Ambassador-Extraordinary, and Minister-Plenipotentiary, etc. etc., the most popular of ministers, both at Court and among his friends, a born aristocrat, but generally esteemed a thoroughly "good fellow." "Wallenberg's external appearance has already been described by Roland on a previous occasion; a nice head, dark hair, crafty eyes, a delicate little beard, a slender figure. We merely add that this external appearance possesses in all its details, the genuine diplomatic property of betraying nothing, neither age nor character. The Count could be set down as fifty, or as twenty-five. He is not large, and not small, not handsome, still less is he ugly. His eye, for all its good-natured glances, is concealed behind a drooping eyelid, as though behind a discreet curtain. Having been in foreign service ever since his childhood, and gone through all the Courts of Europe, and even one or two missions over the seas, his language too has no recognisable peculiarity. In his dress he is elegant enough not to be elegant after the present fashion, which regards comfort as the supreme law. Sum total: an *homme distingué*—one who is in nothing distinguishable." The lively diplomatist makes himself quite at home, notwithstanding his manifest intrusion at an interesting moment, and after some pleasant chat the fair singer takes her leave. Then ensues a confidential talk between the artist and the diplomatist. Roland tells his friend that he begins to weary of his loneliness, to desire a home and a fire-side, wife and child, in fact, he believes he is in love.—"My best wishes at all events. But love and marriage are widely different matters. A man can love without marrying, and marry without loving. Marriage is, at our time of life, confoundedly serious, not to say hazardous. We know only too well what we give up, and too little what we receive in exchange. Marriages of affection or of passion are, in the main, only a success in early youth. The sphere of maturity is the marriage of reason."—"Which I abominate," hastily interposed Roland.—"But which," replied Wallenberg, 'is and ever will be the most salutary for a genuine artist-soul. After all, everything depends upon the other half, the object of your choice.'—"Advise me, Wallenberg."—"Advise and guess then! Fräulein Kraft?"—"That was the advice of

jealousy,' said Roland, smiling.—'Indeed? Fräulein Armgard and myself have stood for years upon the strictest footing of armed neutrality. I suggested her first, because the town persists in regarding her as something more than your pupil.'—'She is not the one.'—'Who then?'—Roland pointed to the door through which Seraphine had disappeared.—'No?'—The artist nodded violently.—'Not that one, not the Amazon?' cried Wallenberg, pointing to the easel.—'She and no one else.'—'Are you beside yourself, Roland?'—Whereupon the diplomatist, with real or affected panic, threw himself into a chair. Roland looked at him, in amazement at the impression his disclosure had made. After a significant pause, Wallenberg resumed: 'You wish to marry Fräulein Lomond?'—'On the spot, if she will have me.'—'Impossible, Roland!'—'Why?'—'A man doesn't marry a *prima donna*.'—'Why not?'—'Singers are frescoes; we admire them from a distance, we adore them, we even love them to distraction. But marry? Never!'—'I ask you once more: Why not?'—'Because we don't select a volcano for our hearth.'—'Exaggeration.'—'Because no lasting union can be spun from untameable passion, unaccountable freaks, insatiable or *blasé* moods.'—'As though your ladies of the best society were never troubled with *vapeurs* and *migraines*, that sour the life of a tormented husband! Far better endure the ocean tempests of a deep but sincere artist-soul than the petty spite and spleen of a faithless little pond.'—'Are you willing to go shares with the hydra-headed public in your wife, the highest and best of a man's possessions?'—'If she loves me she will abandon the stage.'—'To leave you again at the end of a year and return to it.'—'Then she practises her art as I do mine, free and unrestrained.'—'You, Roland, the husband of a singer, a king-consort, a shadow? Always to play second fiddle, to carry music-books, to wrangle with directors, to manage fault-finding critics with the horse-whip, and laudatory ones with bank-notes, to shake hands suspiciously behind the scenes, to ride on the back seat of the old theatre carriage. . . . You, Roland; you, with your pride, your uncontrollable love of liberty?!' He proceeds in the same strain to recommend the banker's daughter as a far wiser choice, the very difference of their character and pursuits giving a promise of happiness not to be expected from the fusion of two artists lives in one, mutually embarrassing and destroying each other. "But I do not love Armgard, she does not love me," says the passionate artist.—"And do you love Seraphine? Are you beloved by

her?"—"I . . . do not know. There are hours in which I believe both, and days in which I doubt both."—"See now. Do not deceive yourself," and the cunning diplomatist goes on to warn his friend against rashly concluding that the charming intercourse hitherto existing between him and the beautiful singer could continue after they became man and wife. He winds up, "It is not well, Roland, it really is not well. So far as I am acquainted with Seraphine, she loves nobody. Whom is a *prima donna* to love, whom can she love? Herself, in her part, on her stage, in her public. As soon as she loves another, any one in particular, she abandons herself and her art. The theatre should, like the Catholic Church, exact a vow of celibacy from its priests. Leave heaven its stars; the stage heaven as well. 'We do not desire the stars,' says Goethe. . . ."

These sage counsels do not quite please Roland, but the result of a brief meditation is, that he requests his good friend the Count to go as his confidential agent to Seraphine, reconnoitre the position, and according as his observation turns out, either advance with the best offer he can make for him, or withdraw to the *status quo*. This kind of love-making is not much to our taste, but the plan of our story perhaps required some such cause of complication. While Roland leaves the studio for a while, the Count begins to meditate. He begins to feel somewhat envious of his friend, and, as he calls up the image of the fair Seraphine, the idea of winning her seems to him something more desirable than it had ever appeared before. His reverie is broken by the entrance of Herr Krafft, who has suddenly come back to the studio in the hope of finding Seraphine still there. Now follows another unexpected disclosure. The banker takes the opportunity of seeking the Count's advice on a matter of grave importance. His daughter will shortly marry. The Count congratulates the father, and the future bridegroom still more. The banker has never desired to control his daughter's inclinations, but unless he is much mistaken, he thinks her choice has fallen on their friend Roland. The Count is sure it could not have fallen on a better man. "Two brides at once," thought he to himself, "what luck the fellow has!" Coming to the point, the banker asks if the Count advises the marriage. The Count puts the counter question, "Does Roland love Armgard?" Herr Krafft thinks he does, and proceeds to arrange the thing all square. The marriage will be over in three months. But then comes the gist of the business. "But then the father's house has become empty and desolate. The old man has got

accustomed to female company, to some fair, presiding creature at his side. He cannot endure the strange solitude. What shall he do? What do you counsel him, dear Count?—'He renews his youth in the happiness of his children; he dandles his grandchildren on his knees.'—'You imagine him too much as a venerable greybeard. Let us suppose that he can still make some pretensions to the world. . . . You understand me, Count?'—'Not entirely, Herr Krafft,' smiled Wallenberg, who had long since detected what the other was aiming at, but secretly enjoyed the pleasure of making him unbosom himself fully. 'But a famous diplomatist like you should catch every hint, every half-word.'—'Evidently you overrate me, Herr Krafft.'—'In the name of Heaven, then! I must blurt it out; I wish to marry again, marry . . . her there (pointing to the picture), the Amazon! Now laugh at me, as loudly as you please; but afterwards give me, as a man of honour, as a man of the world, as friend of our family, your advice; I ask it with reference to both plans.'

"Krafft walked to the window and drummed on the panes with his fingers. Count Wallenberg remained in his chair, as astonished as a diplomatist well can be, almost at a loss for an answer. Had he been alone he would have burst into a Homeric peal of laughter at this prank of fortune, which had made him, in one hour, the confidant of two men so different and yet coinciding in their aims. He, the Ambassador-Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary, beheld himself elevated to the position of marriage broker for a banker and painter. . . . Enough to make one laugh one's-self to death. And yet Wallenberg laughed not. The fascinating image of Seraphine, the new Helena, rose before him, ever higher and brighter. He lost himself so profoundly in the contemplation of her picture on the canvas that he well-nigh forgot Krafft's presence and the entire position of affairs."

The conversation is resumed. The Count assures the grey-bearded lover that he feels honoured by his confidence. "'Your age, your position, to say nothing of your splendid fortune, justify you completely in thinking of a second marriage.'—'Are you serious?'—'Perfectly so. Women innumerable would accept your hand with gratitude, so to speak. You could make some one happy, and you deserve to be happy yourself.'—'I never yet have been happy, strictly speaking, my dear Wallenberg. I had no time. I could begin now and take the time.'—'Still, do not be precipitate, either with Fräulein Armgard's marriage or your

own. You are pretty well acquainted with our amiable *prima donna*?'—'Fräulein Lomond frequently visits my daughter; besides, I attend to her little business matters.'—'She is well off, is she not?'—'As you take it, Count. Her fortune might determine many another man to a proposal; not me, however. I can, in a single operation on 'Change, to-morrow for instance, when the stock of our new South-West Railway will be sold, make more than Fräulein Lomond in a whole year.'—'Indeed?'—'Why, you do not wish to compare her little bit of sing-song with my work, my responsibility?'—'Assuredly not.'—'Her deposit in my bank, snug as it is, is next to nothing in my eyes. What attracts and captivates me in the divine Amazon—and has done so longer than I will confess to you or to myself—is her power of fascination, her talent, her character.'—'The caprices and passions of the singer are not to be overlooked.'—'The salt of marriage, my friend, the true spice, such as is needed for a man in the fifties. All the fire that she now lavishes on the boards will go towards illuminating and warming my house, my old age. Her voice, her incomparable silver voice, will belong to me, to me alone; I will coin it into social capital in my salon, the first in the city.'—'And you have no apprehensions of being ruled by a young wife who has been accustomed to command?'—'The more the better, Count Wallenberg. It will do me good in my very soul to follow the guidance of another will than my own. Let her rule, she shall rule. If she wishes to travel, we will travel. Play,—I will break all the banks for her. . . . Wallenberg, that woman has bewitched me!'

"So saying he departed, the raging wolf, leaving his sheep's skin behind him, not merely the costly fur in which Armgard had been painting him, but also that outer wrapping of the cold man of business, the strict paterfamilias, which he had hitherto preserved with such anxiety. Who had looked for such heat underneath the snow? Certainly not Count Wallenberg. For his eye followed the banker with even greater amazement than it had previously followed the artist. 'Two fools instead of one!' he exclaimed to himself. 'But I will show you a third, Gustel Wallenberg, who is a still more wretched fool than either.'"

The result of the Count's cogitations is that he has been a great blockhead to stand so long, like the ass of Buridanus, between two charming girls, unable to choose, till both are snatched away from him, and that with his own assistance! Shall he not,

before it is too late, improve the opportunity for doing a little diplomacy on his own behalf? Meantime, he and Roland go arm in arm to the carriage that is to convey them to dinner at the Count's country house.

The incidents hitherto related have all occurred on the Friday. Next day we are introduced to the *prima donna's* quarters, the arrangements of which are graphically described, including a brilliant portrait of her majordomo and factotum, Signor Bepo. It is ten o'clock in the morning, but *la diva* has not yet appeared, while a miscellaneous assemblage of visitors crowds her ante-chamber. Here we have one of the best passages in the work, describing the wonderful new piece by the great maestro Bullermann, the very sum and climax of the "Music of the Future." The humour of this description must be appreciated by those least conversant with the vagaries of the musical world.

A group is assembled around the open Bösendorfer piano. Herr Bullermann, the composer of the "Amazon," is expounding to the editor of the semi-official *Morning News*, the basso Herr Braun, and the Ritter von Blumenberg, the tendency and character of his latest musical production, *The Deluge*. With a modesty equal to his power of prophetic vision, he announces it as the absolute work of art of the future. The master of the school that takes its name from the "Wagon" is left miles behind; he lies immeasurably far below. Similarly all the limits and forms of art are victoriously set at naught. The Deluge is neither oratorio nor symphony, still less can it be or is it intended to be considered a musical drama. "Universal history become Music" would be the only suitable description of the work. Its representation calls for a theatre like the Circus Maximus in size and arrangement; one semicircle set apart for the audience, the other for the orchestra, while the singers and actors have their place in the middle. Like the dramas of the Greeks, the piece begins at sunrise, under the open sky, and closes, after the necessary pauses, at midnight, under cover. It borrows from the Mystery-stage of the Middle Ages the three-fold division of the stage, Heaven, Earth, and Hell; from modern times, all the marvels of painting and mechanics. The piece is divided into seven parts, the mystic number seven (seven days of creation, seven colours of the rainbow, etc.) running significantly through the entire piece in septima chords. The opening is idyllic: the awakening of nature at sunrise. A herd of cows with

bells—no anachronism, since Tubal Cain had already discovered brass—a train of camels, are driven over the stage, *in natura* of course. Shepherds, also *in naturalibus* as much as possible, sing, dance, play. Thereupon the patriarchal life is unfolded in all its purity: Noah and his daughters enter. (Noah, Herr Braun, deep bass.) Then comes an interlude in hell: a fallen angel (the chief tenor) is sent upon earth by Satan,—a humoristic bass-buffo,—to ruin the young human race. He succeeds only too well; who does not know the irresistible power of the high C over weak, feminine souls? Fourth part: gigantic orgies; all three compartments join in. In the topmost storey the angel choirs weep; in the middle, drinking, gambling, love-songs are bellowed forth; underneath, howl the triumphant dithyrambs of the demons, among whom the sixteen contrabassos, *unisono*, laugh in scorn. Thereupon the stage, the entire house, is eclipsed, a cover being suddenly thrown over it. The deluge, with its real waters rising from point to point, from tone to tone. Noah builds the ark; magnificent chorus of journeymen carpenters chopping in time. Chorus of the drowning, *decrecendo*, while the orchestra, the deluge, ascends higher, higher, higher, to the last flageolet notes of the first violin. Deep silence. The ark is seen floating. Sixth part: Noah's doves fly forth; the flapping of their wings imitated to perfection by striking the wood of the violin-bow upon the strings. The waters fall, fall, fall; with a jerk through the entire orchestra the ark comes aground on Ararat. Thank-offerings of Noah and his rescued ones; joyful chorus in heaven (Seraphine—first seraph), despair in the nether-world, whither the first tenor returns in a musical effort which stands between *Don Juan* and *Tannhäuser*, but high above them both. A septima accord rises with the lunar rainbow, and fades away in melodious colouring. Seventh part: establishment of the culture of the grape, conceived in the antique spirit, so that Noah, like Bacchus, represents the founder of civilisation. Bacchantic finale.

"The author, Herr Bullermann, was giving his faithful admirers a slight idea of this creation on the piano. With respect to the singer Braun, he had a sure game beforehand; the latter was already charmed with the part of Noah, and contemplated executing it, especially the drinking scenes, in a masterly manner, a mild degree of intoxication to be indicated by abrupt figues on the French horn. "Could he hold out?" inquired Ritter von Blumenberg, the most sober-minded of the small but select au-

dience. In lieu of a reply, Braun stood up and struck his chest, which resounded like a barrel. . . . A born Noah! Herr Braun is six feet tall, like most bassos, disproportionately broad, like a great many of them, and has a slightly rubicund nose, like some of them. The machinery, however, caused the somewhat anxious and critical Ritter von Blumenberg more scruples than Father Noah's capacity of endurance. 'How will you make the deluge?' he demanded, shaking his head.—'By forcing-pumps; nothing easier.'—'How are you going to make it rain?'—'By means of water poured down upon high plates of glass. A thin gauze curtain spread in front will make the illusion perfect. Besides, the house is in semi-obscurity, and the ear will aid the eye by hearing the rain in the orchestra.'—'But the rainbow?'—'Optical instruments of colossal dimensions will produce it with more splendour than nature herself.'—'And the doves?'—'Have you never heard of goats being trained for the stage? Of carrier-pigeons?'—'The ark, then?'—'The ship in the *Africaine*.'—'Magician of a thousand tricks! He has an answer to everything.'—'Say, he is all in all,' exclaimed the man of the *Morning News* enthusiastically: 'Poet, composer, manager, decorator, mechanist. Bullermann, you are a universal genius!'—The maestro smilingly inclined his head; leaving it undecided whether he found universal genius too much or too little. The friends embraced each other across the piano; a sight for the gods: the official press and the Music of the Future in heart-felt unison."

Only a few months before, the *Morning News* had been denouncing the music of the future as madness and its leaders as asses, while the *Evening Journal* was their champion. Now it was all the other way. The papers had changed sides, but the hostility between them raged the more fiercely. The representative man of the one was Meyer Hirsch, and of the other Hirsch Meyer. Both were in the house at this moment, but they must not be allowed to meet, or the consequences may be disastrous. "And yet—if there ever were two mortals intended by blood, vocation, the closest affinity of soul, to be a pair of bosom-friends, Hirsch Meyer and Meyer Hirsch are these mortals. They belong to that interesting genus of mammals which a modern statesman has attempted to christen with the name of 'Newspaper Jews.' They are, both of them, far from directing the editorial management of their papers: they only supply the *feuilleton* with articles upon art matters, mixed news, crimes, and

calamities. The semi-official *Morning News* follows the Government through thick and thin. The editor-in-chief is a man of rank and position, who directs and is directed from the minister's antechamber. It is distinguished by its corrections, which come limping along regularly four weeks after the occurrence of the events, and which never tell what has taken place, but only deny, in oracular style, what is said to have taken place. Just the reverse the *Evening Journal*, which runs ahead of the opposition, likewise through thick and thin. It is the property of a stock-company, that speculates in liberalism according to the daily money-market. Is the paper suppressed in any one State, one of the principal shareholders leaves immediately, to do penance on the spot and promise amends. Confiscations, on the other hand, are favourite measures, often brought about on purpose to bull the market. Imprisonment-terms are served out by Hirsch Meyer, according to a fixed tariff. His speciality is theatrical criticism; but he also writes brilliant leading articles. If the Chambers are convened, he thunders against untimely extravagance; the Government bills are not yet complete, the committees unprepared. Are they adjourned, Hirsch Meyer thunders on the other side: woe to the country where the voice of popular representation is suppressed. He has just dashed off, at the singer's writing-table, this glowing improvisation upon fly-leaves: "Fusion of parties—confusion of the Ministry."

How the *prima donna* brings these two worthies for once together forms an amusing interlude, and affords an illustration of Continental journalism, to which we would fain hope no parallel could be found in this country. Hirsch Meyer, of the *Evening Journal*, is writing in her cabinet. Meantime she enters the saloon and disposes briefly of her visitors. "'And now to you, my friends!'" continued the goddess. Ritter Blümchen, overjoyed, hastened forward and seized one of her hands, Bullermann the other, the man of the *Morning News* hunted in despair for a third. 'I regret that I am obliged to dismiss you also. I need rest to-day for to-morrow. *Au revoir*. Stop, Herr Hirsch Meyer, I beg you to follow me a moment into my cabinet.'—'Meyer Hirsch, gracious lady.'—'All the same, I shall expect you.'

"The sun disappeared as it had appeared, in storm-clouds. The Ritter and the composer left; the *Morning News*, uncertain as to what should follow, knocked timidly at the door of the cabinet. The two hostile brethren, surprised and enraged, stood sud-

denly face to face. Seraphine smiled, pulled open a drawer of her writing-table, in which gold, silver, bank-notes, jewelry, letters, cards, *étuis*, lay huddled together in a confusion peculiar to herself, and, catching up a pair of scissors, she said: 'Before I go I should like to do one good deed, by firmly uniting, for a short while at least, two irreconcilable enemies.'—'Impossible, never!' was the reply.—'Let me make the attempt. Do you see this bank-note?' She showed them a hundred-thaler Prussian bill, and, cutting it with an artistically undulating line into two unequal parts, offered one to each of the opponents. 'Be united,' she exclaimed, and disappeared into her bedroom, leaving the two critics to themselves. They had involuntarily taken the singer's strange farewell card from her hand, and, in mute amazement, they first looked at her vanishing form, then at each other. Meyer Hirsch awoke from the spell before Hirsch Meyer, and ran hastily out of the house; Hirsch Meyer ran after Meyer Hirsch, still more hastily. And indeed the artist's wish was gratified, though only for a single hour. The world saw Hirsch Meyer and Meyer Hirsch, a sight never before beheld, first enter together a bookbinder's shop and perform a mysterious operation with paste and brush. Thereupon they went, still together, to the exchange office in the Red Rose, from which they emerged with flushed countenances, only to run away in opposite directions as of old. Nobody has ever solved the riddle of this close and yet, alas! but fleeting friendship between *Morning News* and *Evening Journal*."

At twelve o'clock the diplomatic Count makes his appearance, and is received in special private audience. He tells Seraphine that he has come on a mission from two great powers, bearing, like a certain ancient Roman, two offers in his toga,—offers of marriage. "'Only two?' says Seraphine, 'not a week in the year goes by without bringing me at least that number. Whenever a merchant is on the point of ruin, whenever a young cavalier casts about him for means to fill his stables in suitable style, the first speculation they think of is my hand. The hand of a singer is common property. Let Signor Beppo conduct you into his secret archives; one large, full compartment bears the inscription: "Offerte di matrimonio."—'Of course you understand that I would not be the bearer of such messages. Those that I bring are serious, honourable suits. In the left side of the toga'—carefully folding the lappets of his coat—'is hid no less a suitor than Herr Hans Heinrich Kraft; you see how

his weight almost tears to pieces the antique folds.' Seraphine smiled, but without the least sign of surprise. The ambassador continued: 'For every year that he may be thought to have in undue excess of you he generously lays down a million; his house you are already familiar with. He offers you his heart, and that with all the passionateness of late affection.'

"The smile disappeared. The singer played thoughtfully with the tassels and fringes of the divan. After a brief silence she said: 'And the counterpoise to this weighty first offer? Carthage had the choice between war and peace, Sir Ambassador. Whom does the right side of the toga conceal?'—'A friend, Fräulein,' was the very earnest reply; 'the painter, Roland.' Seraphine grew pale, even to her very lips. The hand that had been toying with the silk tassels, clutched them firmly to conceal its violent trembling. There ensued an oppressive silence, in which one might hear every faint tick of the *vieux-boule* clock on the writing-table, well-nigh also the quicker, clearer beat of the Amazon's heart. Count Wallenberg watched her sharply; he felt no less moved than she was. Having regained her composure, she said, looking fixedly at the diplomatic mediator: 'You call yourself Roland's friend, Count. I believe you to be such. Have you then, as such, approved of his suit?'—He hesitated.—'Openly and frankly, like an ancient Roman.'—'Well then, openly and frankly, not like an ancient Roman, but as his and your friend: No!'

"Seraphine sprang up, or rather was on the point of springing up. The Count caught her hand, which was icy cold, so cold that he could feel it through her glove, and restrained her." The Count then expounded to her his theory of contrast as the true foundation of happiness in marriage. Seraphine asked if Roland had heard this exposition also—if he admitted its truth?—"His reason must, whether his heart is willing or not.—'It is not willing then?' interposed Seraphine, and it seemed as though there were a lurking hope, a half tone of exultation in her last question.—'His heart, like yours, is a genuine full-blooded artist's heart. It does not know what it wishes. To-day it dreams of you, to-morrow of Armgard. But it will be rudely awakened from its dream as soon as it has entered upon a union by which the iron voice of reason has not been consulted.'—'Enough; I beg you to excuse me a few moments.' With these words Seraphine slowly rose and withdrew into her bedroom. Count Wallenberg remained

alone; a smile, not of dissatisfaction, played around his delicate, firmly-set mouth. Perhaps Theseus thought he already held the Amazon's girdle in his hand? Softly, softly!

"In the darkest corner of the sleeping apartment stood a *prie-dieu*, and above it a small marble statue of the Virgin and Child. Seraphine knelt down, for a prayer without words: 'Madonna, Mother of God, blessed Protectress, see, I come to Thee, not in the empty jugglery of an opera prayer—no, Madonna, but in holy, fervid earnestness. Aid me in the sacrifice that I am making. At Thy feet I lay my bleeding heart, with all its secret, foolish, O and yet so sweet, desires. Receive it. It is thine; it cannot be his. To him give all the happiness that I must forego. . . .'

"Amen," she softly breathed, and arose. The art of the actress came to the aid of the woman. She stepped to her dressing-table and cooled her glowing face with the powder-brush. Without a tear in her eyes, but also without a smile on her lips, she reappeared before the double wooer. Her golden hair shone around her white brow like the halo of a martyr. 'Count,' she said with a clear voice, 'I thank you for your wise counsel. What is more, I shall follow it. Say to your friend, that his offer does me high honour and gratifies me exceedingly, that it has almost touched me, but that, upon mature deliberation, I have given heed to the voice of experience and friendship, yours, Count Wallenberg, and preserve my freedom. I earnestly desire that Roland, too, may be governed by you, and soon, very soon, announce to me his engagement with *Fräulein Kraft*.'" Wallenberg then tables the banker's proposal, which the *prima donna* proceeds to discuss, to his astonishment, in quite a business-like manner, overruling the diplomatist's objections on the score of difference of age, etc., as inconsistent with his own theory. At last he tells her that he has a third offer in his breast-pocket, "over the place where the heart beats," and gracefully presents his own card. Seraphine laughs out, somewhat to his discomfiture, and treats it as a joke. He proceeds to assure her that he is deeply in earnest, and presses his suit with all the skill of an accomplished man. Seraphine thanks him for his confidence and for his offer, which has the advantage of forcing her to a decision on pending questions of vital importance. She asks for time for consideration. He accepts this as a favourable token. Then she delivers an impassioned defence of herself and her class.

"Of one thing you may be sure, that I am worthy of you, Count Wallenberg. This hand can be laid without trembling in that of every man of honour, even the best, the highest; it is free from every blemish.'"—'Who doubts it, my dear Seraphine?'—'You, yourself, in secret. Do not deny it, Wallenberg.' You declared, just now, that you could neither offer nor claim the firstlings of love. And then I know our gentlemen of the best society. Their youth they pass in the questionable atmosphere of the *demi-monde*; their mature age behind that Chinese wall with which society—what chiefly goes by that name—shuts itself off from the outer world. The notions of female virtue and excellence that they derive from both spheres are not of the best. If they come in contact with the pariah-folk of the theatre, then the Baron, the Count, the Prince, has only to imitate Cæsar: come, see, conquer. He coolly throws the singer, the actress, his handkerchief, confident that it will not be rejected if it contains a set of diamonds or a pocket-book full of bank-notes.'"—'What a gloomy view you take of life!'—'It is that of your order, Count; but, heaven be praised! not the right one. I stand up here for my profession, although I was not born or bred for it. In the semi-obscurity, the impurity of the stage, there is still to be found pure, vigorous womanhood, as well as in your saloons, or in the rooms of burgher houses. Yes, better, because it has to withstand more difficult trials. Out upon the cheap virtue of your young girls of the cultivated classes, who cannot deceive the eye of an only too-experienced mother, and then, as soon as they are away from it, cajole and deceive their husband behind his back, or to his very face! Reckon up where there is the greatest amount of seduction and abduction, of marriage vowed and broken, on our stage or on yours! And yet how exposed we are, from the very first step in our elevated, bright, yet slippery path, to the delicate and the coarse attentions of individuals, the intoxicating applause of the multitude, to unrestrained intercourse with the most dangerous men! She who wishes to stand firm there, must be able to rely upon herself, to control herself. With pride I can say: I have done it. My life lies exposed to the eye of the world; there is not a false step in it. My past will not reflect the least shadow upon the house that I may enter as a wife, were it ever so brilliant.'"

The conference ends very amicably, and before its close Seraphine reveals to the Count the story of her life. This is about

the weakest though not the least amusing part of the book. Possibly the witty author may have meant it for a burlesque. It turns out that the *prima donna* is not what she has hitherto passed for, a German, but a *Scotchwoman*, and not only so, but the daughter of an Earl,—the Lady Mary Menteith! Her name of Lomond she borrowed from the queen of Scottish lakes, on whose banks she had spent so many happy days, before she made up her mind to avoid a distasteful marriage, by flying from her native land, leaving her hat and shawl, with the oars of her skiff, floating on the waters of the loch. There are some comical touches in this bit of biographic romance, such as the description of the old Earl of Menteith, as the chief of a clan, for ever at war with his neighbours, and withal a Scottish repealer, "hating equally Lord Derby and Lord Palmerston."

The next scene of the story introduces us to the diplomatic residence of the Count. Here we have a capital portrait of a young diplomatist of a school not unknown to us at home. The indefatigable Hirsch Meyer has been in the Count's rooms, trying to pick up some scraps of political information. "When he had taken his departure the young man rose, who had been sitting concealed behind English and French newspapers, marking with a red pencil whatever might be of importance to the Count. It was his *attaché*, Prince Paul Sess of Neuss-Sessenheim, who had recently joined the embassy, and at that particular moment was exercising the functions of the secretary, in the latter's absence. The young statesman, son of a man who had been in his day an omnipotent prime minister, fresh from the university, brought with him the fame of profound learning, and passed for a prominent, hope-inspiring power in the diplomacy of his country. At the very first glance he appeared as the perfect contrast to his chief, Count Wallenberg. Where this latter is, or appears to be, too light, the other is, or appears to be, too heavy. He belongs to the most recent youth of our times, as they spring up with frightful uniformity in all our great cities, chiefly characterized by the common trait of being older than extreme old age. Whoever seeks after geniality, fondness and talent for society, agreeable manners, especially towards the other sex, loquacity, and good-humour, let him knock at the doors of the boys of fifty and upwards; men below that age, especially the greybeards between twenty and thirty, are, on entering the world, above all these qualities, which they

look down upon as frivolous and old-fashioned. Born and reared amid grave events and struggles, ever surrounded by materialistic aspirations, with a head full of positive knowledge, and a heart devoid of all ideals, they begin where their fathers left off. Their sole longing and striving is, to achieve success, to grow rich or famous in a night, to obtain a position. All else appears to them superfluous, if not worse. They speak but little, eat and drink little, dance not at all except on command, ride only according to the doctor's prescription, and take up the turf or play either as a matter of social obligation or to win. So are they all, our young English Lords, the Marquises of France, the Russian Knese, the Italian Principi, the German Counts and Barons: all one race, even in external appearance. With their pale, hard countenances and close-cut hair, their wide sleeves and baggy pantaloons, their thick double-soled shoes and grey felt hats, they look like a new crop of Roundheads, Puritans in miniature; such, however, as believe in nothing but success, and have no other religion than egoism; fanatics of the worst sort, the cold sort.

"Prince Paul—a splendid specimen of this species, the inmost perfect greybeard of three-and-twenty—rose from his work at Hirsch Meyer's departure and said thoughtfully: 'Are you not afraid, Minister, of this journalist compromising us?'—'By means of the empty envelope of a telegram?'—'Hm! stolen or lost despatches, letters that have fallen into the wrong hands, have caused mischief enough.'—'My dear Paul, no one then would be free from anxiety for his paper-basket.'—'I burn the contents of mine every evening.'—'Mine here is emptied by my servant. Whether now he sells the stamps and seals to collectors, or whether a poor newspaper Jew speculates for once with a scrap of the refuse, what is the difference?' Changing the subject, the Count demanded: 'Nothing new by the mid-day post?'—'A circular message from our Government to its foreign agents. It explains its commercial policy in the most pacific spirit, and enjoins us to maintain everywhere the best understanding with foreign cabinets, and to give this emphasis abroad.'—'When the Herr Minister preaches peace, there must be something in the wind, perhaps the beginning of the end. We must be watchful. No news from America?'—'None. And yet Marvål says that an important message might come at any hour from our secret agent in Liverpool.'—'I wager that it will again come like the thief in the night. Do

not have me awakened, except in a case of extreme urgency. I have passed a sleepless night and need rest. You have the key to the cipher. The matter can lie over till to-morrow, I reckon.'—'With your permission I will bivouac in the hotel and send for Marvål. An interesting investigation will help us to pass the time. Professor von Siebold has sent me some rare specimens of crustacea. Just think,' continued the young Puritan, becoming as excited as it was possible for him to become, 'Siebold has discovered in a small shell a still smaller crab, concerning which it has been impossible, until now, to guess how it could get inside. It is now ascertained that the crustacean drives out the mollusc and occupies its house. I am going to examine the fellow under my lens.' Count Wallenberg looked at his scientific *attaché* in amazement. 'Do you know,' he said smilingly, 'that you yourself, under the microscope, would be an incomparably more interesting little animal than your sea-crab? One at your years, my dear Paul, generally investigates lobsters and oysters from other motives than those which actuate Herr von Siebold.'—'The study of molluscs is my speciality, Count, and my relaxation.'—'In a sleepless night?'—'I never need more than four hours sleep.'—'At your age? When you are as old as I am, you will not sleep at all.'"

The elder diplomatist proceeds to give some excellent advice to his premature young assistant, tells him that he works too much, not always in the right way, that the diplomatist is often least idle when he seems most idle: the Count's own greatest successes in diplomacy were achieved, not by despatches and notes, but at a hunt or a ball. The diplomatist must not sacrifice his freedom of position and *coup d'œil* to laborious working up of details. More may be done by mere inertia than by excessive activity. Talleyrand's golden rule must be ever remembered, "*Point de zèle!*" The same great master's definition of his art is not less worthy of remembrance, "Diplomacy is good common sense applied to the great business matters of the world." A definition, by the way, which very nearly corresponds to the more recent teachings on the subject, by precept and example of two such opposite statesmen as Mr. Bright and Lord Stanley. The austere young disciple listens with attention but secret contempt to the exposition of his chief, and proceeds to develop his own ideas of the work, and the principles of the new school of diplomacy to which he aspires to belong. It must follow the tendency of the

age, and direct it. It must become positive, the promoter of international commercial policy, the mediator between nations and their most pressing wants, the guardian of universal prosperity and morality. This requires study of history and elaborate investigation. Prince Paul has been prosecuting his researches into the history of diplomacy ever since his second year at college. He has been collecting materials for a history of the subject, and has extended his studies as far back as the Greek-Byzantine epoch. With such a work he hopes to win the laurels of a Thucydides, "And the wrinkles of a Socrates," laughs the incorrigible Count, and prays that his forehead may be preserved from both. "That," he adds, "is the difference between us old diplomatists and you modern ones—we make history, you write it."

Wallenberg now retires to his divan, and arranges his plan of operations. His ally, Hirsch Meyer, shall insert an *on dit* in the *Evening Journal*, to the effect that the Fräulein Lomond is about to retire from the stage, to bestow her hand on a gentleman enjoying a high social and diplomatic position, but with whom she will match on equal terms, being herself, it has been discovered, of noble birth. This premeditated indiscretion will, the Count thinks, have the effect of engaging Seraphine, of burning behind her the bridge of retreat to the stage. Herr Kraft will be compensated for the rejection of his suit by getting the son-in-law of his choice, and the fair rich Armgard will be more than sufficient smart-money for Roland. Just as these cogitations are being concluded the artist is announced, and the Count hastens to inform him of the important discovery communicated by Seraphine. Roland breaks out: "She has confided this to you? She kept it secret from me for years; from me, her friend, her brother. True, if she is a fine lady, a nobleman must be nearer to her than an artist."—'Stop, Roland, Seraphine is an angel.'—'She was one even before she became your equal, Count.'—'You are bitter and unjust. I shall say nothing more until you have composed yourself.' After an oppressive pause, during which they sat in silence, each lost in his own meditations, Roland resumed, with a tone of forced composure: 'Pardon my hastiness, Wallenberg, and my anguish. I forebode everything. Let me know what I ought to know, what I must know.'—Thereupon the Count, omitting names and details, narrated what the singer had told him, prudently commencing at the end, the history of her youth. He built up a wall of separation

between her and Roland, so that the latter could see a fresh stone added with every word. The peasant's son from the Tyrol began to feel the national vein throb within him; he thought—and Wallenberg's artfully confused narrative confirmed him in the belief—that Seraphine's refusal was dictated by an awakened feeling of social rank. Her past intimacy was set down to the score of art; the singer was willing, it is true, to associate with the painter, not the born lady, however, with the son of a shepherd. She would turn her back upon him and the stage together, and withdraw to the bleak upper regions of society. Adieu, fair dream, adieu!" The diplomatist follows up his advantage, makes no mention of Kraft's proposal, but boldly burns up his own ships and confides to Roland what has passed between himself and Seraphine, assures him of Kraft's desire to have him for a son-in-law, and of Armgard's favour for him, and strongly recommends him to strike the iron while it is hot, and ask her hand. Roland starts away for Kraft's, and the diplomatist thinks the game is won.

In the next chapter, the graphic power and satiric vein of the author are well displayed. We are introduced to the counting-house of the banker. The reader is called upon to take off his shoes at the threshold of the Temple of Mammon, or at least his overshoes, if he happen to be burdened with such protection against the dirt and thorns of life's pilgrimage. "Off with your hats, all ye, of whatever rank and age, with the exception of the venerable Hebrew, the lovely daughter of the tribe of Judah, who follow in our train. Let them keep their heads covered in Old Testament fashion, for we are about to enter the temple of that God whom their chosen race, with prophetic glance, adored sundry millenniums ago in the desert—the golden calf." The address of this shrine is in common parlance Kraft Street, No. 30. The street itself is a monument of the great speculator's genius. An enterprising architect bought the ground and commenced to build, on the strength of a credit opened for him by Herr Kraft. The enterprise proved too much for the architect, and the banker saw himself forced, against his will of course, to stop the credit at the eleventh hour. The half-finished street lay dismantled, and the industrious workmen, out of employment, went about in despair. The public spirit of Herr Kraft faced the emergency. He bought the buildings for half what they had cost, finished them, and then either sold them for three times the sum, or rented them at such a rate as to produce

ten per cent. The grateful town-council named the street after the public-spirited banker, while the unfortunate architect was denounced as a swindler. At the corner of the street stood the dwelling-house and business premises of Herr Kraft:—"The two sides of the Kraft house, sharply separated, represent two worlds. On the side towards Kraft Street business rules, Herr Hans Heinrich Kraft; while Fräulein Armgard Kraft looks out upon the Königsplatz. The first half is occupied by vast cellars, where the samples of oil, spirit, and other liquid articles are kept; the ground-floor is allotted to the bank for working men; on the first floor are the offices; on the second the cashiers' rooms; in the third storey and still higher, across the court-yard and into the back buildings, extend the warerooms for groceries, wool, grain, hemp, hops, etc. etc. For the firm of Hans Heinrich Kraft does not only banking, but also wholesale commercial business. The granaries are situated between the railway stations and the harbour, forming a small town by themselves. The taxes and customs annually paid by the firm are written with five figures, the first of which is not a one. Its number of *employés* exceeds the contingent furnished by many a member of the Bund, and on pay-day, turbulent Saturdays, ten cashiers have enough to do to fill the open hands at the various pay-windows. And yet Kraft—the Herr Principal, as he permits himself to be called, after the old fashion, by every one of his people, from the book-keepers down to the youngest volunteer or porter—knows all his men by sight. His memory, both for figures and for persons, is terrible, and his ubiquity, even in the darkest corners of his kingdom, borders on the fabulous. Where he is least expected, there he suddenly appears, always in black or in white, and always on foot. No mortal eye has ever seen him with an umbrella or overshoes. The dexterity of his arm puts to shame the most skilful grain-mesurer in the granaries, his quickness at figures confounds the ablest heads in the counting-house, and, in emergencies, the speed of his big feet outdoes even the jog-trot of the old grey nag that brings the letters four times a day from the General Post-Office."

On the particular Saturday when we are introduced to the interior of this great establishment there is unusual stir and bustle in Kraft Street. "Saturday is the great day, on which, at four o'clock, subscriptions for the South-West Railway will be received at the banking-office of Herr Hans Heinrich Kraft. Another public-spirited

enterprise of vast scope. Only a short time before, Krafft had explained the prospectus to the Finance Minister in a secret conference. For an hour and more the two potentates, so closely related, and yet not always in accord, walked up and down his Excellency's room in confidential conversation. Child-like spirits, they enjoyed the sight of the early swallows building their nests before their very eyes in the curves of the Ionic capitals close by the windows. 'A happy prognostic for your undertaking,' said the Minister graciously. 'What a head you have! What a pity that you cannot be induced to take charge of one of the bureaux of my department.'—'With a few thousand florins a year for a salary, your Excellency,' smiled Krafft. 'No, I am not of the right kind to be an official. I am and shall remain a citizen, plain and simple. Each one must serve the State after his own fashion. Permit me to abide by mine.'—'The State will serve you in turn, as long as I have any share in its administration. As to the rest, you are right, neighbour,' added the Minister with a sigh. 'Nothing like personal freedom. Most willingly would I resign my portfolio into your hands on the spot.'—'Gracious heavens, Herr Minister. I should make a fine figure at the green-council board, or on the bench of martyrdom in front of the Chambers. We are in our right place, both of us. Let us remain there.'—'And friends too,' concluded the Minister, with an honest shake of the hand. Hereupon they discussed some other private affairs of His Excellency, whose fortune Herr Krafft had taken charge of as a special favour. It was agreed that His Excellency should take an interest in the South-West Railway to the amount of a good round sum, and they separated upon the most cordial understanding. The Herr Minister accompanied Herr Krafft, who had come in disrespectful overcoat, through the antechamber, filled with uniforms and black dress-coats, to the door, which the servant opened for the parting guest with Oriental salaams. Down-stairs, under the Ionic columns, the porter saluted with his outstretched staff infinitely more devoutly than before a Councillor of the first class, almost with as much devotion as before His Excellency, and was only too happy when Krafft said to him in a friendly manner, 'Well, Niklas, on a certain Saturday you too can announce yourself in the counting-house; there will be a little account kept for you.'

"Great was the astonishment when, only a few days after this so tenderly concluded interview, the semi-official Meyer Hirsch

fired off an article against the new railway. The *Morning News* warned its readers against excessive speculation, and showed that the Government, which had given no guarantee for the payment of interest, washed its hands of all responsibility. None but the initiated saw that this very article had been agreed upon in the conference itself. The administration wished to display its independence of Herr Krafft, to preserve its position of strict impartiality. The public, however, mistrustful of every official utterance, read between the lines that the bureaucrats looked with unfavourable eyes upon this enterprise of a man of the people, and grudged poor folks a sure profit. It was replied to in the same spirit by an article of Hirsch Meyer's in the *Evening Journal*. The fuss on both sides did its duty, and produced the desired result.

"This became most palpably manifest on Saturday afternoon. Even before three o'clock, the human tide, swelling from minute to minute, pressed on to Krafft's house. In a short time the street was packed full, and still the rising tide rushed in both from the Börsenplatz and the Königstrasse. Men of business, officials, moneyed gentry, workmen, even servants, pressed forward to subscribe, all the more eagerly when it was announced that the lists would soon be closed, and all subscriptions proportionately reduced, on account of an undoubted excess. This report had such an alarming effect, that armed policemen, and mounted guards had to be summoned, the street closed and barriers put up before the doors of No. 30, just as the ticket-box of a theatre a little before the commencement of some unusual performance. We find some of our old friends drifting about in the raging flood: here Signor Beppo had brought his bit of poverty, there Father Winter's venerable head rises above the tide, deep red and dripping with perspiration; Maestro Bultermann cannot protect the fainting widow on his arm in any better manner than by crushing her against the wall; Hirsch Meyer and Meyer Hirsch struggle on opposite sides, as usual, for a choice place on the stone at the corner, from which they can overlook and describe the scene. The shrieks of female voices, the laughter and roaring of the men, the useless cry of order by the gens d'armes, blows and kicks, choruses by the envious or the inquisitive from the adjoining windows, the exultation of the mischievous street urchins,—all these separate discordant sounds combine to form an infernal symphony worthy of the idol to whom it is offered, and who sits

up there, behind locks and bars, in the Holy of Holies of his temple, the fire-proof safe, unapproachable but ever surrounded afresh by the swarms of his raging devotees, dead, and yet daily demanding and devouring his living human sacrifices.

"Roland drew back dispirited, in time to avoid being swept away by the roaring stream. He had either not thought or not known of this great event of Saturday. And yet his excited mood called so imperatively for some final result, some decision, that he regained his courage and discovered a way of access to old Krafft through the entrance to Armgard's apartments, on the Königsplatz. A servant led him—the well-known friend of the family—without hesitation up a side-stair covered with green carpet, the communication between father and daughter, into the counting-house. Here order, peace, quiet reigned. The roar of the flood was wafted up from below like the dashing of the sea against a dyke. Only the new hands peeped out at the windows, grinning whenever a woman's shawl was trampled upon in the crowd, or a man's coat-tails torn off. The older *employés*, used to such battles, worked on undisturbed, standing in pairs at the heavy oak desks, over which hung gas lamps with green shades. Nothing was to be heard but the scratching of the steel pens, the rustling of the leaves of the huge books, the crumpling of smaller and thinner slips of paper, known as bills of exchange, the whispering of a couple of voices that were rapidly making some computation, in duplicate, to prevent mistakes. On the side-tables copying-machines and stamping-presses were unceasingly at work. Noiseless as shadows, the occupants of these dismal apartments glided from one room or one desk to another. An office servant, likewise a shadow in invisible grey livery, handed round the 'Vesperbrod,' consisting of coffee and cakes, bread and butter and fruit, which was devoured hastily, in silence, and standing. And each desk, each room, each man even, looked like all the rest; the same prices current hung on the walls, the same railroad and telegraph-maps, the same daily almanacs, the same lists of coins; in the corners stood the same basin-stands, above them hung the same white towels marked with the same red characters, H. H. K. . . . Fie upon this imperfect human race! It has successfully invented sewing-machines; why not writing and counting machines? Then we should at least hear in such a money-manufactory the whirling of wheels and the wheezing of steam, as in all the others! But no; in the temple of

the demon, in the immediate presence of his gloomy majesty, nothing is suitable but silence, the silence of the grave!"

The soul of the artist is oppressed by the atmosphere of the counting-house. He is silently directed, by point of pen, from room to room, till at last he finds himself in presence of the presiding genius, who is closing peremptorily an unpleasant dialogue with his aristocratic father-in-law, a broken-down Knight of St. John. The old man has come a-begging, and has been told that the banker can do no more for him, but that his annuity will be regularly paid. The banker makes no secret of the matter to Roland, tells him that the old man is a hopeless devil, and as a specimen relates how, after giving him one day a handful of gold, he found him breakfasting sumptuously off silver at the Nimrod Club, when he condescendingly saluted him before a numerous company, adding, "Sorry I can't invite you to join me. But you know our regulations—civilians not admitted." Such persons, said Herr Krafft, must be snubbed, and made to feel the power of purse-pride *versus* pride of ancestry. Roland's momentary suspicion that this lesson may be meant to apply also to him is dispelled by the frank and confiding manner of his intended father-in-law, who tells him that he has seen his daughter, and that he may be assured of her filial compliance with his wishes. He then shows Roland his room, in return for his frequent views of the artist's studio. "Roland took the desired survey, but only with a slight feeling of discomfort at being lost in a strange world. The counting-room of the principal was the same as those of his *employés*. Between the two windows stood the writing-table, covered with heaps of newspapers, stacks of letters, mountains of ledgers, bound in canvas or leather, and tipped with brass at the corners; a chaos for every eye and every hand but the master's. A cane-bottomed chair in front of the table completed the picture of hardness and simplicity. So also the standing-desk, which was not a whit more elegant or comfortable than all the others. The four walls were lost to sight behind cases that overflowed with pasteboard boxes, books and pamphlets, all marked with the numerals of the year and the name of the country to which they had reference. All five continents were here represented. In one corner stood timidly the narrow leather-covered sofa; in another, a small table, on which a bit of black bread and two Borsdorfer apples represented the 'Vesperbrod' of the millionaire. A couple of stray cane-bottomed chairs invited one to stand. Nowhere a flower, a picture, a carpet, a soft curtain, a

coloured cover; everything bare and prosaic, cold and bleak. And for this to be banker and wholesale dealer!"

The merchant saw what was passing in the artist's mind, and tells him that he must not judge by appearances. Even this prosaic world of his has its secret poetry. Yonder blue pasteboard box is the cradle of a South American republic; within that other, bearing the label "Melbourne," is hidden the first introduction of Australian wool into Germany, and so on. "'I do not deny,' he adds, 'that it would have been pleasing to me to have my son-in-law undertake the continuation of my life. But that cannot be. Still, dear Roland, there is a practical side to your art, where we can meet and work together, with my means. I can picture to myself a future for you of laudable activity, which shall embrace and gradually control all German exhibitions, academies, collections. If we buy up whatever is good wherever we find it, offer premiums for the best, give aim and direction to contemporary art by means of exhibitions on a grand scale, place German and foreign art upon a good basis, found societies for mutual aid and loans . . . ?'—'Then we should be art-dealers, Herr Krafft, not artists. To me a wholly unknown region, whither I cannot follow you, even in fancy.'—'Then you can at least follow me one step into my cabinet of curiosities,' said Krafft, opening the door of an alcove by the side of the counting-room. Roland saw a small, low bed of plain deal, with a blue and white checkered pillow, a straw mattress and a horse-blanket; near by, a closet, in which were hung up a blouse, a pair of leather breeches, a pair of high boots, a leathern apron full of seams and spots, the shoulder-straps of a porter, and an oil-skin cap.—'Here you see the commencement of my fortunes, Herr Roland,' explained the millionaire, not without solemnity and pride. 'That is my first couch, which I purchased with the labour of my hands, after years of toil and thrift; I have never slept better than upon this straw mattress. In that closet I have preserved the dress, the tools with which I began my present career as a day-labourer. When I wish to compose myself, or to learn humility, I take refuge here. Sit down with me a moment on the hard bed. Hans Heinrich Krafft will tell you how he became a merchant.'—'And then he tells the story of his early fortunes, which need not be recited here.

The dialogue that follows is interrupted by the entrance of the banker's chief clerk, who announces that the crowd has broken in the barriers and is attacking the counting-house. The police are not strong enough

and the military have been sent for. The great capitalist hears the announcement with calmness, and gives directions to have a few shares reserved for Messrs. Hirsch Meyer and Meyer Hirsch, so that the profits may be kept in mind. Presently a cashier rushes in to say that all the shares are disposed of, and that the mob pours in more fiercely than ever, and wildly shouting for Herr Krafft. "To your place, sir!" thundered the banker, "I shall come when I think it time. In no case before the military arrive. We need their interference for the sake of the market." At last the moment for action has come. "Let us bring the play to a close," says Herr Krafft, and flinging up the window, he sternly inquires of the mob what they want of him? "Shares, scrip," was the vociferous reply. "You claim," he said, "without any right or manners," and proceeded to administer a lecture to the crowd, telling them, in conclusion, to send him a deputation, and that he would listen to them, but not to a turbulent mob. So saying he let down the window with a bang, and the broken panes fly over the heads of the crowd. The soldiers have now arrived, and are halting with fixed bayonets, the mob sullenly drawing back at their approach. Three deputies come seeking audience of the banker; he receives them like a potentate, but with the condescension of a good man, a plain citizen. After hearing their complaints and their suspicions that all the shares are being given to the rich and none to be reserved for the poor, he addresses them:—"I am nothing more than you are: a man of business, who works for his living, the son of a peasant, a plain, simple citizen. I began in a smaller way than any of you; but I will never forget that I am flesh of your flesh, blood of your blood. Facts have proved it. I will give you a fresh proof to-day. Go home and tell the people who have sent you: Hans Heinrich Krafft will give up the share which his house has subscribed to the South-Western Railway in favour of the less wealthy citizens of this city. This sum of five hundred thousand thalers shall be divided up *pro rata* among the subscriptions under five hundred dollars.—'Heaven bless you, Herr Krafft,' stammered out the court-cooper, and the grain-broker tried hard to shed a tear of gratitude; the confidential clerk, Herr Lange, the third of the group, caught at the hand of the patron, to kiss it, with emotion. Krafft drew it back angrily. 'No self-abasement, Herr Lange,' he said. 'We are men of the people; let us behave as such. God bless you, gentlemen. You know my purpose. Make it known to the

good people waiting outside, and rid me of them without delay. Let the subscription be conducted quietly and in good order. Adieu, children!"—The deputation withdrew. A few minutes afterwards there was heard a thundering hurrah: "Hurrah for Herr Krafft! Three cheers for Father Krafft!" He showed himself at the window, nodded quickly and soberly, and motioned to them to disperse. While the tumult was subsiding, Krafft and Roland retired into the private counting-room. 'You have,' the latter said, 'spoken nobly, acted nobly.'—'I have made a bargain, nothing more, nothing less; moreover, not a bad one.'—'How so?'—'In three months I shall buy at 70, perhaps still lower, what I am now to give up to them at 90.'—'You know that beforehand?'—'With mathematical certainty. The public expects an Eldorado in the South-Western Railway, as it does in every new enterprise. The undertaking is a good one, it is true, or I should not have ventured upon it. But one must be able to wait until the fruit is ripe. The small holders cannot do that; they sow to-day and to-morrow they wish to reap. At the first payment their heart and their purse are all right. At the second or third both are gone. Upon the least rise they will throw the paper, for which they were ready to break each other's necks, upon the market, and so depreciate their property. But if some fortuitous circumstance should cause a pressure upon the money market, then they drop all that they have, in a perfect panic, for any price. I shall watch this moment, and buy. In a year or so, when the line is finished and its communications complete, the shares that were subscribed for at 90, and which I shall have bought at 60 to 70, will touch 100, or higher.'—'That is to say,' said Roland thoughtfully, 'you will gain at the expense of those people whose confidence you have aroused, then satisfied with objects of artificial value, and finally drained for yourself.'—'Business is business,' replied the familiar harsh voice. 'Unless I become a counterfeiter or a forger I can do nothing more than convert other persons' money into my own; of course, in an honest way.'—'And you do this without fearing lest one day some one mightier and luckier than you should do the same to you?'—'I must be prepared for that; I am prepared.'—'Also for the storm, not one of your own creating, but one sent by the wrath of God, that shall scatter all this paper splendour of our times, and reduce this appalling social inequality of ours to a universal zero?'—'Let us quietly abide this Last Day,' laughed the banker, taking the

artist by the arm. 'And now to my daughter,' he said; 'she will be anxious about her father, impatient for the master.'

Before we come to the interview that follows, let us see what has happened in the interval. Herr Krafft had communicated to his daughter in the morning his kindly intentions regarding herself, Roland, and Seraphine. They are not quite agreeable to her, but she controls her feelings as becomes a little female diplomatist. After a two hours' communing with herself, she makes up her mind, orders the ponies, takes a fierce drive round the Park, halts at the Court jeweller's shop in the Königstrasse, purchases a beautiful gift for Seraphine, and sends it to her straightway, with affectionate wishes for her father's success in his suit, and promises of filial obedience to her dear stepmother. She has not been long at home when a violent peal at the door-bell announces the approach of Seraphine. A very pretty interview and dialogue ensue, creditable to both young ladies. The passionate singer, with a bursting heart, but in perfect sincerity, congratulates Armgard on the happiness that is to be hers. As to Papa Krafft and herself, on the other hand, it cannot possibly be. She esteems him profoundly, but marry him she cannot. But her friend and Roland are made for each other. Wallenberg has convinced her of that. "Also that Roland loves me?" asks Armgard. "He does and must," says Seraphine. Armgard smiled. "And I must love him in turn, must I not?"—"When you know him, the grand, magnificent man, as I know him: yes! He is a child in disposition, a hero in moral force and dignity, in talent a very god! Girl, what a lot is yours at his side! Intimate communion with such a spirit, living and moving in his ideas, abandoning yourself wholly to his mighty individuality, losing yourself in him and his creations. . . . Armgard, you will be the happiest woman on earth if you become his wife!" The singer embraced her friend passionately, and kissed her repeatedly. The former ill-will, the wild jealousy of the bank-princess, had disappeared from the Amazon's heart since she had sacrificed her secret inclination for the good of the man she loved, had resigned him in favour of Armgard. The chosen bride of her friend seemed to her a part of himself. She lavished the whole treasure of her love, which she could not reveal to him, upon the girl of his choice. Armgard's cheeks burned with kisses whose tender fire revealed that they had missed their true object. The shrewd child of the word, indeed, perceived what was taking place in Seraphine. It did not require much

penetration to sound the depths of this open soul, which was not always clear to itself, but all the more intelligible to others. Armgard reciprocated her caresses, and drawing Seraphine's hand to her lips, said: 'I understand your heart, dear sister. Believe me, I understand it thoroughly. You are far more worthy than I am of the master, his love and his possession; you are his comate in spirit, akin in art.'—'I?' exclaimed Seraphine. As for her, she says, Roland does not think of her, except as one does of a good companion, a school friend. She is not good enough for him, with her wild humours and passions. How could she make him happy? No. Wallenberg was right: artists are not suited to marry one another. If she is to marry she must renounce the stage, and seek a match, not in quiet home life, but in the world of fashion. She then confides to Armgard the disclosure she had made that morning to the Count, prompted by a feeling of irritation at seeing him so grandly mounted on that very high horse, "the old-nobility hobby-horse of *mésalliances*." She would have him know that in that respect she was as good as he. Armgard is somewhat startled. Still more so, when the singer tells her of the Count's proposal, and her manner of receiving it. She takes for granted what the conclusion of the matter will be, and becomes slightly acrid in her observations. Seraphine assures her that the name she has made for herself is a thousand times dearer to her than that she inherited. In that case, says Armgard, it is surprising that she should wish to change it. There is only one Seraphine Lomond, but there are dozens of Countesses in every capital. She must not renounce her glorious art for an empty title. "'Ah, yes,' sighed the singer, 'the art itself is indeed high and magnificent; if only there were no handicraft along with it, inseparable from it, necessary to it! You do not know, Armgard, how degrading this handicraft is, how wearisome, how oppressive in the long run. From without you see only the bright side of the stage—not, however, the shadows which the dazzling sun of the theatre casts upon it. Under the semblance of cheerful, artistic freedom and self-government, our profession conceals within itself the most pitiable dependence; dependence upon the manager, the director, an incompetent or malicious colleague, upon the public, the press, a hundred different, oftentimes contradictory influences. The brief intoxication of a single evening is purchased at the expense of unspeakably prosaic morning hours, where, in the grey twilight of the stage, the steamy atmosphere of the re-

hearsal-room, we "work," as galley-slaves work, under the rod of some perverse director, who rudely and abruptly stops us in the very middle of an inspiring passage, riveted to the same chain with unworthy artisans who impede where they should assist. And then the composers with their everlasting solicitations, the Bullermanns of the past, present, and future! And the public, with its caprices, its injustice, and its prejudices, to-day warm, to-morrow cool, lauding the bad to the skies, because it is the fashion, and blindly, stupidly trampling under foot the best, which it does not understand. And finally a criticism which we are the better able to estimate at its true value by our paying for it in hard cash.'" With this dark picture she contrasts the golden repose of the bank-princess. Armgard in her turn declares that the artist-life, if hard and full of struggle, is still a life, while hers is mere vegetation, and the spirited little woman finally bursts forth: "I swear to you, Queen of the Amazons, the poor little, abused bank-princess has her hours in which she would gladly give all the gold in her father's fire-proof safe for the glitter of your stage crown, in which she could cry out to the blue heavens from the depths of her worn and *ennuyé*d maiden-heart. 'A million for a cloud—a storm!'"

In the midst of this interesting dialogue the tumultuous scene occurs which has been already described. After much agitation on the part of the ladies, the storm is hushed, and just as Seraphine is going, Herr Krafft and Roland enter. While the banker soothes his daughter, Roland and Seraphine greet each other, she pale as death, he flushed with emotion.—"The singer held out her hand to the painter, who only touched it with the tips of his fingers. His heart swelled to overflowing at the sight of his dear friend, now lost to him; anger, jealousy, pain, sorrow, love, choked his voice. 'My congratulations!' he stammered, almost inaudibly. 'Much has happened since yesterday. I take the deepest interest in this turn in your destiny.'—'Roland, what a tone to use with me!—'The old one,' he said, shaking his head, 'has passed away irrevocably. You have become a great lady; or rather you always were, but now you will become a still greater one. Your appearance as an artist was only a starring performance, a piquant incognito; our friendship, a flitting dream. I awake and bid you adieu, gracious Countess.'—He turned away from her, and went up to Armgard, whose little hand he kissed with what for him was an unusual show of gallantry. The sight pierced Seraphine to the

heart. Convulsively she pressed her right hand to her breast, and said to herself: 'Tis well. I can conquer it more easily with his assistance.' Commanding her feelings, she retires to confer with the old gentleman, leaving Roland and Armgard sitting, like a pair of model lovers, side by side on the sofa. The latter pair, however, soon come to an understanding, and discover, by mutual explanation, how the friendly Count has been playing the part of Puck in the *Midsummer Night's Dream* among them. Roland confesses that Armgard's wealth alarms him. Armgard frankly tells him that he does not love her: she knows "the place is engaged," and she knows for whom. She then assures him that Seraphine loves him in return, passionately, as only Amazons can; and proceeds to concoct a plan for outmanœuvring the Count, and crossing his theory of "cross-marriage." The artist and the singer must be brought together. "And the Count and the bank-princess," adds Roland. Armgard blushes, and says she may be left out of the game, and the Count also deserves to be punished, by being sent away empty-handed. Roland asks, "Seriously, then, do you love Wallenberg?"—"If that is love which you feel for Seraphine, Seraphine for you—No. Such a love only favoured, great, poetic natures are capable of; not we common children of men."—"But a certain little, worldly affection, a satisfaction with Wallenberg's elegant person, his rank, his *esprit*, his elegant manners, a secret longing to become Madame l'Ambassadrice and Frau Gräfin—this, my dear, shrewd, delicate, little pupil does feel; does she not? Frankness for frankness, Armgard, or I am out of the game!" Armgard sprang up, opened a drawer in her writing-table, then a locked portfolio in the drawer, and pulled out a drawing, which she handed to Roland, with the words: "This is my answer, master." Therewith a wonderfully charming blush suffused her pale countenance up to the very roots of her dark curls; shamefaced, she hid it on Roland's shoulder. He examined the drawing, a portrait of Wallenberg in chalk, and said, gently raising her head: "I pronounce my apprenticeship free for this work. It is the best that you have ever done. She who has drawn that can not only draw but also . . . love."—"Yes," she said to him softly, and with deep feeling, "I love him after my own fashion; but with all my heart."—"Now I believe you," replied Roland, smiling, "in your willingness to make Seraphine and me happy. Our interests are the same; you must separate Wallenberg from Seraphine; I, Seraphine from Wallenberg."

So the plan is arranged, and Roland and Armgard are in the meantime to play the part of engaged lovers, which they do so well that Herr Krafft is consoled for his own rejection, poor Seraphine is wretched, and the Count, who presently joins the party, is thoroughly piqued. The Count has been busy with despatches; he has received important news from America and London—a brilliant victory for the South—the stability of the Union questioned—probable recognition of the Southern Confederation by England. Krafft is at once all alive: American bonds will fall dreadfully—he must hasten to the counting-house. Why? He will sell at once, that night, as much as he possibly can, that he may buy double, treble the quantity next week, when the market is at its lowest; for Krafft believes in the final triumph of the Union, and knows that he is safe. So he hurries to his counting-house, and Armgard, to assist him as confidential telegraph-clerk, accompanies him: Seraphine, bidding Roland a cold adieu, goes off under the escort of the Count. At the door-step, ready to receive her, is the faithful Beppo. "He held out to his mistress the *Evening Journal*, still damp, just come from the press.—'Una bellissima novella!' he snarled, his eyes sparkling with rage.—'What is the matter? Why do you terrify me?'—'Ecco!'—He pointed to an article under the heading: 'Latest News.'—'Read it,' said the singer to the Count, with the tone in which singers are wont to ask, first having seized the paper from Beppo's hand and hurried into her cabinet. Wallenberg had to deliver his own improvisation:—

"We learn, from trustworthy sources, that our highly honoured *prima donna*, Fräulein Seraphine Lomond, will, in to-morrow's performance of the 'Amazon,' the well-known aberration of the maestro of the future, Bultermann, not only take leave of our Court stage, to the regret of all, but will bid adieu to art and the theatre generally. She is about to be united in marriage to a gentleman occupying the highest social position among us. We can further reveal to the reader, also from trustworthy sources, [that under the pseudonym Seraphine Lomond, the last surviving representative of one of the oldest families of foreign nobility has hitherto concealed herself from the public, but will speedily emerge from her romantic obscurity. From our point of view we attach, as might be expected, little importance to this latter circumstance; in our eyes the great singer ranks far above the aristocratic Fräulein. Still, it might serve as an explanation of the haughty and disdainful manner in which this otherwise so estimable singer has been accustomed to treat her associates in art and the representatives of the independent press.—H(UBSCH) M(EYER)."]

When the Count has read reluctantly to the end, Seraphine breaks out upon him, "For this knightly service, Count, I am under obligations. Until now I considered discretion to be a diplomatic quality."—"There are cases in which the gravest indiscretion may become the finest discretion."—"I do not understand that, it is . . . too diplomatic for me. But I do understand that this infamous article will rob me of the entire result of to-morrow evening. I shall demand satisfaction, through you. Not of this wretched Meyer Hirsch. . . ."—"Hirsch Meyer, my dear friend."—"All the same, my diplomatic friend. I shall myself deliver my card to Hirsch or to Meyer, perhaps to both, to be sure of the right one, *pour prendre congé*, with my riding-whip."—"Seraphine!"—"Count? . . . I request you to hasten immediately to the printing-office. Have this report contradicted in the *Morning News*."—"There is no edition to-morrow, Sunday."—"Then suppress the entire *pasquill*, or write, in my name, a counter-declaration and have it placarded, by to-morrow morning, on every street-corner. Beppo will go to the director, the stage-manager, the leader of the orchestra; I shall not sing to-morrow."—"My dear child!"—"We have not got so far yet, Count Wallenberg. I am neither a child, nor your dear child. True, I am a feeble, lonely woman, who must protect herself, and who will protect herself. You know my will. It is inflexible. Good-night, Count."—With these words the weak, lonely woman disappeared into her sleeping apartment, and immediately thereafter an alarm-peal, similar to that of the morning, summoned Signor Beppo and the faithful Marianka, who looked askance at the departing Count as they hastened to her room."

Wallenberg hastens to the office of the *Evening Journal*. He is too late; the whole edition is disposed of, and cannot be recalled; the editor cannot assist him. With a curse he dashes away to the *Morning News*, and is shown into the room of the Hon. Privy-Councillor Editor. "Best of friends," said the Count, "I break in upon you like a thief in the night. I do it in behalf of a beautiful woman; you will therefore pardon me." "Any motive that procures me the honour of your visit, Minister, is of importance." "Very much obliged! To-day's edition of the *Evening Journal* has an article about our Lomond, which has terribly excited her."—"I have already read it," smiled the Councillor, "and may perhaps, without impropriety, congratulate the Minister."—"Me? I had no idea of the news. Fräulein Lomond has been favourably recommended to me, I may say she is my

friend. She turns to me for protection. Would it not be possible for the official organ, since it is not published on Sunday, to come out this evening, or at all events, early to-morrow morning, with an extra sheet contradicting the organ of the opposition?"—"An extra in theatre affairs would not look very suitable for a semi-official organ."—"True, I bethink me of an expedient. Insert in the extra an important item of news from New-York, which no one knows but ourselves, and then add the contradiction, by way of postscript. It has local importance, at all events. Without it Fräulein Lomond will not sing to-morrow."—The Councillor accepted gladly the despatches from London and Liverpool, and, while making them up for the extra, summoned Herr Meyer Hirsch, "our speciality in art matters," to the office. Soon after, the extra was set up, printed, and issued. Immediately after the victory of the Confederates and the downfall of the Union, there followed, in the daintiest of Nonpareil:

"Our over-credulous colleague of the *Evening News* has again had an enormous canard palmed off on him. It is *not* true that Fräulein Lomond is to abandon the stage; *not* true that she is to give her hand to a gentleman of high social standing among us. Inasmuch as this maliciously-invented and equally maliciously composed article might prejudice our highly esteemed singer in her swan-song of to-morrow, we hasten to improve this opportunity of contradicting it, in accordance with the truth, leaving all its personalities, which do not concern us, to the liberal *Evening Journal* and its art-correspondent.—M(EYER) H(IRSCH)." "

Having accomplished this piece of diplomacy, the Count winds up the evening at the house of Krafft, where Armgard makes a brilliant figure in the conversation. "Arm in arm Wallenberg and Roland slowly walked home smoking. The former said thoughtfully: 'You are a child of luck, friend Roland. In the little bank-princess you will draw the first prize in the marriage lottery.'—The artist, adding a bold move of his own invention to the pre-arranged cross-marriage, replied: 'And you do not even know, Count Wallenberg, that you as good as had this prize in your pocket?'—'I?'—'You! Armgard confessed to me a secret fondness for you, overcome, it is true. She has drawn your portrait, without any one's knowledge, a wonderful success, admirably conceived, but a little flattered.'—'Flattered? Thank you. You artists must always be rude!'—'A double wrong since I do it to you. Your sacrifice, even if it was an unintentional one, has made me the happiest mortal beneath yonder pale moon. If you

could only have seen and heard the girl as I did this evening. She worked for two hours with her father; he admitted that she was able to supervise every counting-house, every cabinet, with her knowledge of languages, her business insight, her sure and ready hand; and then her conversation at table, how easy and yet how full of meaning, sparkling with wit and talent! You do not realize how deeply I am indebted to you, my dear Count, for this treasure.'—'Pray, don't speak of it,' said the Count, becoming very monosyllabic. At the *Landschafts-platz* the paths of the two night-wanderers diverged; Roland turned off to the suburbs, Wallenberg to his *Prinzessinnenplatz*. He walked slower and slower, he smoked faster and faster. His pull at the door-bell of the embassy was in the style of Seraphine's musical school: *Tempest!* The porter, the lackey, the *valet-de-chambre* rushed out in terror. In silence he ascended the stairs to the second storey, entered his sleeping-room, suffered himself to be disrobed. . . . All at once he wildly dashed down his cigar so that the sparks flew all over the *Smyrna* carpet. 'Curse it,' he exclaimed loudly, 'that I should hit upon the wrong one!'—the *valet-de-chambre*, carefully picking up or extinguishing the fragments, lisped: 'Does your Excellency order another?'—'Another what, blockhead?'—'Cigar, Excellency.'—'Go to . . . to bed!'—'Yes, Excellency. I have the honour of wishing you a most obedient good-night!'"

Next day, Sunday, is the eventful day on which the *diva* Lomond is to sing her swan-song, positively her last appearance, perhaps, on any stage. There is great excitement and preparation. At length at the hour of five the theatre carriage comes for Seraphine, and she drives off amid an admiring crowd. At the obscure side-door of the theatre the carriage stops. "The head theatre-watchman, in grand uniform, opened the narrow iron door. Seraphine entered the twilight of the stage and drew a long breath in the home-like atmosphere that surrounded her, that indescribable peculiar stage atmosphere, a mixture of gas, oil, spirits, resin, dust, wood, canvas, leather, velvet, silk, wool, every conceivable subterrestrial and superterrestrial odour. On the boards, which she had to cross to reach her dressing-room, the chorus and ballet had assembled, already clad in their respective costumes of Amazons, Greek warriors and priests, to give her a stately welcome, forming an *espalier* through which she marched, Marie with her white basket proudly following. The carpenters, too, in their Sunday jackets, each with a nosegay in his button-hole, the wardrobe

officials, male and female, the supernumeraries, brought the *prima donna* their kindly greetings. In the side-scene the stage-manager, basso Braun, in his robes of high priest, and Theseus, the first barytone, stood awaiting her. The manager kissed her hand, Braun kissed her paternally on the forehead, Theseus fraternally on the cheek. Conducted by the two latter, the manager acting as guide, she ascended the short flight of steps up to her dressing-room. The door was opened; a dazzling flood of light burst upon her. All her companions from the opera, the drama, and the ballet, had assembled in the apartment, which was decorated with flowers, tapestry, and curtains. Upon the red-covered table in the middle of the room, amid candelabra and laurel wreaths with long bows, stood a silver Amazon shield, a masterpiece from the establishment of Kilian Brothers, the parting gift of the theatre to Seraphine. She stood there speechless, listened to the solemn oration of the senior member, the tragedy hero and father, Reissmüller, and received the shield from the hands of the tragedy mother, Madame Wandel-Schneider. In the middle of the shield was her portrait in medallion: the border represented the fight of the Amazons in embossed work, and on the reverse was the inscription: 'To the Queen of the Amazons, from her faithful people on the evening of her farewell.' Big tears rolled from the nixie-eyes; the singer could only stammer out a few incoherent words and embrace them in succession, until the manager, pulling out his watch, put an end to the affecting, and, for his performance, dangerous scene. Seraphine was left alone; she sat down in the *chaise longue*, to rest herself for a few moments before the contest, while Marie unpacked the contents of her basket; flesh-coloured socks, sandals, the silver helmet and coat of mail, the white tunic, embroidered with blue *à la Grecque*, the tiger-skin to be thrown over the shoulders and fastened by two silver claws, the sword and belt, and the indispensables of the toilette-table—rouge, brush, sponge, hair-powder, brushes, combs, hand-mirror. . . . Nothing was forgotten. The Amazon robed herself. When she had finished, and stood in front of the lofty mirror, that reflected the image of a perfectly beautiful woman, beautiful from the waving golden hair down to the fringes of the blue sandals, a smile, the first one that day, stole over the marvellously inspired countenance. She placed the helmet on her head, grasped with a firm hand the golden sceptre, and descended, with true queenly gait, to the stage where her people were awaiting her. But all at once she stopped

in consternation. Something was wrong. 'Marie,' she cried, growing pale under her rouge, 'Marie, my horse-hair.'—'Jesu, Maria, Joseph, I have forgotten the horse-hair.'—'Miserable woman; to-day above all others.'—Marie has already disappeared. Soon the entire world behind the scenes knows that the *prima donna's* horse-hair has been forgotten. She never sings without having a horse-hair twisted around the little finger of the left hand; an unfailing preventive of the *jettatura*, by which the entire theatre-folk swear from La Scala to San Carlo. Let not the gracious reader smile at such a superstition among a class that is not, in other respects, excessively credulous or primitive. The artists of the stage are noways inferior on this point to the shepherd, the huntsman, or the sailor. We know some stout fellows among them who will never go on the stage without first spitting three times behind them, be it carefully observed, and over the left shoulder. To undertake a new part on a Friday is too much for the boldest free-thinker of the theatre. With the Amazon the success of the evening hangs suspended on a single hair, a horse-hair. A kingdom, not for a horse, only for a horse-hair!

The faithful Marie procures the indispensable talisman from the tail of one of the old carriage-horses, and all is now ready. The second bell has rung, in a quarter of an hour the performance will begin. "The orchestra, all arrayed in dress-coats and white cravats, were tuning their instruments. Maestro Bullermann, who was to direct in person, hurried from desk to desk, making a few last corrections. Parterre and galleries were packed; the boxes and reserved seats were gradually being filled. The superintendent, as soon as he had greeted Seraphine, announced to her the expected attendance of the Court, both their Majesties, and the Family; the uniforms of the aides-de-camp and chamberlains were already visible in the background of the grand middle box.

"Seraphine took a peep at the house, which was buzzing like a swarm of bees, through that little hole in the curtain by which one can watch from the stage the interesting drama in the auditorium, at times no less interesting than that which is given on the boards. She looked for the left-hand corner seat in the third row of the parquet. It was empty. Often, how often had she seen Roland in that place; he always came early when she 'was on,' as the graphic art-expression of the stage tongue has it. Often their glances would meet, hers looking down through the round mite of a window—the mouth of the tragic mask—his looking up-

ward, meeting unconsciously, magnetically as it were. But not to-day; Roland was absent. Wallenberg's ambassadorial box in the dress circle was also unoccupied. On the other hand, Arrngard's slender form became visible in the box in the first row above. The Amazon precipitately drew back from her look-out into her tent, the curtains of which closed behind her. What if he should suddenly show himself, not in his parquet seat, but up there, in that box, behind her! She could not answer for her not breaking down at the sight, indifferent as to how her swan-song might terminate!

"On the entrance of the King and the Queen, Bullermann's wand is raised, the overture begins. Death-like silence prevails in the house, packed to overflowing. The curtain rises with a rustle: the chorus of Amazons are holding a council of war over the captive Theseus. 'To judgment, to death! To death, to judgment!' ring the clear female voices again and again; the trumpets blow threateningly. Then the curtains of the royal tent are slowly pushed aside; there stands Antiope in all the triumphant splendour of her beauty, raising her sceptre with a gesture of command. A moment's storm of applause bursts through the house at her apparition; the entire mass of spectators rises like one man, white handkerchiefs are waved from the boxes, wreaths and flowers rain down from all sides upon the boards, the thunder of applause from thousands of throats overpowers, interrupts the music, until, at a signal from Bullermann, the orchestra joins in with three repeated flourishes. Not the first sibilant of an opposition; the appearance of the Amazon has overcome all her antagonists. Trembling with emotion, Seraphine bows her head to the hurricane, while the choristers gather up and bring to her the floral offerings. With a profound bow she takes one of the bouquets and lays it on the altar of Mars, the steps of which are soon covered with these peaceful oblations. Gradually the waves of applause recede; with a trembling, yet clear, sonorous voice the singer begins: 'Who judges without me, the queen?' and, gaining in confidence and in fulness and power of tone with every measure, executes her great scene with the chorus of Amazons, at the end of which the Grecian hero is led in."

Never has Seraphine sung and played so magnificently. She is "superba," says Beppe, a severe critic, though a devout worshipper of the *diva*. At the close of the act, however, the triumphant queen reels into her dressing-room, bars the door, and lies helpless and moaning in Marie's hands. "Marie," she sighed, "he was not there!"

He was nowhere to be seen. "It was decided then: he was to break with Seraphine. Not even her swan-song would he hear. . . . With anguish of heart the poor tormented woman donned her dingy, miserable costume, that matched her mood. Most gladly would she have welcomed an earthquake to swallow her up for the whole evening, from the whole world, so unspeakably indifferent to her. But no, she must go, must sing, must play. Herr Lindemann knocked at the door, the second act had already begun. Then came the grand Terzetto between Antiope, Thesens and Phædra; after that the Amazon's passionate monologue, beginning with an expressive solo on the violoncello. O heavens, had they but known—those clapping, bravo-calling, enchanted hearers—that those were real, agonizing tears that she wept with the weeping instrument! Could they but have looked into that broken heart, from which arose, like an outburst of inmost feeling, the indignant plaint:

'Dass er mich verlassen,
Ich kann sie nicht fassen,
Die schreckliche That!
O Schmach ohne Gleichen,
Der Feindin zu weichen;
O schnöder Verrath!''*

'That is no longer art,' exclaimed all the connoisseurs ecstatically; 'that is nature, the highest, purest nature!' They never dreamt, the happy ones, how right they were, or how wrong, too. But every noisy demonstration died away, and a cold shudder, more eloquent and more flattering than the loudest applause, ran through the house at the close of the monologue:

'Hört, ihr unsterblichen,
Hört mich geloben!
Helft, ihr Verderblichen,
Drunten und droben!
Rache geschworen
Sei ihm und ihr.
Er ist verloren,
Stirbt von mir.
Stiehlt meine Sehnen,
Weicht diesen Leib:
Tod dem Hellenen,
Tod seinem Weib.'†

* 'That he has forsaken me,—
I cannot grasp it,
The horrible deed.
Oh! shame past compare,
To yield to the foe;
Oh! treachery vile.'

† 'Hear, ye Immortals,
Hark to my vow!
Help ye Destroyers,
Above and below,
The vengeance I've sworn
On him and on her;

Seraphine sang this curse—she gnashed and panted it more than she sang it—abruptly, sentence by sentence, after each one advancing a step further into the proscenium, raising her right hand higher and higher. Her bosom heaved. Her eye, no longer sparkling, nixie-like, but piercing like that of a fury, fell with a green serpent-glance upon a box in the second row; we know which one. Count Wallenberg, who was sitting in it—he had made a visit in the interlude, and was regularly caught—started back as though from a flash of lightning. He came within an ace of upsetting Armgard's opera-glass over the railing. The little bank-princess hid her smile in the bouquet which she was holding. Nobody understood the diplomatist's alarm better than she, the chief and counter-diplomatist, as no one except herself knew why the actress sang and played so wonderfully that day, or who it was that the Amazon's threatening glance had sought and not found."

Between the acts the King (doubtless old Ludwig is here portrayed) comes behind the scenes, presents Seraphine with the portrait of the Queen, and, after some gallant and kindly speeches, a kiss of the hand to Seraphine, and a fatherly salutation to her band of lightly-arrayed Amazons, withdraws. Then the last act, the most telling in the piece, began: "Had the stage-moon, pallidly shining through its blue panes of glass, exerted a soothing influence upon Seraphine, or had the artist in her risen triumphant and reconciliatory from the struggles of the woman? The soft music flowed like a cooling balsam over the burning wounds of her heart, that seemed to pour forth its life-blood to the very last drop in the Amazon's song to the moon, a classico-romantic variation upon the venerable '*Guter Mond du gehst so stille*.' . . . After the last notes had died away, the Amazons came to search for their queen. Their torches wandered through the mountain forest, winding down from rock to rock, until at last the fair corpse was found stretched out upon moss-covered rocks, under the shadow of a tall pine, her head thrown back, so that the unfettered golden hair hung down long and heavy, her right hand, from which the fatal weapon had slipped, drooping relaxed by her side. They covered her with the royal mantle, and, joining hands around her for the consecrated moon-roundelay, sang the low dirge:—

He's doom'd to destruction,
He dies by my hands.
Harden my sinews,
Strengthen my frame;
Death to the Grecian,
Death to his wife.'

'Sie die noch gestern
Unter den Schwestern
Gleich wie die Ceder im Bergwald stand,
Wehe, sie fiel aus der schimmernden Höhe,
Wehe, wehe,
Fiel durch die eigene tapfere Hand.*

"Seraphine lay beneath the mantle, melting into soft tears. She felt as though she were some blissfully departed spirit, that catches from a distance the lamentations of those left behind, and is borne away by each wave of sound further and further from the shore of the living into the broad, still ocean of death. Whilst she lay there so motionless, her whole life passed in review before her eyes; reminiscences from the mists of her childhood, her flight, the commencement of her artist career, her radiant meeting with Roland, her arrival in the capital, her triumphs, that evening—all in blurred pictures, shadow-like. She was in a dream, and wished she might never awake. Yet she was rudely aroused by the falling of the curtain, the renewed tempest of applause, the calls, the farewell congratulations, that relentlessly burst upon her. She must summon up her energies, must come out with tottering steps, once, twice, the third, the fourth time—no body noted any longer how often—and still the showers of bouquets, verses, wreaths, rained upon her again and again. Confused, she stammered out a few incoherent words of acknowledgment and of farewell, and was at last at liberty to disappear in her dressing-room.

"There, for the first time, she found repose after the house and the stage had slowly disgorged themselves. Her colleagues took compassion on her exhausted state, and left her alone. Marie was ordered to put out all the lights but one. The Amazon wished to die *da capo*: once more to dream over, this time for herself, and by herself, the dream of her earthly life, and come to a close with her entire past and its wealth of associations. She stretched herself upon her couch, as she had done upon the rocks, and covered herself with the mantle, for she felt warm; not disrobing, because she felt too bruised in every limb, too weak to slip off her stage finery and put on her blue wrapper. She only wished to dream, to dream. . . .

"She had not been lying there long before a quick step tore up the narrow stairway, a firm hand knocked on the door of the

dressing-room. None but a man of this world walks so, knocks so. She starts up to listen. Away with the mantle; all her fatigue is forgotten. Even before Marie can open the door she is on the threshold, and falls with a cry of joy into Roland's arms: 'Roland, is it you once more?'—'Seraphine, you angel, you goddess!'—'Where have you been all this long, killing day?'—'In the wolf's den, the proper place for the monster,' laughed the master, radiant with inner delight, this morning in the wolf's den on the mountains, this evening in the gloomy parterre-box, that goes by that name.'—'Not at your post!'—'Here is my post, from which all the diplomatists and bankers on earth shall not drive me,' said Roland, leading Seraphine to the couch and falling at her feet.—'So you come back to your sister?'—'My sister? Never! To my only and ever-beloved, my bride, my wife! Will you be mine, you grand, you magnificent Amazon?'—'Yours for ever, my Theseus, my lord and master,' she replies with a flood of joyous tears, and, bending over the kneeling man, she enfolds him in her white nixie-arms, and buries him beneath the waves of golden hair.

"We will do like Marianka, the discreet Bohemian. We will creep out on tip-toe, shut the door behind us, and sit down on the threshold, to keep guard lest anything should disturb the happy ones, who have found each other again, in truth have found each other for the first time, in this overflowing, long-suppressed ecstacy of a pure and powerful passion. They read for each other the riddle of their hearts, also the tormenting game of the last two days. Each word tears away a curtain from before their eyes, reveals to their enraptured gaze a fresh, magically illuminated scene—here a paradise of remembrance, there a heaven of the sweetest, surest hope. Alone, transported, as though they were not in the world, they dream not as the Amazon had thought to dream, but together, hand in hand, eye to eye. The artist's swan-song ends in a canticle of love."

The formal end of the story is of course the happy marriage of Roland and Seraphine, followed by that of the Count and Armgard, of Raffael and Marie. It concludes with a pleasant letter from the artist to the Count, dated at Cairo, announcing that a beautiful little Amazon has been there presented to him in a basket of Nile bulrushes, that Seraphine has broken her engagement with the American *impresario*, that the writer is hard at work making pictures and collecting wild animals, and that they are as happy as the day is long. The author, however, in a

* 'She, who but yesterday
Stood 'mid her sisters,
Stood as the cedars in mountain-wood stand,
Woe! from the glittering heights she has fallen,
Woe! woe!
Pierced by her own so valorous hand.'

short postscript to the reader, protests against the supposition that the romance of his story ends here, and promises that if the reader is satisfied, and all goes well, they shall start from this resting point on a fresh pilgrimage, at the end of a year and a day. For ourselves, we can say that we shall have much pleasure in bearing Herr Dingelstedt company when and whithersoever he may choose to lead the way.

ART. VII.—MR. BRIGHT'S SPEECHES—THE ELECTIONS.

To the general Election of 1868 all classes of the community looked forward with peculiar interest. A great experiment was to be tried. The struggles of many years had ended in an extension of the franchise, which no long time ago was by most regarded as an idle dream, by many as a terrible calamity. The dream had been realized, was the calamity impending? More than this: the principles which should regulate the future policy of this mighty empire were to be determined. The destinies of many nations, the well-being of generations hung in the balance. No greater or clearer issue was ever put before the electors of this country: it was a party contest in the highest sense—in that one body of our statesmen had chosen the better part, and it lay with the people to approve or condemn that choice. It was, we think, well-fitting that, on the eve of such an election, the speeches of the great orator to whom, more than to any man living, the new constituencies owe their existence, should be brought together—if for no other purpose, for the information and guidance of the electors.

It has been given to few public men to indulge a juster pride than may be Mr. Bright's at this moment. For thirty years he has taken part in political strife. He and his friend Mr. Cobden were forced into that strife by their sense of the iniquity of laws which taxed the bread of the poor in order to increase the wealth of the rich. At last, after years of agitation; after an enormous cost both of money and labour; after famine had so desolated the land that subscriptions were raised, in the uttermost parts of the earth and by the poorest among men, to rescue our fellow-countrymen from starvation; when society was shaken to its basis, and no statesman could be found to carry on the government; the Parliament yielded, and won what some consider a last-

ing claim upon our gratitude, by repealing the Corn-Laws. But, this great work accomplished, there yet remained much to do. The doctrines of Free-trade had to be maintained and extended. It was well worth while, to say the least, that the principles which guided our foreign policy should be brought to the test of justice and good sense. Our government of India was not altogether beyond criticism. At home such matters as Pauperism, the Land-Laws, the Game-Laws, were not perfectly settled; and, above all, the duty, for it is now proved to have been a duty, of extending the franchise, required a persistent and powerful advocate. To these questions Mr. Bright addressed himself, with what consequences to himself we all remember, with what results, at least as regards some of these questions, we now see. Through measureless abuse, through calumnies without number as without foundation, he held on his way; and at last he has his reward. But a short while ago, such an accomplished gentleman and just observer as Sir W. Stirling-Maxwell declared it as his opinion that Mr. Bright was the one public man who could find cause for self-congratulation in the events of the last two years. And in this hour of his triumph he has so borne himself that those who love him least cannot withhold from him their admiration and respect. We all remember, in the great debates of 1866, how often the legislation of the preceding twenty-five years was paraded as a reason against lowering the franchise. Not slight must have been the public services of the man who, in urging his own views, could meet that reason with the following noble retort—constraining a hostile House to forget the egotism in the indisputable truth:—

“Now, will the House believe for once that I am speaking to them from no party spirit, from no desire to do anything in the country or to the country more than they would wish? My view of the public interest is at least as conscientious and as honest as theirs can be. I have been misrepresented, and condemned, and denounced by hon. Gentlemen opposite, and by not a few writers in their press. My conscience tells me that I have laboured honestly only to destroy that which is evil, and to build up that which is good. The political gains of the last twenty-five years, as they were summed up the other night by the hon. Member for Wick (Mr. Laing), are my political gains, if they can be called the gains in any degree of any living Englishman.

“And if now, in all the great centres of our population—in Birmingham with its busy district—in Manchester with its encircling towns—in the population of the West Riding of Yorkshire—in Glasgow and amidst the vast industries of the West of Scotland—and in this

great Babylon in which we are assembled—if we do not find ourselves surrounded by hungry and exasperated multitudes—if, now, more than at any time during the last hundred years, it may be said, quoting the beautiful words of Mr. Sheridan, that—

‘Content sits basking on the cheek of toil’—

if this House, and if its statesmen glory in the change, have I not as much as any living man some claim to partake of that glory? I know, and every thoughtful man among you knows, and those Gentlemen who sit on that bench and who are leading you to this enterprise, they know that the policy I have urged upon the House and upon the country, so far as it has hitherto been accepted by Parliament, is a policy conservative of the public welfare, strengthening the just authority of Parliament, and adding from day to day fresh lustre and dignity to the Crown. And now when I speak to you, and ask you to pass this Bill—when I plead on behalf of those who are not allowed to speak themselves in this House—if you could raise yourselves for this night, for this hour, above the region of party strife—if you could free yourselves from the pestilent atmosphere of passion and prejudice which so often surrounds us here, I feel confident that at this moment I should not plead in vain before this Imperial Parliament on behalf of the English constitution and the English people.”—(Vol. ii. pp. 183-4.)

One of the first things that strikes us with regard to these volumes is their historical value.* In this they far exceed any collection of speeches which has been published of late years. Lord Macaulay's speeches have a considerable historical value; but slight in comparison with these. The yet more recent collections of speeches by Mr. Disraeli, by Mr. Lowe, and even by Mr. Gladstone, having reference exclusively to one subject—important indeed, but now settled in everything but detail—and only to one aspect of that subject; and being also penetrated with the note of party, have already lost all their political interest, and much of their political value. They remain antiquarian relics, and nothing more. But Mr. Bright's orations take a wider sweep. They are concerned with almost every one of the great topics which, through many stormy years, have agitated the public; and some of which remain for solution in the years to come; and the speaker, both when expressing his own views and when confuting the views of others, conveys a vivid picture of the feeling of the nation at the time. We must add that this historical value, and also the interest and value of the

speeches as showing the growth of Mr. Bright's own opinions, might have been increased by more judicious editing. In the latter point of view it would, we think, have been an improvement had the “speeches on various subjects” come first. Several of them are earlier in date than any of those on special subjects (with the single exception, we think, of one on Maynooth); and on this account, as well because of the variety of themes they embrace, they would have been interesting as a “history of opinion.” Further, to answer fully this purpose, they should have been arranged in chronological order. Why this order has not been observed we cannot conceive. Thus we are taken from Free-trade in 1845 to Agricultural distress in 1851, and then back again to Game-Laws in 1845; from the Land Question in 1864 back to Peace in 1853, and Foreign policy in 1858. This is confusing and unsatisfactory. If there has been any attempt at grouping the topics, it has failed, as from their variety might have been foreseen; and we lose what is, in all collections of essays and speeches, a source of interest and of benefit, the means of marking the advance in the author's style, and the growth of his opinions.

Again, the short notes introductory to each speech are susceptible of improvement. They need not be much longer, but they might with advantage be clearer and more specific. It requires some slight effort of memory, even on the part of persons not unobservant of public affairs, to recollect at once what Ministry was in office at some particular date fifteen or twenty years ago; and as years go on, and the popularity of these volumes increases, this difficulty will not diminish. To be sure, the reader can generally gather this from the speech itself; but he would come to the perusal of the speech with a much keener power of appreciation if he knew it before he began. Again, with regard to speeches in the House, the result of the divisions, or, if there was no division, the fate of the motion, should always be given. These may seem slight matters, yet they are not really so. They not only heighten the interest of the reader, they add to his instruction. It is just because we value these speeches not less highly than the editor values them, and anticipate for them the same future as the editor anticipates, that we make these suggestions. The trouble involved in carrying them out is a trifle compared to the resulting convenience and benefit. It is greatly to be desired that all who propose to study English politics should read these volumes, and should read them with every assistance

* *Speeches on Questions of Public Policy.* By John Bright, M.P. Edited by J. E. Thorold Rogers. 2 vols. London, 1868.

which can gain their interest, and facilitate their apprehension of the truths conveyed.

Looking at these speeches in a literary point of view, no one can fail to be struck by the extreme beauty of the diction. And it is the beauty of simplicity. The marked characteristic of Mr. Bright's style is his use of pure Saxon English; and never perhaps since Bunyan wrote, has the varied richness of that language been more clearly shown. Hence the almost entire absence of what half-educated people think eloquence. You may read speech after speech without coming across a single "fine passage." Even when a gleam of colour richer than wont falls upon the page, the severity of style is preserved; as thus, speaking of slavery in America,—“At the birth of that great republic there was sown the seed, if not of its dissolution, at least of its extreme peril; and the infant giant in its cradle may be said to have been rocked under the shadow of the cypress, which is the symbol of mortality and of the tomb.” The two best scholars of our day who are also orators, Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Lowe, in this—supposed to be the crowning gift of classical learning—are both surpassed by Mr. Bright. And how equal to any argument, to the expression of deepest feeling, is “this majestic unaffected style,” these passages may show:—

“I ask hon. Gentlemen, what are the taxes of a whole village, and what they mean? They mean bareness of furniture, of clothing, and of the table in many a cottage in Lancashire, in Suffolk, and in Dorsetshire. They mean an absence of medical attendance for a sick wife, an absence of the school-pence of three or four little children—hopeless toil to the father of a family, penury through his life, a cheerless old age, and, if I may quote the language of a poet of humble life, at last—‘the little bell tolled hastily for the pauper's funeral.’ That is what taxes mean. The hon. Member for Dorsetshire spoke the other night in a manner rather flippant and hardly respectful to some of us on this question. But the labourers of Dorsetshire as well as the weavers and spinners of Lancashire are toiling, and must toil, harder, longer, and with smaller remuneration for every single £100 that you extract in taxes from the people in excess of what is necessary for the just requirements of the Exchequer of the country. I hope I may be permitted to treat the question on this ground, and I ask the House to recollect that when you strike down the children in the cottage you attack also the children in the palace. If you darken the lives and destroy the hopes of the humble dwellers of the country, you also darken the prospects of those children the offspring of your Queen, in whom are bound up so much of the interests and so much of the hopes of the people of this country. If I defend, therefore, the interests of the people on this point,

I do not the less defend the permanence of the dignity of the Crown.”—(Vol. i. p. 527.)

“Thus, in spite of all that persecutions could do, opinion grew in the North in favour of freedom; but in the South, alas! in favour of that most devilish delusion that slavery was a Divine institution. The moment that idea took possession of the South war was inevitable. Neither fact, nor argument, nor counsel, nor philosophy, nor religion, could by any possibility affect the discussion of the question when once the Church leaders of the South had taught their people that slavery was a Divine institution; for then they took their stand on other and different, and what they in their blindness thought higher grounds, and they said, ‘Evil be thou my good;’ and so they exchanged light for darkness, and freedom for bondage, and good for evil, and, if you like, heaven for hell. Of course, unless there was some stupendous miracle, greater than any that is on record even in the inspired writings, it was impossible that war should not spring out of that state of things; and the political slaveholders, that ‘dreadful brotherhood, in whom all turbulent passions were let loose,’ the moment they found that the presidential election of 1860 was adverse to the cause of slavery, took up arms to sustain their cherished and endangered system. Then came the outbreak which had been so often foretold, so often menaced; and the ground reeled under the nation during four years of agony, until at last, after the smoke of the battle-field had cleared away, the horrid shape which had cast its shadow over a whole continent had vanished, and was gone for ever.”—(Vol. i. pp. 289-90.)

And also, as showing what genius and sincerity can dare, this appeal to the House of Commons in the very crisis of the Crimean War:—

“At the same time there is growing up—and, notwithstanding what some hon. Members of this House may think of me, no man regrets it more than I do—a bitter and angry feeling against that class which has for a long period conducted the public affairs of this country. I like political changes when such changes are made as the result, not of passion, but of deliberation and reason. Changes so made are safe, but changes made under the influence of violent exaggeration, or of the violent passions of public meetings, are not changes usually approved by this House or advantageous to the country. I cannot but notice, in speaking to gentlemen who sit on either side of this House, or in speaking to any one I meet between this House and any of those localities we frequent when this House is up—I cannot, I say, but notice that an uneasy feeling exists as to the news which may arrive by the very next mail from the East. I do not suppose that your troops are to be beaten in actual conflict with the foe, or that they will be driven into the sea; but I am certain that many homes in England in which there now exists a fond hope that the distant one may return—many such homes may be rendered desolate when the

next mail shall arrive. The angel of death has been abroad throughout the land; you may almost hear the beating of his wings. There is no one, as when the first-born was slain of old, to sprinkle with blood the lintel and the two sideposts of our doors, that he may spare and pass on; he takes his victims from the castle of the noble, the mansion of the wealthy, and the cottage of the poor and the lowly, and it is on behalf of all these classes that I make this solemn appeal.”—(Vol. i. pp. 489-90.)

Not only are these speeches valuable as a mere lesson in style; they should be studied day and night by every one who desires to acquire the art of clear and persuasive speaking. A perception of their artistic excellence comes upon us gradually. The art is so subtle, so natural, that it is hard to detect it, much more to point it out. This we take to be the case with all the most perfect specimens of oratory. If readers would only confess it, we suspect the *first* impression produced by the master-pieces of Demosthenes to be that, except the scurrility, there is nothing so very wonderful after all. So is it, in a measure, with the speeches of Mr. Bright. Look, for example, at the famous Adullam speech. So simple it all seems—so obvious and easy. The simplicity of the style doubtless heightens this impression; but the real causes of it lie deeper. It is the skill with which the argument is built up—the lucid progress of thought—the way in which one idea leads on to another, as if in obvious and unavoidable sequence, that gives to the whole such an effect of naturalness and ease. This is the perfection of the oratorical art—a perfection which study and long practice alone can give, and which even they can give only to one “to the manner born.”

We hear it often said that reporters have destroyed oratory—that men speak now with a fear of the next morning's newspaper too much before their eyes. Hence, it is alleged, the proper function of oratory, immediate effect, is neglected. Men speak not to those who at the moment hear, but to those who will thereafter read. Mr. Bright's speaking is little open to this objection. He can sway his audience at will—he plays on them like a pipe. And yet he does not fall into the other extreme. There is no want of substance in his speeches. They stand the test of the next morning well. His argument may be right or wrong. But it always is an argument which provokes and deserves careful discussion. And the delivery of that weighty argument has moved his hearers to enthusiasm. Few orators have combined these different, and seemingly opposite characteristics in such perfection.

Perhaps no English orator was ever so

much feared as Lord Chatham. So far as we can now judge, his contempt was withering; his denunciation must have been hard to bear. Mr. Bright is not wont to indulge in the expression of contemptuous feeling; but when he is constrained to assail what he regards as a great wrong or a great wickedness, he rises to a fervour and majesty of condemnation which we know not to have been often excelled. No one who heard can ever forget his denunciation of the Ministry which could not conduct or conclude the Crimean War:—

“I am not, nor did I ever pretend to be, a statesman; and that character is so tainted and so equivocal in our day, that I am not sure that a pure and honourable ambition would aspire to it. I have not enjoyed for thirty years, like these noble Lords, the honours and emoluments of office. I have not set my sails to every passing breeze. I am a plain and simple citizen, sent here by one of the foremost constituencies of the Empire, representing feebly, perhaps, but honestly, I dare aver, the opinions of very many, and the true interests of all those who have sent me here. Let it not be said that I am alone in my condemnation of this war, and of this incapable and guilty Administration. And, even if I were alone, if mine were a solitary voice, raised amid the din of arms and the clamours of a venal press, I should have the consolation I have to-night—and which I trust will be mine to the last moment of my existence—the priceless consolation that no word of mine has tended to promote the squandering of my country's treasure or the spilling of one single drop of my country's blood.”—(Vol. i. p. 482.)

And as an example of the same powers, we would quote this passage from a letter to Mr. Watkin:

“When the time comes for the ‘inquisition for blood,’ who shall answer for these doings? You have read the tidings from the Crimea; you have, perhaps, shuddered at the slaughter; you remember the terrific picture,—I speak not of the battle, and the charge, and the tumultuous excitement of the conflict, but of the field after the battle—Russians in their frenzy or their terror, shooting Englishmen who would have offered them water to quench their agony of thirst; Englishmen, in crowds, rifling the pockets of the men they had slain or wounded, taking their few shillings or roubles, and discovering among the plunder of the stiffening corpses images of the ‘Virgin and the Child.’ You have read this, and your imagination has followed the fearful details. This is war,—every crime which human nature can commit or imagine, every horror it can perpetrate or suffer; and this it is which our Christian Government recklessly plunges into, and which so many of our countrymen at this moment think it patriotic to applaud! You must excuse me if I cannot go with you. I will have no part in this terrible crime. My hands shall be

unstained with the blood which is being shed. The necessity of maintaining themselves in office may influence an administration; delusions may mislead a people; *Vattel* may afford you a law and a defence; but no respect for men who form a Government, no regard I have for 'going with the stream,' and no fear of being deemed wanting in patriotism, shall influence me in favour of a policy which, in my conscience, I believe to be as criminal before God as it is destructive of the true interest of my country."—(Vol. i, p. 535.)

On one subject he felt, if it were possible, even more strongly than on the Crimean War, namely on the great American struggle; and he characterizes, in language of just indignation, the conduct of those men who, in the pursuit of private gain, shrink not from disobeying the law and involving their country in deadly peril:—

"There may be men outside, there are men sitting amongst your legislators, who will build and equip corsair ships to prey upon the commerce of a friendly power,—who will disregard the laws and the honour of their country,—who will trample on the Proclamation of their sovereign,—and who, for the sake of the glittering profit which sometimes waits on crime, are content to cover themselves with everlasting infamy. There may be men, too—rich men—in this city of London, who will buy in the slave-owners' loan, and who, for the chance of more gain than honest dealing will afford them, will help a conspiracy whose fundamental institution, whose corner-stone, is declared to be felony, and infamous by the statutes of their country.

"I speak not to these men. I leave them to their conscience in that hour which comes to all of us, when conscience speaks and the soul is no longer deaf to her voice. I speak rather to you, the working men of London, the representatives, as you are here to-night, of the feelings and the interests of the millions who cannot hear my voice. I wish you to be true to yourselves. Dynasties may fall, aristocracies may perish, privilege will vanish into the dim past; but you, your children, and your children's children will remain, and from you the English people will be continued to succeeding generations.

"You wish the freedom of your country. You wish it for yourselves. You strive for it in many ways. Do not then give the hand of fellowship to the worst foes of freedom that the world has ever seen, and do not, I beseech you, bring down a curse upon your cause which no after-penitence can ever lift from it. You will not do this. I have faith in you. Impartial history will tell that, when your statesmen were hostile or coldly neutral, when many of your rich men were corrupt, when your press—which ought to have instructed and defended—was mainly written to betray, the fate of a continent and of its vast population being in peril, you clung to freedom with an unflinching trust that God in His infinite mercy will

yet make it the heritage of all His children."—(Vol. i, 252.)

In a different style are many noble passages, penetrated with deep feeling, rich with a surprising beauty, where the orator, even in the darkest hour, refused to despair of the future of the great American Republic:—

"Coming back to the question of this war: I admit, of course—everybody must admit—that we are not responsible for it, for its commencement, or for the manner in which it is conducted; nor can we be responsible for its result. But there is one thing which we are responsible for, and that is for our sympathies, for the manner in which we regard it, and for the tone in which we discuss it. What shall we say, then, with regard to it? On which side shall we stand? I do not believe it is possible to be strictly, coldly neutral. The question at issue is too great, the contest is too grand in the eye of the world. It is impossible for any man, who can have an opinion worth anything on any question, not to have some kind of an opinion on the question of this war. I am not ashamed of my opinion, or of the sympathy which I feel, and have over and over again expressed, on the side of the free North. I cannot understand how any man witnessing what is enacting on the American continent can indulge in small cavils against the free people of the North, and close his eye entirely to the enormity of the purposes of the South. I cannot understand how any Englishman, who in past years has been accustomed to say that 'there was one foul blot upon the fair fame of the American Republic,' can now express any sympathy for those who would perpetuate and extend that blot. And, more, if we profess to be, though it be with imperfect and faltering steps, the followers of Him who declared it to be His Divine mission 'to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised,' must we not reject with indignation and scorn the proffered alliance and friendship with a power based on human bondage, and which contemplates the overthrow and the extinction of the dearest rights of the most helpless of mankind!

"If we are the friends of freedom, personal and political,—and we all profess to be so, and most of us, more or less, are striving after it more completely for our own country,—how can we withhold our sympathy from a Government and a people amongst whom white men have always been free, and who are now offering an equal freedom to the black? I advise you not to believe in the 'destruction' of the American nation. If facts should happen by any chance to force you to believe it, do not commit the crime of wishing it. I do not blame men who draw different conclusions from mine from the facts, and who believe that the restoration of the Union is impossible. As the facts lie before our senses, so must we form a judgment on them. But I blame those

men that wish for such a catastrophe. For myself, I have never despaired, and I will not despair. In the language of one of our old poets, who wrote, I think, more than three hundred years ago, I will not despair,—

‘For I have seen a ship in haven fall,
After the storm had broke both mast and shroud.’

From the very outburst of this great convulsion, I have had but one hope and one faith, and it is this—that the result of this stupendous strife may be to make freedom the heritage for ever of a whole continent, and that the grandeur and the prosperity of the American Union may never be impaired.”—(Vol. i. pp. 242-3.)

“Now, whether the Union will be restored or not, or the South achieve an unhonoured independence or not, I know not, and I predict not. But this I think I know—that in a few years, a very few years, the twenty millions of freemen in the North will be thirty millions, or even fifty millions—a population equal to or exceeding that of this kingdom. When that time comes I pray that it may not be said amongst them that, in the darkest hour of their country’s trials, England, the land of their fathers, looked on with icy coldness, and saw unmoved the perils and calamities of their children. As for me, I have but this to say: I am but one in this audience, and but one in the citizenship of this country, but if all other tongues are silent, mine shall speak for that policy which gives hope to the bondsman of the South, and which tends to generous thoughts, and generous words, and generous deeds, between the two great nations who speak the English language, and from their origin are alike entitled to the English name.”—(Vol. i. pp. 194-5.)

“What I do blame is this. I blame men who are eager to admit into the family of nations a State which offers itself to us, based upon a principle, I will undertake to say, more odious and more blasphemous than was ever heretofore dreamed of in Christian or Pagan, in civilized or in savage times. The leaders of this revolt propose this monstrous thing—that over a territory forty times as large as England, the blight and curse of slavery shall be for ever perpetuated.

“I cannot believe, for my part, that such a fate will befall that fair land, stricken though it now is with the ravages of war. I cannot believe that civilisation, in its journey with the sun, will sink into endless night in order to gratify the ambition of the leaders of this revolt, who seek to

‘Wade through slaughter to a throne
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind.’

I have another and a far brighter vision before my gaze. It may be but a vision, but I will cherish it. I see one vast confederation stretching from the frozen North in unbroken line to the glowing South, and from the wild billows of the Atlantic westward to the calmer waters of the Pacific main,—and I see one peo-

ple, and one language, and one law, and one faith, and, over all that wide continent, the home of freedom, and a refuge for the oppressed of every race and of every clime.”—(Vol. i. pp. 224-5.)

We have quoted these passages—and no reader, we are persuaded, will blame the length of them—in order to justify our assertion that, viewed merely as compositions, these speeches will reward careful perusal. But they have a deeper source of interest than this. Their literary excellence, great though it be, is secondary to their political importance. In point of political interest, in capacity for political instruction, they seem to us beyond any collection of speeches in the language. Doubtless this is owing, in some degree, to the lengthened period of time over which they extend, and the variety of subjects they embrace; but it is owing to something more also. It is owing, in no small measure, to the isolated position which Mr. Bright has so long occupied in English politics. This it is which gives to these speeches a value peculiarly their own. They are in no sense party speeches. They are not even debating speeches, in the ordinary sense. They are discussions of great public questions; but they are discussions of no question in its party aspect. To illustrate what we mean by an example:—About a third part of Lord Macaulay’s brilliant and telling speech on the Maynooth vote in 1845 was devoted to a criticism of the position of the Ministry with regard to the measure. Mr. Bright in his speech dismisses that topic with the single sentence that “the right hon. Baronet has, from unforeseen circumstances, been connected in Opposition with a party of such a nature, that he never could promote any good measure whilst in power without being charged, and justly, with inconsistent conduct;” and then passes on, as if impatient, to discuss the question before the House. In some of his speeches—those, for instance, on University Tests, on the Sugar-Duties, on the exclusion of Judges from the House of Commons—Lord Macaulay occupied, more or less, this higher level; but Mr. Bright never descends from it. Hence the peculiarly *lasting* value of these speeches.

Yet it would be an utter misapprehension to suppose that they are in any sense didactic dissertations. We shall have written and quoted to little purpose if our readers have not by this time become aware that, in their liveliness, their variety, their flexibility, they are emphatically speeches. What we mean is, that they are discussions of questions adapted to the forms of oratory. Even in argument, Mr. Bright confutes opposing views rather than replies to opponents.

There is, indeed, abundance of personality; but persons are dealt with only in so far as they are identified with opinions. Yet the speeches are the very reverse of being heavy. Most of us have felt the charm of listening to the speaker; but no reader even of these speeches, we should think, ever found them dull. They are relieved from the possibility of this by many excellencies. Not only by the beauty of the style, but also by the acute and lucid reasoning. Always clear, always direct to the point, the sweep of the argument carries the reader along, demanding from him no greater intellectual effort than is requisite for intellectual enjoyment. Not less remarkable is the terseness with which the argument is stated. Nothing is overdone. Never was any great orator less verbose.

There is, as a rule, an absence of illustration. We feel somehow as if illustration would be out of place,—as if the speaker was too intent on his immediate subject to diverge from it at all. But the page is lit up with many a felicitous quotation from wells of English undefiled—Milton we should guess to be a favourite study. And it is enlivened by a rich vein of sarcastic humour. Nothing could have been happier than the “terrier-dog” party, without recognisable head or tail, composed of Mr. Lowe and Mr. Horsman; nothing more telling than the comparison of Lord Grey’s plan of conferring the franchise on doctors and lawyers *as such* to the elder Mr. Weller’s theory that a man must be a good judge of a legal point because he was a good judge of a horse; and every speech affords examples of some such happy hit. The following passage supplies a valuable solution of the puzzling difference between the political opinions of Englishmen abroad and of Englishmen at home:—

“It is the most curious thing in the world that whenever an Englishman leaves these shores—whether it is the effect of the salt air, or of sea-sickness, or the result of that prolonged meditation which a voyage of some weeks’ duration invites, I do not know—but whenever an Englishman leaves these shores the effect is to peel off, not the rags of his body, but the verminous rags from his intellect and soul. He leaves behind him in England all the stupidity which some of us cherish, and he lands in Australia with his vision so clear that he can see things in a common-sense light.”—(Vol. ii. p. 351.)

Perhaps the most direct value of these volumes consists in the political instruction which they afford. Their highest interest, on the other hand, is in the light they throw on the character of the speaker, and the evidence they supply of his political capa-

city. The first qualities which can belong to a public man are foresight and courage. It is not too much to say that Mr. Bright has, during the last thirty years, given more proofs of both qualities than any man in England. Conscious he must be of exaggeration, of error; yet, looking at his career as a whole, how seldom has the event proved him entirely wrong; how often has it justified his wisdom; in how many instances has public opinion gradually turned from hostility into accord with his. We speak not only of his well-known triumphs; we do not exclude questions which he has been often told to leave to statesmen, as beyond his powers. Take the case of India. He foretold that the old government of India would be broken by rebellion: the Mutiny came, and the Company was abolished. Take our Foreign policy, always held to be Bright’s weakest point. We suspect the defenders of Lord Palmerston’s China War are now very much fewer and less zealous than when opposition to that war cost Mr. Bright his seat at Manchester. Take a yet stronger instance, the Crimean War. We do not propose to reopen the discussions connected with that war. We would only suggest the one question—How many men believe that England would again go to war in defence of the Turkish Empire? If any one does, we would recommend him to read Lord Stanley’s speech the other day to his constituents. Again, on the question of our relations with the great European Powers, Mr. Bright has often expressed strong, and, as many have been wont to think, extreme views. These views, shortly stated, are that we have no right to bring upon our country the unspeakable calamities of war in order to redress the wrongs of others. Mr. Bright has been so often, and so unscrupulously misrepresented in regard to this matter, that, at the risk of quoting too much, we will quote his own statement of his own opinions:—

“I believe there is no permanent greatness to a nation except it be based upon morality. I do not care for military greatness or military renown. I care for the condition of the people among whom I live. There is no man in England who is less likely to speak irreverently of the Crown and Monarchy of England than I am; but crowns, coronets, mitres, military display, the pomp of war, wide colonies, and a huge empire, are, in my view, all trifles light as air, and not worth considering, unless with them you can have a fair share of comfort, contentment, and happiness among the great body of the people. Palaces, baronial castles, great halls, stately mansions, do not make a nation. The nation in every country dwells in the cottage; and unless the light of your constitution can shine there, unless the beauty of your

legislation and the excellence of your statesmanship are impressed there on the feelings and condition of the people, rely upon it you have yet to learn the duties of government.

"I have not, as you have observed, pleaded that this country should remain without adequate and scientific means of defence. I acknowledge it to be the duty of your statesmen, acting upon the known opinions and principles of ninety-nine out of every hundred persons in the country, at all times, with all possible moderation, but with all possible efficiency, to take steps which shall preserve order within and on the confines of your kingdom. But I shall repudiate and denounce the expenditure of every shilling, the engagement of every man, the employment of every ship which has no object but intermeddling in the affairs of other countries, and endeavouring to extend the boundaries of an Empire which is already large enough to satisfy the greatest ambition, and I fear is much too large for the highest statesmanship to which any man has yet attained.

"The most ancient of profane historians has told us that the Scythians of his time were a very warlike people, and that they elevated an old cimeter upon a platform as a symbol of Mars, for to Mars alone, I believe, they built altars and offered sacrifices. To this cimeter they offered sacrifices of horses and cattle, the main wealth of the country, and more costly sacrifices than to all the rest of their gods. I often ask myself whether we are at all advanced in one respect beyond those Scythians. What are our contributions to charity, to education, to morality, to religion, to justice, and to civil government, when compared with the wealth we expend in sacrifices to the old cimeter? Two nights ago I addressed in this hall a vast assembly composed to a great extent of your countrymen who have no political power, who are at work from the dawn of the day to the evening, and who have therefore limited means of informing themselves on these great subjects. Now I am privileged to speak to a somewhat different audience. You represent those of your great community who have a more complete education, who have on some points greater intelligence, and in whose hands reside the power and influence of the district. I am speaking, too, within the hearing of those whose gentle nature, whose finer instincts, whose purer minds, have not suffered as some of us have suffered in the turmoil and strife of life. You can mould opinion, you can create political power,—you can think a good thought on this subject and communicate it to your neighbours,—you cannot make these points topics of discussion in your social circles and more general meetings, without affecting sensibly and speedily the course which the Government of your country will pursue. May I ask you, then, to believe, as I do most devoutly believe, that the moral law was not written for men alone in their individual character, but that it was written as well for nations, and for nations great as this of which we are citizens. If nations reject and deride that moral law, there is a penalty which will in-

evitably follow. It may not come at once, it may not come in our lifetime; but, rely upon it, the great Italian is not a poet only, but a prophet, when he says,—

'The sword of heaven is not in haste to smite,
Nor yet doth linger.'

We have experience, we have beacons, we have landmarks enough. We know what the past has cost us, we know how much and how far we have wandered, but we are not left without a guide. It is true we have not, as an ancient people had, Urim and Thummim—those oraculous gems on Aaron's breast—from which to take counsel, but we have the unchangeable and eternal principles of the moral law to guide us, and only so far as we walk by that guidance can we be permanently a great nation, or our people a happy people."—(Vol. ii. pp. 397–399.)

The policy here set forth, and the setting forth of which entailed on Mr. Bright so much abuse, is exactly the policy (with the exception of the unhappy Luxemburg guarantee) which has been avowed and adopted by Lord Stanley, the Minister whose merits the Tory party have never ceased to exalt.

To take a crucial question of foreign policy: How entirely has public opinion come to accept Mr. Bright's views as to the merits of the American War, and as to the conduct of our Government with regard to the *Alabama*. We do not, this journal never did, greatly blame the Government of that day. They did not do enough; but they did as much as any Government—save one of extraordinary vigour, such as England has seldom experienced—could have attempted in the state of public feeling at the time.* We all remember how the Tory opposition, led on by Lord Derby and the Irish fervour of Lord Cairns, forgot all morality and all law, and condemned the Government even for the seizure of the rams. The temper of the Opposition was then such that they were not ashamed to encourage the abettors of what was little short of piracy. Mr. Laird not only escaped condemnation; he was actually applauded. Emboldened by his foolish allies he ventured to insult Mr. Bright in the House, and the result was the following rebuke:—

"Then I come to the last thing I shall mention—to the question of the ships which have been preying upon the commerce of the United States. I shall confine myself to that one vessel, the *Alabama*. She was built in this country; all her munitions of war were from this country; almost every man on board her was a subject of Her Majesty. She sailed from one of our chief ports. She is known to have been built by a firm in which a Member of this

* See *North British Review*, No. 80, May 1864.

House was, and I presume is, interested. Now, Sir, I do not complain—I know that once, when I referred to this question two years ago, when my hon. friend the Member for Bradford brought it forward in this House, the hon. Member for Birkenhead (Mr. Laird) was excessively angry—I do not complain that the Member for Birkenhead has struck up a friendship with Captain Semmes, who may probably be described, as another sailor once was of similar pursuits, as being ‘the mildest mannered man that ever scuttled ship.’ Therefore, I do not complain of a man who has an acquaintance with that notorious person, and I do not complain, and did not then, that the Member for Birkenhead looks admiringly upon the greatest example which men have ever seen of the greatest crime which men have ever committed. I do not complain even that he should applaud that which is founded upon a gigantic traffic in living flesh and blood, a traffic into which no subject of this realm can enter without being deemed a felon in the eyes of our law and punished as such. But what I do complain of is this, that the hon. Gentleman the Member for Birkenhead, a magistrate of a county, a deputy-lieutenant—whatever that may be—a representative of a constituency, and having a seat in this ancient and honourable Assembly—that he should, as I believe he did, if concerned in the building of this ship, break the law of his country, by driving us into an infraction of International Law, and treating with undeserved disrespect the proclamation of neutrality of the Queen.

“I will not detain the House on the question of the rams. The hon. Member for Birkenhead, or the firm or the family, or whoever the people are at Birkenhead who do these things, this firm at Birkenhead, after they had seen the peril into which the country was drifting on account of the *Alabama*, proceeded most audaciously to build those two rams; and it was only at the very last moment, when on the eve of a war with the United States on account of those rams, that the Government happily had the courage to seize them, and thus the last danger was averted.”—(Vol. i. pp. 184-5.)

The sympathy and applause of Mr. Laird's Tory friends may have consoled him under this. But that sympathy will quickly disappear, that applause will be hushed, if it shall prove that the sympathizers have to pay their share of the bill for the consequences of Mr. Laird's act, and that too because of the good sense of a Tory minister.*

In Home politics take the question of our Land-Laws. Twenty years ago Mr. Bright expressed these views:—

“There is another point, with regard to in-

testate estates. I feel how tenderly one must speak, in this House, upon a question like this. Even the right hon. Member for Tamworth, with all his authority, appeared, when touching on this delicate question of the land, as if he were walking upon eggs which he was very much afraid of breaking. I certainly never heard the right hon. Gentleman steer through so many sinuosities in a case; and hardly, at last, dared he come to the question, because he was talking about land—this sacred land! I believe land to have nothing peculiar in its nature which does not belong to other property; and everything that we have done with the view of treating land differently from other property has been a blunder—a false course which we must retrace—an error which lies at the foundation of very much of the pauperism and want of employment which so generally prevail. Now, with regard to intestate estates, I am told that the House of Lords will never repeal the law of primogeniture; but I do not want them to repeal the law of primogeniture in the sense entertained by some people. I do not want them to enact the system of France, by which a division of property is compelled. I think that to force the division of property by law is just as contrary to sound principles and natural rights as to prevent its division, as is done by our law. If a man choose to act the unnatural and absurd part of leaving the whole of his property to one child, I should not, certainly, look with respect upon his memory; but I would not interfere to prevent the free exercise of his will. I think, however, if a man die by chance without a will, that it is the duty of the Government to set a high moral example, and to divide the property equally among the children of the former owner, or among those who may be said to be his heirs—among those, in fact, who would fairly participate in his personal estate. If that system of leaving all to the eldest were followed out in the case of personality, it would lead to immediate confusion, and, by destroying the whole social system, to a perfect anarchy of property. Why, then, should that course be followed with regard to land? The repeal of the law would not of necessity destroy the custom; but this House would no longer give its sanction to a practice which is bad; and I believe that gradually there would be a more just appreciation of their duties in this respect by the great body of testators.

“Then, with regard to life interests; I would make an alteration there. I think that life-owners should be allowed to grant leases—of course, only on such terms as should insure the successor from fraud—and that estates should be permitted to be charged with the sums which were expended in their improvement. Next, with regard to the registry of land. In many European countries this is done; and high legal authorities affirm that it would not be difficult to accomplish it in this country. You have your Ordnance Survey. To make the survey necessary for a perfect registry of deeds throughout the kingdom, would not cost more than 9d. an acre; and if you had your plans engraved, it would be no great addition

* The history of the *Alabama* business has been ably stated in an instructive pamphlet published about a year ago by Charles C. S. Bowen, Esq., barrister-at-law.

to the expense. There can be no reason why the landowners should not have that advantage conferred upon them, because, in addition to the public benefit, it would increase the value of their lands by several years' purchase. Mr. Senior has stated that if there were the same ready means for the transfer of land as at present exist for the transfer of personalty, the value of land would be increased, if I mistake not, by nine years' purchase. This is a subject which I would recommend to the hon. Member for Buckinghamshire, now distinguished as the advocate of the landed interest."

These words when first spoken were doubtless thought wild. So too, when fifteen years ago, Mr. Bright, in the House, alluded to the Game-Laws as an agricultural grievance, he was interrupted by loud laughter. Perhaps among the laughers were the then Tory members for Aberdeenshire, Kincardineshire, and Ayrshire. They may judge now whether their laughter was wise; and so with the Land-Laws. Have not these questions of primogeniture and law of entail, to say nothing of fixity of tenant tenure, been agitated on almost every hustings, at least in Ireland and Scotland? And are not the supporters of these laws now reduced to that most miserable of arguments, that they have but little effect either for good or evil? We have indeed advanced since 1849.

No detractor, however bitter, can deny to Mr. Bright the virtue of courage. Politics are the leading interest of his life; popularity is the chief basis of his power; and yet, not once or twice, he has counted popularity as nothing, has perilled all his chances of a public career in defence of truth and justice. A mob may be flattered as well as a monarch; and the most dangerous, as well as the most subtle of all mob-flattery, is when men of mark conceal or modify their convictions in deference to the prejudices of the hour. To that flattery Mr. Bright has never stooped. How few of our public men, though strong in wealth, in position, in political connexion, have shown examples of uncompromising and hazardous opposition to popular clamour, such as have ennobled the career of the so-called demagogue! In this fearless honesty Mr. Bright reminds one of Lord Macaulay. His rejection by Manchester in 1857 may be fitly compared with Lord Macaulay's rejection by Edinburgh in 1847.

Another characteristic we would claim for Mr. Bright will not be so readily conceded to him—a passionate love of truth. Here again he may be compared to Lord Macaulay. Both possessed this rare quality; to both it is often, and from similar causes, denied. In Lord Macaulay's writings it was obscured by the rhetorical habit of his mind; the

exigencies of public speaking sometimes afford plausible reasons for denying it to Mr. Bright. An orator must, to a certain extent, be one-sided. He is always more or less of an advocate—supporting certain views; and even when there is least of this, his business is to present truths in a simple and attractive guise. Otherwise, he will never succeed with a popular assemblage. Hence he generally presents but one aspect of a truth; he cannot analyse closely or refine. Thus a recent writer in the *Pall Mall Gazette** condemned Mr. Bright's censure of the course taken by the English aristocracy with regard to revolutionary France as inadequate and partial, because he did not take into account many causes which must have swayed them, among others the indiscreet attitude of the Opposition of the day. Doubtless had Mr. Bright been writing a study of the period, it would have been his duty to have done this fully and carefully. But then the result would have been an essay and not a speech. An orator must work always with a free hand and brilliant colours, and that is just the reason why the picture so often fades. Therefore very many even of Mr. Bright's pictures have faded. But in these volumes we have what deserves to endure. If there are of necessity exaggerations and deficiencies, it is easy to correct the one and to supply the other. What remains is a splendid body of English writing, fertile in instruction, suggestive of far-reaching political ideas; with a love of liberty and truth glowing along each eloquent page.

Though for many years the best-abused man in England Mr. Bright has seldom condescended to justify his conduct on motives. In this he has, beyond doubt, judged wisely. Men in the foremost rank of public life owe it to their own dignity not to notice every passing slander. To their friends they owe it so to bear themselves that the world may believe in their self-reliance—in their consciousness of a rectitude which needs not constant assertion. It is often a duty to suffer calumny in silence. The one thing that can sting Mr. Bright into retort is the insinuation of unpatriotic motives. The heart of the speaker seems to beat in every sentence of his answer to that unworthy taunt:—

* If we might, with unfeigned deference and great good-will, tender our humble advice to this journal, we would urge it to avoid falling into the groove of the *Saturday Review*. It has hitherto commanded general respect by its breadth and manliness; it would be a great loss to journalism were it now to become "superfine"—judging everything and all men by the standard of a too fastidious good taste. For there is an extreme possible in this direction.

"Do not suppose because I stand here oftener to find fault with the laws of my country than to praise them, that I am less English or less patriotic, or that I have less sympathy for my country or my countrymen than other men have. I want our country to be populous, to be powerful, and to be happy. But this can only be done—it never has been done in any country—but by just laws justly administered. I plead only for what I believe to be just. I wish to do wrong to no man. For twenty-five years I have stood before audiences—great meetings of my countrymen—pleading only for justice. During that time, as you know, I have endured measureless insult, and have passed through hurricanes of abuse. I need not tell you that my clients have not been generally the rich and the great, but rather the poor and the lowly. They cannot give me place and dignities and wealth; but honourable service in their cause yields me that which is of far higher and more lasting value—the consciousness that I have laboured to expound and uphold laws, which, though they were not given amid the thunders of Sinai, are not less the commandments of God, and not less intended to promote and secure the happiness of men."—(Vol. ii. p. 358.)

Lastly, no candid reader of these pages can fail to see in them evidence of a profound sympathy with the poor and the wretched. No Tory device has been more persistently worked than that of imputing, to Mr. Bright and the whole Liberal party, indifference or worse towards the working classes, and that on the score of the Ten-Hours Bill. The foundation is as false as the slander is base. The Ten-Hours Bill was never, in any sense, a party measure. It was supported in a powerful speech by Lord Macaulay, then a keen Whig partisan. It was doubtless opposed by Mr. Bright, and, as he admitted the other day at Birmingham, opposed mistakenly. That opposition and that mistake was shared in by Lord Morpeth, the most benevolent of mankind. It was shared in by Sir Robert Peel, who, more than any Minister that has ever governed England, had it at heart to alleviate the hard lot of the working man. It was shared in by many of Sir Robert's leading Tory supporters. On this point, as well as in his leaning towards a voluntary system of education, Mr. Bright gives, as we think, too much weight to that canon of political economy which prohibits interference by the Government with freedom of individual action. As to the Ten-Hours Bill, he has, as we have said, admitted his error; and, judging from a recent speech, his faith in a voluntary system of education seems much weaker than it was in 1847. But, altogether apart from this, is it to be tolerated that, because men take a somewhat narrow

view of the functions of Government, they are to be taunted with inhumanity? "There are things," says Mr. Mill, "with which the State ought not to interfere, and there are others with which it is essential that it should interfere." The hardest problem in statesmanship is to tell where the difference lies; and is it well that men who may chance to err in the solution of this problem, and who, if they err, do so on the safe side, should be exposed to so cruel an imputation? After all, it does not greatly matter. The calumny may have been believed by some of those who spoke it, possibly even by some of those who heard it; but only by such as were ignorant of all the facts, and proof against any reason. Can any one refuse to recognise the true feeling of the words with which this oppressor of the poor closed a speech in Edinburgh about a month ago?—

"I ask you, as I ask myself a thousand times, is it not possible that this mass of poverty and suffering should be touched and should be reached? What is there that man cannot do if he tries? The other day he descended to the mysterious depths of the ocean, and with an iron hand he sought, and he found, and he grasped, and he brought up to the surface the lost cable, and with it he made two worlds into one. I ask, are his conquests confined to the realms of science? Is it not possible that another hand, not of iron, but of Christian justice and kindness, may be let down to moral depths, even deeper than the cable fathomed, to bring up from thence misery's sons and daughters, and the multitudes who are ready to perish? This is the great problem which is now before us. It is not one for statesmen only: it is not one for preachers of the Gospel only: it is one for every man in the nation to attempt to solve. The nation is now in power; and if wisdom abide with power, the generations to follow may behold the glorious day of which we in our time, with our best endeavour, can only hope to see the earliest dawn."

But Mr. Bright, we are told, is a dreamer. His longing for reduced taxation leads him to believe in the coming of a time when war shall cease, or at least when it shall be no more known among the civilized nations of the earth. Now it is worthy of remark, that he has never discussed the policy of England in the light of such a belief. Never once, when any practical question was involved, as the China War, or the Crimean War, has he dealt with it on what is called the "peace at any price" theory. On the contrary, in all such discussions, so far as we remember, without exception, he has applied the true tests. He has asked whether the honour or interests of this country were involved, whether the objects of the war were reasonably within our reach, whether they were

worthy of the necessary sacrifice; and surely it is by such considerations that questions of peace or war should be determined. But when he is not dealing with any present question, when his endeavour is to influence public opinion towards what he thinks right, why should not he tell us his dreams of a happier and a better time than this? He told his audience at Edinburgh that sometimes there passed across his mind—as a vision, or it might be a foresight of a reality—the idea of a time when the great pathway of nations shall be no more profaned by war, but guarded by all for the beneficent purposes of peace. When an orator uses his powers for such ends, surely he is deserving of support? Why should the majority of our public writers refuse that support? Such expectations may be fond; but why should they be ridiculed? What good can come of calling them utopian; or of sneering them away by a reference to the millennium? We don't know much about the millennium. But if it mean an era of peace and of goodwill among the nations, is it extravagant to believe that we can do something to speed on its coming? If any one were proposing now to act as if the millennium were here, it would be right to expose the danger of his counsel. But why should men who are striving by all practical means to restrain national rivalries—by extending the advantages of commerce, by extolling peace, and dwelling on the horrors of war, by urging arbitration, by assembling at congresses,—why should these men be discouraged? It may be “utopian” in them to hope to see the reward of their labours; it may be still more utopian to labour, as they mostly do, without such hope; but it is surely neither unrighteous nor unwise. On such matters to be enthusiastic—to be even utopian—is the highest wisdom. Victor Hugo said, pointing to a sword and a pen, “*Ceci tuera cela.*” And Louis Blanc, in his *Letters on England*, dreams his dreams too:—

“But suppress war! How? Have patience. The time is not yet come for acknowledging the reasonableness of quarrels between nations being peacefully settled, like quarrels between individuals, by a high judicial decision. The moment is not come for acknowledging that the Abbé de St. Pierre and Mably were something better than fools. The idea of an amphictyonic tribunal, intended to substitute the sovereignty of reason for the sovereignty of force, will not always be regarded as utopian. The world is still in a state of childhood. It will attain its majority, let us hope, and then, perchance, it will be found expedient to suffer no longer the happiness of nations to be weighed in that scale into which the Brennus of all countries, and the famous for insolence in

all ages, have thrown the weight of their sword.”

Mr. Goldwin Smith has said that Mr. Bright's speeches are emphatically “counsels.” The general character of these counsels may be gathered from the foregoing pages; or, better, from the volumes themselves. Few of them will now be thought very “advanced;” none of them will be found to be beyond the limits of ordinary political discussion. But it is worth while to inquire in what spirit the new Parliament will approach the consideration of these counsels, and of others similar to them; or, in other words, to answer the question, What has been the result of the general election?

Altogether apart from the silliness of a narrow nationality, a Scotchman has reason to regard this election with feelings of pride. While the Liberal majority in England has been in all only 44; in Ireland, 31; Scotland, out of her 60 seats, has returned a Liberal majority of 46. This is something in itself; but there is more in it than appears. The causes which have brought about this result are all creditable to Scotland; some of them in marked contrast to the influences which have prevailed in England. The English press has exerted its utmost ingenuity in accounting for the Tory success in so many of the great English counties. Snobbery, dislike to Irishmen, fear of intimidation, are the motives, more or less venial, which have been suggested. The action of the clergy has been often brought forward, but the cause which has enabled the action of the clergy to have so much effect has not been frankly confessed. That cause we believe to be ignorance. We owe our comparative immunity from this evil of clerical influence, partly to the influence of the great Dissenting bodies; partly to the constitution of our Church, less favourable than Episcopacy to ecclesiastical domination; but mainly to the intelligence of the Scotch people. Thus, a Rev. Mr. Buche admits that, in canvassing against Sir John Lubbock, he “more than once pointed out” that Mr. Gladstone's policy is supported by atheists, Papists, Jews, and heterodox Christians. Yet more extraordinary have been the doings in South Shropshire, where we read that “a clergyman, finding that numbers of his parishioners had promised to vote for Mr. More, went about telling them that they were going to vote for the Pope, for the Queen to be beheaded, and Protestant clergymen to be burned for their faith.” There has been nothing to equal this since Lord Macaulay's election-ballad in 1827:—

"A letter—and free—bring it here—
I have no correspondent who franks.

No! Yes! Can it be? Why, my dear,
'Tis our glorious, our Protestant Bankes.

"Dear sir, as I know you desire
That the Church should receive due protection,

I humbly presume to require
Your aid at the Cambridge election.

"It has lately been brought to my knowledge,
That the Ministers fully design

To suppress each cathedral and college,
And eject every learned divine.

To assist this detestable scheme,
Three nuncios from Rome are come over;
They left Calais on Monday by steam,
And landed to dinner at Dover.

"An army of grim Cordeliers,
Well furnished with relics and vermin,
Will follow, Lord Westmoreland fears,
To effect what their chiefs may determine.

Lollard's tower, good authorities say,
Is again fitting up for a prison;
And a wood-merchant told me to-day,
'Tis a wonder how fagots have risen.

"The finance scheme of Canning contains

A new Easter-offering tax,
And he means to devote all the gains
To a bounty on thumbscrews and racks.

Your living—so neat and compact—
Pray, don't let the news give you pain—
Is promised, I know for a fact,
To an olive-faced Padre from Spain."

The clergy of the Scotch Establishment have, as a rule, refrained from such unseemly conduct. But, had all the will been theirs to sully their cloth by such unscrupulous partisanship, had all the meanness been theirs to stoop to such deceit, they would have wanted the fine field on which to act. The agricultural mind does not lie so fallow here as south of the Tweed. Imagine a farmer of Perthshire or Mid-Lothian believing such idle babble! Imagine him even listening to it!

Again, whether it be from some defect in the national character, or, as we would prefer to think, from the infrequency of leases, the English farmer appears to be less independent than the Scotch, more yielding to coercion. This much is certain, that the English farmer submits to grievances which would set a Scotch county in a flame. Take, for example, the Game-Laws. But the other day a paragraph want the round of the papers, describing a *battue* in Suffolk, at which Lord Huntingfield and party (including of course the Duke of Cambridge, whose special vocation seems to be the slaughtering of pheasants like barn-door fowls), killed in four days 5234 head of game. There are but few counties in Scotland represented by Tories; and one such

entertainment in each of them would remove this unpleasant singularity. Our Game Laws are in some places pressed hardly enough. Our lairds last month did not stick at a trifle. But from some cause or other the bulk of our agricultural population (we must in the meantime except Haddington) is not so submissive under wrong, or so obedient to coercion as that of England.

Again, the *Times* declares that the recent elections have been marked by an "excessive manifestation of provincial sentiment." The result has been a preference for ordinary men; so much so, that one writer anticipates for the new Parliament the epithet of "the dull." This may be true of England; it is not true of Scotland. Here local ties have been signally disregarded. English constituencies, animated, we suppose, by "provincial sentiment," have rejected men of intellectual distinction like Sir John Acton; men of culture and promise like Mr. Roundell, Mr. Brodrick, Mr. Godfrey Lushington. Here we have had no such mistakes to regret. It is not too much to say that the Scotch constituencies, as a whole, have shown themselves superior to priestly arts; have honourably resented coercion; have steadily voted according to their political convictions, to the exclusion of all other considerations.

We gladly leave a topic which has an appearance of self-praise. Indeed, we should not have dwelt upon it so long, but for the lesson which we think may be gathered from it. That lesson we take to be that three things are wanted for England before she can attain electoral independence. These are, a thorough system of education; vigorous combination of the farmers against the landowners; and the ballot.

Passing from these less pleasing features of the subject, the fact remains, that this election has resulted in a greater triumph for Liberal principles than any election since 1832. It has returned a Liberal majority, to all present seeming resolute and compact; beyond question pledged to vigorous action in at least one great line of policy. The constituencies may have valued too slightly the claims of intellectual eminence; they may have been too greatly moved by local considerations; but one thing they have refused to tolerate—half-heartedness. Candidates have been chosen with many shortcomings; but at least, they have been men as to whose meaning and purpose there was no room for doubt. The Cave has been scattered with a great rout. Lord Elcho is the one unrepentant Adullamite who has been sent back to Parliament. And he goes back, we are glad to say, incapable of

future treason, because exposed as a foe. In fact the divisions and rebellion and selfish indifference of the last Parliament had their natural result. The electors resolved to secure, if it be possible, against such evils for the future. They were, accordingly, strict in exacting definite pledges from every candidate; they have bound them down, as it were, by distinct promises of loyalty to Mr. Gladstone. To have been in the Cave was the unpardonable sin; even Tea-room conspirators were looked upon with no friendly eye. In ordinary circumstances we should say that this had been carried too far; but in the present state of affairs the precautions of the electors were not only excusable but wise. Our legislators required a lesson. They wanted to be taught that they must look for the feeling of the country to the country itself,—that the criticism of Pall Mall is not infallible—that the “tone of the Clubs” does not always reflect the opinion of the people. Without raking up the embers of past strife, we may be allowed to express a hope that this lesson has been taught thoroughly. We cherish, therefore, the belief that this temper of the electors will be reflected in the House, even when the immediate pressure of the hustings shall have passed away. So far as regards the class of society from which members of Parliament are taken, these elections have made little or no change. But we confidently anticipate a change in the tone of the House. The last House of Commons was fickle, capricious, and half-hearted; chosen with reference to no particular principles whatever, but simply in respect of Lord Palmerston’s popularity. The death of that minister left it without any guiding motive; or, to put it more accurately, members felt themselves uncommitted to anything, and therefore entitled to indulge private, and often unworthy feelings, without any direct breach of party allegiance. There seems little likelihood that a similar state of things will recur. Members have gone back braced by contact with the decision and determination of their constituents; and even those who may incline to waver have been so straitly bound by pledges that they will find this hardly possible without disgrace. There is little danger of open mutiny; even the indifferent will assume a virtue if they have it not. Of one thing they may be sure, that it will be for their interest to do so. Luke-warmness was in several instances forgiven at the last election; it will not be forgiven a second time.

Some Liberals of a gloomy turn of mind foresee evil in the largeness of the majority; and despondingly recall the rapid break-up

of the Reform Ministry. The cases are in many ways dissimilar. The majority sent up to support Lord Grey was very much larger than the present Liberal majority. It comprised many men of remarkable ability, eager for distinction; and many men of extreme views, which they were resolved to press. No such turbulent elements are present in this Parliament; extreme men and able men being alike conspicuous by their absence. The majority in 1832 was held together by no strong principle of cohesion: it was a sort of heterogeneous thank-offering to Lord Grey. Nobody knew what was to be the policy of that Government; they did not know themselves. The present majority, on the other hand, is pledged to vigorous action, at least in one line of policy, the carrying out of which will afford abundant occupation for some time to come. The work that lies before the Liberal party cannot fail to have a wonderfully steadying effect. The forces that will array themselves in support of the Irish Church will do much to maintain discipline in the ranks of the assailants. The public would regard with just indignation the obtrusion of petty grievances of personal dislikes to the hindrance of the hard task which has to be accomplished. Doubtless the Liberal majority may break up; but it will not break up from the same causes which proved fatal to the majority of Lord Grey.

Mr. Disraeli has, no doubt, taken the wisest course for his party. It would be unjust to deny that he has also taken a manly and straightforward—though it may be an unusual—course. He has saved the time of the country and avoided a tedious discussion; he has relieved the Crown of the awkwardness of meeting Parliament with a speech predestined to disapproval; and he has frankly advised that his rival should be his successor. The credit due to him is not diminished by the consideration that the Royal Speech might have been a hard thing for his cabinet to agree upon; nor even by the fact that the step he has taken will be to his own advantage in the future. Men may sometimes be allowed to be honest, although honesty is the best policy. Undoubtedly the step he has taken will be to his advantage. If he gains nothing else by it, he gains at least this, that he is not called upon to declare any policy of his own. How he would propose to deal with Ireland and the Irish Church he is not now bound to say: he simply denounces his opponent’s proposals as “impracticable”—a vague, and therefore very formidable attitude of hostility. He is not bound to maintain any position him-

self; he is quite free to direct his attack on whatever may prove the weakest point of the enemy; and many weak points must of necessity be presented before all the details connected with the disendowment of the Irish Church can be worked out. On the other hand, as we have already said, this very fact will inspire the Liberal party with a certain strength. In the face of an astute foe there must be no slackness, no want of discipline. And it would be a very remarkable point of detail, regarding which it would be either seemly or prudent for the Opposition to challenge an issue involving their return to office.

Altogether apart from party considerations, we should regard any untoward occurrence as a serious calamity. The Liberals went to the country on the distinct issue of approval or disapproval of a definite line of policy. They got an answer triumphantly in their favour; and they are now in office for the express purpose of carrying that policy into effect. And not only has their policy been approved of; their leader is regarded with peculiar confidence and favour by the great body of the people. In such circumstances failure would be a deep disgrace to the party. That, however, would be the least resulting evil. Such a failure would bring discredit on our whole system of Government. It would restore to power a party whose policy is nothing but opposition to the expressed wish of the nation; it would frustrate the resolute determination of the people that justice shall be done to Ireland; the consequent discontent would be no trivial or passing feeling. We confess, however, to indulging in a good hope. The Constituencies have done what they can to secure party loyalty. The work to be done requires it. And Mr. Gladstone is not the man at such a crisis to alienate it. The country hears much of his faults as a party leader; and believes or heeds little. But, whatever these faults may be, it is not in an emergency like this that they will be shown. He has in him a dash of the "daring pilot in extremity;" and it is in perilous seasons, when the waves run high, and when skill and boldness and fervour are wanted at the helm, that he will steer the ship most safely.

Few men have been called to govern England with happier omens than Mr. Gladstone. Pitt, when he had broken the Coalition, was perhaps more powerful; Peel, in 1842, was not less so. But Pitt's power had its origin in Court intrigue, and that taint clung to it throughout. George III. was not the man to allow freedom of action to the minister whom he himself had made. Peel was hampered and finally overthrown by the

prejudices and obstinacy of his party. It is the rare peculiarity of Mr. Gladstone's position that he enjoys a deep-seated popularity with the people; that his policy—having been plainly laid before the nation—has been distinctly approved of at a general election; and that a majority of a hundred has been sent to Parliament specially charged to render him loyal obedience. Rarely, if ever, has a minister attained to power in circumstances so favourable. And, as if to crown his good fortune, it is plain that the work of forming an Administration has been made easy to him by the good-sense and self-denial of the leading men of the party. Exactly in proportion to these advantages is the responsibility which rests with him. He is bound, not in the interest of his party—that were a trifle; but in the interests of his country, to do all that in him lies to secure that his Ministry shall not disappoint the hopes which have been raised by their accession to office.

These hopes are, with reason, high. But it would be wrong, as well as foolish, to indulge them over-much. Nothing can be more dangerous to a Ministry than that it should be expected to do great things suddenly. A fatal reaction is almost sure to ensue. And it would be idle to believe that this Ministry is prepared to follow all Mr. Bright's counsels, even though Mr. Bright himself is a member of it. The ballot will certainly be an open question; and some years will elapse before we can hope to see a Ministry abolishing the law of entail, or depriving of legislative sanction the pernicious custom of primogeniture. Yet it cannot be that Mr. Gladstone will think his occupation gone, even when he shall have surmounted the countless troubles of the settlement of the Irish Church. Education has to be dealt with as it has never been dealt with yet; the increasing peril of pauperism has to be faced; the condition of large masses of the population must be ameliorated; our Land-Laws, indeed the whole question of the distinction between heritage and moveables in all its branches, will soon rise into commanding importance.

The men composing the present Ministry cannot but feel that they are, in a sense, at the beginning of a new time. By the very fact of their advent to power all these questions, and many others such, have been hurried on. Their existence as a Ministry has been the effect of a great but gradual advance in public opinion; it will be the cause of an advance yet greater and more rapid. Toryism, if by that we mean mere quiescence, has received a severe blow. The peculiarity of the position of the new Govern-

ment lies in this, that it is the result of no vague popular emotion, resting on no distinct convictions—looking forward with no definite aims. Such, in a measure, was the Government of 1832; but such is not the case now. On the contrary, long before the late election, the electors had well considered and resolved upon the principles which should guide their choice. These principles briefly were, justice to all classes at all hazards; the redress, so far as it may be possible, of our great social disorders. And, accordingly, they know what they expect. They expect of the men whom they have raised to power that this justice shall be done without fear, and that no effort shall be wanting to improve the condition of the country in which we live.

The people are firmly persuaded that this Ministry will address itself to social questions in a spirit altogether new; and hence their confidence and content. Far, very far distant is the time when "the whole land shall be a garden, and in every house there shall be plenty;" but the people will be satisfied so long as they know that their rulers feel for their sorrows, and, with zeal and vigour, will try to cure them. They have that knowledge now. The most marked characteristic of the Ministry is the presence in it of many men who have been always moved by popular sympathies. Foremost among these is Mr. Gladstone himself, who, not once or twice in his career, has set himself to devise measures for the good of the body of the people, which the people had not the knowledge or the intelligence to think of for themselves.

Apart from this, we may fairly hope that in the present Ministry there will be found something of real statesmanship. A careful study of these speeches of Mr. Bright cannot fail to impress strongly the truth of the old saying, "with how little wisdom the world is governed." It is truly sad to see how utterly our rulers have failed in consistency and forethought in the great crises through which England has passed during the last thirty years. The ordinary business of administration was well enough carried on; but the country was allowed to drift into terrible calamities, because it was not governed according to any principle, or in the light of any wise forethought. For example, even men like Sir William Molesworth and Sir George Cornewall Lewis, during all the wretchedness of the Crimean War, never seem to have formed for themselves any clear idea of the purposes for which that war was waged, or of the lengths to which it should be carried. Again, take the case of Ireland—that unhappy country

whose history is so fertile in all political teaching. More than sixty-five years ago we united, by most flagitious means, the Irish Parliament with our own, and since then we have passed but two Irish measures which bear any trace of statesmanship, Catholic Emancipation and the Encumbered Estates Act; and we passed the one under terror of a rebellion, the other under the pressure of a famine. It would be a curious and interesting study to go yet farther back, and test the claims of the various men who have ruled England to take rank as statesmen. Sir Robert Walpole, perhaps, might stand this scrutiny. He had before him clearly what he believed his country required, and he secured that for her.

"But for Sir Robert Walpole, we should have had the Pretender back again. But for his obstinate love of peace we should have had wars which the nation was not strong enough nor united enough to endure. But for his resolute counsels and good-humoured resistance we might have had German despots attempting a Hanoverian regimen over us; we should have had revolt, commotion, want, and tyrannous misrule, in place of a quarter of a century of peace, freedom, and material prosperity, such as the country never enjoyed, until that corruptor of Parliaments, that dissolute tipsy cynic, that courageous lover of peace and liberty, that great citizen, patriot, and statesman governed it. . . . He gave Englishmen no conquests, but he gave them peace, ease, and freedom; the three per cents. nearly at par; and wheat at five and six and twenty shillings a quarter."*

It seems a bold thing to say that since this "tipsy cynic" no statesman, in the true sense of the word, has governed England till we come to Sir Robert Peel. Yet such an assertion would not be far wide of the truth. Chatham was a splendid War Minister; Canning in his latter days was a brilliant Foreign Minister; but it may well be doubted whether, during those long years, any wise statesman rose to supreme power. Pitt, indeed, cherished great designs for the benefit of Ireland, but treason and Court opposition brought his designs to naught.

It is not too much to say that something like statesmanship may be expected from the new Government. That in administrative ability they are far superior to their predecessors is abundantly obvious. But more will be demanded from them than even the high merit of vigorous administration. There are at least three men in the Cabinet of true genius for political affairs—Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Bright, and Mr. Lowe. They differ on many points, and they must recon-

* Thackeray's *Four Georges*.

cile their differences, or agree to differ, as best they may; but in one thing they unite—in the possession of the qualities of statesmen. The knowledge of this fact itself assures us that they would not be in the same Cabinet were the divergencies of their opinions such as to suggest any serious difficulty. It is not within the scope of this paper to comment on the way in which the various offices have been filled up. But we may express, in a single word, what we believe to be a general feeling of satisfaction at the high office assigned to Mr. Lowe. It is a generous thing; and, what is of more consequence, it gives promise of Mr. Gladstone's purpose to allow true statesmanship an adequate field of action—a good sign for the stability of his administration.

We cannot but hope, also, that the temper of the House generally will support and encourage the popular sympathies of ministers. It will not, indeed, fail to do so, if members retain, in any measure, the views they avowed on the hustings. Next to admiration of Mr. Gladstone, sympathy with the working classes was the main profession of every Liberal candidate. Allowance must of course be made for the excitement of electioneering; yet surely these professions will not be altogether belied.

We do not at all refer to a certain condescending kindness which some well-meaning people assume towards their inferiors. The working classes have no wish to be patronized—to be indulged like children. Such treatment repels them. It offends their self-respect, much in the same way as the tracts and good books so injudiciously circulated among them offend their intellect. Sympathy is very different from patronage; they are won by the former, but feel no gratitude for the latter. They are not much moved by loyalty or reverence for those above them. Seldom has a more mistaken social theory been imagined than Mr. Disraeli's great notion that the working classes of this country, in return for Maypoles and ostentatious alms, would yield themselves up, with grateful obedience, to the condescending

leadership of the aristocracy. The whole Young England tone of sentiment was, as regards the body of the people, an absurd anachronism. They desire, above all things, justice. Satisfy them that they are dealt with fairly—that their rights are respected and their claims considered not less than those of others; and they ask nothing more. The questions raised at the late elections—the protection of the property of trades-unions; the liability of masters for the faults of foremen; arrestment of wages; even strikes; were, as a rule, urged by the electors in the spirit we have indicated. Even where feeling was keenest, meetings of working men, though they resented ill-tempered insult, never refused a hearing to fair argument. Mr. Roebuck was rejected for no noisy demagogue, but for a man who has done his best to promote justice and fair-dealing between employers and employed.

It seems to us, then, that the majority of the new Parliament has given promise of a disposition to attempt the solution of these vexed questions with that fellow-feeling which wins regard, and with that determination to do justice which commands respect. We hail this as a happy augury. It carries with it a far more lasting assurance of good than the accession of a Liberal Government to power. Difficulties may multiply so as not to be overcome; individual men may disappoint expectations; gloomy forebodings, of which the first whispers are already beginning to make themselves heard, may be speedily fulfilled; but if the temper of the House be such as we believe it to be, none of these things will long obstruct the advance of the nation in happiness and well-being. Reputations may be won or lost, administrations may rise and fall; but a Legislature, animated by kindly sympathy, resolute to deal justly with all ranks and conditions of men, surely justifies a sanguine hope. Mr. Bright himself has put that hope in words:—"I think I see, as it were above the hill-tops of time, the glimmerings of the dawn of a better and nobler day for the country and the people that I love so well."

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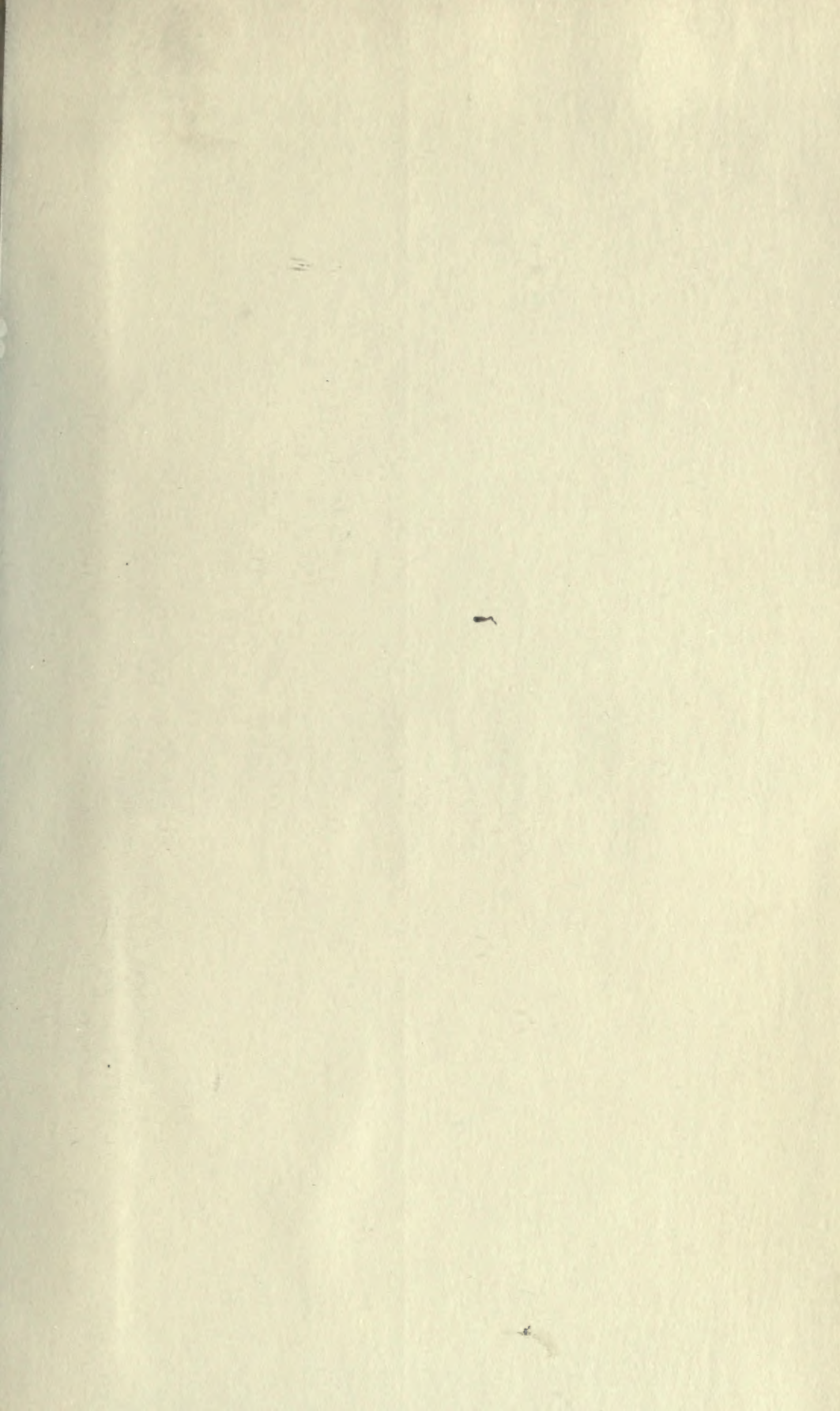
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